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## JANUARY'S BEST

Films You Must  
See this Month

Douglas MacLean  
and Marguerite  
de la Motte in "A  
Man of Action."



"Dulcy" is, to our mind, the funniest picture Constance Talmadge has ever made. It is an adaptation of the successful stage play of the same name, with here and there an added scene allowable by the camera's latitude. Of course, Constance is "Dulcy," and she plays the role of the light-hearted and light-headed housewife with the necessary touch of airiness.

"Dulcy" decides her place is by her husband's side, so she attends a conference at his office when he is about to arrange a big oil deal with a wealthy financier.

To further the deal "Dulcy" invites the financier and his family to her week-end party, one of the guests of which is a scenario writer who insists on reciting a ten-reel scenario which he has written, called "Sin."

The financier refuses to go on with the deal and "Dulcy's" husband is hurriedly sent for. At every turn "Dulcy" complicates matters further whilst her husband follows.

Constance

Talmadge as "Dulcy."



Wheeler  
Oakman  
and  
Colleen  
Moore



her round trying to straighten things out.

Jack Mulhall plays the part of "Dulcy's" husband and plays it well. The picture is a delightful entertainment and one which none should miss.

## "Slippy McGee."

Unlike many pictures with a crook-regenerative theme, the reformation of "Slippy McGee" is brought about so logically, and in a manner that is so consistent with human nature, that the spectator's interest is gripped tight from first to last. The story deals with a safe-breaker who is pitched from a goods train upon which he is stealing a ride when the train rounds a sharp curve; one of his legs is broken and he is taken to the rectory of a kindly Father whose doctor friend is obliged to amputate the crushed member in order to save his patient's life.

From this point on, the picture concerns the hero's gradual back-turning on his former life, the result being achieved partly by the influence of the Father, and partly by his love for a young girl, who had been a neighbour of the priest.

There is an almost perfect cast of players, headed by Colleen Moore, each one of whom does excellent work.

## "A Man of Action."

Once again Thomas H. Ince has given us a rollicking comedy in *A Man of Action*, but this time he has mixed in a mystery to improve things. Laughs and thrills have been closely interwoven in this original tale of a tired, young millionaire who was galvanised into life after twenty-four hours of amazing adventures intermixed with some



Constance Talmadge, Johnny Harron and Jack Mulhall in "Dulcy."

of the funniest comedy situations ever screened. Douglas MacLean is in the leading role and he is supported by an all-star cast including Marguerite de la Motte and Raymond Hatton.

These three between them have made a picture which is as good, if not better, than *The Hottentot*, which is certainly saying a great deal, and we advise our readers to make a point of seeing it.



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Agnes Ayres

**ALICE TERRY**

*As she appears in "Scaramouche." In the opinion of many, Alice is the most beautiful woman on the screen; she is in Tunis at present, working with Ramon Novarro in Rex Ingram's new film "The Arab."*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Their Planets and Yours

by FLORENCE TURNER

**A**strology, that most ancient of sciences, has been very much maligned by many who persistently regard it as a joke or fortune-telling game. It is not a game at all, but a science so old that its origin was before the days of the Chaldeans. The Egyptians studied it way back in the days of Ptolemy, and, even in this sceptical age, astrology has its devout disciples. It is only natural to suppose that the moon and stars influence human life just as they influence the tides and the earth, only in a greater degree.

Astrologers have divided the inhabitants of this planet, we call the earth into twelve distinct types, each governed by that particular planet or group of stars predominant in the heavens at the time they were born. Certain attributes, talents, and faults are common to them, and each one of the twelve groups has its own sign which is known as one of the signs of the Zodiac. January's sign is Capricornus, the Goat, and its ruling planet is Saturn. To the children of Saturn belong conscientiousness in great measure, a high moral sense, and a whole-hearted devotion to duty. Anything they seriously pursue they will make successful, but only after a struggle. These are general traits, and with them go the ability to fight and overcome many obstacles in order to obtain things which are theirs by right. And they need this power and grit, believe me, for though certain days are very lucky, others born towards the end of the month have to work and



STEWART ROME, Jan. 30.



FLORENCE TURNER, Jan. 6.

fight tooth and nail to get anywhere near the top. They do get there, but it is by their own untiring effort; Fortune seldom showers unsought benefits upon them. Many Kinema stars first saw the light in January, and it may interest my readers to compare dates, for astrology does not lie and they will find their own characteristics unfailingly described should their birthday tally with these dates.

Usually possessed of splendid health and vitality are January 3 subjects. Jupiter is their star and Jupiter is the luckiest of all the stars. Real disaster never approaches those born upon this date, things seem disheartening at times, but they invariably right themselves. Opportunity comes to these lucky ones as it comes to few others, they are born to inherit the really big things in the world. Their ailments, if any, are mental only, but they should beware of knives or any other sharp implement as these spell danger for them. They should marry somebody whose birthday falls upon the 9th, 18th, or 27th of any month.

January 30 subjects never forget an injury or betrayal of trust. They forgive, quite fully and freely, but pride is their strongest trait; and this makes them remember. Self-respect and self-confidence is theirs in full measure, but not so full as to become aggressiveness. They should marry people born on the 9th, 18th or 2nd of any month.

Some January film stars are Milton Sills, January 10th, a true son of Capricornus; Bebe Daniels, Jan. 14; and Jane Novak, January 12th; Charles Bryant, Jan. 8th; Harry Carey and Tom Mix, January 6th; Carol Dempster, January 6th; Mary Glynne and Mercy Hatton, January 25th; Pola Negri, January 3rd; Marjorie Hume, January 27th and Monte Blue, January 11th.



ALMA TAYLOR, Jan. 3.



# Dressing Up

Movie stars aren't above enjoying this fascinating game.



Above: Two diverse studies of Kate Price. Right oval: Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through."

There is just sufficient of the child in all the movie stars to make them delight in the good old game of dressing up. It isn't only personal vanity either, though it is certain that the gorgeous panoply of olden days affords greater opportunities for display than the more comfortable garb of to-day. With many, the opportunity of sinking their own individuality in that of some fair lady or gallant knight of long ago proves an irresistible lure. Others again cannot lose their modern selves in an ancient rôle, they play "costume stuff" because it is the fashionable game at the moment, but they do it perforce, and therefore unconvincingly, sometimes.

One of these times, is, to my thinking, Norma Talmadge in *Ashes of Venice*. For Norma is essentially a modern type, the twentieth-century girl at her best, and though she always looks and acts delightfully, her "Yoeland" did not somehow, convince me for a moment. Neither did her "Duchesse De Langais" in *The Eternal Flame*, though Conway Tearle's work, appearance, mannerisms 'n'everything in that play were faultless. Norma does not fit into every period, versatile though she



Above: Doug and Mary take kindly to the fashionable game.

is. Yet, oddly enough, her "Moon-yeen" in *Smilin' Through*, a distinctly "costume" rôle was altogether perfect as every Talmadge fan will agree. Which augurs well for Norma's forthcoming film *Secrets*, which is one of the most anticipated events of this New Year. In "*Smilin' Through*", Norma achieved a complete characterisation, which had all the sweetness and fragrance of the age of valentines and crinolines.

Douglas Fairbanks, hne fencer and athlete that he is, never quite successfully wafts himself into another century. He came nearest to it as "Zorro" in *The Mark of Zorro*, but neither his *Robin Hood* nor his newest masterpiece show us anybody but Doug. Fairbanks. However, this signifies little, except to disprove the old saw anent clothes making the man for once. In Doug's case they do not make the manner either. With Mary Pickford they do, to a great degree. Although retaining most of her salient mannerisms, there's a vast difference between the Mary of *Rags*, and the "Dearest" of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Her "Rosita" reveals a new Mary in the making, and her "Doll Vernon" (the first photograph taken of her period costume in this play appears above) shows that our best beloved screen-child is really out of her teens at last.

It is strange but true, that whilst so many stars can and do assume the manner that goes with the gorgeous period clothes they sometimes adopt, others only succeed in looking exceedingly uncomfortable. The men are the worst sinners, Eve is more adaptable, usually. Dozens of names leap instantly to the mind in connection with this subject. Valentino, Lewis Stone, Novarro, Novello, Lytel' Roberts, Hatton, Hugh Miller, John Stuart, Gerald Ames, the Barrymores, George Arliss, Seastrom, Schildkraut and Jackie Coogan ar emphatically amongst the masculins who *can* wear



Left: John Stuart and Fay Compton.





Frank and Mary are a complete surprise as "Sir Peter Teazle" and "Mrs. Candour" in "The School for Scandal."

Meighan felt anything like as uncomfortable as he looked in the scanty splendour wished on to him in *The Admirable Crichton* and *Man-slaughter*, he thoroughly deserved all the expressions of sympathy I heard on all sides when I saw these movies. And Forrest Stanley in *When Knighthood was in Flower*, raised many a smile for which the director did not bargain.

Clive Brook is another star whose handsome face does not look its best above a point-lace collar and a satin suit. The best British romantic star is undoubtedly Gerald Ames, who puts away all modernity with his collar and tie when he appears in a costume play. So does Hugh Miller, a very successful "villain." But, candidly, I can't say the same of Nigel Barrie, nor Wyndham Standing. Strangely enough, Victor McLaglen, great burly Britisher that he is, is entirely at ease in old English attire. He has not the features one associates with period plays, yet Regency raiment becomes him exceedingly well.

Not so Cecil Humphreys. Not as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" at all events. Cecil can wear period clothes, but not every period. He would, however, make an excellent "Sheik." He would



Top: Mary Brough as "Mrs. May." Above: Mabel Normand in satin and feathers instead of gingham and sunbonnet. also, I daresay, rather die than portray a Valentino type. From Cockney to Costume seems a far cry, but Frank Stanmore bridged the gulf most surprisingly in *The School for Scandal*. But then Frank is an old stager and a really clever character-actor. Anything less unlike "The Blower of Bubbles" or certain other Cockney studies than Stanmore's "Sir Peter Teazle" could hardly be imagined. And Mary Brough's "Mrs. Candour," is certainly "Mrs. May's" ancestress.

Priseilla Dean loses that restlessness

Top: Frank Stanmore with Betty Balfour in "Love, Life, and Laughter." Above: Constance Talmadge and Conway Tearle in "The Dangerous Maid."

fantastic clothes and get away with them. I can't make up my mind about Charles Ray, Bill Hart or Dick Barthelmess. But I should like to pass sentence of prohibition upon Stewart Rome, Thomas Meighan, George Walsh, Ernest Torrence, Harry Myers, Norman Kerry, Ralph Graves, Raymond McGee, Forrest Stanley, Bryant Washburn. Tom Mix, William Farnum, and a few others, so far as dressing up is concerned. Not for these worthies were curled wigs, lace ruffles and silken hose created. If Tom





Above: Panniers and a picture hat turn peppy Priscilla Dean into a very grande dame indeed. Right: Burly Victor MacLaglen carries off this sort of thing as though to the manner born.

of hers when she dons long skirts and trains, which is all too seldom. Reputation showed her in Gainsborough garb, a veritable "Lady of Quality." Yet now that this story has been filmed by Priscilla's late Company, the role is filled by Virginia Valli. A movie-maker's mistake which will cause much indignant ink to flow. Marguerite De La Motte, Pola Negri, both Gish girls, Alice Terry, Alma Rubens, Barbara La Marr, and many of the younger stars make delightful "old-timers." But Patsy Ruth Miller makes just an American flapper of "Esmeralda." My tastes may be low but I honestly liked the old Fox four-reeler better than the mammoth Universal production extant to-day. Lon Chancy's "Quasimodo" is a triumph of make-up rather than of miming, Cesare Gravina was a more human "Hunchback," if less meticulously correct to the last twist. On the whole, British stars wear the finery of a far off era more convincingly than Americans. Too convincingly at times, like Gladys Cooper who complains that they won't let her be a serial star or even play a modern heroine in movies because she looks so romantically beautiful. So does Fay Compton, but Fay is Eve incarnate, and would cast a glamour of romance over a red flannel dressing gown and carpet slippers should she

Top left: A far cry from "I Will Repay," is Flora Le Breton's "Maggie" in "A Soul's Awakening." Above: Madge Bellamy as "Lorna Doone."

ever be called upon to publicly appear in them.

Wearing ancient costumes well is not solely confined to stars, on this side of the herring pond, anyway. Extra ladies and gentlemen in British films deserve special mention, especially those in *Mary Queen of Scots*.

It seems that the whole movie world is engaged in the fascinating pastime of turning Time's wheel backwards. Jerkins, doublet and hose, crinolines, bustles and all the romantic regalia run riot in every Hollywood studio. Probably *Passion*, which arrived in America in December, 1920, gave the old wheel the first push, and it has been rolling faster and faster ever since. However, America has made money out of costume stuff, although Europe found it unprofitable. It is a significant fact that Griffith, who did this sort of thing long ago, and had made only one costume romance since 1920 (*Orphans of the Storm*), has now reverted to it again in *America*. And Marion Davies will probably go on playing medieval maidens for the rest of her celluloid career.

Because the kinema is still a child, although it has outgrown its swaddling clothes, it is playing with its new toy for all it is worth. And the game is so fascinating that it will be some time yet before it is relegated to the attic and filmland favours the new above the old. JOSIE P. LEDERER.



Romantic raiment and Ramon Novarro reign supreme in "Scaramouche."



# Betty Ross Clarke



Betty Ross Clarke.

Bonny Betty Ross Clarke blew into my office like a jolly little zephyr the other morning. Very bright and breezy indeed was Betty, very well content with the world in general, and London in particular. She has been playing for Bertram Phillips in *Why?* and will most likely be starred in a medieval Chinese play "The Flame of Love," next April, at a London Theatre.

"I am a near-Canadian," she observed, in that demure, yet vivacious way of hers, "For I was born at Langdon, North Dakota, just seven miles over the British border. Of course, I don't remember much about it, but it must have been a primitive kind of place then, plenty of Indians about, and very few settlers. I recollect mother telling me how, when I was about three days old, a great Indian stalked into the shack and harangued her for ever so long. The brave stayed and stayed and stayed. It transpired later that he wanted to buy tobacco. My name is Betty, not Betsy, and so the lady of the history-books isn't any relation of mine. But my Grandad was a General in the Civil War (North), and we're awfully proud of him."



Above: With Earle Williams in "The Jade Elephant."

"Have you come to stay?" I queried. "I guess so," replied Betty. "You see my husband works here, and we don't like to be separated."

Said husband is one Arthur Collins, ex-airman and engineer; a name not unknown in English stageland, as I promptly informed my visitor.

"But he's not related to Sir Arthur Collins," she assured me, her deep-grey eyes sparkling with mirth. "It seems a pity, doesn't it? But it's the sad, sad truth."

Betty doesn't look old enough to have a husband. She is only twenty-three, though she's had an interesting career and made very good use of her years.

"My mother always wished to go on the stage," she declared, "But it wasn't possible, and so I realised her ambition instead. Mother's always been most interested in my work; she lives in Los Angeles now. I spent my childhood in Minneapolis, the city of five thousand lakes. It has wonderful pine forests too, acres and acres of them. My first

love was dancing. I studied for eight years in New York, and at one time I was one of the "Three Russian Dancers" in Vaudeville. The other two were real Russians, but as I never spoke, none discovered that I was only Russian by adoption. I went in for serious acting after that; in stock first. That's fine training, you know. I try to put in a little time in stock every now and again because I think it's good for me. In Los there is Egan's Little Theatre. Everybody who can act appears there in between movies, and it's real good fun. The pay isn't much, just 100 dollars weekly, but you couldn't name a movie star who hasn't played there one time or another." She reeled off a list that made me gasp and inquire the price of a ticket to Los, instant.

The Actors' strike of a few years back knocked Betty into pictures willy nilly.

(Continued on page 60.)

Left: Her latest "Sawara" photograph



A tense moment in "Lucky Carson?"





Adolph Menjou and Edna Purviance in  
"A Woman of Paris."

Circle are stories of to-day. The first-named is strong stuff—very, and will have to be cut and cut again ere the hallowed eyes of the British fan may behold it. Eric is busy with the shears himself now; afterwards he is going to enjoy himself making *The Merry Widow*. The Talmadges are caught fast in the toils of the costume-romance. Norma's *Ashes of Vengeance* is to be followed by *Dust of*

Theodore Roberts as "Moses."



Douglas Fairbanks has  
another screen-fantasy in  
"The Thief of Bagdad."

*Desire*, in which Norma plays a desert dancer opposite Shick Joseph Schildkraut, and *Secrets*. Constance's charming *Dangerous Maid* is first of half-a-dozen such, the second

of which is *Madame Pompadour*, a musical version of which will be played in London at Dalys.

Cecil de Mille's *The Ten Commandments* is in many ways a remarkable piece of work. Its director claims that he was inspired, and cites many strange happenings during the work of production to prove it. Certainly this screen-play introduces a new De Mille, and its message is that neither the ancient world nor the modern can with impunity defy the fundamental laws. There is overwhelming pageantry and spectacle in the prologue, the Biblical story of Israel in bondage; then comes a modern drama, tragic, sordid in places, dealing with one small family, but absorbing enough to almost obliterate the early sequences. Almost, not quite, and it gives Rod La Rocque a place amongst the screen's best. Leatrice Joy and Nita Naldi, too, are excellent; there is a long all-star cast.

Mary Pickford's *Rosita* and Pola Negri's *Spanish Dancer* will soon arrive this side. Both are more or less the same as to story, but reports would seem to favour Lubitsch above Fitzmaurice in the way of direction. Mary's is not a star photoplay, Pola's is, the rest is a matter for individual judgment. Fairbanks has not yet completed *The Thief of Bagdad* which is "The Arabian Nights," with every fairy "effect" the screen is capable of producing. The Magic carpet, a fairy vase, and the last word in expensive "sets" and other trimmings, and the minimum of attire, it would seem. This year marks also the advent of Young Doug, whose first movie *Stephen Steps Out* is ready for release. Doug Junior looks three years older than his fourteen summers and possesses a personality of much charm, and a frank, likeable face.

The *Abraham Lincoln* film will interest all thoughtful fans (in both Continents), and we are promised another *Covered Wagon* in First National's *The Sundown Trail*.

Jackie Coogan's *Long Live the King*, is nine thousand feet of costume romance at present. We shall not see



Mary Pickford's "Rosita" is the best of the two  
Spanish Dancers of Nineteen-twenty-four.

## Nineteen-Twenty-Four

JOSIE P. LEDERER

The year that has passed has been rightly dubbed "the year of Romance"—and other things. The year that has just commenced has been christened by various notabilities—(a) The one-word title year. (b) The year of the return of Valentino, Bill Hart and Will Rogers to the screen. (c) The year of extravagance. (d) The Author's year. (e) The year of the Movie Exodus. You may take your choice; mine's the last. Most of the great ones of the industry are crossing the ocean to work, and the centre of production may be Europe instead of Hollywood. Griffith's next, after *America* (the By Request movie), will most probably be filmed in Europe; Mary and Doug talk of building a studio in either London or Paris. Chaplin wants to make his next comedies in British Slumland. Charles Ray is due about March, and there are others. Meantime, we may as well consider the highlights which will gladden the eyes of the fan-in-the-street within the near future. They are a well-varied collection, on the whole, although costume stuff predominates at the moment. But Von Stroheim's *Greed*, Seastrom's *Name the Man*, Donald Crisp's *Ponjola*, James Cruze's *Hollywood*, Tourneur's *Eternal City* and Lubitsch's *Marriage*



all that, of course, which is a pity Jackie hasn't stopped improving.

Charles Chaplin's first serious *A Woman of Paris*, is something grown-ups—emphatically yes. harks back to the simple movie used to be in the early Griffith only plus modern technique and the Chaplin genius of direction. A masterly simplicity is its keynote. It is a veritable slice of life. A grown-up is *Anna Christie*, a sordid tale, compelling however dramatic intensity. Blanche "degenerates" wonderfully, she did; but she also has a costume to her credit in *In the Palace King*, the same story Francis and Beverley Bayne did so charmingly some years ago. Marion Davies just completed another splendid romance, with more to follow. Beau Barrymore in *Beau* seems to have staged an re-entry. Personally, I find more's *Jekyll and Hyde* worth him all dolled up in fancy dress, heavily waved hair, but *Beau* is going to be a popular thing. *Rose*, with Lenore Ulrich in original role is also ready. Corinne Griffith's *Black Oxen*, with Conway Tearle opposite.

Whether every fan will appreciate the satire, and sly, delicious humour of James Cruze's *Hollywood* is uncertain. But he can and will enjoy seeing all his pet Paramount stars. N.B. James Cruze, whose engagement to Betty Compson was recently announced will be one of the year's directors. Italy has not been idle this winter, and several interesting productions are due from there. Firstly there is J. Gordon Edward's *Shepherd King* with a cast entirely Italian with the exception of Violet Mersereau. And *Quo Vadis* is being re-filmed there now with Emil Jannings, the German star as "Nero."

France, too, has more big features than ever. Besides the long overdue

Another interesting "future" is *House on the Sea* for which Asta Nielsen has gone to Italy. *The White* was filmed in Italy, also. This is a quiet story, with a deeply religious theme, but pictorially it is exquisite.illian Gish is every whit as good as her. Her next, *Romola*, in which Dorothy will co-star, is also to be filmed in Italy, and should be extremely spectacular.

Many's spectaculars are fewer and less usual. There is *I.N.R.I.*, the first made in the enormous new theatre in which Asta Nielsen and a host of other famous people appear. It is a long and elaborate picturisation



Blanche Sweet's "*Anna Christie*" is a notable piece of work.

Abel Gance feature, *The Wheel* there are half-a-dozen big ones, some of which will be seen early in the year, some not until May. *Messalina* which was made by Signor Enrico Guazzoni, who was also responsible for the 1913 *Quo Vadis*, *Cleopatra* and *Julius Cæsar*, is a story of the year 12 A.D., and is considered his best



Holbrook Blinn brings "*The Bad Man*" to the screen.

its well drawn characters, and its thought-provoking theme.

Some "futures" from America include *Gulliver's Travels*, *Ben Hur*, the leading rôle for which seems to have been given to George Walsh; *Captain Blood*, *The Arab* (Rex Ingram), and *Triumph* (Cecil De Mille). Will Rogers' *Uncensored Movies*, a satire on Cinema Folk, Investigation Leagues, etc., etc., is something no one with a sense of humour can afford to miss.

Space forbids details of the dozen or so other notable 1924 productions but this year is unique, in that Britain is no longer compelled to wait six or nine months to see productions already released in America. These days release is simultaneous either side, in some cases we have the preference—which is not at all a bad thing.



Wallace Beery's "*Richard the Lionhearted*" tells of adventures of that worthy omitted from "*Robin Hood*."



# Kings Queens

Above: Ruth Roland in "The Timber Queen." Circle: Buck Jones and Dorothy Manners in "Snowdrift." Sliding downwards: A beautiful scene in "Where the North Begins." Left and the heroine of "Braveheart," and Jane Novak in "The Snowshoe Trail."

...passes and tastes change. ...may come and Sheiks may go, Snow Kings and Queens go on for ever.

**S**now Films . . . We've always loved them; they've been with us since the beginning. There's such a glamour about them, such a sense of mystery and awe, such a chance for clean, gripping drama. Not very original, perhaps; cast somewhat in the same heroic mould; but then we don't want them too original, we should just hate it if they were to depart from the Great Outdoors Tradition.

All we want is snow—and plenty of it—teams of handsome mulemates dashing along the frozen trails, befurred heroines, pursued heroes, and villains with lonely cabins among the pines—just the same glorious old thrills that have been since the beginning, when the first producer coined the first subtitle about the Great Open Spaces Where Men Are Men. . .

Somchow we can't imagine that the Royal N. W. Mounted will ever cease to "get their man," (and woman too!), or that the trapper's daughter will cease to crouch, storm-bound, in the deserted cabin where she waits for the inevitable hero to overcome the inevitable villain and achieve the inevitable rescue in the nick of time!

And the stars seem to know this—or perhaps it is that they know the fascination of the furred head-dress and snowshoes, and a dog-team to pull them across the snows. Every star in Hollywood has felt at some time the magnetic pull, and has responded to the call of the wild. To one or two it seems irresistible. There's Jane Novak, for instance, and Lewis Stone . . . They must feel chilly out of their furs, and sort of strange in the Californian sun. The North has got *them*, sure enough. And there's Strongheart, the wonder-dog, who can do everything but talk—and they say that in *Brave of the North*, he really did that too! He is a real King of the Snows, and a star in his own right. And there's Nanook. Don't forget him, please.

The funny thing about this passion for snow-stuff is that the stars seem to like it in the face of all sorts of very real difficulties and dangers, and come back to it time and again of their own free will.

It isn't all beer and skittles being a Monarch of the Snows. Ask Edith Roberts, for instance. During the shooting of *The Son of the Wolf* they had to go to the Yosemite Valley where there were over 30 feet of snow on the ground. To get into their rooms at the hotel they had to climb through a second-storey window because the first floor was entirely buried beneath a blanket of snow. Fun? Maybe, but not so funny when they had to climb clear to the top of Glacier Point for some blizzard scenes. They started at three in the afternoon, and didn't get there till nine the next morning. They were almost frozen stiff, and only the thoughtfulness of the director in bringing some extra blankets left Edith alive to tell the tale.







Above: "The Eternal Struggle." Left Circle: Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky in "Out of the Silent North." Left: Nearing the end of the trail in "The Covered Wagon."

After this, it sounds almost tame to talk of the North West Mounted, as represented by Tom Moore, mushing over the snow everywhere three or four feet deep, or of Lois Wilson and Warren Kerrigan sneaking away from location during the filming of *The Covered Wagon* to build a snow man—what time the camp ate stew—stew—and again stew for days on end because the terrific blizzards had cut them off from their supplies. It isn't pleasant either, when the day's work begins, to find your greasepaint frozen hard in your make-up box, while outside the electricians have discovered that Jack Frost has been interfering with the works, and that not a single engine will deign to start!

But the thing that turns a producer's hair grey is when the Frozen North turns out not to be frozen at all. That was what happened to Nell Shipman. Left Circle: Herbert Prior, Jane Novak, and Roy Stewart in *Christmas Tree Land*. Ben Deely, a villain who likes to do his dirty work amid snow and ice, witnesses "Kazin." Below: "Bess," and Tod Barker in "The Wolf of Tibet."

when she set out to film the snow scenes for *Neeka of the Northlands*. When the company arrived on location in full winter rig they found that something had gone wrong with the calendar and that they had struck summer by mistake. So they changed into summer flimsies, trekked four miles for a woodland setting and found—snowdrifts six feet deep, in which the cameramen had to work up to their necks! But who would have guessed it from the finished film?

The Frozen North is a treacherous ally, as perilous as it is fascinating, and it is small wonder that many producers prefer the imitation to the real thing, and content themselves with snow storms safely manufactured in the studio, and with quickly congealing paraffin poured on the water to simulate a freeze-up. The dramatic Alpine scenes in *Beyond the Rocks*, for instance, are just as artificial as the frankly artificial snow ballet in *A Fool's Paradise*—and between ourselves they look it! But they have not the disadvantage of holding up production for a couple of weeks while the weather makes up its mind what to do, nor of pinching the heroine's nose and giving chilblains to the North West Mounted.

Yet they all want to be Snow Kings and Queens, if it's only once in a lifetime. There was Alice Lake, deserting her silks and satins for a dog-team in *Uncharted Seas*—driving right through a blizzard too—oh, Alice. There was Corinne Griffith, a flexible young star who has never yet been given the chance she deserves, driving her team over miles and miles of untrodden snow in *A Virgin's Sacrifice* (one of Vitaphones very best, by the way). And Renee Adorée who broke the trail to stardom in *The Eternal Struggle*, with Pat O'Malley and Barbara La Marr.

The latest converts to the North are those confirmed old Westerners Buck







Circle: Alice Lake with the thoroughbred malemutes used in "Uncharted Seas."

Jones and Frank Mayo. Buck—Charles Jones, I beg his pardon—has temporarily deserted bronchos for *Snow-drift*, with Dorothy Manners playing opposite. And when Frank Mayo had finished being Elinor Glyn's hero in *Six Days*, the company thought he needed cooling off. So they put him into his first snow picture, *Out of the Silent North*, with Dagmar Godowsky; thus starting a precedent which looks like business. Ruth Roland, of course, is an old hand at the snow game. Her latest is a serial, *The Timber Queen*. But then Ruth has done so many things and scoured so many countries in her hair-breadth serial career that it would have been impossible for the snowfields to have been passed by without a "shot."

But it's one thing to star in a film, and quite another to be a Snow Queen, the real genuine article. To make your mark in a Northern Film you have to be born to the purple, or rather—in this case—born to the snowshoe and the parkha.

The rightful Snow Kings—and there are only two of them—are much older men. It is curious that both of them have perpetually to suffer the fate of being dragged into eternal triangle dramas in Society drawing rooms. Nevertheless they escape to their beloved North whenever they can, to "The Great Open Spaces Where Men Are Men," and where House Peters and Lewis Stone are the Men? That the snow is their rightful element is never in doubt for a moment. There they acquire instantaneously an ease of action, a breadth of acting, that is altogether foreign to them when they are encased in evening dress and polished manners. House Peters, of course, is happy anywhere out of doors, be it lumber camp or snowdrift. Lewis Stone's spiritual home is the Frozen North. There, and only there, is he thoroughly happy.

Of the rightful Queens of the Snow there are also only two, with a close rival in Mabel Julianne Scott, who if she had been allowed to make more

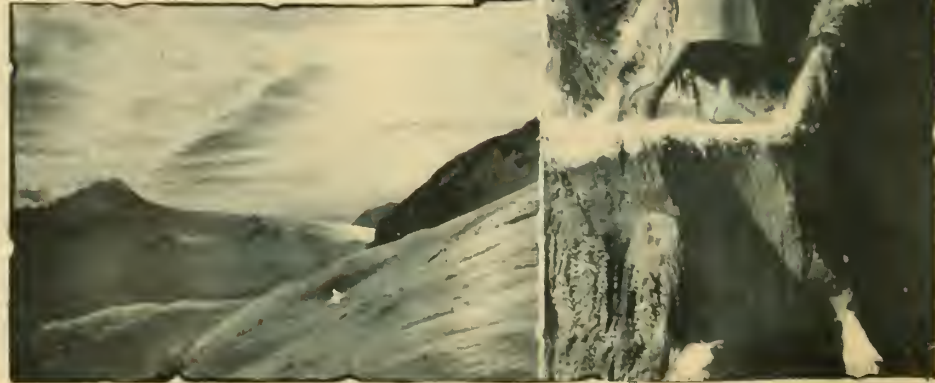
films like *Behold My Wife* and *No Woman Knows* would to-day have been wielding the snowshoe in her own right.

The two Queens are Jane Novak, a pale, blue-eyed peaches-and-cream heroine with hair like spun gold, a round, regular little face simply made for furs and kisses, and Alma Rubens, a mystery woman, with the lure of illimitable spaces in her dark eyes, unapproachable, silent as the Great Silences over which she reigns. Jane Novak's name has come to be synonymous with the heroine of every James Oliver Curwood story. Think of *Isabel* and *Kazan*, and it is always Jane that you will remember. And now *Snowshoe Trails* is coming along.

Alma's snow excursions are few and far between, but you don't forget them. Who else but Alma could have played the mysterious stranger in *The Valley of Silent Men* with that queer mixture of the boy and the woman that characterises all her work? No one could forget that first entrance with the dog-team across the snow, the challenge and the dignity of her, the queer, smouldering eyes, whose fire would melt the snow, you'd say, wherever she let them rest. Long live the Queen! Snow films . . . . We've always loved them . . . .

E. R. T.

Right, reading downwards: The great white silence in "Where the North Begins." Artificial snow stuff in "Beyond the Rocks" (it looks it!); and a scene from "Southward with the Quest."





Rex Ingram has made another masterpiece. His films, since *The Four Horsemen* have been eagerly-anticipated events in the history of Screenland, and *Scaramouche*, his latest and greatest is supreme in its class and challenges all the best productions of the last few years. It is historical drama, spectacular as *The Hunchback* or *Orphans of the Storm*; period early eighteenth century, just before and during the Revolution. The royal court of France, the King and Queen are shown in effective contrast to Robespierre, cold and calculating, Danton, Marat, Foaquier-Tinville and other prominent Revolutionist leaders. Its plot, based upon a Rafael Sabatini novel, is simple and concerns the enmity between two men, one a selfish Marquis (Lewis Stone), the other a youth whose exact ancestry is unknown but who was "born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad."

The Marquis kills the friend of Louis who becomes a Revolutionary in order to avenge him. Later, fate ordains

Right: George Seigmunn as "Georges Jacques Danton."

## Scaramouche



man himself, startling in its veracity. And William Humphreys, the "Chevalier de Chabrilane," is, in Rex Ingram's opinion, one of the few American artists who can wear the clothes and look the part of an aristocrat of bygone days. The Paris streets, the Square at Rennes, the exteriors of the Chateaux and palaces, as well as the rooms therein, are of memorable beauty. For Ingram believes in realism and nearly everything in *Scaramouche*, even to the stones of a weather-worn old bridge is a replica correct to period.

Apropos of this bridge, Rex Ingram had plaster moulds made from some masonry, and then the "weather-worn" stones were made and their surfaces roughened from the moulds. An expensive process, if carried out in everything, but worth while, since it eliminates any false note.

*Scaramouche* has great pictorial qualities too, and many scenes have the quality of early Renaissance pictures and wall paintings. And the tale is well told and worth the telling and holds the spectator's interest until the very last shot.

Below: Lewis Stone and Alice Terry



Above: Ramon Novarro, Edith Allen, and the strolling players.

that he become "Scaramouche," the masked comedian of the Paris stage. Again the two men meet, for both love the same girl, Aline de Kercadiou (Alice Terry) and then the Red Reign of Terror sweeps all three into its maelstrom. But the Revolution is not allowed to swamp the plot, for the historical figures are purposely subordinated. The storming of the Tuileries is shown, but only because it is necessary for the development of the story, and there is not a single "shot" of the guillotine throughout. Every incident has its dramatic value, and many of these short scenes are directional gems, like the one in the first reel between the Marquis and the ragged girl near the peasant's hovel. Though Alice Terry looks lovely and



Above: André Louis and the pompous official. Right: Ramon Novarro as "André Louis Moreau"

plays well, and Julia Swayne Gordon's work is nicely done. *Scaramouche* is a film in which three men carry off chief honours, Ingram for his direction, Novarro and Stone for their characterisations. Ramon in particular gives a matured and versatile performance which the American critics compare with those of John Barrymore. George Seigmunn's "Danton," is vivid and his resemblance to the portraits of the





# "The O's Have It!"

The names of the four most popular movie heroes of the moment all end in O.

Ivor Novello, Britain's contribution to the oligarchy.

Honour where honour is due--Tony Moreno started the fashion years and years ago, before ever *The Four Horsemen* was thought of; before Ivor Novello, the composer, had given way to Ivor Novello, the film artist; before Rex Ingram had so much as heard the name of Ramon Samaniegos. Tony was the first big "O" . . . and I shouldn't be too dreadfully surprised if Tony were to be the last as well. He slipped out for a while, but now he's back again, the same old Tony with the same bright eyes, but a stronger Tony, a real actor.

Still, there would have been no glamour over the "O's" if Julio-Gallardo, the Sheik, had not danced his way on to the screen and into the fluttering hearts of the public. The O's were of no more importance than the A's and the E's and the XYZ's before Valentino happened along. Now they are indispensable. We can't do without them. They spell colour and passion and lure of the South: they

mean black eyes and black hair, white gleaming teeth and a Roman profile.

There has been a regular slump in golden-haired heroes since Rudy's star rose on the horizon, and blue eyes are very much a last year's model. But Rudy—though not his memory—dropped out of studio Hollywood while the fashion was still at its height, while audiences were still clamouring for dusky southern lovers and producers were seeking them throughout the length and breadth of America.

So Ramon Navarro, or Novarro, or Samaniegos—pick which name you like, they're all his—stepped into the gap which Rudy had left, and filled it as well as his young inexperience could.

A brilliant, exotic, whimsical young man, is Ramon. He was born in Mexico and trained, like Rudy, as a dancer, but acting was in his blood and he had been a pantomimist ever since, as a tiny boy, he studied and imitated the faces of the people in his father's waiting-room. (Samaniegos the elder was a dentist!)

"He is a truly great actor in the making," Rex Ingram lately said of Novarro, "one who can hold his own with the best screen players of the day." And so came the contracts for *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Trifling Women*, *Where The Pavement Ends*,

and his biggest and bravest, *Scaramouche*—Scaramouche, swordsman, strolling player, revolutionary, who "was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad." And that is just Novarro to an—O!

Although a revolution in Mexico made him a pauper in a single night he never lost heart, but plunged into the movies via the dancing stage: and now at twenty-three he is drawing a fat cheque every week from Metro; gets the heaviest morning mail of all the younger film stars, and thinks everything in the garden's lovely. The Baby of the "O's," and the lightest-hearted.

D. W. Griffith is responsible for the discovery of the third "O"—or perhaps we should say the re-discovery—for Louis Mercanton, the French producer, first picked out his photograph from a hundred others and persuaded the handsome juvenile to play for him in *The Call of the Blood*. Other film engagements followed, but his reputation of the O's.



tion, although he did some good work in *Carnival* and *The Bohemian Girl*, was never in the Valentino-Novarro category until Griffith came along.

The great D. W. was on an English visit when he caught sight one evening of the clean-cut profile, the forehead and classic features of his dreams. He wanted to know the name of the young man, and learnt that it was Ivor Novello the composer . . . "Keep The Home Fires Burning," "The Dream Boat," "And Her Mother Came Too . . ." you'll know them all. Anyway, that lovely profile of his was worth a three years contract to Ivor, and off he went to New York City to star for Griffith in *The White Rose*.

The conquest of America followed. The fans simply loved him: he was feted, and made much of, and lavishly entertained, and Griffith himself says of him that "when he gets rid of a tendency to overact, he will be the best of all screen juveniles, for he photographs like a Greek god."

Tony"—in spite of the brand-new bride—and considers him to be the finest actor in America. And Valentino himself has nothing but generous and intelligent praise for the young Spaniard who has taken his place in the Lasky studios. Moreno, he thinks, should undoubtedly have been chosen for "Ben Hur," a part that would have suited in every detail his fire and strength, his olive skin and athletic build.

Yes, Tony would have made a fine "Ben Hur." Rudy would have been intriguing in the role, if a little fragile. And Novarro would have swung through it with verve and the sheer abandon of youth. Interesting and different, these three impersonations. And all the three were seriously considered at one time or another for the part. Had Tony still been playing for Goldwyn there is every chance that he would have been chosen.

But Tony is signed up with



Above:  
Ramon  
Novarro,  
the  
youngest  
of the  
O's.

Left:  
Rudolph  
Valentino,  
who  
started  
the  
chorus  
of O's.

And lastly, as firstly, there is Antonio Moreno. In *My American Wife*, and *The Spanish Dancer*, Tony has staged the comeback of the year. When Hollywood is tired of talking about Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin, when *The Covered Wagon* as a topic is exhausted, and the newest marriages criticized and approved, the conversation, likely as not, will veer round to Tony Moreno, his brand-new bride and his brilliant work for Paramount.

The lovely Pola calls him "My

Paramount, and with a long and varied screen career behind him—for he has worked through the "shops," from serials upwards—he gives promise of great things in the future. Watch him! And watch Novarro too, at the Metro studios, and Novello, who is making *The Rat* in England with Gladys Cooper, before his next Griffith film. And watch for Valentino, who will be back in the spring under the banner of Ritz-Carlton Pictures . . .

And still another O is preparing to

join the select band for Ramon is not the only Novarro with histrionic ambitions. Not by any means! There are five shiny-haired, soft-eyed brothers and two luscious sisters whose long, curling eyelashes keep Cupid busy. And one and all they thirst to share the triumphs of brother Ramon. Wherefore be prepared to see a new star rise over the horizon in the person of Mario Novarro—so like his famous brother that when he appeared with Constance Talmadge in *The Dangerous Maid* it was hard to believe it was not Ramon himself. Mario has no wish to bask in his brother's reflected glory. True, Ramon's influence gave him his first chance in *Scaramouche*, but everything he has done since has been accomplished through his own efforts. Only one concession would he make; he adopted Ramon's screen name for his own. For Mario, aged 22, is the proud possessor of the name of Mariano Samaniegos. So Mariano Samaniegos became Mario Novarro, a star in the making, but rapidly attaining to first magnitude.

Yes, the O's have it every time.



# Cinderellas of the Movies



Jobyna Ralston,  
Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

"I wish I could go to the ball," sighed Cinderella, poor little household drudge. And behold! the words were scarcely out of her mouth when a fairy godmother appeared from nowhere, ready to wave a gratifying wand.

"I wish I could have that part," sigh hundreds of Cinderellas-of-the-Studio crowd-workers, small-part ladies and the like. More often than not that wish is never fulfilled. The fairy godmother is conspicuous by her absence and Cinderella remains her obscure little self until the end of the chapter. But occasionally the unexpected does happen and the benefactress puts in a timely appearance. Then Cinderella doffs her rags and finds herself arrayed in the glittering mantle of success.

These "godmothers" are strange, folk and often choose strange disguises in which to visit those they favour. Who, for instance, would suspect D. W. Griffith of being a beneficent fairy? And yet he has acted as one to many a struggling young actor or actress. In fact, he deserves the title of "Hollywood's-Godfather-in-Chief," for the words "Discovered by D. W. Griffith" are the Open Sesame to the Halls of Fame, for certain fortunate ones. Among the many who owe their screen success to him, Dick Barthelmess comes well to the fore. Although he is not a Cinderella in the conventional sense of the word, his early days of hard drudgery have earned him a place in the class. Before he played for Griffith he went through every stage of film work, beginning as an extra in a serial, and playing many small parts before he had his name in the cast. Then Griffith gave him a real character role, and anyone who has seen his "Chink" in



Betty Compson takes the part of  
Cinderella exactly.

*Broken Blossoms* will realize what good use he made of his chance. A second big success in *Way Down East* firmly established him amongst the foremost ranks of the screen élite. And Dick says, with other of the great director's "finds," that he owes it all to D. W. Griffith.

Surely there was never a quieter or more mouse-like little girl than Jobyna Ralston, eighteen months ago. Unobtrusively, almost apologetically she played her screen roles, and people hardly noticed she was there. But, underneath her quiet air of diffidence, was a burning, unspoken wish to succeed. If she could only have a chance



Fairy Godfather Griffith, to whose powers  
of discrimination the screen owes most of  
its best-known stars.

in a really big lead, she thought; she would feel secure and her timidity would vanish. Evidently somebody else shared that opinion, for, when Mildred Davis left off playing lead for Harold Lloyd, it was announced that Jobyna would take her place. From that time on a marvellous change took place in Jobyna. It was as though a fairy's wand really had transformed her. From a rather dull little mouse of a girl, she grew, almost overnight, into a sparkling bundle of light-hearted energy, never without a witty repartee ready to her lips. And, in consequence, this erstwhile Cinderella now rules the "lot" up at the Hal Roach Studios, just like a real fairy-tale princess. Jobyna, though, was lucky in one respect. She possessed a very well-to-do father on whom she could depend if she failed to make good.

Far different was the case of little Betty Compson who was still at school when she had to begin earning her living. Her mother, a widow, had been left very badly off, and making both ends meet was a difficult task for the two of them. So Betty, who was a clever violinist, obtained work after school hours, in the orchestra of the local music hall. Pretty soon she had an opportunity of doing a violin "turn," and after that she joined a stage touring company. Left stranded by the company, in a town far from home,



she obtained work as a nursemaid for several months. Eventually she went on the films and worked hard as an extra and in small parts until George Loane Tucker noticed her, and gave her her first real chance. Her work as "Rose" in *The Miracle Man*, quickly brought her fame, and ever since then she has gone on piling up screen successes for herself.

Had it not been for G. L. T. Betty might still have been playing unsuitable parts in serials and slapstick comedies, and one of America's greatest emotional actresses would have been lost to the film-going public.

One other little girl, too, had to begin working at an age when her more fortunate sisters were still at school. She lost both her parents when she was only fifteen, and was left with a twelve-year-old brother to keep, and very little money to do it with. Having had no training for any other kind of work, and rightly believing her

*Shirley Mason  
specialises  
in Cinder-  
ella  
roles.*



own fresh prettiness to be her greatest asset, this little girl turned to the films as a possible means of livelihood. She worked hard as an "extra," until "Godfather" Marshall Neilan waved in her direction a director's megaphone, as potent with power as the fairy's wand in the old folk tale. From that time on Marjorie Daw's screen success was ensured, and, incidentally brother Chandler's college education.

Dale Fuller spent her early years in stock and repertory companies, where she worked hard and thoroughly learnt the business of acting. For four years after that she played caricatures in Mack Sennett Comedies. But she was very far from being satisfied. She wanted to be an actress in the real sense of the word, and nobody would give her the chance.

Nobody, that is, until Eric von Stroheim came along and saw possibilities in her. In *Foolish Wives*, as the little servant, she fully justified his belief in her histrionic powers. She had a small part in *The Merry-Go-Round*, the direction of



*'The Chink' in "Broken Blossoms," gave Dick Barthelmess his first real chance to act.*

which was started by Stroheim and finished by Rupert Julian, and she played the lead in the Universal production of *McTeague*.

I have mentioned only a few of Screenland's Cinderellas who have made good. Gareth Hughes, Priscilla Dean, Rudolph Valentino, and many others, all had to work very hard before they were "discovered." More than one little Cinderella has started her career in the cutting room of a film company, like Alice Terry, and married a prince in the shape of Rex Ingram, her producer husband.

A lesser known star who began that way is Dorothy Manners. Her mother sewed in one of the wardrobe rooms to help the family finances, and between engagements as an extra, Dorothy worked as a cutter. "Three years hard" at Lasky's brought no reward for her perseverance and loyalty until at last she found her "godfather" in Douglas Fairbanks, who gave her a small part in *Robin Hood*. She soon proved her ability to act, and is now leading lady for Fox and Universal.

Lois Weber has proved herself a fairy godmother indeed to more than one young aspirant to film fame. Mona Lisa, Claire Windsor, and Mildred Harris owe everything to her good offices. Cecil de Mille, too, has been a friend in need to many who have worked with him, which shows that directors haven't all hearts of stone. Although they cannot guarantee, like Cinderella's patroness of the glittering wand, that their protégées shall "live happily ever after," still they can, and do sometimes, bridge at a bound the long and tedious path from obscurity in the back kitchen of screen-super-dom to a dressing room with a star on the door.

E. E. BARRETT.



*Marjorie Daw still loves fairy tales, her screen career reads rather like one.*

**ELMO LINCOLN**

*Has left Tarzan and Co., to another screenstar these days and plays in Mac Murray and Marshall Neilan films. The screen's Strong-Man-de-Luxe is 5 ft. 11½ inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.*





**LUCILLE RICKSEN**

*Is barely fifteen yet, though she has been a film player for nine years. Lucille co-starred in Booth Tarkington's "Edgar" Comedies, and her baptismal name is Ingeborg Eriksen.*

**MARILYNN MILLER**

*Jack Pickford's charming little wife, who is playing in "Sally" on the New York stage. Great God Kinema has marked Marilyn as his legitimate prey and she will be seen in celluloid sooner or later.*



**RAMON NOVARRO**

*Like Rudy, Ramon originally found fame as a dancer. His first screen roles, before Ingram discovered him, were played in "Mr. Barnes of New York," Earle's "Omar Khayyam," and a Sessue Hayakawa film.*

**GRACE DARMOND**

*A dark-eyed blonde who has starred in many serials and feature films of all types. Her best-known films are "The Valley of the Giants," "The Hawk's Trail," and "Below the Surface."*



# The Screen Fashion Plate



Above: Virginia Browne Faire's beige caracul wrap with collar and cuffs of badger. Below: A three-piece dress of black crêpe romaine.



Virginia Lee Corbin wears this knee-length coat and scarf of dark green camel's hair cloth.



Braid on taupe brushed wool forms the trimming of this decidedly novel costume worn by Mary Philbin.



Right: A motoring costume worn by Carmel Myers. The coat is of pale-green duvetyn.



Colleen Moore's new French velvet wrap. It is trimmed with red fox fur.



What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection? Vincent de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiological analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.

Character Reading: This face shows great kindness and modesty. Strength of character, pride, and courage are present, and a freedom from sham and affectation. There is swiftness, sensitiveness, and sentiment indicated, some pugnacity and alertness. In spite of the array of definitely masculine traits of character, an unusual degree of intuition is revealed.



There is something large and genial in the features of William S. Hart, something irresistibly magnetic about him. I have heard his acting criticised as "the mere holding of a grim stare," but I have never heard his personality attacked. Now, in reading his face, I can understand why.

The lips are full of a kindly humour, and show modesty and an almost universal spirit of sympathy and understanding. The face is strong-willed and is of the protective type. The heavy upper lip pre-supposes not only force and determination but also some oratorical ability, the ability to sway audiences with a personal contact.

But in spite of the largeness of the mouth, it is not a garrulous face, but rather a reserved and even taciturn one. Most remarkable of all, I think, are the eyes. Every feature bears out the masculine qualities of character in Hart, his force, vigour, courage, simplicity. It is rare that we find in a face so completely masculine as this the trait of intuition, rarer that we find it developed to such a degree

Hart is equipped to make an almost perfect judgment of human beings in a swift glance. That glance would not perhaps grope for the subtleties of character, but it would at least be able to place, in a definite category, and with a few important classifications, nearly anyone with whom he came into contact. The mouth is highly optimistic, and the nose displays a fair share of personal pride.

His humour is pervasive and deep. It has all the traces of kindness and is completely lacking in satire, or bitterness or malice. And as nearly all humour has some trace of those three, Mr. Hart's is of a rare order indeed. I have said before that his character was the protective type, it is also paternal in attitude. The face shows great love of children, its owner inclined always to sponsor the weak or those in difficulty, rather than those who are strong and powerful.

There is much sentiment there, and signs which lead me to conclude that its possessor has the domestic instinct. There is every indication of honesty, and reliability present. He appreciates

character and enjoys with quiet humour all that is odd or whimsical in human nature. But he does not stand an aloof spectator, rather associating himself with whatever appeals to him.

There is not a little commercial acumen in his face, and he is highly sensitive, easily wounded by attacks or slurs foreign to his own understanding.

He is able to succeed in many diverse ways, and his character is so unlike that of the conventional theatrical type, that I am forced to conclude that chance more than choice played a part in his selection of an acting career. Modesty is certainly present, a quality not frequently distributed with a lavish hand among actors. He is slightly pugnacious, but never seeks contest for the sake of contest itself. He is certainly far removed from the unchanging pugnacity of his roles.

He requires little analysis at my hands. The public has already tested and approved him. And the large kindness of his character, his protective spirit and rich humour will always win him an army of affectionate followers.



# Ashes of Vengeance

by  
JOHN FLEMING



It was the fateful night of August 23, 1572, in the gilded ball room of the Louvre. A thousand dancers had the floor. The strains of a hundred instruments were heard. Never before in history had there been a scene of such dazzling happiness for human eyes. And never before had blacker hearts beaten than hid behind this brilliance, used it, employed it as a mask.

Emperor of France was Charles the ninth. At least, he sat the throne. But Charles was weak, frail of body and frail of mind, a man easily swayed, won over. And well was the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici, aware of the frailty of her son. He sat the throne, but she stood close behind. He signed the parchments, but she ruled the land. Charles the ninth, king of France, was still in his cradle; and Catherine, in just this solitary respect, was mother still.

"Charles," she was whispering, even as the music played and the thousand dancers sped around the floor, "Charles, the Huguenots must be exterminated—wiped out like so many rats. They are in our way—they plot for power and mean to have it. How shall you stand against them if they strike? Strike first! If you would have no enemies, kill the enemies you have. A word and the fire would

be loose. Every Huguenot stronghold in Paris is marked. But give your name to it and the fire shall burn them to dust."

But Charles, like all weak men, could not show even his weakness with any strength. He wavered. He implored his mother for time—he must think; he said he did not know, he could not decide. And at this his mother smiled. She could decide. She had decided. It needed but a little while. And she stooped and stroked his head and beamed on the crowding dancers.

Meantime, the dancers danced on in ignorance. Huguenots were present—for Catherine did not believe in for-arming the enemy by forewarnings, and some show of friendship was therefore kept up; and among them was one Margot de Vaincoire, a light, vain and flippant creature who little deserved the love bestowed upon her by Rupert de Vrieac. Rupert, here too this night, was a Huguenot also; but he was a man first, and he was ever watchful of his lady.

Wherefore when a courtier present sought to flirt with Margot, a hot word sprang with little bidding to Rupert's lips. And it sprang the readier for that this courtier was none other than Charles, Count de la Roche. The action was the touch of tinder to steel. Trifling as she was, unversed in anything but the lightest affairs of the capital, Mar-

got well knew that the families of Rupert and this Charles, the de Vrieacs and the de la Roches, had for many years been mortal enemies.

"Was I contaminated by your touch?" demanded the Count.

"You had that honour," retorted Rupert. "You shall have the further honour of crossing swords with me immediately in the Palace gardens."

"I shall be delighted," sneered the Count; and the two repaired forthwith to a quiet corner of the garden. Quiet, yet it might have been quieter. The Count viewed the little knots of idlers and lovers with dismay.

"I am not yet on exhibition," he said. "What quieter place can we seek? All my usual haunts will be crowded to-night. Do you know of a place?"

"There is an Inn, 'La Touchette,' that should serve us well," replied Rupert.

"The Huguenot headquarters?"

"Well?"

"It will suffice. At least if I kill you there your friends will be saved the trouble of carrying you home. Come! I am mighty considerate of your corpse!"

The Inn 'La Touchette' was in a quiet street of the city and in this hour was unfrequented. Upstairs was a long and empty room, an ideal duelling ground. Thither they went, and Margot, for all their protests, went too. In





*Days of servitude followed. Days filled with suppressed hate and humiliation.*

separate corners of the room the two men prepared.

At the Palace the King was swaying before the entreaties of his mother.

"The attitude of the Huguenots is menacing," vowed Catherine. "They are plotting. They intend to strike soon. I have advices. If you would be king of France at the end of the week, exterminate them. Was I not on the throne before you? Do I not know all the moves in this game?"

"But . . ." faltered the king. "And, if I did—who . . ."

"I have not slept," said Catherine. "All are at their posts. Your men await only final orders. Come, sign the edict."

"Very well," said the king, "but it must be every Huguenot or none. If they are to die let there not be one left to reproach me."

The word went forth even as the dance came to an end and the fright of that dread 23rd of August began to tear through the city. At a weak man's word death stalked. A million cries rose out of Paris, blood filled the gutters, and fire perished human limbs toinders. Outside the Palace the mob searched, like hounds, for the sight of blood; while inside a trembling king and his malignant mother listened, alone with

their consciences. The slaughter spread like a rising flood, and it was not very long before it was lapping the walls of the Inn "La Touchette."

The duel was at an end. The count's sword had sped flying across the room, and he was falling back with Rupert's at his throat. Suddenly with a laugh the younger man lowered his weapon.

"This," said Rupert, "is the happiest moment of my life, for I am able to place you under obligation to me for ever. Take your life and remember a Vrieac gave it to you."

"Never!" cried the Count. I demand we finish this affair here and now."

"Nay, your anger justifies my gift," said Rupert. "You may live—and owe your life to me always."

And then a graver issue took their attention—the baying of the hounds, the cries of the mob as it swept down on the Huguenot headquarters, the Inn "La Touchette." They sprang to the window, and almost as they looked, the Inn was surrounded.

"We are lost," cried Margot.

And then the Count turned to Rupert with a smile.

"If you would save the life of your

betrothed, sire, ask no questions but obey my orders. But unless you obey me implicitly, I cannot answer for the life of Mademoiselle de Vainceoire."

"This evening," he said, "you did me the honour to give me back my life, and not to be outdone in generosity I shall give you two for one—your life and the life of your betrothed. However, there is a condition. If you wish to live, you bind yourself by oath to become my servant for a term of five years."

Margot was clinging to Rupert, imploring him.

"Rupert—please consent for my sake."

"Refuse," said the Count, "and I must leave you at the mercy of the rabble."

Rupert hesitated but a moment. Slowly he nodded.

"I consent," he said simply.

"Now, Monsieur, the house of Vrieac becomes the slave of the house of La Roche. Swear!"

Rupert took the oath, swearing furthermore to at all times protect the life and honour of the Count de la Roche, and the lives of those dear to him. Then La Roche appealed to a captain of the guard.

"Escort Monsieur de Vrieac and his friend to the arsenal and deliver them into the safe keeping of the governor."

And this was done, so that in half-an-hour, Rupert was bidding farewell to Margot as she left the city.

"I must remain for my new master, the Count," he said. "But Margot dear, take this ring as a token of my undying love and constancy."

On the calling of the truce between the Catholics and the Huguenots, the Count left Paris for his castle in the country, taking his new servant with him. For Rupert days of servitude followed which must have broken a weaker soul. The bitter feud existing between the two houses had become a heritage handed down from generation to generation and was now in the Count's breast a very fine hatred. Noon or night, Rupert knew no peace. He was lower in rank than the lowest serf in the place and was made to know it every day. And by none was he made to know it more than by Yoeland, the sister of the Count de la Roche.

Yoeland was the fairest girl that Rupert's eyes had ever looked on, and even in those early days, and despite his treatment at her hands, he could scarce refrain from comparing her with the lady of the city's glitter, the airy Margot. Yet he had given his word and tried to remain faithful. And Yoeland's conduct was none to inspire love. She was a de la Roche and despised him for that he was a Vrieac. At every turn she spurned him, humiliated him, made him to feel that he was lower than the feeders of their hogs. She called him "servant" and dispatched him upon the most trivial errands. He obeyed, for he had taken his oath that he would do so; and yet sometimes he knew a strange thrill at the discovery that he obeyed not ungladly.



And then one day, Yoeland and her invalid sister were in danger of death from a fierce wolf that had slipped its leash in the courtyard. The thing, indeed, was almost upon her and it would have been certain death but for the prompt spring of this hated serving man, Rupert de Vriac. His arm caught at the beast's throat, with it he fought and in the end the wolf was by him slain. He had saved her life and she knew it well, and though she continued on every occasion to remind him of his position she knew at last the feeling of a growing respect for this enemy of her house.

An uncle of the de la Roche, nominal head of the family, calling with his train one day, brought news of the forthcoming marriage of his daughter to a certain Duc de Tours, and Yoeland, despising the Duc for a notorious profligate, excited at this news, determined to at once set out for Chateau Briège to dissuade her cousin Denise from the match. And it pleased her whim at the last moment to include in her retinue this Rupert, this serving man that her brother had so strangely acquired, in order to continue his persecution.

"You may again carry a sword, sir," laughed the Count on the eve of the train's departure; "but only in defence of my sister."

In due course Yoeland and her train arrived at the Castle Briège and was greeted warmly by her cousin Denise. The Duc de Tours, expected at any moment, had not yet arrived, and the two girls were thus able to exchange confidences. Yoeland quickly learnt that the girl's heart was in reality given to one Phillipe de Vois, an impoverished nobleman whose estate adjoined that of Briège Castle, but her father's word was law and she dare not disobey.

Upon the morning after the arrival of Yoeland the Duc de Tours presented himself at the Castle, and proved to be a nobleman of excessively catholic taste in many things. He had come prepared to love the fair Denise; but it seemed that he had come too, prepared to love any other lady who might glance his way. At his first sight of Yoeland he greeted her boisterously.

"And so this is Yoeland of whom I have heard," he said. "By all the Gods of Gossip, those that have praised you have said not half enough."

He turned and observed Rupert standing at attention.

"Ah!" he cried genially—"and this! What, prithee, is this? Some new toy that I have heard of, for the Count's amusement?"

"For mine," explained Yoeland. "I have borrowed him from the box where the family toys are kept. My brother found him or bought him or won him in game, I know not which, and he is so attached to me that verily he cannot be persuaded to leave."

So, all day she taunted Rupert, and still he was firm to his vows, and retorted not. It was a servant's place to keep silence and he did not forget

that for five years he must be a servant.

The Duc meantime was an ardent harvester. Were Denise in sight he would pay court to her; and were she not in sight he would strenuously make love to Yoeland. For her cousin's sake, Yoeland made every effort to conceal her dislike for the wide and sagging Duc, but the task was difficult.

"How strange it is," he said softly one day, when Yoeland, losing all self-control at his arrogant cruelty, had struck him with her riding whip, "that this arm now raised in anger, would feel soft and warm round a man's neck. You will not hold these little flirtations against me, I trust, Madame? And this marriage of mine to your cousin—you will not let it interfere with our—friendship?"

Yoeland knew not what to do, and wished keenly for her uncle's return.

One day the little feeling of regard that had stirred in Yoeland's breast on the day that Rupert had saved her from the wolf quickened and she saw him in a new light, looked at him with a new interest now. A messenger, who said he had been searching for Rupert for many days, arrived from Paris with the news that Margot had given her heart to a nephew of de Tours' and was sending his ring back. The messenger had the ring and handed it to Rupert, and for the first time in his bond days the young man showed signs of visible emotion. He stared dumbly

at the ring  
in his

hand, let it drop to the ground and roll away, made no effort to recover it. He seemed so friendless now, so deserted by everyone that he had known and cared for. Servant? Why! even the very servants in the lower hall had their friends, their relatives, their hopes, their loves. What hope had he? Of anything? . . .

But Yoeland, unknown to him, had been a witness of this incident and she thought on it long. She contrasted this strangely-acquired servant with the so-called nobleman, the Duc de Tours, who could love in every street and go away still capable of love. She found herself contrasting him indeed with every man who had come into her life, and she was surprised at the place he held amongst them. From that day on there was a notable lessening in her abuse of him. She taunted him less and less, and looked at him more and more.

It was on the morning after the incident of the ring that the Castle was startled by the news that Denise had eloped with her lover Phillipe de Vois, and all eyes were on the Duc to see how he would take this turn. He took it in the manner which many might have expected. He began the day by becoming drunk, he continued it by making violent love to a serving maid, and he ended it, when the serving



*Yoeland strove to conceal her dislike for the Duc, whose sole claim to invade society was accident of birth.*



maid's soldier lover, a man in his own guard, protested, by slaying the fellow where he stood.

More swiftly than anticipation and thought for events tumbled at the heels of this event. "Duc or no Duc, he shall pay!" was the cry heard, and to the Duc's own vast surprise, his own soldiers rose against him and swore vengeance for this brutal murder. The household gathered behind closed gates to consult on a plan of action. The ragings of the soldiery were heard outside, and the Duc was hopelessly drunk.

"In their madness," said one, "they may strike all in their way. We had best retire to the turret and leave the Duc to take care of himself."

"No, no!" cried Rupert. "Never! If a—servant may speak—"

"He is right," said another, "we cannot leave him at their mercy."

"We cannot take him with us," said the first. "It would endanger all our lives."

But Yoeland spoke up now.

"I have more cause than any to resent the Duc, but he is my uncle's guest and we must protect him."

And even as she uttered the words there came a battering upon the door and the sound of the soldiers shouting.

"We intend harm to no one but the Duc de Tours—unless you force us."

No answer to this was given and there was nothing for it but for the little band within the tower to await the rush. Rupert drew his sword and took up a place by the door of an inner room in which the Duc and the ladies were secereted. One of the other men, meantime, was seeking a means of escape by rope and way of a back window.

Soon the front door was beaten down and the soldiers came on with a mad rush. It was a hundred to one, but the room was so narrow and the space by the door so restricted that Rupert had no need to engage more than one at a time. They came on in an angry line and he dealt with them as they came. For five minutes he stood his ground—for ten minutes and then he fell wounded and the line sped over him. Fell over him and rushed into the inner room. But the inner room was empty. The prey had gone.

A mingling of rare peace and horror, strangely blent, was the climax of the story of Yoeland de la Roche and Rupert de Vrieac. There came days, sunlit and smiling, when the wounded man was nursed back to life by the one whom he had strangely found sweetest of all in his eyes.

"You!" he cried, when his eyes opened again on consciousness. "But, Mademoiselle, I—"

"Monsieur forgets that he was defending me from the swords that slashed him down."

But over the peaceful landscape of love thus set a shadow crept, a cloud, and that cloud was the Duc de Tours. Recovered from his fright, guarded now by a fresh set of hirelings, loving as

ever in his own loose way, caring nothing for the vanished Denise and everything for the present Yoeland, haunting the garden of dawning love, peeping, prying, plotting, knowing no gratitude for his foul life's saving. And one day, suddenly, he called for Rupert and commanded that he come at once to a remote and dim part of the Castle building. Rupert, still a servant until the vow be raised, had no course but to obey. To his surprise and dismay he found on entering the chamber the door closed and guarded behind him, a strange brazier burning in the middle of the floor, and a man of evil countenance accompanying the Duc.

"My friend, Angelo Dupi, the famous torturer," the Duc announced. And then he explained his plans. "I love Yoeland, but she loves me not. She swears she will not marry me, and the reason, Monsieur, is plain,—she loves another and that other you!

#### CHARACTERS:

Yoeland - - -	NORMA TALMADGE
Rupert de Vrieac	CONWAY TEARLE
Comte de la Roche	COURTENAY FOOTE
Margot de Vainceoire	BETTY FRANCISCO
Duc de Tours -	WALLACE BEERY
Catherine de Medici	JOSEPHINE CROWELL
King Charles IX	ANDRE DE BERANGER

*Narrated by permission from the First National Film of the same title.*

Very well. I have determined that Yoeland shall be mine, and something assures me that she will do anything I ask of her—rather than see you harmed!"

He turned to the guard.

"Admit Mademoiselle Yoeland."

She came in with white face and staring eyes, wondering, fearing the sight of the brazier.

"What villainy is afoot?" she demanded. But the Duc de Tours only smiled.

"Now that Mademoiselle Denise is gone," he said, "nothing stands in the way of my greatest desire—and that, dear lady, is you."

He turned and briefly indicated Angelo Dupi.

"You see," he said, "what will happen to the eyes of—your devoted servant—if you refuse me."

"Yoeland!" cried Rupert. "No! I beg of you, do not sacrifice yourself to save me. I am nothing."

But before he could say more, before she could speak or the Duc press his triumph, behind the Duc's back curtains parted and into the room sprang a small, palpitating, passionate figure. A knife was in its hand, the knife flashed, there was a cry, a crash and

the Duc de Tours had passed from the scene of his evil joys for ever. And the little serving maid had avenged the murder of her soldier lover.

There remained only one little scene in a golden room where once more Yoeland, Rupert and the Count de la Roche met once again. Not the first of the five years was yet gone by, but there was a twinkle in the corners of the Count's eyes.

"You have heard," said Yoeland, "all that I have said. And in gratitude for his great—service, I beg of you to release Monsieur Vrieac from his oath and permit him to return to his own people." Then she left him, and went into the sunlit gardens.

The Count sent for Rupert and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"All that I have heard of your noble defence of my sister has placed me," he said, "in the embarrassing position of beginning to like a Vrieac! Wherefore, of course, in order to avoid any such possibility, I must release you from your oath. You are free. One last command. Go and acquaint the lady Yoeland with my decision. She walks below in the gardens."

"And so now," she said gleefully, as he approached her, "you are free."

But Rupert shook his head. "I shall never be free again," he said.

"Why! what can you mean?"

"Don't you know?" he asked gently. "I mean that I want to be your faithful servant always. If you will let me."

She laughed into his eyes.

"Yes?" said he hopefully.

"You—are not dismissed!" she said softly.



"I want to be your faithful servant always."



# A Venetian Fantasy

the scientist, who writes an account of the affair, seals it, and leaves instructions that it is to remain unopened for two hundred years.

After that comes the finding of the paper in modern times and the awakening of the sleeper. "Vittorio" finds Venice very much changed, and his surprise at steamers on the lagoon, cigarettes, telephones, etc., makes good entertainment. He also finds all the figures concerned in his own tragedy living again in the persons of their descendants. He marries the incarnation of his old love, but alas! the scientist's warning is fulfilled and there

Venice, ancient and modern, an original screen-story by Monckton Hoffe, and Ivor Novello, make a decidedly attractive trio in *The Man Without Desire*, the movie Ivor Novello was making when Griffith decided to annex him. The hero is a young aristocrat of eighteenth century Venice, who gives himself to a scientist to experiment upon. "Count Vittorio," his mind unhinged by a tragedy which has befallen him, allows himself to be cast into a trance, although he knows he may either die during this sleep, or if he awakens many years later, he will find that he has lost all desire for the beautiful things of life. All he cares about is that the scientist has promised him forgetfulness of his grief. So he is safely stowed away in an underground vault by this Simon Mawdesley,



Above: Two striking scenes from "The Man Without Desire." Left: Ivor Novello as "Count Vittorio."

is no happiness for either he or his wife. In despair, "Vittorio" poisons himself, after a heartrending scene with his "Genevra," who is inconsolable. And then the scene changes to the library at the time of the finding of the paper. The four men gathered there had been discussing the thing for so long that they had all fallen asleep over it and the re-awakening of "Vittorio" and this second tragedy of his life are nothing but a visualisation of their dreams. Let us hope they decided to let sleeping dogs lie.

This movie was photographed in Italy, and the part of the villain, a sinister plotter, was played by Sergio Mari, whose name betrays his nationality at once. Nina Vanna, the heroine, is a Russian girl, Christopher Walker, the scientist, is British (he played the Tramp in *Fallen Leaves*), and Ivor Novello, the star, is Welsh. A cosmopolitan cast, surely. Ivor chose this story himself, and for once was permitted a heroic role after his own heart. He doesn't care about being the bad lad of the film story, at least that is what he always says. But producer after producer casts him for principal sinner as well as juvenile lead, even Griffith being no exception to the rule.



"Count Vittorio" pleads with his wife "Genevra" (Nina Vanna), for another chance.





Above: Eileen Dennes, Shayle Gardner, and Ralph Forbes in "Comin' Through the Rye."

#### A British Bright-Idea.

When *Comin' Through the Rye* was trade shown, all the principal characters introduced themselves in person in a cleverly contrived prologue. Not a word was spoken, but after appropriate sub-titles had been flashed upon a black gauze screen, each character in a few characteristic little gestures, gave the onlookers a clear conception of his rôle. After that a nutshell version of the story itself was enacted, still in silence, by all of them together. This last, was to my thinking, the perfect prologue. It was the first time Alma Taylor had faced a visible audience, and if she was as pleased to see them as they undoubtedly were to see her in the flesh, I guess everybody was happy. The costumes were particularly charming, Alma Taylor's blue and Eileen Dennes' rose pink flounces evoking many admiring ejaculations from the ladies. I understand the film is to be presented at the Palace, complete with prologue, which should mean a rush of Alma Taylor "fans" to the box office.

Below: Nina Vanna.



Lillia, Douglas, and John Glidden



in "In the Blood."

## British Studio Gossip



#### Piccadilly visits Paris.

Betty Balfour has been to Paris for scenes in *Squib's Honeymoon* and brought back some amusing experiences and a very bad flu' cold. They spent three weeks in France, with scarcely one fine day and poor Betty shivered and shrank in the icy embraces of the fierce winter gales. "We had an interesting trip," she told me, "except for that one 'September Morn' scene, which was too chilly by half for yours truly. We rushed all over France between the showers, you know. There was one dear old lady of about ninety, whose house at Montmorency we photographed. She took a great fancy to Mr. Pearson, whom she insisted upon kissing and blessing every morning before we started for work. She was very sweet to me too, bringing me beautiful fruit and things."

#### Betty's Three Weeks.

"We worked several days at the Pre Catalan, too, which is a real old French farm-inn, a showplace beloved of Parisians as well as tourists. We made the place our headquarters, and all the villagers used to come up there and wait for us in the evenings. They sang 'God Save the King' in French for

Left: Betty Balfour in "Squib's Honeymoon."



our delectation, and when we said 'Goodbye,' I was surprised to find that they had nearly all seen one or other of the *Squibs* films. They call her 'La Petite Marchande de Fleurs de Piccadilly,' and she seems to be well-known even in the tiny villages. We filmed our motor smash scenes near there, and on the way we were in a real one ourselves and the front of our car was absolutely smashed to pieces. No one was hurt much, though."

#### Here, There and Everywhere.

"On the Calais platform, whilst we were making boat-train scenes, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry came and introduced themselves to us, saying they were on their way to Paris, and could not possibly pass on without wishing



us *Bon Voyage* home and a successful film. I had quite a long chat with them. The scenes on the Cross-Channel journey amused the *bona fide* passengers immensely. They were of the 'mushy' persuasion and consisted of the two turtle-doves (Fred Groves and myself) stealing as many kisses and embraces as we could. Everybody wanted to see, and there was such a crowd on the one side of the boat that it listed badly. I found it rather embarrassing, but then, I always do when working out of doors.



Above: Ivo Dawson, Queenie Thomas, Hargrave Manolk, and Jennie Mathew in "Why?"

Then when I reached London I had to stay in bed for ten days."

Filming the Great Day.

I was one of the 'guests' at 'Squib's' wedding, when it was filmed at Famous Lasky's, Islington, where they put up a lovely old village church set. It was very convincing, for real trees and bushes were taken there, and a lawn laid specially for the occasion. A cobbled path led up to it, through a lych gate, upon which a pair of doves sat tight throughout the proceedings which lasted four hours. These birds must have been hardened movie actors for they never turned a—feather under the blaze of lights, neither did the confetti upset their equanimity or their balance. They exchanged a few 'coos' when Hugh E. Wright and Irene Tripod tripped lightly beneath their point of vantage, but were still sitting up there when I left.

The Festivities.

Betty's was a slow-motion wedding. She went into the church at least twenty-times and came out of it quite six. And every time the bodyguard of flower girls and "Bobbies" threw confetti and cheered. Some of it stuck, and Betty had to be carefully dusted all over with a big feather duster. She looked adorable in her pale draperies, but said, with a grimace, that if real weddings were anything like film weddings she'd never, never, never have one. We had tea all together after-



Above: Russell Thorndike playing in "The Fair Maid of Perth." Gerald Ames as "Bothwell," in "Mary Queen of Scots."

wards, before the players had changed their costumes, and it looked for all the world like the Mad Tea Party in *Alice In Wonderland*. For Hugh E. Wright, complete with hat looked like the Mad Hatter, and Frank Stanmore could have assumed the identity of either the Dormouse or the White Knight readily; he has all the characteristics of both.

About the Tea Pot.

And the Studio teapot deserves a whole paragraph to itself, not to speak of the pretty girl behind it, who belongs to the Welsh Pearson studio staff. It would have contained any two of the party easily. Frank Stanmore is exactly the same off the screen as he is in *Love, Life and Laughter* on it. He emits humorous gems half-unconsciously, and that pathetic expression of his kept

everybody giggling all the while. And Hugh Wright and Fred Groves took great delight in pulling Frank's leg till they nearly dislocated it. But he is very good-tempered and bears it all with a cheerful resignation worthy of an old English martyr.

A Stage Cowboy.

Gerald Ames has gone back to the stage once more. He is starting a long provincial tour with "The Dancers," in which he will star in Sir Gerald Du Maurier's rôle of "Tony." "Do you think people will like me as a cowboy?" he asked me somewhat dubiously, I thought. I don't think he need worry; people seem to like him as anything. The tour starts on the South Coast, in Bournemouth, and other towns will be the first to welcome their film favourite. Gerald Ames still aspires to be a producer, I shouldn't wonder if his aspirations bore fruit early in this new year.

Carnival Tidings.

The Kinema Club Carnival, which is now a Hardy Annual, will take place at the Hotel Cecil, London, on February 4, the Opening Night of the British Film week. The whole Kinema world will attend, besides as many of the general public as the place will hold and the preliminary list of attractions include a Midnight Parade of characters from British films in which all the best-known players will appear, each in his or her most representative characterisation. All the British producers will also be represented by groups of favourite players in favourite rôles. The Parade will be headed by one of the most beautiful British stars as "Britannia." There will also be Living Roulette, and many valuable prizes such as an evening gown, a cabinet of scent, chocolates, etc., for Lucky Tickets which will be on sale there. Fancy Dress is optional and the tickets cost 25/- each from The Hotel Cecil, The Kinema Club, 9, Great Newport Street, and the Hon. Organiser, Miss Billie Bristow, 175, Wardour Street, W.C. It looks like being some Carnival!



Owen Nares resisting Gertrude McCoy's choicest ramping in "Miriam Lozella."



It's a good New Year that begins with two such films as *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and *Robin Hood*. These two, although, as different as any films could well be, mark each an epoch in the development of film art, and indicate very clearly the two paths along which films are tending to diverge. *Robin Hood* is the furthest point yet reached in what may be termed the "ballet" side of screen production; that is to say no other film has yet been made in which line, rhythmic movement and posture, both of masses and individuals, have been so completely harmonised or reduced to such a fine art. *Robin Hood* is the perfect pantomime. *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, on the other hand, is the first complete expression of thought in terms of celluloid. Both are perfect children of the screen, but whereas *Robin Hood* would have made almost as beautiful a ballet, an opera, or a romance, the story as told in *Caligari* could not have been told in any other medium. It is this fact that makes *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* unique in the history of the screen.

Every lover of the screen should make a point of seeing *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, if only for the sake of realising what a future lies in front of producers when they dare to take their courage in both hands, discard the two-a-penny type of plot, and explore the wonderful possibilities of line and perspective, and the translation of sheer thought into visual images. *Caligari* was made by Robert Wiene, a theatrical producer of the Potsdam Art Group, who turned to the kinema for the first time in this film, because neither the spoken drama nor the canvas and brush seemed to him a suitable vehicle for his phantasy. If his experience of the studio was limited, his knowledge

Leatrice Joy as the Manchu heroine of "Java Head," is responsible for much of the film's fidelity to the Hergesheimer story

## Our Honours List

Under this heading we propose each month to deal with current releases of outstanding merit. Only those pictures that are an addition to the art of the silver-sheet will be included in our Honours List. All critical picturegoers will find this new feature of absorbing interest.



of the use and value of lighting was immense, and he enrolled under his banner a group of enthusiastic painters, actors and electricians, each of whom was a master of his craft. *Caligari* has all the enthusiasm and freshness of the amateur combined with the polished ease of the skilled professional. Having no respect for film conventions Wiene discarded the customary studio scenery, and let exteriors well alone; he made his backgrounds with painted "flats," and got his wonderful illusions of depth and distance by the clever use of converging lines and painted light. Notice, first of all, how throughout the light is always used to emphasise the main person in the scene; it is rarely, if ever, used naturally. That is to say it does not appear to come from any recognised source of light—a window, a fireplace or a lamp. Wiene says "Let there be light"—and there is light, pretty well anywhere he chooses.

You will understand the effect of this when you see the scene in which "Caligari" is discovered by the madman in his study at the asylum. The scene has a wonderful appearance of depth, and all the emphasis is laid upon the solitary figure of the "Doctor" at the far end of the room. It is an illusion due entirely to the skilful manipulation of painted light and of converging line. You will notice the same thing in the staircase scenes in the Town Hall, in the prison cell, and in the bedroom of the madman's fiancée.

It has been the dream of producers since the beginning of time to evolve a satisfactory stereoscopic film. Wiene, in his first attempt, has outdone them all. He used no special camera, no marvellous lens, no expensive machinery. But by the simple use of queer and unusual angles, cleverly arranged lines and cubes, and revolutionary ideas of light and shade he achieved, if not an actual stereoscopic film, at least a very close approximation to it. In almost any scene you care to choose the actors appear to be moving in actual depth, and not merely passing across a flat surface.

It is not the habit of the Germans to "star" their players. Every figure in *Caligari* is of equal importance, and there is not an extra in the cast who does not play with the sincerity and ability of a lead. But the figures that will haunt your dreams for weeks are the "Caligari" of Werner Krauss and the sinister somnambulist of Conrad Veidt. *Caligari* will not be everybody's film. For the discriminating it is a film to observe and treasure.

*Robin Hood* is a feast of pictorial beauty. There is hardly a scene, which, framed and isolated would not make an artistic addition to the pictures on anybody's walls. The only sad thing about *Robin Hood* is that it is over so soon, and that there is so much beauty to see and so little time to see it in. But that is Fairbanks' idea; the keynote of the whole film is movement, rhythmic movement, movement that carries us



breathless from scene to scene, shaking out glimpses of beauty at every turn of this merry harlequinade. Whether *Robin Hood* is correct to history or not matters nothing at all. But whether or not you believe that Richard the Lionhearted really did behave with the bluff vulgarity that Wallace Beery attributes to him, whether you believe in Sam de Grasse's villainous Prince John, or in the highly colourful

*Right: The sleep walker carries off the heroine in "Caligari."*



*Above: The cell scene, with its painted beams of light in "Caligari."*

Crusades of Allan Dwan's imagining, you will at least own that they fall into the pattern of the legendary pantomime with flawless accuracy.

There are three things that, purely from the point of view of production, make *Robin Hood* an outstanding film—the massive sets that give you an illusion of breadth, height, solidity and medieval mystery, the faultless use of lights and shadows that throws the architectural beauty into high relief, and the straightforward continuity that carries the story swiftly forward from start to finish without one backward glance.

There is hardly a scene in the film that does not merit special mention. Certain it is that children—from six to sixty—will revel in such delights as the tilting, the quarterstaff play, and the final jolly chorus on the battlements of Nottingham Castle while John and his men are left disconsolate beyond the moat. For a picture that affords one hundred per cent. of sheer entertainment and enjoyment the Picturegoer Critic awards *Robin Hood* the palm.



*Above: The climax of "Robin Hood." Right: Douglas Fairbanks as "The Earl of Huntingdon."*

Beside masterpieces such as the above, George Melford's *Java Head* looks a little pale. It is an unassuming film with many flaws in construction, but for its fidelity to the spirit of the Hergesheimer original and for the acting of Leatrice Joy and Raymond Hatton it must be given a place in our Honours List. Hergesheimer's exquisite Manchu lady is a very difficult figure for any Westerner to reproduce, but Leatrice Joy has that subtle mingling of the child and the mystic that creates and maintains the right atmosphere from the start. The part could not have been in better hands. As for Raymond Hatton, his character studies are already becoming one of the traditions of the screen. His study of the drug-sodden "Edward Dunsack" in *Java Head* should have pride of place in his portrait gallery.

THE PICTUREGOER CRITIC.







# A Movie "Mary Rose"



Marie Doro looks like the lost Princess of "The Immortal Hour."



Top Left: Florence Turner and Marie Doro. Centre: "Sally" (Marie Doro), and "Traill" (Henry Ainley).

fectly needless precaution, but a one which I am pledged to respect).

Marie Doro is a bit of a sur-

prise to anyone who has only seen her on the screen. For the locks that photograph so densely black are really a very pretty light-brown colour, strongly tinged with red, and the great mystic eyes are brown too. Nor is she so fragile looking as her celluloid self, though she has the remote air of one who has strayed somehow from her natural environment, and her wistful little face assumes the expression of a seeker after something, when in repose.

"I have loved being 'Sally Bishop' at Stolls" was her parting remark. "And be sure to tell the fans how much I like England." Now it's up to you fans to tell Marie Doro how much England likes her.

Marie Doro and Henry Ainley in the Lyons episode of "Sally Bishop."

Marie Doro in

"Sally Bishop."

Looking exactly like the Lost Princess in the fairy opera, "The Immortal Hour," Marie Doro said so many nice things about British studios, producers, actors and things in general that I felt it my solemn duty to blush on their behalf. And did so.

"Write me down an Anglo-maniac," she said, with that frequent and characteristic little sigh of hers, "And have done with it." She hasn't been in London since the making of *Twelve Ten*. For Marie is a veritable "Mary Rose" of the movies and thinks nothing of disappearing from film-land's ken for any number of years at a time, returning again as suddenly and as unchanged in appearance as Barrie's heroine did. To all intents and purposes, Marie Doro is exactly the same slip of a girl who charmed us all in "Diplomacy" with Gerald Du Maurier—years ago. (Marie forbids me to mention figures, a per-







Above:  
Vinci's  
"Last  
Supper,"  
beautifully  
reproduced  
in a  
British  
film  
"The  
Wandering  
Jew."



Left:  
A  
painting  
by  
Velasquez  
inspired  
this  
lovely  
costume  
worn  
by  
Isobel  
Elsom.



Above: The grouping in this scene of "The Royal Oak" recalls  
"When Did You See Your Father Last?"

# The New Masters

by  
MARJORIE  
MAYNE

In lonely state, paintings by the Old Masters hang in palace, cathedral and picture-gallery. The New Masters cover a wider field, for their work is multiplied and sent to every corner of the globe.

From the Old World came the first pictures, religious paintings of Madonnas and Saints, and scenes from the life of the great Teacher. From Italy, France and Spain, and later from England, when her Kings and Queens encouraged the art of picture-making and engaged distinguished artists to paint themselves and their courts. Thus came into being the Old Masters, the Rafaels, and Botticellis, the Holbein, Hals, Velasquez and Rubens paintings which adorn the Galleries and Museums of the great cities. Time scarcely touches their glowing colours, and they remain to delight connoisseurs and inspire beauty lovers throughout the ages.

But this twentieth century of ours has witnessed the birth of another kind of picture. From the New World they came, these pictures that move. Crude, ugly things, the earliest, yet neither cruder nor uglier than the first rough strivings of the monks in the ages when all Art was in its infancy. From the New World, too, came the first of the New Masters, made by twentieth century artists, who painted with living materials and who are only just learning the uses of colour. Yet their work, too, will endure in ages to come. And a Tenth Muse will arise, star crowned, when the Motion Picture takes its rightful place amongst the Arts.

It is certain that the Old Masters inspire the New. For composition, for lighting effects, for draperies, costumes and types, the makers of movies seek inspiration from ancient masterpieces, then translate what they find into celluloid, using their own medium of light and shade. Backgrounds, equally lovely are provided by Nature Unlimited and thus all the old beautiful effects are reproduced and new and original ones gradually evolve. The Motion Picture is just finding itself as an art, and the directors use the megaphone and the camera much as the painters used their palette and brushes. And the best of them hail from the Old World. Seastrom, Stroheim, Ingram, Lubitsch, Gance, Pearson, the directors of the Italian spectacles, are Europeans all.





Above: "Before the Battle of Worcester," a New Master, and "The Portrait," a scene from "Robin Hood."

besides the many others who have found fame in America.

Still the States make an excellent showing with such pictures as Griffith, Niblo, Fitzmaurice and the De Milles, to name only a very few, have given the world. For the New Master works for the appreciation, not of the few, but of the many. His works do not hang in chateaux, or museums alone, but are disseminated throughout the Universe, bringing their beauty to beauty-loving eyes which otherwise might never behold them. The film reaches the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the cultured, and sooner or later, all must benefit by the artistic lessons it teaches, apart from its entertaining qualities as a story-teller.

It is in spectacular and old-world screenplays that one notices most clearly the influence of the Old Masters. Famous paintings are often faithfully reproduced, in other instances group-

ings obviously inspired by them are noticeable. Maurice Elvey has always stood high amongst directors for the pictorial beauty of his work, and, in his earliest as in his latest films, will be found distinct reproductions of famous masterpieces whenever and wherever there is legitimate excuse. There were Romneys in his *Nelson* film, in *The Wandering Jew* there was a beautiful representation of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," with an original addition of Elvey's, viz., the substitution of a beam of light for the figure of Christ. The costumes of the Spanish grandees in the time of the Inquisition were nearly all copied from paintings of the period, and Velasquez portraits inspired the fascinating attire worn by Isobel Elsom as "Ollala."

Costume plays are the order of the day at the moment, and these give great scope for pictorial effect. *The Royal Oak*, a recent Maurice Elvey production, contains wonderfully faithful reproductions of the Velasquez portraits of Charles I and Charles II. Henry Victor, who plays these rôles, does not especially resemble either of these worthies in real life. But an olive-tinted skin, skilful aid from wig-maker and make-up box, careful costuming and correct lighting and directing, made him into as perfect a Merry Monarch as anyone could desire. The well-known "Where Did You See Your Father Last?" is suggested by a group towards the end of the film, whilst other battle scenes might easily take their places upon frieze or mural with better-known "battle pictures" on canvas.

Blair Leighton's charming canvas titled "The Portrait," undoubtedly inspired an equally charming scene in *Robin Hood*, but much credit must go to Fred Niblo for the beautiful effects achieved by means of curtains aided by



Old Baghdad, as Herbert Wilcox saw it in "Chu Chin Chow."



careful arrangements of light and shade. But the pageantry of that sea of upraised lances; the castle, the camp, and the many fine interiors was marred by one obvious artificial forest "set," an indiscretion of which an Old Master would never have been found guilty.

Swedish film makers, and many of the Teutons, find inspiration in the works of Franz Hals, Holbein and Rembrandt. *A Gay Knight* and *Snows of Destiny*, were movies where every group and scene suggested a beautiful painting. Holbein would have delighted in every foot of *Youth to Youth*, with its quaint interiors, and hundreds of years old costumes, whilst Hilda Carlberg herself (she died very soon after the film was finished, aged eighty-one) was a perfect Rembrandt type. Holbein portraits of Queen Elizabeth too, were studied when *The Virgin Queen* was made, and with Denison Clift's *Mary Queen of Scots*, no fault can be found in atmosphere, backgrounds, costumes and grouping. And the director went to the picture galleries for his data. Victor Seastrom re-incarnated Renaissance art in his *Love's Crucible*, scene after scene of which remains an unforgettable memory, and in *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*, pictures of a different, though equally compelling type abounded. Every variety of art, even Cubism and Futurism inevitably finds its way to the screen. *Caligari* is the finest example of Cubist Art in films, and in the opinion of the writer, the most fitting.

There are traces of Cubism in *The Golem* also, and in certain scenes of *Dr. Mabuse*; in each case its use is to suggest an atmosphere of eeriness and creepiness. Camera craft takes the Millet might have painted this scene from "Through the Back Door."



The Hogarthian touch in George Pearson's "Love, Life, and Laughter," and a beautiful Stott study in "Tansy."

place of the artist's brush and palette in the photoplay. Just as the artist paints rather than which his soul sees than the actual lineaments of the model before him, so the camera, in the hands of a skilled photographer who sees eye to eye with the director can idealise and even etherealise scenes and faces. Stories of ancient days give great scope for artistry in the telling, but even modern stories can be worked out amid really artistic settings. Fitzmaurice's production of *The Eternal City* contains some exceedingly fine groupings, in the banquet scenes in particular, and here the beautiful Italian scenery has a value of its own.

The Beardsley tradition of Art would seem a difficult thing to transfer to the screen, but Nazimova managed to do it quite successfully in *Salome*. Quite





Above: A Swedish idyll in "The Gay Knight." Left: Rubens or Holbein would have delighted in the heroine, and settings, and quaint interiors in "Youth to Youth." recently a whole series of films were produced around well-known paintings, commencing with *King Cophetua* and *The Beggar Maid*, the chief result of which was the discovery of Mary Astor, now a favourite star.

The most original amongst the directors, Stroheim, George Pearson, and others, use pictorial values as an element of suggestion. Lights and shadows are cleverly arranged so as to give expression to and deepen the emotions of the scene or even of one character in the scene. There are



A contented-looking "Laughing Cavalier," in "The Gay Knight."

hundreds of examples to be found in the work of these two, more perhaps than in that of any other movie maker. There was something similar in John Robertson's *Jekyll and Hyde*—the street along which the repulsive "Hyde" is seen scurrying along on his sinister business. Pearson's *Wee McGregor's Sweetheart*, too, had many of these touches, and Maurice Elvey's *Romance of Wastdale* cleverly suggested that the main story was a dream by playing these sequences mostly in silhouette shadows. Pearson's underworld settings in *Love, Life, and Laughter* have a distinctly Hogarthian atmosphere.

So far as originality goes, British directors are well to the fore. Their canvases have been of necessity smaller than those of foreign fellow-workers, but their out-of-door effects are unequalled, except perhaps by those of D. W. Griffith, whose pastorales are always most beautifully chosen and photographed. D. W.'s contribution to pictorial art is the soft focus picture, which came to its full beauty in *Broken Blossoms* but ran wild in *Dream Street and Romance*. And Cecil De Mille in his early productions evolved scenes far more picturesquely beautiful than anything he has done since, excepting *The Ten Commandments*, the "stills" of which show many really artistic compositions. *The White Sister*, too, has an ideally lovely series of scenes of cloistral beauty. "The Garden of Rest," a world-famous painting has been reproduced in a movie, and "The Doctor," equally well-known, forms the opening "shot" of Neilan's *The Eternal Three*.

Producers are all beginning to wake up to the fact that natural backgrounds are more beautiful than anything the property man can devise. A fact that Cecil Hepworth has been demonstrating all his movie life. Both he and Henry Edwards have many New Masters to their credit, besides a few reproductions of Old Masters. These last though, are largely unconscious, and arise out of the real similarity between the form of paintings on canvas, and screen pictures, as they see them.

But the possibilities of the Moving Pictures as a work of art have scarcely been discovered as yet. It is probable that colour processes will be evolved that will still further enhance its beauty, and projectors perfected which will give the coveted third dimension. In any case, it is the Art of the Future, for its field is so wide. Where the masterpieces in canvas lie enshrined in big cities, to which pilgrimage must be made, the masterpieces in celluloid are just around the corner, and within reach of everybody, whether rich or poor. And, whereas many a man lives and dies without ever having looked upon one of the genuine Old Masters, never a Fan (and we are all Movie Fans nowadays), existed yet who has not consciously or unconsciously seen and learned something about Beauty from one or other of the New ones





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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION





G. K. Arthur and Edna Flugrath (Mrs. Harold Shaw) in "Kipps," one of Harold Shaw's British productions.

# Directors I Have Met

by Elizabeth Lonergan  
NO. 10

## HAROLD SHAW

I had always thought that Harold Shaw was an Englishman, even though he was a member of the Old Edison Company some fifteen years ago. My correction of the mistaken idea came as one of the results of my trip to California where I met Mr. Shaw at the Metro Studio after having made an appointment to interview him for this series.

"But I am an American!" he told me.



Above: Harold Shaw. Below, Left: Harold Shaw and Viola Dana discussing the script of "Rouged Lips." Right: A scene from "Rouged Lips."

Of course I persisted, for I wanted to prove my argument. "Well, didn't you put on a lot of good pictures for the old London Film Company?"

Mr. Shaw smiled indulgently, though evidently pleased at my long memory. "Indeed I did. I went from the Edison Studio to London in 1913, and was their first director-in-chief and made a great many pictures for them. Perhaps, that is why you, and many others, think I am English born. I am quite flattered when anyone says so because I value my experience across the water more than I can say, and I have so many good friends in England and the Colonies. My wife and I are hoping to have another trip back to London soon, and we agreed not long ago that every two or three years we would have a holiday across the Atlantic."

"I wish that you would tell me something about the difference in directing in the two countries," I asked, voicing a question that is often put to me.

"There is absolutely no difference in direction, and I consider that English actors are equally well trained with those in this country. It is too bad that salaries are not more equal and that more money cannot be allowed for productions in England. I will admit that too much is sometimes paid out in American studios, but there is a happy medium and I feel sure that English pictures would benefit if they were able to invest more capital in their pictures. One thing that I shall always remember about my association with the London Films is the loyalty of everyone from highest to lowest employee. If my pictures were good, much of it was due to the fine co-operation that existed in the studio. My association with Sir William Jury, one of the greatest men in the game and who should be better known over here, is one of the pleasantest remembrances of my three years in England."

In the meantime he and his wife send their love to their many friends in the land of their adoption.





# The Picturegoer in Paris

By Oscar M. Sheridan

Raquel  
Meller

in  
"The  
Heart of a Violet."

In the film studios around Paris to-day champagne corks are flying about, loud pops are heard, and many cups are being filled with the sparkling juice. In fact a general atmosphere of gaiety reigns and this is not surprising considering that 1923 has been the most successful year on record, from every point of view.

Bigger and better films are being produced and the French *metteur-en-scene* generally speaking has come into his own. The three best films of the year were undoubtedly *Koenigsmark*, *La Bataille* and *La Roue*. *Koenigsmark* is probably one of the most perfect photoplays ever made, and as regards photography, settings and acting it is flawless. Leonce Perret, the producer, is to be congratulated on having achieved what many American and English producers have failed to do—that is, produce a picture that has largely speaking, no faults. I have only one complaint and it is that Jaque Catelain is slightly exaggerated at times. Otherwise, as I say, the film is technically perfect. In the leading part, Huguette Duflos is seen at her best, and on the whole the work of the full cast is most praiseworthy.

*La Bataille* has a place in the first three mainly because it is an ambitious picture. Starring Sessue Hayakawa, Tsuru Aoki, Gina Palerme and Felix Ford, it is one of the best France has yet attempted. Although the finished picture leaves nothing to be desired, it is not yet up to the perfection mark. It is, however, an excellent picture and

another feather in the hat of the French producer Louis Aubert.

The most striking production, however, was *La Roue*, which will shortly be shown in the West End. As a film it is amazingly good and the only thing against it is that it is far too long. Ivy Close is the leading player. Throughout the picture, the genius of that great

Abel  
Gance.

French producer, Abel Gance, is apparent. Another of the perfect pictures.

Picturegoers will have an opportunity of seeing a fascinating film star for the first time in London shortly, when C. B. Cochran will introduce Raquel Meller, the famous Spanish singer and kinema actress, in "The Heart of a Violet" at one of his West End Theatres. *Violettes Imperiales*, as the

(Continued on page 65).  
Left: Jaque Catelain. Below: Huguette Duflos and Marcia Capre in "Koenigsmark."



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# Kinema Carols



*Eva and Jane Novak with their director, Victor Schertzinger.*

## MARIE DORO

She is the most delightful star  
That shines upon the screen,  
And loveliest of them all by far  
In face and form and mien;  
Her art is an unfailing spell  
Film-goers to enthral—  
For she's (as I have tried to tell)  
The brightest star of all.  
My pen could travel half-a-mile  
To write of her *ad lib*;  
But still, I'd better finish while  
I haven't told a fib;  
She's (though my praises go so far  
No word would I recall)  
The greatest star, the prettiest star—  
The brightest star of all.  
E. B. O. (London).

## JOAN MORGAN.

Of all the British screen stars,  
The one I like the best  
Is very sweet—and who she is  
Most probably you've guessed.  
Her name?—Why Joan—Joan Morgan,  
By friends she's nicknamed "Joe,"  
I think it quite a good one  
Because it suits her so.  
Her eyes are blue and limpid,  
Her acting is divine,  
The films I've seen her in—let's see—  
I think I've been to nine.  
She is both young and clever  
(Her age is three times six)  
With prettiness she does abound,  
But affectation—NIX!!

PAT (London, W.).

## FROM SENNETT'S "IN MEMORIAM."

Wring out, wild Belles, with a wild cry  
Thy dainty garments massacred,  
An awful accident's occurred;  
Wring out thy skirts and let them dry.  
"Fall in," I cried, "and we'll  
commence."  
The camera began to crank;  
I did not mean "Fall in the tank"  
Oh lovely maids of little sense.

Wring from thy cloaks each rivulet,  
Unhappy Belles, wring out thy curls:  
Remember this, my bathing girls—  
It is forbidden to get wet.

M. S. (Hollywood).

## TO THE FILM-FOLK

I am in love with shadow shapes  
That flit across the screen.  
Theirs is the glamour of a world  
That I have never seen.  
For I forget my own grey life,  
With all its cares and gloom,  
When watching silver shadows flit,  
Within a twilit room.

The heart-beat of a tropic night.  
The whispering sigh of dawn.  
The gladness of the leafy glades,  
When daffodils are born.  
The magic of the moonlit Nile.  
The tall ships on the seas,  
The freedom of the wind-swept hills  
The peace of summer leas.

The haunting fragrance of Romance  
The joys of Love divine;  
A glorious crown of happiness,  
All these and more, are mine.  
So let me, for the loveliness,  
The silver shadows bring  
One little song of thankfulness  
To shadow-makers sing.

H. G. (Manchester).

## IVOR (*With apologies*).

There is a boy whose ways are full  
Of royal charm and grace,  
And all the joy in all the world  
Seems in his smiling face.  
Ask me of whom I'm thinking  
All the livelong day?  
With a smile, and then a sigh,  
I will softly say—

Laddie in Tartan,

I'm dreaming of you,

I want you to know

That I'll always be true.

"Bonnie Prince Charlie,"

I'm longing for you,

So come soon, my dear Laddie

in Tartan.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93. Long Acre, W.C.2.]

### The Hero Changes His Stripes.

In *One Stolen Night*, featuring Alice Calhoun, the hero disguises himself in the guard's striped robe and black headgear. When he arrives at the city gate, after being chased by the Arab tribe, he is all in white. When and where did he change?

K. M. E. (Camberley).

### Auto-Suggestion or Zam-Buk?

When the two villains, in *Iron to Gold* are fighting for possession of the heroine, Dustin Farnum comes in and wipes the floor with them both. Their faces are seen to be much disfigured and battered, yet, shortly, after, when Dustin is taking the heroine through the rocks to the home trail, we see one of the villains waiting to waylay them. And his face shows no mark of violence whatever.

E. A. S. (Loughborough).

### Memory Plays Funny Tricks.

In the *Lucrezia Borgia* episode of *Wonder Women of the World*, the "Duke of Naples" is stabbed in the right arm. Later, during convalescence, the Duke has his left arm in a sling, and uses the other quite normally. Rather a lapse of memory on the Duke's part!

M. A. S. (Ilford).

### There Are Flames—And Flames!

The hero in *Through Fire and Water* (Clive Brook), is tied up, by his enemies, at the bottom of a wooden staircase, and left to burn to death. Although the flames leap all round him, when he is rescued by the heroine (Flora Le Breton), his flannels are still white. Surely the flames would have blackened or charred them a little? Or maybe they came from the place where "Asbestos Annie" bought her clothes.

R. F. (Birmingham).

### Poor Old Father!

In *The Angel of Contentment*, we see the funeral service being read over the grave of the heroine's father. But the grave was filled in and the tombstone put up already!!! I know they don't like fathers in films but why such indecent haste?

M. K. (Hornsey Rise Gardens).

### Where Did That One Go!

Rudolph Valentino, as the villain in *Stolen Moments*, gives the heroine a photograph of himself, in which he is seen wearing a small moustache. When the heroine, after reading the words written on the back of the photo, clasps it to her, the face is clean-shaven, but later, when she looks at it, the moustache reappears.

G. P. (Portsmouth).



# SHADOWLAND



## MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

All good things are three; hence the advent of Lillian Gish into the ranks of the 1924 Juliets. She will be seen opposite Dick Barthelmess. With Lillian, Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge all appearing in the same rôle, at about the same time, critical picturegoers will have something about which to wage a wordy war. No Romeos have as yet been definitely announced. Jane Cowl, the American stage star is the culprit who started this Shakespearean scramble, with her beautiful performance in this tragedy in New York.

Early in the New Year, Ernest Torrence is to star in a pictured version of W. J. Locke's *The Mountebank*. We saw Ernest as the "Djinnee" in *The Brass Bottle* recently, and though he gave a sterling performance we must own we liked our own Holman Clark better. Ernest is a trifle solid for a spirit.

Tony Moreno occupied Wally Reid's dressing room until Paramount closed down, and he had a fierce argument with the Powers that Be because they wanted to put him into a light comedy. "Because I dress in Wally's room, it doesn't follow that I can step into his vacant place," said Tony, indignantly. "And I shan't attempt any such thing." Which sounds not unlike Rudy's passionate plea for suitable rôles.

Elizabeth Risdon, once so well-beloved in England as the heroine of so many London films, has just scored a great success in "The Lady," at the Adelphi, New York. She gives a fine comedy performance in eccentric vein, as a London music hall artiste, and though Mary Nash is the star of the play, it is of Elizabeth the town is talking. Al Woods has offered her a five-year contract but rumour sayeth not if she has signed it yet.

An interesting visitor to Europe this year will be Charles Ray, who announces that he is taking *The Courtship of Myles Standish* on a personally conducted tour of the most important European cities. He may return to the stage again after his visit abroad.

Maurice Tourneur is in New York story-hunting. He has just completed arrangements for the world's première of *Torment*, which he describes as a "timely drama," and which stars Owen Moore and Bessie Love. It is by way of being a hair-raiser, this movie, for Moore, and Morgan Wallace, and other male members of the cast were entreated to grow beards as quickly as possible.

Fantasy comes into its own in Screenland this year. Besides *The Brass Bottle*, *Destiny*, and *The Thief of Bagdad*, we have *The Temple of Venus*, which stars Mary Philbin and Phyllis

Haver, and is a combination of melodrama, mythology and everyday life. England is not behind-hand, and has *One Arabian Night* ready for February release, an excellent version of *Aladdin* with George Robey as "Widow Twankee."

Of course Sansonia really belonged in serials all the time, his feature films were more or less tabloid serial fare. Now Universal have enticed him over to Hollywood from Europe and he has just arrived at Universal City. He will direct his own productions. Lucien Albertini, to give him his correct name, is one of the most daring of the screen's dare-devils. He has been in pictures seven years, with Ambrosio, Pasquale and Uci films in Italy and with his own unit, called Albertini Film Co., in Berlin. He was a noted acrobat and trapeze artist originally, and is still a Professor of Physical Culture at Lyons, France. Sansonia was at one time Divisional Gym Instructor in the Italian Navy.

Kenneth Harlan, on his personal appearance tour, told his audiences very graphically how he felt when making his first stage appearance. Oddly enough, it was in *The Virginian*, the same story in which Kenneth is starred to-day, only the spoken version, not the silent one. "I was seventeen," said Harlan, "And only just out of High School—I'd joined this travelling company, and through a series of accidents was told to go along and play the lead at a very few hours' notice. Was I





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Ben Alexander and  
"Cameo," in  
"Misunderstood."



scared? You bet! But I was very keen those days and knew practically every part in that play so the words didn't trouble me. In fact I was too scared to have *anything* trouble me. I only got the rôle because I looked like Owen Wister's hero. I wore the regular stage cowboy dress and make up, which consists of flannel shirt, heavy sheep-skin pants fringed with long white hair, a huge sombrero and a brace of great, heavy six-shooters.

"I was shaking with nervousness whilst I dressed, but before I'd been on the stage five minutes I was so hot I didn't know what to do. Gee, what an experience. My eyes felt like cold marbles, my knees shook so I thought they'd knock together, my head swam until the audience seemed to be doing a wild fandango on the ceiling. I certainly didn't hear myself say a word the whole performance, but I suppose it was all right because I kept right on playing the lead. That happened in a very small town in New Jersey and I afterwards toured it with three big stock companies in New York State." Kenneth is to do another out-of-doors story, *White Man* when he returns to Movieland, but not until *Poisoned Paradise* is finished.

Harold Lloyd's new picture is called *The Girl Expert*. Yes, Jobyna Ralston opposite as usual.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Eugene O'Brien has the leading male role in Norma Talmadge's *Secrets*. This resumes a most satisfying screen partnership, and 'Gene is busy raising a pair of old English "side burns" to fit his 1865 sequences. The fine cast includes Patterson Dial, Claire McDowell, Gertrude Astor, and Alice Day. Norma Talmadge has had to change her dressing room because she can't get in and out when she wears her hoop skirts and she says she hates disrobing in the passage.

There is no falling off in the ranks of the film pirates as yet. Frank Lloyd is busily filming *The Sea Hawk*, a strong Rafael Sabatini romance. It treats of the adventures of Barbary corsairs on land and sea, in the early fifteen-hundreds, and Lloyd is given five months to complete it.

Down to modernity again comes Wallace Bercy in his new film, *Drums of Jeopardy*, in which Jack Mulhall and Elaine Hammerstein play the leading roles.

Bebe Daniels has signed on with Principal Pictures for the ten weeks of Lasky's shut-down, and is to play lead in a modernised version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Not the first, we think, only this one has the courage to announce itself, the others were camouflaged.

Long, long ago, Triangle Fine Arts Production made a film featuring Dorothy Gish as a "little reformer," who drew her inspiration from Joan of Arc. There were several inserts showing Dorothy as the Medæval Maid. Now sister Lillian announces that she will impersonate the Maid of Orleans after she has finished *Roméo and Juliet*, and that the film will be made in France.

Seen often opposite Mae Murray, Vincent Coleman is now a star in his own right, and has contracted to make half a dozen pictures, commencing the first this month.

Jane Novak has received her very first fan letter from Ireland. The writer says he is sure Jane must be a fellow-countrywoman of his. He's wrong, for Jane's American by birth, but she is of Swedish descent.



What colour was Paul Revere's horse? This colour question is giving D. W. Griffith a few extra grey hairs. It's a long time since Paul took his famous night ride through Lexington and no one can say for certain whether his steed was chestnut, roan, grey, or black. But oddly enough, everybody agrees that it wasn't a white horse. Will Hays has opened a Historical Research Bureau to go into the matter thoroughly, for Griffith wants his Revolution picture *America* to be as near authenticity of detail as possible.

Antonio Moreno and his wife are planning a European visit quite soon. Tony's homeland, Spain, will, of course, be visited first, afterwards other places, London included.

The sets for *The Thief of Bagdad*, Douglas Fairbanks' new picture are even more elaborate than the *Robin Hood* erections. They are unique in that everything is colored in blacks and greys of a uniform tint excepting the domes of the oriental palaces. These are picked out in a brilliant silver material, and the whole will show us something new in photographic effects.

Chaplin's film starring Edna Purviance, *A Woman of Paris*, has cost one hundred thousand dollars, but, according to those who have seen it, it belongs in the million-dollar class. This is the screenplay which was originally titled *Public Opinion*, and is founded partly upon fact.

Barbara La Marr says her days of free-lancing are over now she's married and has her husband and her adopted baby to care for. She means it, too, for she has just signed a five-year contract with Associated First National.

Bryant Washburn's newest is a screen version of *The Ring-Tailed Galliwampus*, a fine story which appeared in *Pan*, the Fiction Magazine, price 1s. According to Bryant the meaning of Galliwampus is as follows: "It is derived from two words, Gillinae, which means an order or sub-order of birds (if you don't believe me look in any Standard Dictionary), and Wampi, white. Ringtailed Galliwampus—A white bird with rings round its tail feathers—Q.E.D." But they've altered the title to *Try to Get It* in case of further argument arising. Billie Dove plays opposite Washburn in this.

Playing in the recent revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the London stage, was an interesting Englishwoman called Stella Arbermina. You may have seen her on the screen, for she has had extensive Continental experience in Berlin productions. Her own name is Stella, Baroness Meyendorff, and she declares that stage work is of decided benefit when an actress commences a screen career; and that

the best screen work comes from stage artists, usually. Stella Arbermina would like to appear in screen versions of some of the modern Russian dramas, which, she thinks should make splendid films.

Goldwyn's will not allow the title of Victor Seastrom's new film to be made public. It is a film version of a popular novel.

The latest fad on the Mack Sennett "lot" and of the Mack Sennett lot, is privately owned chairs for use between scenes. Ben Turpin was the ringleader; he brought with him one morning a canvas chair on the back of which he had got a property man to paint a huge pair of eyes—crossed of course, and a caption "This is my Chair." Roy Del Ruth followed suit the same afternoon, only his design was a butcher's shop, in front of which stood a lifelike Mack Sennett in butcher-boy's overalls. "It's a shame to leave the ladies out," observed the gallant Ben and straight away went back to the property room and returned with a comfy chair with "Irene Lentz" printed on the back in jazz letters.

Alberta Vaughan went one better with a padded easy chair, with cushions and Old English lettering in gold. She seemed afraid someone would annex it, and insisted on having it carried off the set when she left. Del Lord's contribution was a soap box, but he said his chair was being specially constructed for him and was a kind of throne. And Mack Sennett observed drily "Pretty soon there'll be no room on the 'set' for useless things like cameras or lights or directors. You'll not be able to see anything for chairs. Out with the lot of 'em!"

Everybody's doing it! Ben Wilson's son Ben jun. has gone into movies and promises to become as great a favourite as his father used to be. Ben senior directs mostly, these days.



Stella Arbermina—an Englishwoman who has done much screenwork abroad.

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Barney Bernard, Martha Mansfield, and Vera Gordon in "Potash & Perlmutter."

The tragic death of poor little Martha Mansfield came as a great shock to picturegoers all over the world. Martha had just come back into movies seriously, and was at work on one when her light frock caught fire and she died of the burns. Her first prominent part was in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and more recent movies are *Potash and Perlmutter*, released this month, *The Silent Coward* (Fox), and *The Warriors of Virginia*. She was only twenty-four and commenced her screen career in Max Linder comedies.

King Baggot is coming to England to film *Ivanhoe* once again. It is probable that English capital will finance this picture.

The hunchback of—no not Notre Dame but *The Merry-go-round*, George Hackathorne, is playing lead in *The Turmoil*, another Universal special. He appears as a dreamy lad with ideals, and this "Bibbs" is, he says, the most convincing character he has ever attempted. Claire MacDowell is his film mother, and Eleanor Boardman and Pauline Garon are also in the cast.

Huntly Gordon seems to be the favourite leading man of the moment in Los Angeles. Since his "Bluebeard" in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, opposite Gloria Swanson, he has been very much sought after. Huntly powdered his hair to make himself look the part in this movie; then he went to Paramount again for *My Man* opposite Pola Negri.

Almost everybody has read 'Gene Stratton Porter's story *A Girl of the Limberlost*, which is being filmed under her own supervision. The publishers of this authoress's works

estimate that more than a million volumes were sold last year. The heroine "Elnora" is played by Gloria Grey, a pretty blonde, seventeen-year-old girl, and James Leo Meehan, director of *Michael O'Halloran* is in charge here also.

According to the experts in such matters, every precious stone has its own meaning, and pearls mean tears. But there are pearls and pearls. Mikaras, for instance, emphatically do not stand for tears. They denote delight on the part of the recipient, and excellent taste on the part of the donor. You can obtain a free catalogue of these pearls in various forms of jewellery from The Mikara Pearl Co., 6, Mikara House, 48, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

There is still a great demand for original scenarios, and any experienced film fan who has a really good idea for a film plot should send a P.C. to The Fleet Street School of Writing, 92, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, for the Booklet, "A Chance for New Writers." This gives the particulars of a course of study in Scenario writing, and also of the £500 offer on the part of Graham Wilcox Productions, Ltd. for any one scenario accepted by them and written by a student of the school.

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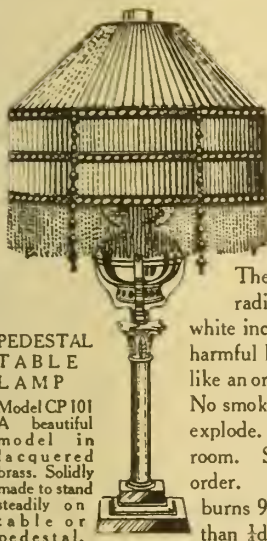
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Who starred in  
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Nina Vanna and Clive Brook in a scene from "The Money Habit."

### A California Romance (Fox; Jan. 17).

Comedy-melodrama which approaches burlesque at times. Reminiscent of *The Mark of Zorro*, with John Gilbert, Estelle Taylor, George Siegmann, Jack McDonald and two excellent duels. Fair entertainment.

### Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure (Jury; Jan. 21).

An excellent burlesque version of the popular Charles Hawtrey play well acted by Matt Moore, Enid Bennett, Barbara La Marr, Robert McKim, Mathilde Brundage, Emily Fitzroy, Otto Hoffman, and Thomas Ricketts. First rate pirate romance.

### The Avenging Torrent (Phillips; Jan. 17).

Helen Jerome Eddy in a melodrama of motherlove, set amid rural America. For lovers of sob-stuff only.

### The Beautiful and Damned (F. B. O.; Jan. 28).

Deals with a significant phase of modern life and society, and New York's night life. All star cast includes Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Harry Myers, Tully Marshall, Louise Fazenda, Cleo Ridgeley, Walter Long, Clarence Burton, and Kathleen Key. Satirical screenfare.

### The Bolted Door (European; Jan. 7).

All about a marriage of convenience, a commonplace story, but well produced and played by Frank Mayo, Phyllis Haver, Nigel Barrie, Kathleen Kirkham, and Charles A. Stevenson. Fair entertainment.

### The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (Phillips; Jan. 31).

A fantastic, uncanny, altogether remarkable story of Black Magic told in futurist fashion and brilliantly acted by Werner Krauss and Conrad Veidt, Fritz Feher, Lil Dagover, and H. von Twardowski. The cleverest film we have seen, but keep away if you're nervous.

### Catch My Smoke (Fox; Jan. 28).

A typical Tom Mix movie, with the star and "Tony" as attractive as ever, amid romantic Western surroundings. In support appear Lillian Rich, Ruby Lafayette, Gordon Griffith, and Claude Payton.

### Dark Secrets (Paramount; Jan. 24).

Dorothy Dalton, Robert Ellis, Jose Ruben, Ellen Cassidy, Pat Hartigan, and Warren Cook in a thrilling adventure story set in Egypt and New York. Good entertainment.

### Deserted at the Altar (W. & F.; Jan. 14).

Bessie Love as yet another damsel who was led astray. The author of *Way Down East* wrote the story which is nicely produced and well acted by the star, William Scott, and Frankie Lee.

### Divorce (Wardour; Jan. 28).

Jane Novak's first society story, a new interpretation of an old theme. Beautifully staged and played by the star, John Bowers, Philippe de Lacy, James Corrigan, Edythe Chapman, Margaret Livingston, and George Fisher. Good entertainment.

### Don Quixote (Stoll; Jan. 21).

A Maurice Elvey production of The Cervantes classic. George Robey heads a cast which includes Marie Blanche, Jerrold Robertshaw, Edward O'Neill, Frank Arlton, Bertram Burleigh, Adeline Hayden Coffin, Sydney Fairbrother, Norah Howard, and Minnie Leslie. An interesting movie.

### Dulcy (Ass. First National; Jan. 21).

Excellent light comedy, adapted from the play recently produced in London. Constance Talmadge stars, supported by Jack Mulhall, Claude Gillingwater, Johnny Harron, Anne Cornwall, Gilbert Douglas, and Milla Davenport.

### The Eternal Struggle (Jury; Jan. 28).

The eternal North West Mounted magnificent as ever, and exceptionally well produced amid Canadian scenery. Renée Adorée stars, with Wallace Beery, Earle Williams, Barbara La Marr, Pat O'Malley, Josef Swickard, Anders Randolph, and George Kuwa in support.

### Everything for Sale (Realart Gaumont; Jan. 7).

Mac McAvoy in a pretty-pretty drama of modern matrimonial intrigue. Kathlyn Williams, Eddie Sutherland, Richard Tucker, Betty Schade, and Edwin Stevens also appear. Pleasing, light romance.



JANUARY 1924

**Ferragus** (*Granger-Legrand; Jan. 14.*)

Stewart Rome, René Navarre, Elmiere Vautier, and Lucien Dalsace in a mystery story of old-world France based upon Balzac's "Story of the Thirteen."

**The Fighting Coward** (*Regent; Jan. 3.*)

Good snow and mountain scenery and a story of high society and the Canadian Wilds, starring William B. Davidson, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper, Charles Gerrard, and Maurice Costello. Fair entertainment.

**The Fires of Fate** (*Gaumont; Jan. 17.*)

Wanda Hawley and Nigel Barrie in an adaptation of Conan Doyle's "Tragedy of the Korosko." The cast also includes Pedro De Cordoba, Edith Craig, Arthur Cullen, Stewart Rome, Douglas Munro, Percy Standing and Cyril Smith, and a host of natives. Good entertainment.

**The Foolish Virgin** (*Stoll; Jan. 21.*)

Maria Jacobini in a rather crude, though dramatic story of a man and two women. Fair entertainment.

**The Forgotten Law** (*Pathé; Jan. 14.*)

A forceful drama of love and misunderstanding, based upon an old and unjust law now obsolete. Played by Milton Sills, Cleo Ridgely, Jack Mulhall, Alec B. Francis, Muriel Dana, Alice Hollister, Edna Alburnus, Lucretia Harris and Walter Law.

**The Fourth Musketeer** (*Phillips; Jan. 21.*)

A pleasant and amusing tale of a pugilist who turns garage owner, starring Johnnie Walker, supported by Eileen Percy, William Scott, Philo McCullough, Kate Lester, Eddie Gribbon and Edith York.

**The Great Alone** (*Renters; Jan. 14.*)

One of Maurice Salisbury's few recent productions, a gripping drama of life in the Frozen North. Contains fine fight and blizzard scenes. Cast includes Lura Anson, Walter Law, Maria Law, John Waggoner and Richard Cummings.

**The Great Night** (*Fox; Jan. 7.*)

William Russell, Earle Metcalf and Eva Novak in a bright, amusing comedy-drama of fortune-hunters and jewel thieves.

**The Hands of Nara** (*Pathé; Jan. 24.*)

Clara Kimball Young in a dramatic mystery story about a Russian girl-refugee and her fight against tremendous odds. Elliott Dexter opposite, also Vernon Steel, John Milner, Margaret Loomis, Myrtle Steadman, Eugenie Besserer and Edwin Stevens. Good entertainment.

(Continued on page 58).

Wanda Hawley and Rudolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah."



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Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan in  
"The Beautiful and Damned."

**Her Sturdy Oak** (Realart-Gaumont;  
Jan. 21).

Wanda Hawley and Walter Hiers in  
mild but amusing domestic comedy.  
Cast includes Sylvia Ashton, Mayme  
Kelso, Leo White and Frederick  
Stanton.

**Jacqueline** (Western Import; Jan. 14).

You may not recognise James Oliver  
Curwood's "Flaming Forest" in this  
melodramatic lumber camp story, which  
is, however, cleverly played, beautifully  
photographed and contains sensations  
and thrills galore. Marguerite Courtot,  
Baby Helen Rowland, Lew Cody,  
Master Joseph Depew, J. Barney Sherry,  
Sheldon Lewis and Charlie Lang. Ex-  
cellent entertainment.

**Java Head** (Paramount; Jan. 14).

An exceptionally good picturisation  
of a Hergesheimer novel in which an  
American millionaire marries a Chinese  
princess, with disastrous results. The  
fine cast includes Leatrice Joy, Ray-  
mond Hutton, Jacqueline Logan, Albert  
Roscoe, Frederick Strong, Rose Tapley,  
George Fawcett and Helen Lindroth.

**The Lights of London** (Gaumont;  
Jan. 28).

A screen version of G. R. Sims' popu-  
lar melodrama, handled in approved  
melodramatic fashion by all concerned.  
Wanda Hawley and Nigel Barrie head  
the cast which also includes Warburton  
Gamble, Cecil Morton York, Mary  
Brough, Dorothy Fane, James Lindsay,  
Mary Clare and Harding Steerman.

**The Little Church Around the Corner**  
(F. B. O.; Jan. 12).

A sentimental story with a dramatic  
finish, somewhat marred by overdoses  
of screen religion. Kenneth Harlan  
Claire Windsor and Pauline Starke are  
featured; Walter Long, Hobart Bos-  
worth, Alec Francis, Winter Hall and  
Cyril Chadwick support.

**Little Old New York** (Goldwyn; Jan. 21).

Marks Marion Davies' debut as an  
actress. A charming romance of old  
New York, beautifully staged, acted  
and costumed. Besides the star, the  
cast includes Harrison Ford, J. M.  
Kerrigan, Mahlon Hamilton, Sam  
Hardy, Andrew Dillon, Louis Wol-  
heim, Mary Kennedy, Elizabeth Mur-  
ray, and Marie Burke.

**Lost in a Big City** (Western Import;  
Jan. 21).

Thrills, pathos, suspense and much  
heart interest, also Baby Ivy Ward,  
John Lowell, Jane Thomas, Charles  
Mackay, Evangeline Russell, Edgar  
Keller, Charles Beyer, Whitney Haley  
and Anne Brody. Not for the critical.

**Mamma's Boy** (Walkers; Jan. 28).

One of Glenn Hunter's early efforts,  
showing that he deserves his stardom.  
Marguerite Courtot opposite. A light  
comedy, with an appealing star.

**The Man of Action** (Ass. First National;  
Jan. 14).

Douglas Maclean in a capital mystery  
comedy full of laughs and well played  
by the star, Wade Boteler, Raymond  
Hutton and William Courtwright. Ex-  
cellent entertainment.

**The Memoirs of a Monk** (Granger;  
Jan. 28).

An artistically produced costume-story  
about a faithless wife, featuring Magda  
Sonja and Max Neufeld. Magnificent  
settings and strong drama, albeit some-  
what morbid.

**The Midnight Alarm** (Vitagraph; Jan.  
14).

Strong melodrama culminating in a big  
fire scene. Cullen Landis gives a good  
piece of characterisation, and the all-star  
cast also includes Alice Calhoun, Percy  
Marmont, Joseph Kilgour, Maxine Elliott  
Hicks, Jean Carpenter, George Pierce,  
Kitty Bradbury and Gunnis Davis.

**The Midnight Guest** (European;  
Jan. 28).

Grace Darmond in an eternal triangle  
story concerning an orphan girl's adven-  
tures in the underworld. Support  
includes Mahlon Hamilton, Clyde Fill-  
more, and Mathilde Brundage. Good  
entertainment.

**Nice People** (Paramount; Jan. 7).

All about a modern jazz girl and her  
reformation. Cast includes Bebe Daniels,  
Wallace Reid, Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye,  
Claire McDowell, Edward Martindel, and  
Ethel Wales. Good romantic fare.

**Nobody's Money** (Paramount; Jan. 28).

Jack Holt in an original comedy drama  
with an ingenious story about an engaging  
Raffles. Support comprises Robert  
Schable, Walter McGrail, James Neil,  
Wanda Hawley, Charles Clary, Julia  
Faye, and Eileen Manning. Excellent on  
all points.



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Potash and Perlmutter (Ass. First National; Jan. 7).

From the play and stories by Montagu Glass. "Abe" and "Mawruss" in all their glory, plus an effective dash of melodrama and a fashion parade. Starring Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, supported by Martha Mansfield, Ben Lyon, Vera Gordon, Hope Sutherland, De Sacia Mooers, Lee Kohlmar, and Edward Durand. Excellent comedy fare.

**The Purple Phial** (Fox; Jan. 24).

Thrill-a-minute melodrama and Buck Jones' first venture in these fields. All star cast which includes, besides Buck, Shirley Mason, June Elvidge, Alan Hale, Edward Martindale, Walter McGrail, Nigel De Brulier, and Fred Kohler. Excitement eaters will love it.

**The Spider and the Rose** (Pathé; Jan. 28).

A fascinating, romantic story of old Californian days when the Mexicans were in power. The fine cast consists of Alice Lake, Gaston Glass, Robert McKim, Joseph W. Dowling, Noah Beery, Frank Campeau, Otis Harlan, Louise Fazenda, Andrew Arbuckle, Alec Francis and Edwin Stevens.

**The Spoilers** (Goldwyn; Jan. 28).

A famous Rex Beach yarn, finely kinematized and well played by Milton Sills, Barbara Bedford, Anna Q. Nilsson, Robert Edeson, Noah Beery, Mitchell Lewis, Robert McKim, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Kate Price and Albert Roscoe.

**Squibs, M.P.** (Gaumont; Jan. 21).

A Welsh-Pearson production in which our old friend Squibs spends the proceeds of the Calcutta Sweep upon a milk business, and contests and wins a seat in Parliament only to find that she's not as old as they thought she was, and therefore not entitled to be an M.P. Played by Betty Balfour, Hugh E. Wright, Fred Groves, Irene Tripod, Frank Stanmore and Odette Myrtil. Excellent comedy fare.

**The Starlit Garden** (Stoll; Jan. 14).

Guy Newall and Ivy Duke in a picturisation of De Vere Stacpoole's novel. A simple love tale photographed partly in

Barbara Hoffe in "Eugene Aram."



Italy and partly in Ireland. Cast includes Lawford Davidson, Mary Roche, Valia, Marie Ault, Bromley Davenport and Cecil Morton Yorke. Fair entertainment.

**The Unknown** (Unity; Jan. 17).

Richard Talmadge, the new stunt star, supported by André Tournier, Mark Fenton, and J. W. Earby, in a movie packed with thrills and action. Good stunt melodrama.

**Wonders of the Sea** (F. B. O.; Jan. 21).

The remarkable Williamson Deep Sea pictures, actually taken on the bed of the ocean in the West Indies. Thoroughly interesting entertainment.

**The Young Rajah** (Paramount; Jan. 21).

Rudolph Valentino didn't like this one, but his fans will. A story of East and West, treated in picturesque and romantic fashion, and played by Rudolph Valentino, Wanda Hawley, Pat Moore, Charles Ogle, Josef Swickard, Bertram Grassby, George Periolat, George Field and Spottiswoode Aitken. Good romantic drama.

## BETTY ROSS CLARKE

(Continued from page 13)

"I had appeared in *Fair and Warner* for two years," she said, "And I was out of a job, and seeking one in an agent's office when a very good-looking, tall man came across to me and told me that Fox's were casting for a William Farnum movie and if I called there, they'd maybe have something for me. Well, I thought it mighty nice of him, and so I took his advice, thinking he was surely someone either employed there or concerned in the movie, which turned out to be *If I Were King*. I was very fortunate, for I was engaged as leading lady right away, but all enquiries failed to locate my unknown benefactor. I have never set eyes on him from that day to this."

Betty Ross Clarke worked in the Griffith Studios, for she was the ingenue of *Romance*.

"I have played 'La Cavallini,' too, in stock," she interjected. Indeed, she seems to have played every leading part worth playing. Her other films are

*Lucky Carson, The Man from Downing Street, The Jade Elephant* (all Vitagraph), *The Very Idea*, with Taylor Holmes; *The Fox* with Harry Carey; *Mother O' Mine, At the Sign of the Jack O' Lantern*, and several Paramount features besides *Brewster's Millions* which will probably never be released. You would enjoy Betty Ross Clarke's impressions of Paramount personalities. I did, immensely. Then I put the old, old question to Betty and she answered, "I like the stage best, but I'm fond of movies, too, and I'm quite a film fan this side. I'm going to *Woman to Woman* this afternoon." I hoped she'd enjoy it, and we parted the best of friends. She is staying in London, so if you chance to meet a slender, brown-haired girl in a big black hat at the movies, and she looks a little like Alice Joyce, and a little like Alice Terry, and a lot like a thoroughly lovely person, you'll be safe in saying "Hello Betty Ross Clarke."



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There's no doubt about it that dancing this winter has become more than a mere "boom"; it has become a positive institution. Everybody's dancing, young and old, and all over the country bigger and bigger dance halls are springing up. With the conversion of Olympia into a Palais de Danse, London can surely claim to have taken pride of place. Room on the floor for over 4,000 couples! What a kaleidoscope of colour and motion those cold figures conjure up! No wonder the makers of saxophones find it difficult to keep pace with the demand.

Naturally those desiring to acquit themselves with brilliance in the dancing halls and ballrooms take care to have lessons only from the most up-to-date and reliable teachers. To begin wrong is to court disaster from the first. One has only to take the part of spectator in even high-class ballrooms instantly to detect this mistake; to see the large number of "dancers" who have relied upon amateur instructions or who have been contented with "picking up" their steps. It's fatal! Good dancing partners are very discriminating in this respect. They fight shy of the *vis-a-vis* who is uncouth or out-of-date.

The Martell School of Dancing is one of the best academies possible for those who wish to be quite certain of their tuition. Miss Martell herself actually trains a large number of those who so delight us by their charming dancing on the stage. It is an inspiration just to watch Miss Martell at work. Moreover, if exhibition dancing is your ambition this is the very school for the purpose. They have just arranged speciality numbers for Clarice Mayne,

and for Susie Belmore of "We Three" of the well-known music-hall turn. Miss Daisy Burrall has also been busy at these studios.

Now that the New Year is here, dancing really comes into its own for New Year is dancing time wherever the party spirit holds revel and many are the New Year engagements that will culminate in summer weddings. Truly Cupid, the rogue, knows how to take good aim from behind Father Time's voluminous robes when dancing at the Christmas parties is over. It is parties that are sometimes such an anxiety to the hostess—mainly because they are composite gatherings, with persons of all ages and different tastes assembled. The one who has had the forethought and perseverance to perfect himself in the art of dancing is invaluable. There are no end to the ways in which he can add to the enjoyment of the rest. If people have learned a few Speciality dances they become the most valued of entertainers. If it is a family gathering there are sure to be those who will be delighted to be shown all the new steps. We shall want to see the youngsters put through their paces, for dancing is part of every child's school curriculum nowadays. And nothing more pleases the younger members of the family than to have the elders take an intelligently critical interest in their performance.

Of course this is only one aspect of dancing from the training side of it. Let the Puritans say what they will every healthy instinct in dancing is to prove attractive to the opposite sex. Dancing time and courting time are synonymous. It has been so since Time's beginning and will be to the end.

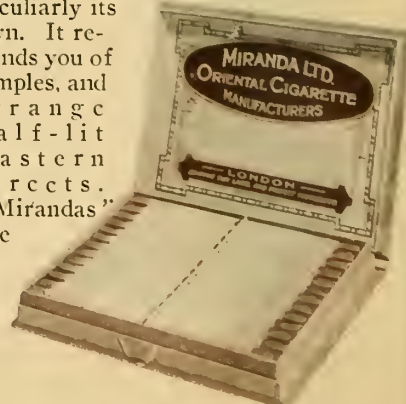
## Things Worth Knowing

### A Film Problem.

There is one type of film that is a menace to civilisation; and science has only recently found the way to effectually suppress it. This film is not of the celluloid persuasion, but that dingy nuisance which takes delight in spreading itself over one's teeth. Unless it is removed, it quickly becomes discoloured, forms a coating, and may lead to decay. A really active enemy of this unsightly disfigurement is Pepsodent, the New Day Dentifrice, because its ingredients are the fruits of the best modern research. Pepsodent produces much the same effect as fresh fruit upon the mouth and teeth, multiplying the natural forces which combat the acid and starch deposits forming the harmful film, and make it melt away. On page 57 will be found particulars of a special offer to PICTUREGOER readers, enabling them to personally test this new dentifrice free of charge.

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**THE OUTLAW** (Washington).—Isn't a bit attracted by Rudolph, and can't bear his eyes. It's a dangerous opinion to express aloud, my fair outlaw, but I admire your courage. (1) Interview with Dorothy and Lillian Gish appeared in May, 1922, *PICTUREGOER*. (2) Art plate of Lillian and article in October, 1922, *PICTUREGOER*, and April, 1923, issue.

**BOBS** (Paisley).—No need to remind me of my grey hairs. (1) Write to Rudolph, c/o this office, and the letter shall be forwarded. (2) *The Young Rajah* released next month. (3) Natasha Rambova has done screen work as well as dancing. (4) Rudy will start filming again, as soon as his contract with Famous-Lasky permits.

**CRICKLEWOOD BELLE** (Cricklewood).—I'm delighted to make your acquaintance, fair lady. (1) Pauline Frederick's been doing stage work in New York, but is now filming again. (2) Write to Thomas Meighan c/o this office. If you ask nicely, I daresay he'll let you have a signed photo.

**HELEN (OF TROY), MACGREGOR** (Edinburgh).—No, I haven't a squint. My reason for refusing to print an art plate of myself is my excessive shyness. I have been known to hide under my own desk, and pretend to be a shadow, in the vain hope of escaping unrecognised by some intruder. (1) Syd Chaplin is Charlic's brother and business manager. He, too, is a comedian, but of a rather heavier style than Charlic. (2) Write to Milton Sills, c/o this office. Sorry I wasn't at that window when you passed.

I should like to have seen a real Scotch vamp in full war kilt.

**MATHESON MAD** (Bristol).—I hope you found November issue "Matheson-y" enough to suit you. (1) Malcolm Todd is 24 years old and he's not married. His latest film is *The Typhoon* with Charles Hutchison. (2) Lew Cody played opposite Norma Talmadge in *The Sign on the Door*.

**E. J. J.** (Guildford).—Lewis Stone is in the early forties. Married Laura Oakley, his one-time leading lady, and he has two daughters. Has had a long stage career, fought in two wars, and appeared in a number of films. His first picture was *Honour's Altar*. Others are *The Dangerous Age*, *Muffled Drums*, *Nomads of the North*, *The Concert*, *River's End*, *The Northern Trail*, *Don't Neglect your Wife*, *Trifling Women*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and *Held by the Enemy*. His next release is *Scaramouche*. You're right, E. J. J., Job hadn't much on me for patience.

**WINIFRED** (London).—Welcome, Winifred to these columns. For a beginner you've done remarkably well in the query dept. (1) Richard Barthelmess born 1895 is 5ft. 7in. tall with dark complexion and brown eyes. Married to Mary Hay, and has one little daughter. (2) I think he would autograph a photo for you if you asked nicely. (3) Joseph Schildkraut was the "Chevalier de Vaudrey" in *Orphans of the Storm*.

**R. P.** (Birmingham).—An interview with Pauline Frederick appeared in *PICTUREGOER*, February, 1922.

**AN OLD READER** (Bristol).—Theda Bara retired from the public eye about five years ago, when vamps went out of fashion. Her husband, Charles Brabin the director, has tried to persuade her to leave the screen permanently, but Theda is to appear in *The Easiest Way*, produced by Selznick.

**G. W. G.** (Liverpool).—(1) Art plate of Conrad Nagel in August, 1922, issue. (2) *Little Old New York* will be generally released this month.

**Fox** (Aberdeen).—Sorry I omitted to send a wreath. Is it too late, now? (1) Violet Hopson is Mrs. Walter West. (2) Tom Forman and Noah Beery in *The Sea Wolf* with Mabel Julianne Scott. (3) Casts are taboo from this month onward. Send a stamped addressed envelope for it. (4) Am I married? I told you last time to be more cheerful, Fox! Cheerio.

**DOROTHY** (London).—Read the interview with Rudolph in September *Picturegoer*. It will tell you all you want to know. There's also an article by my encyclopaedic self in May issue.

**C. J. C.** (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Try Associated First National, 37, Oxford Street, London, W.1, for stills from *The Eternal Flame*.

**EUNICE** (Honor Oak Park).—Your words in praise of 'Gene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge, in *The Voice from the Minaret*, are duly noted and broadcasted to the fans in general.

**PASTORA** (Newmarket).—Your "little story" is very amusing, but "Carols" are the only readers' contributions we use. Glad you had such a nice signed photo from Stewart Rome.

**ESTELLE** (Brisbane).—Bill Farnum's adopted daughter is about fourteen years old and her name is Olive. At present she's too busy at school to worry about film work. Afraid we can't publish a photo of her, but here's a slight description. Tall for her age, and slender, though well-built. Fond of outdoor sports and all forms of athletics. Face healthily tanned, eyes studious and intelligent. Altogether, quite the kind of daughter you would picture Bill Farnum choosing.

**V. M.** (Amsterdam).—(1) Films for both children and adults have to be passed by the censor before they're shown to the public. (2) The English Censor is a body of men appointed by the Government. (3) Cinema taxes aren't quite so high as theatre taxes.

**SERIALLI** (Bradford-upon-Avon).—Greetings, oh mine ancient friend, and my thanks for thy praises that fall sweetly on mine ears and on those of the illustrious *Thinker*.

**CHARLES RAY FAN** (London).—Yes, you may expect to see Charles in London some time this year. He may appear on the stage in "The Girl I Loved," but nothing is definitely settled.

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**BUBBLES** (Birmingham).—Glad to make your acquaintance. I hope your New Year's resolution will be to join the ranks of the regulars. (1) Ralph Forbes played in *The Lowland Cinderella* and *The Fifth Form of St. Dominics*. He hasn't been much in the limelight since. (2) Read last month's interview with Reginald Denny. He's married to Irene Haisman and has a little daughter, Barbara. A page plate of all three appeared in the Xmas Number for 1922. (3) There was some talk of Evelyn Laye making a film in America, but it didn't materialize.

**LILY** (Sheffield).—Answers to your short and very businesslike note herewith. (1) Baby Marie Osborne born 1911. (2) Joan Morgan, born 1905 (3) Gladys Cooper's about 30. (4) Ivor Novello's about the same. My name is George, Lily.

**PHILIP** (Peckham).—I'll see about an interview with Tom Douglas when he's done more film work.

**SCOTTIE** (London).—Don't apologise for asking questions. Judging from the size of my postbag it's a popular pastime for the winter evenings. (1) Gregory Scott isn't married now. (2) Clive Brook's married to Mildred Evelyn. (3) Tom Moore, born 1887. He isn't married now. (4) Tom Meighan, born 1888, and married to Frances Ring.

**VENUS** (Brighton).—Conway Tearle, born 1880. Work it out! Your letter was forwarded on arrival.

**CURIOSITY** (London).—No need to mention your name. Your letter fairly shrieks it at me. (1) Jack Hoxie, born 1890. Began his career as a rough rider at the age of fourteen, when he joined a Wild West Show. Eight years ago made

his first picture, with the Kalem Company. Some of his films are:—*Lightning Bryce*, *Thunderbolt Jack*, *The Man from Nowhere*, *Dead or Alive*, and *Cyclone Bliss*. His latest serial is *The Reel Warning*. Married to Marin Sais. Art plate in July, 1923, issue. (2) Most film stars answer their fan mail, and Valentino's no exception to the rule. (3) *The Sheik*, together with *Blood and Sand*, is to be re-issued early this year. (4) Arrangements have been made to film "The Desert Healer."

**EDDIE** (Battersea).—How do I like my job, sonny? The horrors of the dentist's chair have nothing on it, sometimes. But I bear up wonderfully. Keep up your spirits, your favourite, Rudolph, will be over here early this month, so you may catch a glimpse of him one day.

**D. Y.** (Liverpool).—No addresses given in these columns. Send a stamped addressed envelope for them—or I will forward letters to your favourites if you send them, in plain stamped envelopes, to this office. Cheerio, D.Y., and a Happy New Year to you.

**A REGULAR PICTUREGOERITE** (Birmingham).—So all your male acquaintances share your enthusiasm over Rudolph. He will be pleased. (1) *The Young Rajah* is to be released early this month. (2) The picture on the September cover was just a pose—not a still from a film.

**H. P. G.** (Bayswater).—Printer's errors will happen in the best regulated magazines. I found that one long before you did, anyway!

**H. J. L.** (Bayswater).—Your kindly hints for the general improvement of the PICTUREGOER duly noted. Unfortunately your fellow-readers may not agree with you.



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## THE PICTUREGOER IN PARIS

(Continued from page 47).

film was called in France, produced in France and Spain by Henry Roussel, is another striking example of what France can do in the film producing line once it is given the right opportunity. Raquel Meller's best picture previous to this was *The Oppressed*, but she has appeared in many equally successful productions both here and in Spain. On the Continent she is extremely popular.

When these lines appear, Abel Gance, the famous French producer, will be at work on his new picture with his small company which numbers only 16,000 people. In answer to my enquiry of why and wherefore all this crowd the genial producer of *J'Accuse*, *La Roue*, and so many other excellent productions, gave me a few details of the work that will be done in this picture. The French Government is lending five regiments of soldiers to take part in it and, these alone, number 15,000. The title of the picture? *Napoleon*; and the battles of Austerlitz, Wagram and Jena will be re-enacted, so will the battle of Waterloo. Also Nelson will die again.

Yesterday I received a letter from Rex Ingram. The genial producer of *The Four Horsemen* wrote the missive on an upturned pail in the heart of the Algerian desert, while listening to the sweet carolling of Ramon Novarro explaining Christmas in Araby to

charming Alice Terry. Ingram says he is deserting the film industry. "I have yet another year to go to fulfill my contract with Metro, and as soon as it is terminated I shall return to Paris and devote my time to sculpture." Rex Ingram, although he realises that there is more money in pictures, thinks that sculpture is infinitely more fascinating than making films. At present he is at work on *The Arab*, and the leading roles are taken by Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry. He tells me, however, that he will continue making pictures in Europe until his contract with Metro is ended and then he will settle down in Paris "to a less strenuous life."

Nineteen-twenty-four will see a large number of American companies working in France. Besides Rex Ingram there will be Ritz-Carlton producing a number of films starring Rudolph Valentino; Fordys Films with Reginald Ford as director, will make Pearl White serials; and maybe Betty Compson will be back shortly acting in a picture for Famous Players. Griffith, I am told, as soon as he has finished *America* will come over here and make one of his "masterpieces." The most interesting announcement however, comes from Norma Talmadge. She is arriving in Paris very shortly with Joseph Schenk and will start work on a picture with a cast composed mainly of French artistes.

## HEALTHY WOMEN



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# What Do You Think?

## YOUR VIEWS AND OURS

Kinema topics of general interest are dealt with on this page each month. All "Picturegoer" readers who wish to participate in our debates are invited to write to "The Thinker," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**P**RAISE for the Christmas PICTUREGOER reaches me by every post. From one confirmed grumbler I have received a letter saying: "Your Christmas issue is great. But can you keep it up?"

The answer is an emphatic affirmative. "Getting Better Every Month" will be our slogan for the New Year, and there are many treats in store for our readers. Next month's issue, our special All British Number to coincide with the February big push for British pictures, will be a souvenir edition that every picturegoer will wish to treasure. Let me warn you in advance not to take a chance with this issue. The demand is certain to be enormous. Avoid disappointment by ordering your copy now.

**"WITH** eyeballs bloodshot and tired. With eyelids heavy and red. A film fan sat on a nine-penny seat, and these were the words he said: Reels, Reels, Reels, padding and titles galore, oh, woe is me, why can't we see those two-reel films once more? I'm tired of six-reel films; preserve me from the sight of films that start at half-past six and finish late at night. I laugh at *Felix the Cat*. The *Leather Pushers* is great. But I hate the men who make long films, with a hard and bitter hate."

With eyelids heavy and red, with forehead wrinkled in thought, a film fan sat on his ninepenny seat, snort-

ing an angry snort. And then in a voice of dolorous turn (would that producers would listen and learn), he sang the "Song of the Short."—Peggy (Wimbledon).

**"REFERENCE** leading men," writes Jumbo. "Nix on Valentino. Novello is milk-and-watery. Meighan is mushy. Novarro is kiddish. Monte Blue gives me those Sad-Eyed-Hero Blues. Lew Cody gives me the willies. Can't get a thrill out of Percy Marmont. Cullen Landis leaves me cold. I dislike Kenneth Harlan. Eugene O'Brien means nothing in my young life. Give me virility. Give me strength. Give me rugged beauty. Give me courage. Give me the great outdoors. Give me broad-shoulders. Give me a MAN. Give me Tom Mix!"

Take the lot, Jumbo, and give me peace.

**"IS** it maiden madness to fall in love with a shadow man?" inquires *Sentimental*. "Don't say yes until you have heard my story.

You see, in all my life I have never had a lover. I was the loneliest girl in the world until I saw my ideal man on the silver-sheet, but now I feel perfectly happy. He is not a star, but he appears in a good many pictures, and by going around from kinema to kinema I never miss a week without seeing him. I know we shall never meet, and I have never

written to him, but I am content to love him from afar. My shadow-lover gives me an interest in life that was lacking before. Friends tell me that I am morbid-minded. What do other readers think?"

**"I** THINK one reason why German pictures have been so successful, is because they make such a welcome change from the general run of screen productions. To my mind, British and American movie

makers have got into a deep groove with their pictures. They keep giving us the same type of story with the same stars over and over again, and not one film in a hundred makes any attempt to get away from the beaten track. Have our own movie-makers no ideas, no originality? Why do not the great creative brains of this country write direct for the screen?"—M. C. (Worcester).

**"ACCORDING** to one of the newspapers, Lillian Gish has decided to play 'Juliet' in *Romeo and Juliet*, and other players with an eye on the same part are Norma Talmadge and Mary

Pickford. Of the three I prefer Lillian Gish, but in my opinion not one of the players I have named is suited to the part. Surely Mary Pickford knows her own limitations well enough to realise this? Is it foolish vanity that prompts stars to essay roles that they cannot hope to fill successfully?"—M. M. (London).

**"HERE** are some New Year Resolutions compiled by me with apologies to the stars concerned. William S. Hart has Resolved to Dry those Tears. Suesue Hayakawa has Resolved to practise kissing.

Charlie Chaplin has Resolved to make a picture. George has Resolved to retire into a Monastery. Pearl White has Resolved to retire into another convent. Swedish Biograph have Resolved to make a nice, cheery picture. Buster Keaton has Resolved to smile. Cecil B. De Mille has Resolved to make a picture that will contain no flash-locks to bygone ages.—Carol (Manchester).

To which I would add that the Editor of the PICTUREGOER has Resolved to make Volume Seven the Best of the Bunch, and he means to keep his resolution. THE THINKER.



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# February Films —



## PICTURES TO SEE THIS MONTH

Miss Talmadge's most ambitious effort, and for once the herald was not mistaken.

### The Costume Picture.

The costume picture has come into its own,



From all indications, 1924 bids fair to be a Happy New Year for picturegoers. It certainly has started well, and among outstanding pictures viewed, must be counted Norma Talmadge's *Ashes of Vengeance*, which cine-goers will have opportunity to see during the present month. There is a charm and dignity attaching to this latest effort of the popular Norma which outranks anything we can recall in any previous effort of the talented First National star. The picture is longer than customary with the regular cinema but so are *The Covered Wagon*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and other outstanding features, which provide a full evening's entertainment. *Ashes of Vengeance* was heralded as



and to quote a once popular ditty "Everybody's doin' it" and, on the whole, very well.

Now comes Richard Barthelmess with a costume picture and an English story that should go a long way towards establishing this undoubtedly talented artist and protégé of D. W. Griffith in his rightful place in the hearts of British picturegoers. Of the success of Barthelmess abroad there can be no question. His *Tol'able David*—a picture which, by the way, delighted British critics, but curiously enough found less favour with the public—gained the Gold Medal for merit in America. Barthelmess is worthy of and sure of popular approval anywhere, and while it is never safe to predict, we venture to say that in *The Fighting Blade*, a romance of the days of Cromwell, Richard will come into his own in Great Britain. A feature of this picture is the talented work of Dorothy McNeill, the Yorkshire girl who has risen to front rank

in America, and who was last seen in *Mighty Lak a Rose*, a picture which gained fame through its presentation last Autumn in Dartmoor Prison, under unusual circumstances.

### Children of Dust.

Picturegoers who remember the delights of *Humoresque*, will be glad to learn that the director of that picture, Mr. Frank Borzage, has followed up this work, with another appealing photoplay, *Children of Dust*, which will be presented by First National Pictures Ltd., during the coming month. Having much of the tender heart interest, and many of the moments of deep sentiment and light comedy, which made his other picture famous, *Children of Dust* will be welcomed as a further contribution from such a famous director as Frank Borzage. In the cast are Pauline Garon, Johnny Walker of *Over the Hill* fame, and Lloyd Hughes. The story, of a particularly appealing type, tells the loves of a poor boy for a little rich girl, and how, despite the obstacles created by social barriers, love finally wins out.

Altogether *Ashes of Vengeance*, *Children of the Dust*, and *The Fighting Blade* form a notable trio amongst the month's best offerings

Each of them possesses those very elements which assure a picture of success—heart appeal, romance and stirring action. Each contains stars of undoubted talent and proven accomplishment, and each is remarkable for the genius displayed by that frequently forgotten hero "the man behind the megaphone."





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Alma Taylor &  
Shayle Gardner



**NIGEL BARRIE**

*Came to the land of his fathers to make one film only, but has been here over six months and shows no signs of having had enough of England yet. The feeling is mutual.*




# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Their Planets and Yours

by FLORENCE TURNER



any of the world's best-known screen stars were born in February under the Aquarius sign which is ruled by Saturn. Astrologically, Saturn

is the last sign of the air triplicity. Aquarius dowers its subjects with natures restless and changeable, but also kind hearted and noble, and possessing excellent judgment and discrimination. They are usually fine readers of character, and naturally pleasing and agreeable in disposition. The February born are endowed also with a strong sense of dignity, have great powers of self-control, and are therefore seldom ill-tempered. Some of the greatest natural healers are born under this sign. Those lucky enough to be born on February 6th or February 15th should be of strikingly handsome appearance, because these are Venus dates, and both

Venus and Aquarius stand for beauty (the one the month, the other the day of the month). They would be bound to have many love affairs and form strong and serious attachments. Much pity and sympathy for anything small or weak or suffering is another characteristic, also love of children and animals and much kindness to any one in trouble. Venus is an acting sign too, those born under its influence make good actors or singers, for, theirs is the true theatrical temperament. Beautiful things appeal to them in a very great degree. Their natures are extremely sensitive and respond readily to all that is bright and harmonious. They are people who give greatly, of everything—money, feeling, work; and this reckless generosity prompts them to extravagance, not only monetary, which is detrimental to themselves. February 17th is a Saturn day in an Aquarius month, gives its subjects lofty standpoints and severe, almost austere views of life.



RAMON NOVARRO, Feb. 6.

Silent, self-reliant folk, these, having scant patience with weak or unstable characters. Good executive energy, and splendid organising powers; yet fond of home and everything connected with it. Choose someone born on February 17th for your friend—he or she will never betray your trust or “let you down” in any way.

Another interesting date is February 22nd, which is a Uranus day in the Aquarius month. Anyone born on this day will have a changeable disposition, but also a very progressive one. He or she should be most careful regarding marriage, for, though many people of Uranus-Aquarius marry either late in life or not at all, those who do marry separate or obtain divorces more often than not. Lack of self-confidence is their biggest drawback, but, if this can be overcome, they can forge ahead at an astonishing rate. They are peace-lovers, disliking fuss and bother, but there are no better fighters should occasion

demand it. Games of chance appeal to them, for they are invariably lucky. Water is their enemy, these subjects are in danger of death by drowning, at all times. Great lovers of peace and quietness, they would any time rather slide out of an unpleasant situation than have any bother about it. Any game of chance will appeal to those born on February 22nd, whether it be pastimes or speculation, because anything of a fluctuating nature calls to a certain uncertainty of temperament within themselves. They will be well advised to follow their inclinations in regard to these matters for they will be sure to have good luck.

February birthdays of film stars include: Neal Burns, Feb. 4th, Maurice Costello, Marguerite Clark, and James Kirkwood, Feb. 22nd; Ruth Clifford, Feb. 17th; Josephine Earle, Feb. 23rd; Geraldine Farrar, Feb. 28th; Joe King, Feb. 9th; Elmo Lincoln, Feb. 6th and Earle Williams, Feb. 28th.



ANITA STEWART, Feb. 17.



REX DAVIS, Feb. 22.



# This Homeland of Ours

by  
PENRHYN  
BLAYDE

Reading downward:  
Trafalgar Square as  
Maurice Tourneur filmed  
it in "The Christian." The  
Norfolk Broads which figured in  
"The Persistent Lovers," and Minna  
Grey, Betty Balfour and the Kyles of  
Bute in "Wee McGregor's Sweetheart."

"Y our beautiful country," D. W. Griffith said to me when he was in London on his last visit. "How I should love to work in it. The climate bad? . . . Perhaps . . . but I guess I could make as good pictures here as I can back home . . . What exteriors! What lovely scenic shots! It must be great to make pictures in locations that are so rich in tradition and history. Sure, I'm coming some day!"

. . . You must be quick, Mr. Griffith. There's competition for this homeland of ours. Other producers beside you have seen its beauties and its romance, and other producers have got ahead of you with their cameras and their rolls of film. America has discovered little old England.

Do you remember that sleepy old cathedral town in *If Winter Comes*? The winding streets, the hill down to Mark Sabre's house, the crowded town on the day when the regiment of the Pinks went off to France? Did you recognise our own Canterbury in that picturesque old town?

On the whole, though, it is less the English country lanes than the London streets that fascinate the producer from America. For to him London is England, and England simply London. All these English visits are done on the hustle. No producer and no star has time to spare when his scheduled work is over, and that schedule is a crowded one, I can assure you.

Perhaps the record in hustle is held by John Barrymore who made a flying visit—in the literal sense of the word!--in order to put a little genuine Baker Street into his American version of *Sherlock Holmes*. He played Sherlock Holmes on the Embankment, in the East End, South of the river, in the Temple and at Hampton Court.

Quite another thing was the coming of Maurice Tourneur to make

*The Christian*, for Goldwyn. He arrived with flying colours and much shouting down megaphones, accompanied by Richard Dix who was to play John Storm, and Mac Busch, the Glory Quayle of his story.

Throughout their stay they kept London in a constant state of upheaval, what with night shots in Trafalgar Square and on Westminster Bridge, crowds on the wet Embankment, and mob scenes in the Temple. He shot acres of the East End—and cut most of it when the picture was finished. And in addition to all this he hired special motor-buses and took a large party of actors and spectators to Epsom Downs on Derby Day where his cameras were working from start to finish. Truly Maurice Tourneur seemed determined to show that whosoever homeland it was it was not exclusively ours!

A more thoroughly English London was George Fitzmaurice's in *Three Live Ghosts*, a comedy film of hybrid parentage, half English and half American. It was made for Famous-Players Lasky at their Islington studios, now deserted, by a company of which the stars were American and the small part players English.

Then there was Bryant Washburn. He not only came over in order to show America what London was really like, but also to teach the English cameraman how to take photographs of his own country. Bryant declared that our angles were all wrong. He was going to show us a London we had never seen before. It all depended on the way it was photographed—or so he said.

He didn't do anything different—not so as you could notice it, anyway—when the *Road to London* finally emerged from his cameras on to the screen, but his intentions were good, and he sure did shoot London some!





He shot it all the way from Park Lane to Putney and a good deal further than that. He took the lid off London to see what made the wheels go round, and when he had found out how it worked he packed up and hustled home.

... And London went on just as if nothing had happened ... Poor Bryant!

And what of our own films, Mr. Griffith? We are proud of our own country, you know. We think it beautiful as you do. We see it photographically as you do. We revel in its tradition, its age, its legends, as you would like to do. And, to be quite honest, you have arrived rather late in the day, you and your American colleagues. For there is hardly a corner of the British Isles which we have not already screened, and screened—though we say it as shouldn't—remarkably well.

Come with us, Mr. Griffith, and we will show you England through the lens of an English camera. It doesn't much matter where our journey begins. You shall land on our south-west coast, at the Devon fishing village where *Harbour Lights* was shot. We will travel along the shore and you shall see the beautiful bays and cliffs of Cornwall as Henry Edwards has caught them in his Millais-like idyll of *Simple Simon*. To Beaulieu next, where *The Virgin Queen* was filmed in the leafy splendour of the New Forest; where Beaulieu Abbey, with its wealth of historical memories, stood grey and stately over the gay colourings and torchlight processions of Elizabeth's Court.

*Gwyneth of the Welsh Hills* will speak to you for Wales. There you can see pictures of Cambria's mighty mountains—far more beautiful than your own Rockies—and of the gloomy tarns that are peculiarly Wales' own. You can look across vistas of snow-capped range and misty valley, and



Reading downward: A typical bit of English countryside in a Hepworth film. Epsom races; and a street in Limchouse photographed for Barrymore's "Moriarty."

breathe the keen air of the mountain pass.

In *A Romance of Wastdale* you can climb Great Gable with Milton Rosmer and Fred Raynham, and, before the mists enclose you, see at your feet the chain of our English Lakes.

As we are now so far North we will cross the Border and see what our producers have done for Scotland. There is no dearth of film material here, and long ago the motion-picture camera became a familiar sight to the Scots country folk. *W'ee McGregor's Sweetheart* was followed by *The Lilac Sunbonnet*, in which Sydney Morgan caught pictures of loch and mountain.





there and drew packed houses night after night. And they're critical enough over there! They know the goods from home—they know the genuine trade mark. And the Scotland of *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* was the Scotland they remembered and loved.

Southward again—and let us pause on the Yorkshire Moors, to look at the grey walls, the bleak, powerful stretches of *Wuthering Heights*, where horse and rider travel for lonely miles along the heather, in the teeth of the wind, with not a sign of human habitation for so far as the eye can reach. Grim farmhouse; stone-bounded road—hard with that iron harness which Yorkshire alone understands.

On our way to Norfolk, where we are bound next, we catch a glimpse here and there of something that is typically English, as, with *Brenda of the Barge* we float lazily along leafy canals, and through the locks and quiet waterways that are to be found nowhere else in the world. In Norfolk we will join *The Persistent Lovers* for a holiday on the Broads. Who are they? Why, Guy and Ivy, of course . . . not to mention the dog. We shall have a tranquil time there, sailing and swimming, sleeping out at night under the stars, until the chilly Autumn weather drives us Southward once more.

So, by Chiddingfold and the deep Surrey lanes, we follow *The Call of the Road* to that queen of English counties—Sussex. There, under the shadow of the Downs, where Chanctonbury Ring looks down on sleepy little Ashington, *The Hornets' Nest* was made.

And so to London, up the Horsham Road. London has a screen poetry all its own. Not the dignified, stately London, beloved of American producers (Continued on page 53).

Below: "Outside the Embassy Club, London," in a Stoll film

Top:  
A  
Canter-  
bury  
Street  
seen in  
"If Winter  
Comes."  
Circle: Near  
Loch Lomond in a British movie.

of rowan trees and woods carpeted with blaeberries, real enough and beautiful enough to bring a lump into the throat of the Scotsman far from home.

Then came the *Rob Roy* company, many hundred strong, for trainloads of "extras" were drafted from Glasgow and Stirling to attend the Chieftain's funeral, and a whole regiment of soldiers detailed from Stirling Castle to swell the numbers in the big battle scenes. Earlier still Donald Crisp had made *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* in the country of the Briar, and pictured the cottagers' life, the Sabbath morning, the courting by the stream, the kilted postman on his hilly round. It is a tribute to the manner of its making that *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, when it was shown in Canada after much delay and difficulty, broke all records





# One in a Million

They gave Clive Brook that title because he is one of the few lucky stars who commenced their careers at the top of the movie tree.

Lucky stars are hard to find, but Clive Brook, who within the space of two years has risen to be one of the foremost of British screen actors; must have been born under a whole constellation of them.

He is perhaps the only actor in British screenland who made his screen debut in a star role. The drudgery of crowd and small part work he has never known. With *Trent's Last Case* he stepped right into the film limelight, and its rays have played strongly upon him ever since.

His have usually been sympathetic roles, and to him as the hero, have come the heroines with all their troubles and woes. Always have they found in Brook a champion of their cause, and usually he has made sacrifices for them.

From the convention-bound characters he played in several costume films, Brook found himself with a part which allowed him to give full play to his emotions in *Sonia*.

Brook then advanced in seven-league boots, leaving his competitors for screen honours far behind. During the past eighteen months he has played

Clive had a thrilling time in "Out to Win."



Above: With Betty Compson in "Woman to Woman." Left: In "Through Fire and Water." Above: An every-day pose.

with Fay Compton in *This Freedom*, with Catherine Calvert in *Out to Win*, in *Through Fire and Water*, in *The Reverse of the Medal*, with Betty Compson in *Woman to Woman*, *The White Shadow*, and *The Royal Oak*, and his most recent work has been done in *The Money Habit*, and the Goldwyn production, *The Recoil*. This latter film gives Brook bigger acting opportunities than any other film in which he has appeared. No other British film actor has starred in so many productions in which well-known American artistes have been featured.

Brook is one of the most reticent of screen actors. Of himself he will talk little or not at all—over his work he enthuses because he is gradually achieving an ambition which he has long cherished.

Whilst admitting that luck secured for him his debut in a leading role, he declares that it has meant exceedingly hard work and quite a lot of personal

sacrifice to reach the position he now holds.

Frequently he has worked in two productions concurrently, which has meant 18 hours before the camera each day, during six of which he has been longing to return to his own fireside.

Brook takes infinite care of the smallest detail relating to his characterisations, and frequently he declares that when he sees himself on the screen he feels that his work is so bad that he would like to have the opportunity of making the film all over again.

Lucky for picturegoers it is that Brook's life is heavily insured, for his favourite hobby is motoring and although he has not yet been convicted of "exceeding the speed limit," he admits it is more by luck than good management. His part in *Out to Win*, strenuous as it was, came as a welcome change to him after the quiet, self-reliant characters he had enacted in so many films. However, *The Recoil* meant everything, for in it he has bigger opportunities for acting than have ever been afforded him before.





Charles  
Bryant.

## The Britisher Abroad

"He himself has said it—  
And it's greatly to his credit—  
That he is an Englishman."

There has been a great deal of talk lately about the position of Britain among the world's screens; all sorts of people—some of whom know, and many of whom don't—have given their opinions and advice. It has even been whispered that several eminent English directors once said in public that there was no acting talent in England, and never could be. Rumour hath it that the immediate retort of the actors was that there was not, and never could be, any producing talent in England. And general gossip has taken up these whispers and rumours and accepted them as fact.

Of course I wouldn't dream of contradicting such experts, but nevertheless, like the Executioner in the "Mikado," I've "got a little list" which I should dearly like them to see. It's a very simple little list really—just a few names of people who, if things had been different, would to-day have been spreading the fame of Britain into America instead of the fame of America into Britain. I think the directors and players who made those famous statements will probably recognise a few of the names, and some, I fancy, will surprise them. All the same, all the people on my "little list"



Above: Charles Chaplin.  
Below: House Peters.



have proudly claimed their British heritage. The truth of the matter is that every department of American screenland is rich in artists over whose birthplace floated, not the Stars and Stripes, but the Union Jack. Producers, actors, actresses, cameramen and scenario writers, technical and art directors, and clever child players—you will find a little of Old England in



Oval:  
Mae Busch.  
Left: Lupino Lane.

every branch of the industry.

From England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales they have gone to the country of their adoption: Canada and Australia have contributed their glorious quota, and the world is the gainer. They have not forgotten their British birth. They have become, not American, but international. Perhaps the detractors of British talent have never heard of Charles Spencer Chaplin, from London, England? Assuredly they cannot know that Mary Pickford, and Al. Christie of comedy fame, are Canadians born. They may like to know that Dublin was the early home of Rex Ingram. And just let them ask George Arliss whether he was born in England or not, and listen to his emphatic affirmative!

But these are only a few—the most scintillating on my list. There are other directors, and famous ones, besides Rex Ingram and Al. Christie. Frank Lloyd, for instance, who has made so many of Norma Talmadge's successes, who made *Madame X* with Pauline Frederick, and Jackie Coogan's



ever-to-be-remembered *Oliver Twist*, was born at Glasgow. Gordon Edwards, the Fox director who was responsible for *The Queen of Sheba* and *The Shepherd King* is a Canadian by birth, and so is Allan Dwan, who made the finest entertainment the screen has yet had to offer—*Robin Hood*.

Charles Brabin, the creator of *Sir Days*, *Driven* and *Footfalls*, who has just been entrusted by Goldwyn with the production of *Ben Hur*, hails from Liverpool, and is Lancashire bred. Stuart Blackton was born in Sheffield



Mary  
Pickford  
is

Canada's  
star  
offering.

and went to school at Eton. Donald Crisp, whom we know both as producer, and as the "Battling Burrows" of *Broken Blossoms*, is a Londoner to the backbone.

Then there is Mr. Alla Nazimova, better known perhaps as Charles Bryant, who has produced many of his wife's pictures, and played opposite her time and again. He was born in Hertford, educated at Ardingley College, and had a stage career of eleven years in England before deserting us for the American screen. Herbert Brenon, who made *The Sign on the Door*, *The Garden of Allah*, and many other films, is an Irishman who was educated in England. St. Paul's and King's College knew him well. Our list of prominent directors ends with Tom Terriss, another Londoner, who passed through Christ's College to become an actor and actor-manager in England before we let him go. He came back to us for a little while last year, and produced *Harbour Lights* and *The Lights O' London*, but once more we let him slip through our fingers, and America has claimed him anew.



Tom  
Moore,  
of *Erin*.



Percy  
Marmont.

Here indeed is a goodly array of talent! Some of America's very best producers, and all ours!

From England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the Dominions, our players have flocked to the American Screen. The English speaking stage has sent a brilliant contribution, headed by George Arliss, who found his way to

the States with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Company, after a long and successful London career. Wyndham Standing and young Reginald Denny both come of famous theatrical stock, and have followed the family tradition behind English footlights.

Percy Marmont, the unforgettable "Mark Sabre" of *If Winter Comes*, had a glorious stage record with Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander, and Cyril Maude before America discovered him. Howard Gaye was a Tree actor, too, and won his laurels with Sir Charles Hawtrey and Forbes-Robertson long before he was known as a Griffith discovery. And even though his best work was still to be done in England, as Lord Byron in *The Prince Of Lovers*.

Yet another product of the Tree School is Courtenay Foote, the Yorkshireman, and David Powell graduated to the screen via the same route, taking in Ellen Terry and Forbes-Robertson on the way. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was responsible for training Mare Maedermott, that most polished villain of the screen. Herbert Rawlinson, who was born in Brighton, went through the shops of English repertory before he captured screenland with that charming smile and debonair carriage which are so peculiarly his own.

And this is not by any means all. H. B. Warner, whose first home was at St. John's Wood, London, Alec Francis, Thomas Holding and Gibson Gowland, have all won fame on the speaking stage in England. Even a "little list" must come to an end, but this one cannot close without claiming for England Jimmie Aubrey, the Fred Karno comedian, Sidney Ainsworth, Kate Lester and Dorothy McNeill. And last, but by no means least, England has given to America one of her strongest, "silentest" men—House Peters.

(Continued on page 62.)

Circle:  
Enid  
Bennett.

Alec  
Francis.







Above: The new submarine engines which will supply light to the New Hepworth studios when they are completed.

It is the oldest studio in this country, besides being the first ever built. And though it has expanded considerably, the outside looks exactly the same as it did some twenty years or so ago. It appears more or less like an ordinary row of houses in an ordinary country town. But inside is a very different story. Behind that row of windows and doors is a very competent organisation, which not only produces films, but develops, prints, and sends them abroad; has always done so, since the days of its commencement, and will continue doing so until it is abandoned for the huge new studios which are as yet incomplete.

Hepworth's has always been a self-reliant studio. Even back in 1898 when an enterprising young man in-

Below: A scene from "Trelawny of the Wells," one of the first big films Hepworth's made.



# Romances of Old Studios

NO 1

## THE HEPWORTH STUDIOS



Left: Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor in "Iris." Right: Lionelle Howard and Alma Taylor in "The Baby on the Barge," an early production.

vaded Walton-on-Thames in search of a place wherein he might work undisturbed. He was not overburdened with capital, this man who founded this pioneer film studio. But he had previously invented an arc lamp for lantern projection, and with the money this brought him he embarked on the hazardous seas of picture making.

He founded his business in a small house at Walton. Its rent was £30 per annum so its size may be easily guessed. The people who worked there hadn't much elbow room, for downstairs was at once handed over to the mechanical department (dark room, engine room, etc.), and the upstairs rooms were needed for living accommodation. The "studio" was the back garden, and anyone who has ever wandered inside a modern film studio will appreciate the difficulties these earnest young workers had to contend with. There were only a few of them, just Cecil Hepworth, his wife and tiny daughter, a relative or two, and a small, very small staff. Now and again "professionals" were hired at about ten shillings a time. But their earliest films consisted mainly of moving objects like trains and were about fifty to one hundred feet long. And the



people who bought them were mostly circus proprietors, and travelling showmen. Still, the little company always had more orders on hand than it could comfortably manage.

The first film with a story created something of a sensation. We should call it an incident now, but in 1904, this *Rescued By Rover* as it was called was considered a marvellous thing. So it was. It cost £7 6s. 9d. (these are Cecil Hepworth's own figures), and three hundred and ninety-nine copies of it were ordered.

It is strange how conditions have changed regarding England and America since 1906. Then, England sent as many, if not more, in proportion, films to U.S.A., as that country sends here now-a-days.

Hepworth's grew steadily in importance even as its productions grew in length. Therein lies almost the only change. For Cecil Hep-

Right Circle: Cecil M. Hepworth.



Above: When the "Trelawney" was being filmed, the producer's motor and the heroine's carriage often fared forth together.

On the two big "floors" in the studio many and many a leading stage player has acted at one time or another, as well as most of the screen favourites of to-day. Books, and plays and "classics" have been kinematized there, from *Oliver Twist*, to the latest five or six reeler to be issued. But Cecil Hepworth declares he thinks original stories best for the screen. He is a man of intense earnestness, this quiet-voiced, grey-eyed fellow who so persistently hides his own personal achievements from the light of publicity, preferring to let his films speak for him. Which they do, being representative of English thought, ideals, and character, without any imitations of other countries whatsoever. J.L.

Below: Alma Taylor, Henry Vibart, and Chrissie White in one of the famous "Tilly" comedies.



Above: Larry Trimble directing Alma Taylor and Stewart Rome in "The Awakening of Nora," made about 1915.

worth declares that he works in exactly the same way now as he did then. Certainly the quality of the technical side of his early films bears out the statement.

Hepworth's studio had a machine which exposed, developed, printed, fixed and washed and dried film in one continuous operation many years before the general public knew such a thing existed. It was the only one of its kind extant, which may have been one of their reasons for keeping its possession a secret. But then Hepworth's do not believe in publicity.

They have their own methods of lighting at Walton, too. Artificial and natural light are combined, so that weather conditions influence them more than most studios—yet there are few tricks of our changeable climate with which they are unable to cope there.





# Our Honours List



Clive  
Brook  
in "The  
Reverse of  
the Medal."

This month every district in the land is having its "British Film Week," during which will be shown the pick of British pictures. Our Honours List, therefore, will deal with some of the films that will be shown at this time. Some of them are not new—but they are none the worse for that—but the films that are in this list are, as usual, films that will amply repay anyone who takes the trouble to go and see them. The Picturegoer Critic unhesitatingly gives pride of place to George Cooper's Quality Films, and of these singles out *The Letters*, *Darkness*, and *Fallen Leaves*, as the most interesting and distinctive. They are only one- and two-reelers, but George Cooper has put into them as much skill and imagination as his colleagues will lavish on six or seven reels. They are an outstanding example of the fact that footage does not necessarily make features, and that a little artistic perception is better than the largest set ever built in Hollywood.

The hall-mark of them all is their direct simplicity. Cooper loses no time in coming to the point. All his cards are on the table from the first shot—



Fay Compton, Henry Victor and  
Constance Binney in "A Bill of  
Divorcement."

all but the trump card, which he keeps up his sleeve until the very last.

Take *The Letters*, for instance. You feel you know everything about it, you feel that the little drama is moving *Mary Price* and *Chris Walker* in "*Fallen Leaves*."



swift to its inevitable end—but the end is not in the least what you have suspected. "Madam," says the man; "I was not referring to *your* letters." The woman gasps in sheer amazement. So does the audience. It is the acme of dramatic climax. Then *Darkness*—you think as you listen with the old man by the fireside to the intruder's story that you have guessed the sequel. You think you know what the producer has never clearly told you—the identity of the old man. You think you have caught the producer napping. But have you? Just wait till the last shots of all!

A word of warning before I leave them. Quality Films are *really* different. If the average, overdressed love story contents you, leave them alone. For they are films for the fastidious.

Perhaps George Pearson has given more pleasure to British picturegoers than any other producer in our island. He knows all there is to know about making people laugh, and nearly all there is to know about making them cry. And in *Love, Life and Laughter* he proves that he knows just as well how to keep them on the tiptoe of excitement. In this film he departs rather from his "Squibs" tradition, mixing more fantasy with his comedy. Like Quality Films, this story of the little Cockney dancer is *different*.

It is not just that it marks Betty Balfour's highest rung on the ladder to stardom up to date, although her charm and versatility in this film are more pronounced than ever. It is not just that Pearson has filled his canvas with remarkable character types, which might have stepped straight out of a London street on to the screen. It is something more than this, something subtly dreamlike, woven out of fancy.





Hugh Miller and Madge Stuart in "The Letters."

He has applied all his technical skill to the creation of an illusive fairyland of light and shade. He has gone out of his way to utilise the effects of candle-light and firelight, he has striven for softness of lighting throughout, because only so can he efface the crude, raw edges that are life. For *Love, Life and Laughter*, in spite of its title, is an illusion of dreams.

He is at his best in the scenes in "Tip-toes'" attic, where she dances behind footlights of home manufacture, and lives her simple little love story with the young poet across the way. This is the very stuff that dreams are made of; the touch of a Barrie is there. Lit and photographed with a beauty to dream of, common sights and things of every day take on a new meaning, and carry one back to childhood days when even the smallest things and the most trivial had an enormous importance.

*Love, Life and Laughter*, if you can forget a few, a very few, minutes of it, is, in a different way, also a film for the fastidious.

A film that must certainly come into our list is *Alf's Button*. This is a hardy annual from the Hepworth Studios which is re-issued—not for the Harry Jonas and Betty Balfour in "Love, Life, and Laughter."



Impromptu footlights in "Love, Life, and Laughter."

first time—in the British Film Week. It is a film that no other country in the world could have made. Its humour is British from beginning to end, wholesome, hearty humour, with a laugh at every turn. Its trick photography has been perfectly done, indeed it is amazing that its success has not led to more imitations. Not its least claim to fame is that it featured Leslie Henson.

The Picturegoer Critic, for one, will be there to see *The Bill of Divorcement* when it again appears on our screens. To be honest, he ranks it above the stage play from which it was taken.

This is largely due to the bigger scope of the screen version, and the fact that it can tell its story on straightforward lines instead of allowing it to filter inch by inch through the dialogue of the players. But it is due also in no uncertain measure to the acting of the two women, our own Fay Compton, as the Mother, and Constance Binney, specially brought from America, to play the part of the daughter.

Between these two there exists a remarkable family likeness, both in their work and in the manner of their make-up. They play up to each other at every turn and emphasise all the light and shadow of their respective talents. Mother and daughter are perfect foils to one another, just as the dramatist imagined them to be. But indeed the casting of the film through-



Gwynne Herbert, Eileen Dennes, and Leslie Henson in "Alf's Button."

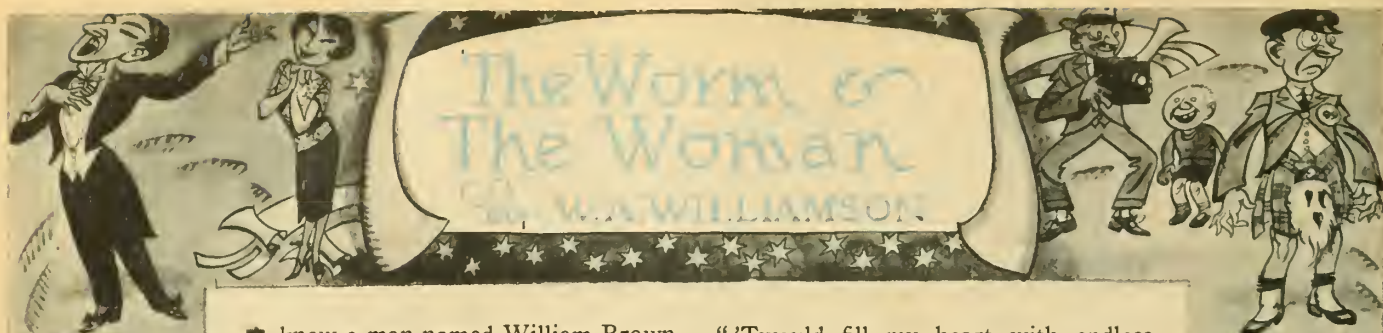
out is little short of brilliant.

It is certain that those who have already seen *A Prince of Lovers* will want to see it again. For those who have not already seen it there is a treat in store. This romantic life story of Lord Byron has many claims to Honours rank. Foremost amongst them must be the characterisation of the poet himself. Lord Byron is Howard Gaye, and Howard Gaye is Lord Byron. And behind Howard Gaye is Captain Calvert the producer whose direction inspired the actor to do what is probably his finest work.

There are people who say that Britain cannot make films. Let our Honours List be the answer.

THE PICTUREGOER CRITIC.





I knew a man named William Brown,  
Who loved a lovely girl named Cora,  
And, oh, he was a silly clown,  
This humble, innocent adorer.

No matter what she said or did,  
He did not dare to contradict her;  
She was the wolf and he the kid,  
He rabbit, she the boa-constrictor.

Now Cora was a movie fan,  
Screen stars alone her heart could soften,  
Her mind on filmy menfolk ran,  
And, womanlike, she changed it often.  
Week in, week out, from star to star,  
Her wayward little heart went flitting,  
Whilst William worshipped from afar  
And wished instead she'd take up knitting.

First, Cora said she'd leave her home  
For handsome debonair Novello,  
Then told the world that Stewart Rome  
Was really quite a topping fellow.

Our hero had a gallant heart,  
By trade he was a taxi-driver,  
He did his best to look the part  
And let his hair grow long like Ivor.

Then cut it short, the Stewart way,  
And practised up a sad expression;  
When this was done I grieve to say,  
That Cora made a fresh digression.

She said Rex Davis beat them all,  
And with his praises banged the tocsin;  
So Bill acquired a punching-ball  
And bought a lot of books on boxing.

His exercises made him thin,  
And Cora thought he looked ungainly;  
"If you," said she, "My heart would win  
Get nice and plump like Henry Ainley."

So William ceased to learn to box  
And spent his nights and days in eating,  
He fattened like a Smithfield ox,  
But Cora's interest was fleeting.

When David Hawthorne played *Rob Roy*,  
Coy Cora said to Bill, poor spartan;

"'Twould fill my heart with endless joy,

"If you, my darling, wore the tartan!"

Bill bought a kilt and wore it, too,  
And got his picture in the papers—  
With captions: "Kilt for Taxi Jehu,  
"Eccentric Scotsman Cutting Capers."

*The Wandering Jew* with Mr. Lang,  
Next focussed Cora's rapt attention;  
Said she, "How well his whiskers hang,"

What William said I will not mention.

For weeks our William did not shave  
Though whiskers made his face look horrid.

Then Cora saw the Marcel Wave  
That ripples on the Naresian forehead.

"There's hair!" she whispered in the ear

Of William, simplest of all simples  
"I think that I could love you dear  
"If you would wear your hair in dimples."

Then William swore an awful oath  
That sergeant-majors would be banned for,

Cried he: "To leave you I am loath  
"But *one* thing I will never stand for.

"I'd sigh for you, I'd die for you,  
"I'd lie for you like any liar.

"There's nothing much I would not do  
"I'd go through water and through fire.

"But wear my hair in kinky curls  
"All up-and-downish and Marcellish?

"It might be heavenly for the girls  
"For me I know it would be hellish!

"For weeks you've filled my soul with fear

"By piling Ossa upon Pelion,  
"The ideal beau for you my dear

"Would be a blinking tame chameleon.

"Farewell, a fond farewell to you;  
"I know a girl who's too short-sighted

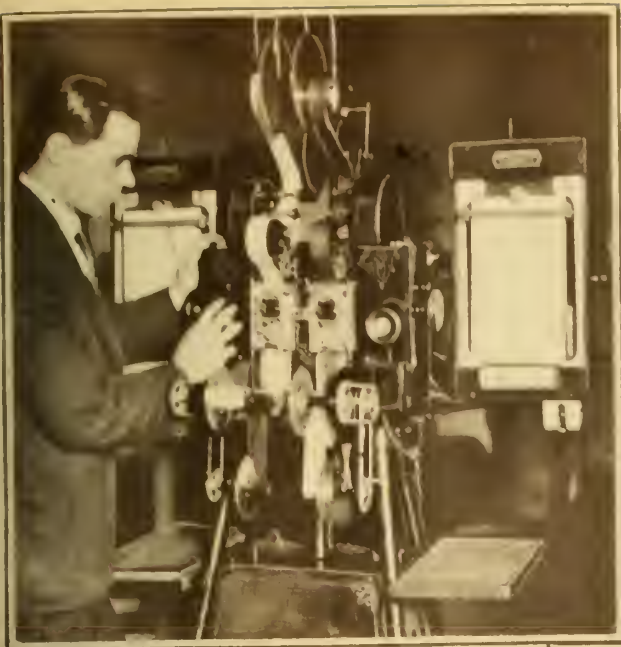
"To care about the movie crew  
"To marry her I'll be delighted."

Bill never goes to movies now,  
But stays at home with wife and nippers,

His hair hangs lank across his brow  
His kilt's cut up for carpet slippers.







*A film-printing machine at work.*

**T**he producer has given his last direction. The cameraman has turned his crank for the last time. Artists, electricians, carpenters, and the hundred and one people who have contributed to the making of the film have packed up and gone. The producer gazes with a meditative eye at a dozen little tin boxes, stacked neatly on a table before him. He may well look at them like that! The secret of £50,000 lies neatly coiled within those cases. It is all he has to show for countless hours of labour, worry and anxiety, for those boxes contain the undeveloped negative

# Romance in the Dark

by PENRYN BLAYDE



One of the newest British Industries is Film Printing. Many factories now turn out the miles and miles of British, American, Swedish, German and French film that is used in the kinemas of this country.

*A negative in process of development being examined by dark-room hands.* work depends. He can do no more. He must sit and wait until others have finished off his task. Come with me then, and let us follow the film from the time it leaves the studio until the time it is flashed on the screen for your delight. We will relieve the producer of his anxiety, and assure him that nothing is too much trouble for the magicians who will ensure that from those tin boxes a healthy super-film shall be born.

We will go to the Olympic Kine Laboratories at Acton, a factory modelled on up-to-date American lines. It is the newest factory in one of the newest British industries—film printing.

Figures are dry things—sometimes. Developing tanks in which the frames of films are dipped.



*Winding exposed films on frames ready for developing.*

of his film, and at present there is no one who knows whether or not his labours have been in vain.

Yes! He may well look at those little round tins with an anxious eye. Poor producer! Before his audiences can sit and smile or weep with his shadow-children he must entrust his precious work to other hands, on whose skill and care the very existence of his





The output of this factory, however, yields figures that read more like some chapter from a sparkling romance.

*A special machine for cleaning positive films.*



*The projection chamber. All films are thrown on a screen for examination before dispatch.*

They print at the Olympic Laboratories 100,000 feet of film every day, 100 miles of film every week, 5,200 miles of film in a year. Each week there leaves the factory enough film to reach from London to Bournemouth! Its yearly output would stretch practically from London to New York and back!

And this is only one of the many factories that each week are turning out thousands of miles of film that, sooner or later are shown on the screen of your own favourite theatre.

It is a spacious building, this factory: two floors, measuring 125 by 65 feet, standing in clean and pleasant surroundings. And while its motto is "Efficiency," its watchword is "Cleanliness." They wage a Holy War against dust and dirt at the Olympic, and every possible precaution is taken to guard against the film's deadliest enemies.

Close-fitting double doors meet one everywhere. The very air that enters these sacred precincts is taken in hand, washed, dried, and strained through fine meshes, and not until it has been

warmed to a temperature of 70 degrees is it allowed to pass, pure and clean, to do its work within.

The negative is developed, washed and fixed, much in the same way that the amateur photographer develops his films, with the difference that, in this instance, everything is done with the

*The packing department, where films are boxed for transit.*



*The printing room, where positives are printed from the negatives.*

most scrupulous care and scientific accuracy, and on a large scale. Carefully wound on frames in lengths of 200 feet, it is immersed in the necessary chemical baths, and its period of immersion carefully timed. Follow the processes of washing, fixing and further washing, and then it is wound on revolving drums to dry. From what has been said it can be readily realised with what anxiety and immense care every detail of these processes is watched, lest the slightest mishap befall the precious material that is being handled.

So far, so good. The negative has been safely developed, and each tiny picture is found to be clear and definite. Meanwhile preparations for printing the "positive" have been going forward.

The positive stock, which is to receive the impression from the negative, has been perforated on a Bell-Howell Perforator. Wonderful machines these, that cut the tiny holes in the edges of the film stock which are necessary to enable it to run over the cog-wheels in the projection machine. It is tremendously important that this work should be carried out with absolute accuracy. The slightest error in this means jumpy projection in the theatre. Nevertheless these marvellously ingenious machines carry out their work with delicate precision, and perforate the film at the rate of 400





*Huge revolving drums are used to dry the films.*

feet every twelve minutes. The most elaborate precautions are taken to ensure that not the least speck of the dust created by this work shall escape into the atmosphere. Powerful vacuum pumps attached to each machine carry away the results of the perforation to a specially-prepared receptacle outside the building.

The negative, cut up into lengths of 200 feet, according to the colour required, is now passed by the negative cutter to the braider, who judges the scenes throughout, and states the necessary intensity of light each scene will require during the printing. Each change of light that is wanted is indicated by a small notch cut in the edge of the negative. An ingenious mechanism ensures that these changes shall be automatically made by the printing machines while the film is running through.

The printing is done by placing a

*Cutting sections of films ready for joining.*



*The perforating-room, where the raw stock is handled*

reel of negative film and a reel of unexposed positive film, with a lens between, in the printing machine, and rotating them in rapid unison. The

light shines through the negative, varying automatically in intensity in accordance with the density of the film, on to the unexposed positive, and the print is made. The Duplex printer, automatically controlled, prints 1,500 feet an hour. The Debric, a much later type of machine, is capable of printing 5,000 feet—a full-length feature—in an hour. At the Olympic Laboratories they are content to run it at 1,500 feet an hour, and even this means the printing of 24,000 separate photographs in 60 minutes, 1,000 photographs every minute, over 60 photographs every second! It is enough to make an amateur photographer die of envy!

From the printer the positive film is taken in 200 feet lengths, and wound on teeth frames for development. The teeth on top and bottom of the frames are necessary to prevent the strips of film coming into contact with one another during the process.

The air in these rooms is taken in hand again and made moist. Dry air would tend to produce discharges of static electricity and cause "frictional fog" on the film; so it is kept humid by means of minutely fine vapourisation at a constant temperature of 75 degrees.

From the printing room then, the film passes to the developing room through ingenious cupboards, so constructed that only one door can be opened at a time. Should the door in the printing room be inadvertently left open, the door into the developing room cannot be opened until the other door is shut. In this way any chance of light accidentally falling on the undeveloped film is avoided.

In the developing room, four frames at a time (800 feet of film), are immersed in the developing tanks for approximately five minutes. Developed, the prints are now passed through the water tank and the hypo bath, and so through another, and similar, system of

*(Continued on page 65).*

*The joining-room, where the sections are made into 1,000 foot reels.*







Fay Compton as "Queen Mary."

# British Studio Gossip



Ellen Compton as "Queen Elizabeth."

## British Screen Sisters.

Ellen Compton makes a most promising film debut in the impressive, if somewhat thankless rôle of "Queen Elizabeth" in *The Loves of Mary Queen of Scots*. She is by far the best "Good Queen Bess" as yet seen on the screen, and many would like to see her in a photoplay written around the authentic career of Elizabeth, whose personality, if not so romantic, was nearly as colourful as that of her fascinating half-sister. Despite deficiencies in height, in figure, colouring, everything, there is a decided resemblance between the sisters, and the camera accentuates this with great effect. Fay Compton's "Mary" explains to a great degree the attraction this ill-fated Queen possessed, but the character is as usual heavily white-washed.

Top right: Queenie Thomas. Right: Joan Morgan. Below: Collette Brettel and Henry Victor in "The Colleen Bawn."



## She Didn't Say Why—

Joan Morgan spent her Christmas in America. This pretty little star has heretofore resisted the tempting offers made her by Bryant Washburn and other American stars, but shortly after her work in *The Great Will* was finished, she very quietly slipped away. With her apple-blossom colouring, and fresh, typically British personality Joan should have a great future overseas. She is no stranger to travel, for she has been in South Africa and several other wild places, after which New York and even Los should seem tame in comparison.

## Flora's First Impressions.

"I have been meeting so many interesting people," writes Flora Le Breton from New York, "and going to so many dinners that my diary seems full of dates. I haven't recovered from my astonishment at the amount of champagne I find all over this dry (?) country. Nor from my disappointment when I saw that Pauline Frederick had bobbed her hair. But I was ever so thrilled meeting her at dinner at the Fitzmaurice's and she's perfectly wonderful. I hadn't been in New York a week before I had an offer from London for a leading stage part, but I've refused because I came out here to work in pictures and I mean to do it. I was also offered a rôle in several films about to be produced in Paris, but it's U.S.A. for little me this time and I turned that down too."

## Seeing Stars.

"It has been great fun meeting all the celebrities: Cyril Maude took me to his show 'Aren't We All,' at the Gaiety and gave, yes, another dinner in my honour, and Daniel Frohman, Nora Bayes, David Belasco and Cecilia Loftus were there. Dick Barthelmess was the next kinema star I met, then Madge Kennedy. I was asked to talk to American fans by Radio, so went to Metro offices and said a whole lot about Stage and Screen. I am rather glad my audience could not see my scared



face. I've never broadcasted before. I hope to tell you the title of my first film this side in my next letter."

#### A Popular Trio.

Every film fan remembers with pleasure the sporting dramas in which Vi Hopson played heroine, Stewart Rome hero, and Cameron Carr, bad man. This talented trio are reunited again after many months in *The Stirrup Cup Sensation*, a new Campbell-Rae-Brown story. Walter West is producing as usual. Violet Hopson only recently presented two Cups, one at a Boxing



Lionelle  
Howard  
and

Phyllis  
Lytton  
in

"The Fair Maid of Perth."

Contest, and one at a Billiard match. Both were Kinema functions, and the star, who is extremely feminine, demurred a little at the idea of attending the boxing gala. But she confessed afterwards that she had enjoyed it.

#### Stoll's Expeditionary Force.

It is "all abroad" at Stoll's these days. A. E. Coleby has gone to Nice with a large company for exteriors of *The Great Prince Shan*, which stars Sessue Hayakawa and Ivy Duke. Tsuru Aoki and Valia have other leading roles, and David Hawthorne, and Fred Raynham head the masculine support. Maurice Elvey is also there, working upon exteriors of two Matheson Lang pictures, the first a romantic drama, *Henry of Navarre*, the second *Miranda of the Balcony*. *Henry of Navarre* has a fine cast, for Lang plays "Henry," Henry Victor "De Guise," Hutin Britton, "Catherine De Medici," Humbertstone Wright, "King Charles IX." and Gladys Jennings "Marguerite De Valois."

#### Valia of the Balcony.

The title-role in *Miranda of the Balcony* has been given to Valia, whose fascinating personality should suit the part very well. Matheson Lang plays "Chalmers," the hero of this A. E. W. Mason story, and Henry Victor "Warrener." Agar Lyons is "Major Willoughby," and Humbertstone Wright "Hassan Akbar." It is highly probable that the title will be altered before the picture is shown.



Gladys Jennings as "Fair Rosamonde" in "Becket."

#### The Vagabond Abroad.

Carlyle Blackwell will be back from India before the end of this month. He is planning to make two more big productions this year, one of which deals with Indian life and customs. He will have all the data he wants when he returns; and thus far the only announcement he makes is that Albert Chase is to be in both pictures.

#### The Return of Lieut. Daring.

Another old friend of pre-war days has just re-entered filmland in the person of *Lieutenant Daring* (Percy Moran), who has just finished another quick-fire melodrama. The film was made at Hove, and is titled *Lieutenant Daring and the Water Rats*. Muriel Gregory plays leading lady and George Foley and Leila King support. "Lieutenant Daring" was a popular favourite in several adventure films.

*The "Scarlet Pimpernel" unmasks in "I Will Repay."*



#### His First Dual Rôle.

Little Peter Dear is looking forward to the time when he can rejoin Matheson Lang at Stolls. Peter has a part in *Henry of Navarre*, and as the baby of the cast he usually has a fine time both in and out of working hours. He may play a dual rôle later on, as brother and sister in a coming photoplay.

#### A Grim Pastime.

Arthur Burne who plays "Grim" the monk in *Becket* was so obsessed with his part that the story of *Becket* haunted his dreams. "Whilst we were in Canterbury," he said, "I used to have many a chat with one of the Cathedral authorities about Becket, his life and his death. According to history, St. Thomas à Becket's skull was cut off with a sword by Fitzurse. But this is surely an impossibility, besides some remains which were found and popularly supposed to be those of the Primate did not bear out the theory. Anyhow we argued it out at great length.

#### And the Consequences.

"That night I dreamt I was walking about with my own head under my arm. And I possessed the use of all my faculties all the time, although my head when removed was like the head of a dead man, as the eyes were sightless, etc. The same dream recurred the next night but one. I didn't use a sword but a saw, and was hard at work removing the top just about where "Grim's" tonsure appears, when something startled me and I thought, 'I'm making a mistake playing about with my head like this. Supposing I can't put the top on again when I've got it off.' Then I woke. And I haven't indulged in any more discussions or nightmares since."

Warwick Ward and Annette Benson in "The Money Habit."





**HILDA BAYLEY**

*Though she sometimes camouflages her own dark hair with a blonde wig, Hilda always manages to keep her individuality and the sympathies of her audiences. She is in stageland now, touring in "The Outsider."*





**JOHN STUART**

*A very promising British juvenile, who has had three years' screen experience. John is twenty-five, and is a real Highlander for he served in France with the Seaforths during the Big Push.*



**ALMA TAYLOR**

*Who is coming out of her shell these days, much to the delight of picturegoers in general. Despite talks via Radio and personal appearances, she is at work upon "A Daughter in Revolt."*





**HENRY VICTOR**

*This fine, emotional actor is equally at home in modern or costume roles, though he confesses to a preference for the former. Off the screen his hobbies are cricket, tennis and psychology.*



**MATHESON LANG**

*Made his first film in nineteen-sixteen, somewhat against his will, for he was an impenitent movie-hater. But he soon repented and now appears in as many screenplays as stageplays.*



Winsome Mary Odette shed her own name of Goimboult soon after she became a screenstar, but she will never lose the vivacity and brightness which is her French birthright. And so "Mademoiselle" one instinctively calls her; this demure little lady with the big expressive dark eyes and brown tresses worn always parted in the centre. She is only a little over twenty, and has been a film player since she was sixteen, making her first appearances in *Dombey and Son* and *The Greatest Wish in the World*.

Quite an experienced actress she was, even then, for Odette Goimboult had been a public favourite for fully half-a-dozen years. She could dance almost as soon as she could toddle and was such a fairy-like little maid that she was always selected to play this or that good spirit in various pantomimes and plays.

Over here in England Mary Odette's first claim to fame came when she played the child in "The Death of Tintageles" at the St. James, and was kissed and congratulated by no end of celebrities, amongst whom was Bernard Shaw.

Mary, who could even then be very serious on occasions, hailed G.B.S. at once as a fellow-vegetarian and their conversation was most enlightening.

"On Trial" next gave her an emotional rôle which was her last for some time, for she took so kindly to screenwork that she had little time for the stage. Like most very young artists, Mary delighted in dramatic, forceful parts; she had to be bribed with one after her own heart to induce her to play *ingenues*.

The wife in *Torn Sails*, and the passion-swept "Caterina" of *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, are amongst her favourites. Mary has great facial powers of expression; she has also a certain force and temperament that enables her to freely assume a dozen and one different identities. She is a great lover of the out-of-doors, and likes swimming, tennis, and, of course, dancing. She rides too, and this came about through one of her film rôles, for A. E. Matthews, the stage actor taught her when they played together in *The Castle of Dreams*.

Otherwise she lives very quietly in Brighton with her mother, and is only rarely seen in town. Mary Odette's films make a formidable list; these are, besides those mentioned above: *Lady Clare*, *Spinner O' Dreams*, *The Way of an Eagle*, *The Greatest Wish in the World*, *Peace*, *The Wages of Sin*, *Whosoever Shall Offend*, *As He Was Born*, *The Top Dog*, *Enchantment*, *The Breed of the Treshams*, *Inheritance*, *John Heriot's Wife*, *As God Made Her*, *All Roads Lead to Calvary*, *The Lion's Mouse*, *With All Her Heart*, *The Wonderful Year*, *Edmund Kean*, and *Eugene Aram*, which she has only recently completed. She has

# Mademoiselle Mary

Mary Odette came to England when quite a baby and has done most of her screenwork here.



Reading downwards: Mary Odette; Mary as "Anne Danby" in "Edmund Kean," and as "Ronnie" in "With All Her Heart."



travelled to Holland and back to France again for her more recent pictures, but England is her permanent home and she will never desert us for very long. Mary Odette's performance in *The Faithful Heart* on the stage last year showed that her screenwork had, if anything, improved her stage technique. She was dubbed "Everyman's dream daughter" by a very well-known critic.



# Malcolm Makes Good

Malcolm  
Tod.

various things, but none for very long, until the lure of the screen called in no uncertain voice and Malcolm obeyed. When he interviewed a certain casting director, Malcolm gave among other accomplishments "Able to train any kind of animal to do tricks, and generally obey me." So they decided he would be the right man to tackle the infant in *A Bachelor's Baby* and thus a new star arose. He knew precious little about babies, though he cheerfully set about the rather difficult task of taming an unusually temperamental kiddie—acquiring experience which he will no doubt find invaluable later on. Malcolm Tod is not unusually loquacious, excepting on that one subject, once launched upon it, though, he will go for hours. He usually prefers to make a noise with any musical instrument other than his own voice. He owns all sorts, from a saxophone to a one-man jazz band, and is in general request always when it's a question of music.

Since *A Bachelor's Baby*, he has played "Ralph Rookwood" in *Dick Turpin*, and a whole lot of "juvenile leads" in Stoll, Quality, and Welsh Pearson films, and in *The Thief*, *The Hawk*, and *The Typhoon*. The last are his favourites because of the stunts in them, for Tod likes to keep his hand and eye well in. For the rest, he is a tall, eager looking fellow, with dark grey eyes and brown hair, and his boyish good looks conceal a very determined personality. He has spent the last few months on the Continent working with a French company in Vienna, where *La Cabane d'Amour* (The Love Hut) was only recently finished. He came to London for a very brief visit Christmas time, but was called back again almost immediately and is likely to be away all the spring.

*Making up André de Meyer, a French boy who makes a charming little girl.*



"Poison in the Moonlight." A very dramatic moment in "The Love Hut."

It hasn't taken him very long, either. He made his first attempt in nineteen-twenty-one, starting at the very bottom of the movie ladder, as just "one of the crowd." But, as might be expected of the son of a Scotch father and an American mother, Malcolm is blessed with plenty of push and go and he landed his first leading rôle almost sooner than he was ready for it. He says it was luck, for he had never actually been on the stage, though he had had much amateur concert work experience whilst he was in the Army.

Born at Burton-on-Trent on March 16, 1897, Tod was destined for the Army and went from Paignton to

Sandhurst, thence to the Black Watch. Five years' service there left him wishing for a War, so that he could put his experience to a test. He had all the war he wanted from 1916 on, as he will tell you, somewhat seriously, for he went across with the Black Watch, though he soon transferred to the R.A.F.

During six months' service with the fighting squadron of the R.A.F., Malcolm did more thrilling things than any serial hero. Adventure followed adventure, and he can (though it takes a lot of coaxing), unfold tales of over thirty aerial battles in which he took part.

Back in England again he tried





# Bonnie Prince Charlie

by  
JOHN  
FLEMING



On an afternoon in the early summer of the memorable year 1745, a solitary speck of a man might have been observed ascending the rough cliff on a point of the coast of Scotland immediately opposite to the Isle of Skye, hurrying, stumbling, immensely conscious of his own importance, or perhaps the importance of his mission; a man long vanished from a history as a name, and yet in a sense for ever immortal. For he it was, this remembered unknown, who first brought to Scotland's shores the news of the coming of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart.

At the cliff top he was met by a little group of men, tense and expectant. "See," cried he, pointing far across the water to a tiny black blur that smudged the horizon—"in yon privateer comes the Prince, and he lands to-night. Tomorrow we march on Edinburgh. Are the lads in readiness?"

In bushes nearby a score of lads were in readiness to carry the news of the landing into every corner of Scotland. Now they came from their place of concealment and hastened off on their mission. The first bearer of the tidings drew from his pocket a folded paper and pressed it upon one of the others.

"See that it gets into the proper hands," he commanded. "'Tis the

first dispatch of our cause, signed by the very hand of the Prince himself—see there is his signature!"

"God bless his bonnie face! We'll to the sea edge to meet him."

Gravely they descended by the cliff path to the beach, gravely as became their standing and great importance in this northern land, for they were heads and leaders of the seven great Highland clans. On the beach they stood waiting through the long hours and towards nightfall were rewarded by the sight of a boat putting off from the privateer. Nearer and nearer it drew and at last sprang from it, stood before them, shaking their hands and smiling into their faces, their handsome young leader and hero, Bonnie Prince Charlie.

When the greeting was over, emotional and affecting, and the Highland chiefs could stand off and properly appreciate the reality of it all, for the first time there crossed their rugged faces a shade of disappointment. Here, truly, was their Prince, their beloved leader. But he was here alone.

"I bring no foreign troops," he explained. "French support failed me, but well do I know that support in my own country will not fail me."

Horses were waiting upon the hill. With Prince Charles at their head the chiefs set off upon their triumphal march to the capital. The personality

of the Young Chevalier captured the hearts of the staunch Highlanders and the march to Edinburgh was in the nature of a bloodless victory. Recruiting proceeded apace and in every mile the army of the Prince grew. The entry into the capital itself was a triumph capping the triumphs that had gone before, and culminated in the pomp and elegance of a civic ball, attaining almost to the dignity and ceremony of a Court. Here Charles met the rest of the staunch men who were to be his greatest aid through the dramatic days to come. Here also he met Flora Macdonald.

Flora was the modest protégée of Lady Clanranald, an ardent supporter of the Jacobite cause, to whose efforts not a little of the success of this secret landing and uprising had been due. Flora was as sweet as Scotland's heather, as noble as her glorious native hills. But as the cloud will touch the sun, so ever attendant on Flora in the Scottish capital was Robert Fraser, a suitor whose gold was yet not the key to Flora's heart.

"Do you not realise," he had urged, "that as my wife you'd be received at the English Court?"

"What has the English Court tae do wi' a Hieland lassie's love?" she had demanded.

But even that had not driven him



from her side.

On the night of Prince Charlie's entry into Edinburgh, Lady Clanranald and her protégée were present at the civic reception and ball, and the young Prince at once was struck by her glorious beauty.

"This dance," he said, "is mine."

"Your Highness's lightest wishes are my commands," replied Flora.

And so they danced and the night wore away, the two ever together.

"Soft eyes looked love

To eyes which spake again."

"I dare swear that the sparkle in your eyes is the sparkle in my lucky star," said the Prince; and, taking a rose from her hair: "Let me keep that rose—for ever."

They were alone in an alcove, away from the glad chaos of the ballroom. He took her hand and raised it to his lips. And it was at this moment the curtains behind them parted and Robert Fraser came before them.

"How dare you, sir," cried the Prince, "invade our presence?"

Fraser, cold and cunning, but with a smile that he forced into a certain graciousness, bowed low, made due apology, and then, strategist ever, drew his sword from its scabbard and raised it high.

"In apology," he said, "May I hope that my sword be the first to make a thrust for our cause?"

"You have spoken well, and are forgiven," said the Prince, bowing. Charles Stuart offered Flora his arm with his usual courtly grace, and Fraser watched them go with hatred agleam in his sinister eyes. With a sudden burst of fury he broke his sword across his knee, once, twice, and yet again.

"Even so, Charles Stuart," he murmured, "yet will I break you."

The news of the landing and the rising reached London in due course, but agitated the bosoms of the mighty there not unduly. England's king, George of Hanover, even smiled at the tidings; and when his son, the Duke of Cumberland, requested to be given charge of the opposing troop, he smiled again.

"An unnecessary indignity, Cumberland," the king replied. "Sir John Cope is on the spot. He shall—er—cope with the situation."

Daily the rebels' cause gained ground and Cope's advisers urged him to ask reinforcements of London. But:

"Damn! No. Charles Stuart, I tell you is a mere gallant. He is a nice boy for a ladies' party, but at fighting not to be feared. His cause? Bah! His ladies will soon make him forget that!"

And so the days were spent in care-



*Flora's loyalty and faith never flagged for even a moment.*

lessly watching, and the nights with wine. And one night was spent in the fiercest carousal yet, and it proved a grim night for Cope. It was the Eve of Prestonpans, and when the day broke there were very few English left alive. To Flora, in the little palace of Lady Clanranald, there was brought the news of victory, and a stirring of the heart such as she had never yet known came with the realisation that he who was sweeping the country with his glory, to-day's prince, to-morrow's king, was her lover, her sweetheart, her Bonnie Prince Charlie.

And soon this came to be known, known and frowned at by the advisers and the staunchest supporters of the Pretender. Charles was a true Stuart, and the call of the white cockade for him sank to a whisper when Flora was near.

Once, by her side when an equerry brought a summons to the chief's conference:

"Tell my generals," he said, embracing Flora, "that I cannot attend the conference to-day."

And the message was taken. "His Highness canna attend. He's detained on most important business." But the chieftains shook their heads and were solemn.

"Remember," said one, "he's only a wee laddie, an' in love."

But another brought his fist to the table in a mighty blow that

might have caused a throne to totter, but for the man's loyalty to the subject of his remarks.

"Awa' wi' this talk of love at such a time. His only love should be the cause."

The catastrophe of Prestonpans came like a cold wind to the throne in London. Cope was set aside in disgrace, and Cumberland at last permitted to test his strength. He went north, and he went north with grim seriousness, not to love, as Charles was loving, but to fight and to destroy. But it was not alone the determination of the Duke that turned the day. We may speculate on what might have been Scotland's history now, if Charles Stuart had not loved and been loved by the bewitching Flora Macdonald. And if this lady had not spurned the advances of Robert Fraser.

Fraser was Cumberland's greatest aid to victory. Declaring loyalty to the Prince he was able to obtain possession of all the rebels' plans, and in this he was helped by a tough old Highlander of the name of Donald Macpherson. Macpherson, swearing loudest loyalty of the lot, had so impressed the Prince that immediately he was appointed to the position of Charles's personal bodyguard. From Macpherson all things leaked to Fraser, from Fraser to the

Duke of Cumberland. Plot under plot was hatched. The Rebels were driven back and they were driven back into country which they found to be suspiciously foodless. Murmurs of discontent were heard.

"We cannot fecht wi'oot bread. We'll dee in battle if needs be, but we winna starve."

Some food was found, offered at outrageous price beyond the Rebels' means, for with the turn from success came a corresponding shrinkage of funds. Where should they turn for payment? Charles bethought him of his jewels. Macpherson waited whilst a search was made. Alas! The jewel case was empty.

"Take this," the young Prince exclaimed drawing from his finger a valuable ring. "Give it to the miller in payment. 'Twill serve for a few more loaves surely."

The thought was good but the miller went unpaid, nevertheless. For Fraser intercepted Donald Macpherson before he had gone many hundred yards.

"What do you with the Prince's ring?" he questioned sharply.

The man repeated his instructions.

"Give me the ring and go your way," said Fraser, haughtily. "I will myself give it to the miller."

He watched Macpherson's departure, then, with a low triumphant chuckle, slipped the ring on his own finger.

"Now, Charles Stuart, you are un-



done," he muttered. "This will take me through your lines as your accredited follower, and your miller must go unpaid. De'il take him."

Things went ill with the Stuart cause. Even Flora's love and loyalty could not efface the lines of care from the Young Pretender's brow.

"We go back and back," he told her sadly. "Soon we must stand and fight and I fear the result."

And soon indeed they had to stand and fight, and the field on which they fought was the field of Culloden.

"Red sank the sun upon Culloden plain,

And the cause of the Stuarts lay dead with the slain."

Dead indeed. The Rebels' force vanquished and scattered; the Rebels' leader, that Bonnie Prince Charlie who had landed so hopefully on the northern coast so little a while ago, driven now into retreat and hiding. Where he was no man knew—though perhaps some woman did—but most men were in hopes of soon knowing. For a proclamation was posted at many points offering gold for the fugitive, more for him alive than dead, and when gold shall speak there are many men to leap to its call.

With this price upon his head, Prince Charlie was harried and hunted from dale to dale, hill to hill, knowing no rest day or night, the English soldiery ever at his heels. And Flora ran, too, seeking, seeking, as eagerly as the British soldiery, but not by their side. For news had come to her, reached her by stealth, the gladdest news that the grey future now could hold. France had stirred at last—or his supporters there—and it was known that during the next week a privateer would lie off the coast of the Isle of Skye to bear the flying Prince to safety, if he could but gain its decks. But how to accomplish this? Charles could know nothing of it. Flora knew, but where was Charles for her to tell? Oh! more diligently even than the British soldiery did she go from hill to dale, cottage to cottage, asking amongst the loyal and the faithful, such few of them as remained.

And with her, as the snake lay in Eden, was Fraser.

"Let me prove to you my devotion," he urged. "Let me help you find the Prince."

"What proof have I that you are his friend?" she asked.

And yet she let him accompany her on the search, so alone, so friendless was she, that even to have Fraser by her side seemed some measure of safety.

The days went on and the net drew tighter. In every path that Charles took an enemy seemed to lurk; there was a foe in every shadow. Charles looked at the coast for a last refuge, all unknowing that the refuge was there. But from this step

particularly his few remaining faithful followers sought to dissuade him.

"The country is under martial law and you cannot proceed on board a ship without a passport."

And at last utter despair seized him.

"Save yourself," he said to them.

"I can go no farther."

But at that moment they came to a

#### CHARACTERS.

Prince Charles -- -- IVOR NOVELLO  
Flora Macdonald -- GLADYS COOPER  
Neil Macleachinn SYDNEY SEAWARD  
Robert Fraser -- -- HUGH MILLER  
Donald Macpherson BENSON KLEVE  
The Duke of Cumberland

A. B. IMESON  
George II. -- -- LEWIS GILBERT  
Sir John Cope BROMLEY DAVENPORT  
The Lady Clanranald

APELINE HAYDEN-COFFIN

*Narrated by permission from the Gaumont film of the same title.*

little Highland village and saw upon a wall a copy of the proclamation with the price that was offered for him, and this seemed to mock his wavering and spur him to fresh endeavour.

"It is a question of life and death. Very well. I shall not sit down and wait for it coming. I must go on. I will go on."

At length, worn out and hungry, he came to a remote cottage set on a hill overlooking the western waters. The cottager was at his gate.

"I am Charles Stuart," the Prince announced, touching the old fellow's shoulder; "in the name of mercy hide me. The soldiers are behind me and will come upon me any minute unless you do this for me."

"Dinna fash yourself, laddie," said the old man, "Come in."

Loyally the old couple served their weary Prince. Set their best before him, and rough as it was, the fare tasted nectar-like to the famished man.

Suddenly came the sound of men's

voices and beating of arms against the door. "Open in the King's name!"

"Awa' wi' ye laddie, quick."

The old man guided the fugitive within and into the bedroom of Mary, his wife. Behind the bed he made him crouch, whilst the old woman quickly threw herself upon it.

None too soon, for the soldiers were growing impatient.

Patiently the old man admitted them into his home, even guided them into the inner room, despite his wife's shrill "Tak' shame tae yersel' tae let strange men intae yer woman's room."

Discomfited the soldiers dispersed, and later, refreshed, and disguised as a waggoner, Prince Charlie left that loyal pair.

Came Fraser, the arch-traitor to Flora with a false smile and false words of pity, and by means of false promises and Prince Charlie's ring, so abated her mistrust of him that the two set forth together by coach to find the fugitive.

Presently they rested at an inn, and there, whilst Fraser was absent a few moments, Flora learned the truth from one of the Prince's true servants. Without hesitation she left the inn and set forth across the hills herself.

And love guided her for within half-an-



*Things looked black for the fugitive alone there.*



hour she found him and warned him and kissed him, and sent him by a certain path.

"Gie me yon plaid," she cried, "and let the waggon be."

The pursuit was heard behind and as they tore down the hill, Flora donned bonnet and plaid and showed herself amid the heather.

Mile by mile she led them away and at last when she was overtaken it was very far from the point at which she had left her lover. Fraser was leading and a black look disfigured his features when he saw the face of his capture.

"You! Well—if I haven't got him, at least I've got you!"

He turned to his followers.

"Leave me."

When they were alone, and the soldiers were far away across the moor Fraser with an evil smile playing about his mouth took Flora in his arms.

He sought to kiss her, and now at last she drew away.

"Traitor!" she cried.

But he drew her to him and imprinted a hot kiss on her scarlet lips. Her tiny hands reached up and beat his face. Fraser laughed.

Laughed and fell back, and sank sprawling across the heather. For from out of the shadow of a tree Prince Charlie had sprung and was standing by his lady's side.

"Come," he whispered, "I have horses. I followed, knowing him at last. There is only Fraser. Alone what can he do."

He led Flora to the waiting steeds and they mounted and galloped away. Behind a little ping! cut the autumn haze—a shot from Fraser's pistol. The Prince clapped a hand to his shoulder, swayed and fell from his saddle.

Somehow, Flora dismounted, and put him upon her mount, somehow she got them both away and out of Fraser's reach, for the moment, at least.

Into the heather and across the hill, and over familiar ground now. But the wound bled profusely, the man leaned a dead-weight upon the girl's frail shoulders. At last a church loomed out of the mist. Here would be safety for a few minutes' rest. Nobody was in sight and none to observe their approach. Through the little gate she guided him, half-way up the narrow aisle he stumbled and fell unconscious at her feet.

Flora looked round the little chapel in desperation. Here was no place for a wounded man to lie, yet here he must abide until she might fetch water, and help. Putting forth all her strength, she dragged him a few feet further, to the foot of the altar. There, with the tears streaming from her eyes, she uttered a brief prayer that none should find him, then, after propping his head upon her own bonnet, she hastened away.

But behind the pursuers followed fast and the traitor Donald Macpherson fastest of all. He it was who alone entered the Highland chapel.

"The end at last!" grinned Donald. But it was not.

As Donald went in, a slanting beam of sunlight fell across a figure of Judas in the window. Donald stared, dropped his eyes, felt shame for perhaps the first time in his life, and turning, slunk away. Slunk away and did not look back and did not dare to think of his actions until once more he was up with the main body of Fraser's pursuit.

"Any trace?" asked Fraser.

"Not a sign," Donald replied, averting his eyes as he lied.

The ferry boat that plied between the Isle of Skye and the mainland had two passengers, Flora Macdonald and her maid, Betty Burke. Flora was going, as she told the guard, to stay for a few days at the house of a friend, Kingsburgh House. They were permitted to pass, the Prince obviously not being with them, and soon the ferry boat was a mere speck on the water. But later came Fraser and his men, with the news that the guards had been fooled.

"Betty Burke!" he stormed. "Fudge! That maid Betty Burke was the Prince himself, disguised by Flora Macdonald. Fetch me boats."

The Prince and Flora, before the former's departure for the privateer, now lying well inshore, were taking a last walk on the rugged rocks above the sea, looking back to the mainland for what might be the Prince's last time. Suddenly before them appeared their traitor friend.

"I swore to get you," Fraser cried, "and, by heaven, at last I've got you!"

Swords were drawn and the two men sprang upon each other. It was a short and desperate fight, but soon Fraser was unarmed and lying at the other's mercy. Prince Charles raised his sword and stood above his fallen foe. Then Flora spoke.

"Do not soil your sword with his craven blood," she begged. "He does not deserve so noble an end as killing by you."

Charles glanced down at Fraser, and from him to Flora. Then he turned away. They walked to the cliff edge and held each others' hands.

For Fraser they had neither eyes nor thought. They did not see as he raised himself upon one elbow that he drew his pistol, cocked it and aimed it at the Prince. But one watching did. Donald Macpherson fell upon his leader as the finger was on the trigger, dragged him forward to the cliff edge, and with him fell below to doom. So did Donald wipe out the black record of his past. In life a mercenary, in death he proved a Highlander.

Charles and Flora walked to the beach below, to the waiting boat that was to part them for life. For a brief moment they stood by the water side, looking into each others' eyes. Then Charles took her in a last embrace and imprinted a sorrowful kiss upon her brow. He turned away and climbed to the boat, and she, with streaming eyes, raised a hand and waved him hopefully on his way.

So they parted, the glory of their romance untarnished, the memory of their great adventure imperishable, immortal lovers.



*The tears flowed from Flora's eyes as she offered up a prayer.*







# The History of Hilda

Reading downwards: Two artistic poses. Hilda Bayley as "Simonetta" in "Carnival;" and Hilda with Stewart Rome in "The Woman Who Obeyed."



rather a shock for the moment. You seemed so much a part of all this," and I waved my hand in the direction of the Eastern rugs and hangings.

"I hope you like it," said Hilda. "Of course. I just love it," I answered. Her face brightened. "Eastern mythology is one of my pet hobbies" she



or the first moment I was dazzled. Out of the grey of a Kensington afternoon I had passed in one step into a fairyland of the Orient. Gold and orange and purple rioted in a sea of Tyrean blue, and the soft light played upon masses of flowers.

"Good afternoon," said a voice from the shadows, and I turned round with a start. I had not been conscious of her presence, and even now when I looked at her I could scarcely believe that this dark-haired, dark-eyed figure was really the English screen actress that I had come to see. She looked like a spirit out of her own beloved Eastern lore.

"Are you—is it—Miss Bayley?" I asked a little nervously. She is *petite* and frail, but there is a certain dignity in her bearing which cannot but command awe. To tell the truth she frightened me a little. I suppose I showed it, for she smiled and pushed forward a carved oak chair, and begged me to sit down.

"Don't say you are afraid of me too," she said. "You know I have a simply

terrible reputation amongst my public, and I can't think why. Such a lot of them seem to regard me as a really awful person. I am always getting letters begging me to turn round and reform and lead a virtuous life. I suppose it's the parts I've played—vamps you know, and shady ladies of worse than no occupation."

I sank into the chair and warmed my hands by the crackling fire. "It wasn't that," said I apologetically, "it was just—well, you gave me



said, "and I love to have bright colours and beautiful things around me. It helps my work. It keeps me mentally alert."

"How did you come to desert the stage even temporarily for the screen?" I asked.

"Luck," she replied, "just pure luck. I had done very little of real importance on the stage up to then. When I left my dramatic school I got my first engagement—a walking-on part in which the chief interest was that I had to double for the heroine's shriek. I did it off-stage, and brought the house down! And I really think that shriek was responsible for my first *real* part which followed—a part in 'The Yellow Jacket.' After that, I appeared with Matheson Lang in 'Mr. Wu,' in 'The Thirteenth Chair,' and then in 'The Barton Mystery.' Then the screen found me."

"The general public," I said, "seem to think that your first screen part was with Matheson Lang in *Carnival*."

screen. Then the theatre called me again."

"'Carnival'?" I asked. "Yes, 'Carnival,' she said, "and a little later, 'Out To Win.' Oh, and then there was 'His Girl' at the Gaiety," she added. "That was a musical comedy," I said. She laughed. "Yes, it's funny, isn't it," she answered, "nobody thought I could do it, least of all myself, but I loved the work."

"Which is your favourite part, Miss Bayley?" I asked.

"Simonetta" in *Carnival*," she replied without hesitation, "both on the stage and on the screen. She has such a range and such personality. But I must confess," she added, a little apologetically, "that I like playing bad women and downtrodden women too. I had a wonderful part as a drug fiend in *When London Sleeps*, and an interesting character study as Herbert Langley's unhappy wife in *Flames of Passion*. There couldn't have been a more miserable woman, I think."

"And now you're devoting yourself entirely to films?" "There are stage interludes, though," she answered, "but I hope my film public will always be as kind to me as my stage public has been."

"What are your latest films?" I asked, for I was loath to go although the clock was ticking away the time of my appointment.

"*The Scandal*," she answered, "which we made in the South of France, and *The Woman Who Obeyed*."

As she shook hands Hilda murmured pensively, "You know I don't know why she obeyed! I never do!"

And I'm sure she doesn't. Hilda is a law unto herself—and a beautiful one!



Above: Hilda as "the Countess" in "Under Suspicion," her first star film. Below: With G. K. Arthur in "Flames of Passion."



Hilda Bayley.

"Oh, no!" Hilda answered. "My real debut was in a propaganda film during the war. I won't tell you its name, but Walter West liked my work in it well enough to engage me for a small part in *A Soul's Crucifixion*. *Under Suspicion* followed—I was a Russian Countess in that—and then Lyn Harding and I made a version of *The Barton Mystery* for the







With Chrissie White in "The City of Beautiful Nonsense."

It is one thing to see him, and quite another to interview him. A real will-o'-the-wisp. An elusive Pimpernel kind of a man.—"They seek him here, they seek him there, reporters seek him everywhere"—and just as he seems on the point of being caught, well he just isn't there any more, that's all!

There is nothing of the hermit about Henry. He goes everywhere, meets everyone, is sociable, and charming, and enthusiastic. At every film première you see his dark head and bronzed colouring, and black, rather troubled brows. Wherever there is a gathering of film folk, or theatrical folk at dances, at plays, at meetings, Henry can be found. At least, "found" is not quite the right word. He can be seen. And he is seen, for even to those few who do not recognise him as the Ernest Bliss or Simple Simon of the screen, there is something curiously arresting and attractive about his appearance . . . character . . . difference . . . thought.

But it stops short at seeing. He won't be trapped into an interview. He is the centre of a group of friends, and the holiday spirit clings to him. Not even the hardened pressman would have the heart to break into their party and bombard him with serious questions. It must wait until later. But later there are more friends. And when the

Henry Edwards and Florence Turner in "East is West."

friends have gone, Henry seems to melt into thin air. O! Henry! It isn't kind to be so modest!

I ran him to earth at last in his home at Walton-on-Thames. It sounds easy, but in point of fact, the easiness ends with finding his address in the directory. For even Henry's house is elusive. It is tucked away in a curious little *cul-de-sac* quite close to the Hepworth Studios. I won't tell you exactly where, or Henry might be looking in the directory for my address with a view to—well, interviewing me, so to speak! For above all things he loves a peaceful existence with his cigarettes and his scenarios, and his own immediate friends. And really he deserves his peace, for there is no more hard-working producer or actor on the British screen.

I found his house by dint of asking the way from all the inhabitants of Walton, *privatim et seriatim*, but the difficulties didn't end there. I had found Henry's house, but I had not yet found Henry. It was not a question of ringing the front door bell and asking "Is Mr. Edwards at home?" for apparently no one was at home.

I woke Walton from its after-dinner sleep with the doorbell, and alternately the knocker, and was just facing a disappointed ride back to London, when the door opened suddenly, and I almost tumbled head foremost on to the object of my search.

He apologised for keeping me waiting and invited me to come in, but I saw the furtive glance he cast backward at the clock in the hall, and hastened to

# O! Henry!

by EDWARD ROFFE

Henry Edwards is universally conceded to be a charming fellow. He is kind-hearted, sociable, talented and good-looking. But when it comes to being interviewed—O! Henry!

suggest . . . "Of course, if you're busy, Mr. Edwards . . ." and before I had time to finish he was smiling that peculiar, wistful smile of his and shaking me earnestly by the hand.

"So glad you called, old man . . . could you come back again in half an hour? . . . see the sights of Walton, or something? . . . The Hepworth Studios, for instance, are just opposite. They're closed, of course, but that doesn't matter. Believe me they're a sight at the moment, right enough, with half-built sets lying about all over the shop! Fact is there's a most frightfully important football match going on at the back, and I simply must see the finish. I'd only just come back for some cigarettes when you broke my door down. Goodbye!" And once again I found myself on the wrong side of Henry Edwards' door!

I obediently went and did the sights of Walton. I sighted the oldest inhabitant, one cream bun, and a particularly nauseous cup of tea. As I made my return pilgrimage to The Door, the sounds of shouting from the field behind indicated that someone had won something. Henry was on the doorstep looking for me. He apologised  
Holman Clark and Henry Edwards in "The Naked Man."







Chrissie White and Henry Edwards.

again. From his sudden cheerfulness, I knew that the right side had won, and my spirits rose. Over a second cream bun and a particularly fragrant cup of tea—Henry drinks his tea Russian fashion, with lemon instead of milk and sugar—I pulled out a notebook and fixed a stern eye on him. He started. He heaved a sigh of resignation. He pulled himself together.

"I was born in Somerset. I made my screen debut in the film version of 'The Man who Stayed at Home.' I was acting in that play at the Royalty Theatre, when Mr. Hepworth suggested that I should recreate my work for the screen." Henry reeled all this off in a dull, monotonous voice.

Before I could interfere he was off again in full cry.

"Since then I have been producer-star of a large number of films; some of the best known of them are *Broken Threads*, *Merely Mrs. Stubbs*, *Towards The Light*, *The City of Beautiful Nonsense*, *Possession*, *The Kinsman*, *The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss*, *Alwyn*, *John Forrest Finds Himself*, *The Bargain* and *Simple Simon*.

He paused and took a deep breath. I laid down my notebook.

"Stop," I said, quietly but firmly, "this is an interview—not a recitation."

"But I always tell everybody this," he said in a surprised voice, puckering his forehead in his characteristic way.

"Mr. Edwards," I replied sternly, the readers of PICTUREGOER probably know more about your life and career than you do yourself. They know that you have played opposite Ethel Barrymore in New York. They are aware that you have had appendicitis. They probably know, although I don't, the size of your boots and your hats, the exact number of pounds you weigh and your chest

measurement, and likewise the colour of your eyes. You can tell them nothing about your tour in the Far East that they don't already know, nor would it surprise them in the least to learn from your lips that you have been A Lunatic At Large. Therefore, Mr. Edwards, as they say in the newspapers, this correspondence must now cease."

Henry looked wildly at the door, but it was shut. No help there. He was cornered, and he knew it. So he yielded gracefully. (Perhaps it was lucky that his side had won the match!)

"The public," he said—and now his voice was serious, for he was talking on a subject that interested him vitally—"the public is conservative in its tastes. It wants simple love stories, simply told, with plenty of humour and a few tears. It is not very kind to novelties and innovations. It didn't take to my *Lily of the Alley*, which I made, you know, without any titles, the whole story being told pictorially, without a name over a shop door, or a letter insert or any kind of writing to break the sequence. Lily is rather a pet of mine. She represents a lot of thought and ambition, and is something of an ideal in my mind. But the public

A studio portrait of Henry Edwards



didn't care for her. They shouted for me to come back into comedy. They seemed to be afraid I was becoming a highbrow . . . Perhaps they are right," he added pensively.

"I'm sorry," I murmured. There seemed to be nothing else to say. But Henry took no notice of my rather trite remark. He seemed lost in his own thoughts.

"I know," I interpolated, "I've seen your Ernest Bliss."

"Oh, that," said Henry with a deprecatory wave of the teaspoon. "Still, it wasn't so bad, was it? I liked it well enough to be glad when it was re-issued as a feature . . . it was a serial in its original form you know. . . What, must you really go? Sure you won't have another cream bun? Well, I'll see you safely off the premises." (Now, just what did he mean by that I wonder?)

"Good-bye," I said at the gate, "And I hope you will tell me some more about your views another day."

"Never," said Henry firmly, "but I'll talk to you about football whenever you care to come. I know something about that. . ."

O! Henry!



# On Guard!

Though fist fights and rough-and-tumbles please many movie lovers, everyone will agree that the rapier is the most romantic weapon of all.

One are the brave old days when thrust of word was followed by thrust of steel; when wits were keen as the blades that flashed out so fast and found their mark so surely. Gone, except in movies



One of the many duels in "M'Lord of the White Road."



Five at one blow means nothing to Matheson Lang when he's really in form.

and plays. But therein they are still very much with us. When the hero draws his weapon in defence of his fair lady, or his fair name, or to keep half-a-dozen panting enemies at a safe distance even the most blasé of movie fans leans forward in his seat with an anticipatory thrill.

Many costume plays are released this month, over twenty in all, and although some of them are of a later date than the powder and patch era, the lover of fencing will find plenty of his favourite sport.



The "Man Without Desire" has many opportunities for cut and thrust.

Gerald Ames comes first on the list of Britishers who are past-masters of the foils; and though *Mary, Queen of Scots* does not give him so many opportunities as *Rupert of Hentzau* did, he still manages to demonstrate that he has lost none of his ability or agility.

It is strange how light, lithe, and nimble most of our six-foot film favourites are, despite their height and

girth. Matheson Lang, for instance, and Victor McLaglen, and Owen Nares. The first and the last have a whole lot of stage experience behind them, and all stage players have to learn to fence.

But Victor McLaglen was originally a prize-fighter and relied upon his unarmed fists for self-defence, chiefly. Still, what he doesn't know about fencing would go into one line and still leave a space for the author's name. Victor can be seen in fighting mood in several films this month; and in enough passages-at-arms to satisfy the most bloodthirsty of his admirers.

He confesses, however, that the good old fistic fashion of settling accounts with his (film) enemies holds the most charm for him. But then who wouldn't with a physique and technique like Victor's?

It's only natural!

Hugh Miller, one of the most convincingly sinister villains on the screen is also a remarkably fine fencer, witness his work in *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, and *Claude Duval* gives him fights of several kinds.

Fencing, of course, is still a favourite diversion with many movie players; but they "take it easy" in shirt sleeves when they indulge for pure sport. The hero of a costume play, on the other hand, has to leap back and forth, lunge, cut, tierce, riposte, and parry, hampered often by a heavy, if decorative costume, a cloak, and perhaps a great curled wig and plumed hat. How they all do it without getting hopelessly entangled and tied into knots is really wonderful. It needs a steady eye and hand, perfect muscular control, and above all, knowledge of the rules to make a good fencer, but its compensations are obvious. Also, it is the most gallant fashion of all, so far as appearances go, and though the screen cannot give us the clash of steel on steel, it gives a close view and clear insight into a fascinating, if deadly occupation.

M.M.



The silhouette duel in "Young Lochinvar."



# The Trail of the Stars

BY  
WALTER WEST



Above: Walter West the well-known British producer playing in one of his early productions. Gregory Scott is the man on the sofa. Right: "The Woman Who Did" was photographed partly in Rome. Eve Balfour and J. R. Tozer are seen in the foreground. Below: Violet Hopson as she appeared in her first Broadwest film.

When I am in retrospective mood it does not seem very long ago since the time when, fired with the enthusiasm of youth, I set out after having acted in one film, and having studied the distribution end of the English movie business, to produce my first picture.

The plot for my initial production was conceived in a little back office; by candlelight—because my last shilling had long since been put in the gas meter. Next day I secured the money (a few hundred pounds) for my first production, and started, with the help of several enthusiastic friends to produce, what was to be a "winner." I, as producer-scenario-writer-electrician-set-designer, also played a leading part in the film, whilst the carpenters, office boy, and secretary of the small company were also featured in this marvellous movie. The film took ten days to make, was a two-reeler, and sold at a big profit. That is over twelve years ago—what changes have taken place in film-land since that time!

I have directed over a hundred films since that eventful day when I started out to produce a film with a then-star in a leading part. The production was entitled *A Bold Adventuress*, and contained a very realistic motor smash.

It was very difficult to plan this smash in such a way as to avoid the total wrecking of the car. The car, driven by the villain at full speed, was to crash through the



gates at a level crossing. The scene was to be photographed from the rear of the car. In order to save expense we planned to build our own gates and level crossing, and fix a buffer (such as is seen on American automobiles) to the front of the car so that it would take the chief force of the impact. The first time the car was driven against the gates it failed to smash them, but carried gate-posts and gates away on the bonnet of the car. The second time the gates refused to give way and the car was brought to a complete standstill. The third time was lucky, for the car smashed the gates to smithereens and a piece of the flying timber smashed the camera too! So it was not such an inexpensive experiment as we had imagined!

Then came the time when, having garnered my profit on previous films, I



set out to make a super production. *The Woman Who Did* was the story I selected, and as some of the backgrounds were Italian, I decided to take my

company to Rome to secure the right atmosphere. This was the first occasion on which an English company had visited Italy for a film, and the event caused tremendous comment at the time. The film starred Eve Balfour and J. R. Tozer and sold at a record price for a British film.

One amusing incident which I recall in connection with this Italian trip was the difficulties we had in making people understand what we wanted. None of the company spoke Italian so at the hotel we usually managed to secure what we required by means of signals. So accustomed had we become to this sort of thing that we frequently signalled instead of



Violet Hopson, Matheson Lang and Gregory Scott in "The Ware Case" (Lang's first film).





Above: Hutin Britton and J. R. Tozer in "The Merchant of Venice." Left: Basil Gill in "Missing The Tide."



talking to each other, until we overheard a chance remark from a dear old English lady tourist in the hotel.

"These poor picture people," she said, "they even have to carry their profession into their private lives—and act dumb show amongst themselves. I am so glad no daughter of mine is a film actress."

Gregory Scott, Muriel Martin Harvey, James Lindsay and George Foley played leading parts in several of my films about that time. When eventually I formed a stock company, Gregory Scott became its first member, and I took great care to select stories in which were characters suitable to my leading artistes. It was only when I decided to produce a film version of *The Ware Case* that I sought a new heroine and leading man.

I found the leading lady in "the dear, delightful villainess" as she was then called, playing secondary and small part roles with another British company. I saw in her my ideal "Lady Ware," and a few days afterwards I had signed Violet Hopson as a member of my stock company. I knew I had to convince the public that her real *métier* was sympathetic parts despite the fact that she had always been a villainess—but I took a chance. Thousands of picturegoers all over the world know her now only in the sympathetic and





Ronald Colman and Robert Vallis in a thrilling boxing scene from "*A Son of David*."

sporting parts which suit her so well.

For the leading male role in *The Ware Case* I determined that Matheson Lang would be suitable.

"Little chance of persuading him to play for films," commented my friends in the film trade, for at that time movies were sneered at by the majority of theatrical folk. But again I took my courage in both hands and convinced Matheson Lang that the "movies" were a force to be reckoned with—a fact which he has long since admitted, I think.

With these two newcomers to my Studios, I also signed up Ivy Close to play the *ingenue* in the film. Miss Close had not long before won "The Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition, a fact which made her a centre of attraction and enhanced her value as a screen artiste.

Following *The Ware Case*, I produced the first film version of a Shakespearean play, *The Merchant of Venice*, with Matheson Lang (who, by that time had become very enthusiastic about films) and his wife Hutin Britton in the leading parts.

An "Evening News" serial story then attracted my attention and this was the first serial published in a London newspaper of which a film version was made by a British firm. *Missing the Tide* was one of the most popular productions of the year and in



Walter West.





James Knight and Violet Hopson in "*The Great Turf Mystery*."

it appeared Basil Gill, also a legitimate stage artiste who scorned films until I pointed out the advantages and power of the screen. Violet Hopson was again the heroine, and her experiences in the coast scenes were somewhat nerve-racking.

Not long after this I decided to make a film version of a racing story—the first that had been done in England, and as I have always taken a deep interest in the Turf it was a most enjoyable experience for me. Little did I think, however, that this type of film would prove so popular and I should make more than two dozen of them. Such success did *A Turf Conspiracy*, *A Gamble for Love* and *A Fortune at Stake* achieve that Violet Hopson at once became the ideal sporting heroine of British film-land—a position which she has maintained unchallenged to this day. Gerald Ames, one of the finest horse-riders in England played opposite Miss Hopson. For the first time classic racehorses were utilised

Gerald Ames in "*A Fortune at Stake*."



Clive Brook made his first appearance in "*The Loudwater Mystery*."

for the racing scenes, and exterior scenes were filmed in the heart of a racing centre.

It was when I was making preparations to produce *A Soul's Crucifixion*, that I introduced yet another embryo star to the screen. I wanted an actress who could play only one scene—but this was one of the most important in the film which starred Miss Hopson. The one scene had to be beautifully acted for it was a death scene, and I selected Hilda Bayley as suited to the part. At that time Miss Bayley had not shown any desire to play for films, and it was only after several interviews that she consented to play in this production, just as an experience. She found her new experience so interesting however, that when I hinted that I might at some future date give her a bigger part she jumped at the idea.

A little later on I was given an original story of Jewish life to read. The story appealed to me because it

introduced boxing—a sport which up to that time, I had not presented on the screen. I wondered however, if the Jewish element in the story would prejudice the public against it. I trusted to luck however, and selected as my hero, Ronald Colman, who had made his screen debut in another production of mine. Colman has since gone to America, and latest news to hand tells of his starring with Lillian Gish in her latest production.

Yet another present day star who had his first introduction to the film camera under my direction is Clive Brook. He had been demobilised only a few months and was in a theatrical show when I saw him, and offered him a leading part in *The Loudwater Mystery*. It was his first attempt at filming but was quickly followed by other leading parts in *Trent's Last Case*, *Christie Johnstone* and *Kissing Cup's Race*. Since that time Brook has steadily risen to stardom with other companies.

Pauline Peters, Poppy Wyndham,

and Pauline Johnson are other actresses who achieved their first big advances in British film-land in my films, whilst John Stuart, a young actor whom I met at a dinner party, also made his debut in a small part with Violet Hopson in *Her Son*. Stuart has recently played opposite Fay Compton.

I also plead guilty to having trained several leading artistes in film villainy, amongst them being Cameron Carr, Gregory Scott, Arthur Walcott, Bob Vallis, Lewis Gilbert and Mercy Hatton.

So the stars are made and pass on. Many of them after playing their first leading parts for me, have achieved actual stardom elsewhere, and never return to play under my direction.

Kinematography has advanced almost beyond comprehension in the past ten years, but I sometimes wonder if the more recent comers to film land ever experience the joy that was mine in the earliest days of the film pioneers.





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# Just a Girl



A dark wig, and much concentration, made Gladys Jennings into Mother McGregor with a bonnie film family.

She was born in Oxford, and she is jolly well pleased about it, too. She declares that Oxford is the finest city under the sun. Mention the fact that there is also a place called Cambridge and a Helen McGregorish flash of deep blue eyes will be your portion. That, and "Oxford's the only place, really, you know," spoken so sweetly and convincingly that you must, perforce, surrender gracefully and acknowledge that she's right. For which you receive a smile so dazzling that you feel it was well worth it. She stands five foot eight in her socks, is sweet-and-twenty-one, and her name is Gladys Jennings. But although she made her name as "Fighting Helen McGregor" in *Rob Roy*, she doesn't bring her film fisticuffs into ordinary life. Not that she's over sedate, or terribly composed. Not that at all. Gladys Jennings impresses you right away, despite her height, as just a big bonny girl with a very cheery outlook on life and a Coué-like desire to make her film work "better and better."

"I commenced," she told me, one blustering day, when even her cosy furs seemed inadequate to keep out the cold winds, "in British screenland's equivalent to Ziegfeld's Folies—'The Maid of the Mountains,' at Dalys. I used to dance, and understudy Faith Bevan, because I was originally a dancer, though I used to do a great deal of amateur concert party work at Oxford. Then afterwards I came to London during the war and used to entertain the soldiers a great deal."



Gladys as the ultra blonde "Anne Chute" of "The Colleen Bawn."

"Nice for the soldiers," I interposed. She has only been a-filming a few years, and she's very young still, so she has heaps of time.

"I commenced as a crowd worker down at Bushey with British Actors' Films," she said, reminiscently. "And after the second day I was given a small part. I was 'Ann,' the heroine's friend in *Lady Clare*. Then I was in *The Face at the Window* with Jack Hobbs. I hadn't given up my stage work yet, though I did decide to drop it entirely when I went to Holland to Granger-

Binger. I played in *In the Night* with Hayford Hobbs and Adelqui Millar and my rôle was that of a woman of the world. Imagine it! I wasn't nearly as old as I looked, and I frankly owned it and did just exactly as I was told and nothing more."

"It's very different now. These days I like to live with my script and work out every little scene by myself before I actually rehearse it. Very often things don't come out in the least like I'd imagined them, but I'm beginning to find my way and form my own technique now."

She has made many Stoll films, *Gwyneth*, *The Lamp in the Desert*, *The Prey of the Dragon*, *Man and His Kingdom*, and latterly, *Becket*, and *The Colleen Bawn*.

I asked if she would not be in France for *Henry of Navarre*.

"No," she replied, "because I've had all my exteriors cut out. A painful process really, because I was rather looking forward to going."

I looked mystified.

"'Marguerite de Valois,' will not appear in any of the out-of-door scenes of *Henry of Navarre*," she explained. "I shall simply love being 'Marguerite,' and I really ought to be choosing her dresses now."

"Some day," she said on parting, "I'll introduce you to my family of pets. There's Lookie, my darling dog. Cameron of Lochiel gave him to me when I was in Scotland playing 'Helen.' Then I've a blue jay, such a flirtatious bird; he'll be useful to practise upon when I commence vamping. They're going to let me be a film vamp in about three years' time."

"If you're looking for someone to practise on," I observed, "I shall be most happy to oblige." But she only laughed and went away without taking my name and address.

Gladys Jennings and Hayford Hobbs in "In the Night."





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# Two Costume Plays

Left: Marjorie Hume, in the picturesque Regency costume of the heroine of "M'Lord of the White Road." Right: Arthur Wontner as "Eugene Aram." Circle: Victor McLaglen as "John Shale," woos "Lady Gloria Clayville" (Marjorie Hume). Below: Barbara Hoffe, Mary Odette, James Carewe, and Bromley Davenport in "Eugene Aram."



Filled with old-world charm is *M'Lord of the White Road*, one of this month's brightest costume plays. It is the tale of a wanderer, one John Shale (Victor McLaglen), who had once been a farmer but who seeks his fortune on the road. He finds work ready to his hand, for at his first resting place, Ye Olde Whyte Harte, the seeds of a very intriguing plot are sown and Shale is soon in the midst of it.

England was thoroughly combed to find the stately mansions and old-world village against which this Regency story is enacted. It was no easy task for modern civilisation has left few villages completely untouched. Eventually, the ideal locations were found in Kent, and the castle you will see in the film is one which belonged to Sir Philip Sidney. The church dates further back still, and is a survival of Norman times. Besides McLaglen, a fine cast, headed by Marjorie Hume, James Lindsay, Mary Rorke and Fred Wright interpret this Regency story very successfully. The other costume-play illustrated on this page is a picturisation of the well-known story of "Eugene Aram." Here again the cast is a strong one, with Arthur Wontner, Russell Thorndike, Barbara Hoffe and Mary Odette in the four principal roles. Again, picturesque attire lends additional attraction to a dramatic story, full of strong and arresting situations. Three-cornered hats, caped coats, and periwigs lend to the always good-looking Wontner a special distinction.





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A story of  
life of to-day  
for people  
of to day.



Granger-Davidson Production  
*The film version of Lord Lytton's Classic Novel*  
Featuring ARTHUR WONTNER & BARBARA HOFFE  
**EUGENE ARAM**





### KING O' THE QUERY.

'Tis not of Love's young dream I fondly sing  
Like those my moonstruck brother bards who rise,  
At early morning in a sickly Spring  
To write bad sonnets to their ladies' eyes.  
Though frenziedly I write my own poor verse  
'Tis not of Love I sing—I have more sense—  
I seek to praise the mighty George—no worse—  
And gain the usual prize in recompense!  
Yet now I've started, from my humble pen  
The words of praise, alas, refuse to flow—  
I can but hail him "King of Answers Men,"  
And "Genial George, Who always Seems to Know."  
So take this tribute, George thou kindly sage,  
Inadequate and poor though it may be—  
And when you're choosing for the "Carol's Page,"  
Please don't forget to think of little me!

BETTY (Kensington).

### THE HIGHWAYMAN'S MOUNT.

Bonnie Black Bess, of the beautiful eyes  
Wherein such devotion and faithfulness lies,  
You're cleverer far than most actors I've seen  
And I hope you'll continue to act for the screen.  
For all other film stars I don't care a hang  
Now I've seen you, Bess—and Matheson Lang.

ARAMIS (Aberdeen).

### ALMA TAYLOR.

Of all the Stars that I love best  
There's none that can compare  
With dainty Alma Taylor  
The fairest of the fair.

With clear blue eyes like Summer skies  
And hair both long and brown,  
You'll never find a brighter Star  
In dear old London Town.

She's winsome and she's very sweet  
And all her films I've seen  
Prove I am right when I declare  
Her Queen of Britain's Screen.

E. V. H. (New Barnet).

### ISOBEL ELSOM.

Oh, you can have your Marys,  
Your Agneses, your Joans,  
And all the other film stars  
That filmlands glory owns.  
But though I like them all quite well  
I feel I must admit  
There's only *one* sweet Isobel—  
And she is, simply *It* ! ! !

G. E. J.

### A BRITISH POT POURRI.

Some sing of Mary Pickford  
And hail her Filmland's Queen—  
But Britain's Betty Balfour  
Is just as sweet, I ween.

They say the flapper's idol,  
Abroad and here at home,  
Is Rudolph Valentino—  
But give me Stewart Rome.

And though the pout of Bebe  
Fills many with delight  
I'd rather watch a picture  
That features Chrissie White.

Will Rogers, Thomas Meighan,  
Bill Hart and crowds of others  
With all their reputation  
Can't beat their British brothers.

So you who read these verses  
Come join me all with zest,  
And pledge with me sincerely  
A toast to Britain's Best.

ERMYNTRUDE (Yarmouth).

### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93. Long Acre, W.C.2.]

#### Another Unsolved Mystery.

Milton Sills, in *The Isle of Lost Ships*, takes the part of a convict. He is seen sitting on a trunk in the sinking ship, handcuffed to a post that reaches from floor to ceiling. Yet, a short time after, when the detective comes in to rescue him, he is lying down at the other end of the trunk, with the handcuffs still on, but detached from the post. How did he get away from it?

B. H. (Colchester).

#### How Do Film Folk Do It?

There is a terrible storm in *The Village Blacksmith*, during which "The Blacksmith" drags "Squire Brigham" and his son, through thick black mud to the chapel. Yet when he gets them on the platform they are both quite clean.

W. S. (Catford).

#### A Genuine "Water Wave."

A scene from *Where the Pavement Ends* shows Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro escaping together at night. They wade through turbid waters to reach another shore, and their hair and clothes get drenched and bedraggled in the process. When they reach the shore Novarro goes in search of a boat, leaving Alice waiting where they have landed. In a few minutes her dress and hair are dry, the latter being carefully arranged and waved. I should like to know her secret!

M. C. (Erdington).

#### Lost in the Post, Perhaps!

In *If Winter Comes*, Nona writes a letter to "Mark Sabre," saying "Marko take me *away*"—the "*away*" being underlined. She puts it in an envelope and rings for someone to post it. It is next seen when "Mark" is reading it, and the line under "*away*" is no longer there.

N. C. (London).

#### Poison-Proof?

The doctor in *The Wild Goose* gives the maid *one* sleeping tablet for her toothache, explaining that two would be fatal. Later, the stockbroker's wife gives the artist *two* tablets in a glass of whiskey. He goes to sleep and wakes up later none the worse, whereas he really ought to have died from the dose.

D. S. (Sutton).

#### Chinese Chewing Gum's Different.

In *East Is West*, Constance Talmadge becomes entangled in a mass of chewing gum. She just gives her hands a little rub with her handkerchief and sits down to play her Chinese instrument, her hands apparently clean. Anyone whose hands have come into contact with that amount of chewing gum knows what a discrepancy that was.

T. C. K. (Birmingham).





## MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

Things are looking up again in production-land, and it seems as though everybody will be working full steam ahead this month. But in America, more pictures will be made in the East and less in Hollywood, despite the latter's natural advantages. Many stars, however, will be fulfilling stage and vaudeville contracts for some time to come. Famous Lasky are rumoured to have offered to farm out several of their stars to either stage or screen producers, so that you may expect to see some Paramount players in other brands of movies this summer.

Lon Chaney is playing a straight part for once. In *The Next Corner* he is not deformed in any way, for, though he delights in character parts, he doesn't want to rely solely on them.

From a box office point of view, according to an American Trade journal, *The Covered Wagon*, *If Winter Comes*, and *Little Old New York*, head a list of the fifty-two best pictures. *Robin Hood*, *Enemies of Women*, *Merry-Go-Round*, *Circus Days* and *Rosita* come next.

At last the names of the principal players in *Ben Hur* are disclosed. George Walsh is to be "Ben Hur," with lovely Gertrude Olmsted opposite, whilst Francis X. Bushman will be the "Messala." George hasn't had a haircut for weeks!

After dieting severely for a whole month, Virginia Browne Faire succeeded in making herself look like a starving heroine. And all for less than a week's work. She is playing "Mary" in the screen version of *Welcome Stranger* and if you have seen the play you will remember that poor Mary was very "down and out" at the beginning of the play.

At the moment there is much talk about a National film museum. Pictorial records of the Great War and other events should undoubtedly be preserved, if possible. But is it possible? According to Cecil M. Hepworth it is not. Not in perpetuity, that is, as anyone who knows a little about photography will realise, time destroys everything, and unless a new type of film can be invented which is indestructible, records cannot be kept beyond a certain number of years. Hepworth Studios, though, have a copy of every film ever made there, and this in itself forms an interesting personal museum.

Chaplin is going to Canada for the exteriors of his new picture.

What it is to have a reputation! Several months ago the supervisor of Metro productions sent out five hundred fine letters to various people asking for their selection for the role of "Dangerous Dan McGrew" in their forthcoming feature *The Shooting of*

*Dan McGrew*. Barbara La Marr had already been chosen for "Lou." The letters have just been gone through, and Lew Cody is nearly everybody's choice for "Dan."

Rudolph Valentino having returned to the Paramount fold after all, England will not see him again for many months. Rudy is to make two pictures for his old company, after which he will be free at last to carry out his own projects. His first Paramount movie will be *Monsieur Beaucaire*, which should suit him down to the ground.

When Charles Chaplin bought his studio "lot" on La Brea and Sunset Boulevards seven years ago, he paid 50,000 dollars for it. Last week he refused an offer of 400,000 dollars.

Pola Negri's next is to be made under Dimitri Buchowetzki's direction, and is titled *Men*. It is probable that this film star will return to something like her old form. Buchowetzki directed *Peter the Great*, and *Loves of the Mighty*, both of which have been shown in Great Britain.

Patsy Ruth Miller has just signed on to play in Herbert Brenon's picture *The Breaking Point* at Famous Lasky's. It is from a Mary Roberts Rinehart story.





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Some members of The Hollywood British Actors Club, an All-British Institution. Left to Right: George K. Arthur, Marjorie Marcelle, Ruby Miller, Evelyn Brent, Melba K. Lloyd and Hayford Hobbs.

Frank Mayo must be awarded the 1923 medal for versatility. His rôles during the year have ranged from Universal features full of punch and punches to costume romance. Elinor Glyn stuff, shiek stuff (*Shadow of the East*), and Westerners. He is at work on one of the last-named now, at Los, and its title is *The Plunderer*.

Everybody sympathised with Shirley Mason when her director-husband died recently. But the plucky little star soon went back to work again and is hard at it now in *The Morocco Box*.

William S. Hart, having successfully pictured the cowboy of romantic days in *Wild Bill Hickock*, is now portraying a character just as romantic, though he wears modern attire. Mr. Bill holds that romance still livens the "back places," and the many thrilling things that happen in *Singer Jim McKee* certainly do their best to prove him right.

Pauline Frederick declares she has a strong desire to become a director. So long as her first feature stars Pauline Frederick we have no objections.

Back to her native land, America, sailed lovely Malvina Longfellow last month, but whether to make movies or no history sayeth not.

Some of the loveliest scenery on the screen can be seen in *I Pagliacci*, the British film which was made in Italy. It seems strange to think of snow in that land so famous for its sunshine, but it was very real snow as the players can assure you. Adelqui Millar, the star, looks Italian, but he is a Chilean, and is at present working with Rex Ingram in *The Arab*.

We predict that nineteen-twenty-four will be a Western year in so far as movies are concerned. The good old cowboy yarn has never quite lapsed,

for boys will be boys, and spectacular Westerners have not had an innings for many years now. Since *The Covered Wagon* blazed the trail, fully half-a-dozen very big open-air subjects have been commenced, and when the reaction from costume-stuff sets in (and it is about due), everybody will thankfully turn to the "great open spaces."

Stuart Holmes, everybody's favourite villain, has gone in for thrill-a-minute dramas for a change. He is working with Richard Talmadge in Truett studios in a feature titled *On Time*.

Jackie Coogan was allowed, as a very special treat to be casting director for a whole afternoon and choose the "crowd" players in some of the scenes of *A Boy of Flanders*. The "crowd" consisted of dogs of all shapes and sizes, to support "Teddy," who came from the Sennett lot to play "Pet-rasche." "Can I choose one of each kind?" asked the small star. But his father limited him to twelve.

Eastern perfumes have a charm all their own. One of the most alluring is Grossmith's Tsang-ihang, the sweet perfume of Thibet, which is composed of the blended fragrance of many tropical flowers. Face powder and toilet cream can also be obtained perfumed with this subtle essence.

Cleopatra's beauty secret has been discovered at last. It seems that the famous Egyptian enchantress ended her day by thoroughly cleansing the skin with a blending of rare palm and olive oils. To-day the same ingredients may be found in Palmolive soap, the moss-green tablet of rare oils which, in its green érepe wrapper can be seen on the counters of all high-class chemists and stores. It is manufactured by a secret process and its mild, creamy lather acts as cleanser and cosmetic in one.



# THIS HOMELAND OF OURS

(Continued from page 10).

but the London of the Flowergirl and the Tradesman, the Burglar and the Bobby, the London that is Piccadilly Circus and Walworth and the Old Kent Road.

George Pearson is the composer of our London screen music, and Betty Balfour the songster. Together they have found as much beauty in the flare of a street lamp, the ill-lit doorway of a garret, or the reflection of candlelight in a cracked windowpane, as all the poets before them have found in honeysuckle and a moon. *Nothing Else Matters*, *Mord Em'ly*, *Squibs*, *Love, Life and Laughter*, they are London lyrics, one and all.

Nobody has done for the other English cities what George Pearson has done for London, but lately they have been less neglected than of old. Walter West sponsored the manufacturing towns in *When Greek Meets Greek*, and Mrs. Gaskell's *Manchester Marriage* has been brought to the screen as *Heartstrings* with a few—far too few—shots of the docks at Liverpool and the streets of South Manchester.

What's that Mr. Griffith? . . . History? . . . Well, to be quite frank, English History was, until quite recently, an almost untouched field. We left it to the Germans to make *Lady Hamilton*, and then railed at them for doing so. We allowed the Germans to make *Anne Bolcyn* and refused to show it when it was made. Certainly we made a version of *Disraeli* first, but we left it to America to show us how it should have been made.

We allowed Douglas Fairbanks to snatch from us a legend that is the very soul of England, albeit we are thankful for the theft.

Now, happily, our producers are repenting of their ways. They have realised that the stories of British History are simply shouting to be put on the screen, and *Mary Queen of Scots*, *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, *Guy Fawkes*, and *Becket*, have followed each other in rapid succession.

And until the boom in costume plays abates there will follow more still, for some of the most representative are still unscreened.

Some time ago it was rumoured that our best English screen actress was going to play *Nell Gwynne*. She hasn't done it yet, but we keep on hoping.

There have been some one-reel historical films made too, covering ground from the days of Simon de Montfort to the Stuarts. There is a trilogy on Henry the Eighth . . . no, I don't mean *When Knighthood was in Flower*. That is a thing for which your country, Mr. Griffith, must take full and entire responsibility . . . And, after all, it doesn't matter very much, for it has nothing whatever to do with this homeland of ours!



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Jerrold Robertshaw and George Robey in "Don Quixote."

#### Afterglow (Napoleon; Feb. 4).

Minna Grey, Lillian Hall Davis and James Lindsay in a mixture of sentiment, bygone days, and Turf swindling. A curious choice of theme but fine acting, good photography and exteriors make this a worthwhile movie.

#### Armageddon (New Era; Feb. 4).

The screen epic of Allenby's campaign, showing the gradual development of the Palestine exhibition and the final defeat of the Turks and including several individual acts of bravery that occurred during its progress. Don't miss it if you're anything of a patriot.

#### Ashes of Vengeance (Ass. First National; Feb. 4).

Spectacular romance of France in the days when Charles IX was King. The long cast includes Norma Talmadge, Conway Tearle, Wallace Beery, Courtenay Foote, Josephine Crowell, Betty Francisco, Claire McDowell, André de Beranger, Murdoch McQuarrie, Carmen Phillips, Winter Hall, William Clifford, Earle Schenk, James Cooley, Howard Truesdell and little Jeanne Carpenter.

#### The Avenging Tormentor (Phillips; Feb. 4).

A melodramatic mother-love story, set in a rural American town. Helen Jerome Eddy stars, and Harrison Ford, Fannie Midgeley, Buddy Messenger, Molly Gordon, Fay MacKenzie, Claire Dulray and Joseph Bell support. Sob stuff.

#### The Bad Man (Ass. First National; Feb. 18).

A film version of the play popularised by Matheson Lang this side, in which a "bad man" plays good fairy to a pair of unhappy young people. Starring Holbrook Blinn, with Enid Bennett, Jack Mulhall, Harry Myers, Walter McGrail, Stanton Heck and Teddy Sampson in support.

#### Becket (Stoll; Feb. 4).

Sir Frank Benson in a film adaptation of Lord Tennyson's historical play. A thrilling mediæval drama with a good plot, which does not deviate from fact.

The long cast is headed by Gladys Jennings, Mary Clare, A. V. Bramble, Sydney Folker, Bertram Burleigh, Percy Standing, William Lugg, Arthur Burne, Hargrave Mansell and Sydney Paxton. Excellent entertainment.

#### Bella Donna (Paramount; Feb. 11).

A magnificently acted and beautifully photographed second filming of Hichens' well-known novel, with Pola Negri, Conway Tearle and Conrad Nagel in the principal roles and Lois Wilson, Macey Harlam, Claude King, and Robert Schable in support.

#### The Bonded Woman (Paramount; Feb. 25).

Betty Compson in a sea story which begins well, but ends in "slush" disguised as Prohibition propaganda. John Bowers runs away with acting honours, aided by Richard Dix, J. F. MacDonald and Ethel Wales. Uneven entertainment.

#### The Boss of Camp Four (Fox; Feb. 18).

A high speed story of a mining camp and a race to complete a road-building contract to schedule. Buck Jones carries the whole thing through with a swing, with Fritzi Brunette, G. Raymond Nye, Francis Ford, Sid Jordan and Milton Ross lending capable assistance. Good, snappy, Western stuff.

#### The Broken Violin (Western Import; Feb. 25).

Love, mystery, romance, and melodrama abound in this one, which will please uncritical fans, for it is nicely done, and well played by Rita Rogan, Reed Howes, Zena Keefe, Dorothy McKaill, and Gladden James.

#### Blinky (European; Feb. 24).

Hoot Gibson in a not too original story of a pampered youth who is pitchforked into an army career. Esther Ralston opposite, also Mathilde Brundage, Elinor Field, Charles K. French, John Judd, Donald Hatswell and William E. Lawrence.



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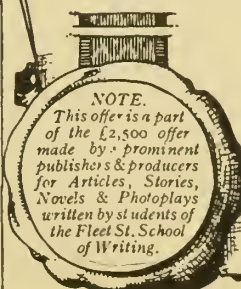
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**Can a Woman Love Twice? (Wardour; Feb. 18).**

In which a war widow puts up a fine fight to keep her child. A simple, affecting story naturally played by Ethel Clayton, Malcolm McGregor, Albert Hart, Baby Muriel Dana, Kate Lester and Wilfred Lucas. Good entertainment.

**Children of the Dust (Ass. First National; Feb. 11).**

A very human story about three children who grow up together. Frank (Humoresque) Borzage produced this feature, which is well acted by Johnnie Walker, Frankie Lee, Pauline Garon, Josephine Adair, Lloyd Hughes, and George Nichols.

**Class (Gaumont; Feb. 18).**

Bebe Daniels in a rattling light comedy about a cloak-room attendant who wanted a rich husband. Gertrude Short, Edward Martindale, Helen Dunbar, Graham Pettie, Jack Mulhall, Harold Goodwin and Leo White are also in the cast.

**Comin' Thro' the Rye (Hepworth; Feb. 21).**

A beautiful picturisation of the popular Helen Mathers story of Victorian times. Alma Taylor stars, with James Carew, Shayle Gardner, Gwynne Herbert, Eileen Dennes, Henry Vibart, Ralph Forbes, Francis Lister, John MacAndrews, Margot Armstrong, and Christine Rayner in support.

**Conquering the Woman (W. & F.; Feb. 25).**

Florence Vidor in a somewhat conventional melodrama redeemed by excellent humorous touches. Support includes David Butler, Bert Sprotte, Roscoe Cairns and Peter Burke.

**Crashing Thru' (Wardour; Feb. 4).**

The month's best Western. Harry Carey in a whirlwind drama of the West, with a sandstorm, prairie fire and dynamite explosion heading a long list of thrills. Cullen Landis, Myrtle Steadman, Vola Vale, Charles Le Moynes, Winifred Bryson, Jos Harris and Donald MacDonald support the star.

**The Darling of the Rich (Vitagraph; Feb. 11).**

A mixture of everything imaginable in which Betty Blythe gives an excellent performance in a variety of atmospheres and Montagu Love, Charles Gerard, Jane Jennings, Gladys Leslie, Julia Swayne Gordon, Leslie Austin, Arthur Gowin and Walter Walker support. Not for the over-critical.

**The Dweller in the Desert (Paramount; Feb. 4).**

Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley in a story of the "Sheik" persuasion, with plenty of Arabian atmosphere and a good supporting cast comprising Louise Dresser, Jacqueline Logan, Robert Cain, Winter Hall, Albert Roscoe, Cecil Holland and Harry Holland. Good desert drama.

**For You My Boy (General; Feb. 25).**

A film novelette in which a father's concealed devotion to his boy survives many ordeals and emerges triumphant at the end. In the cast appear Matty



Henry Ainley in "The Royal Oak."

Roubert, Louis Dean, Ben Lecoic, Gladys Graynger, Franklin Hanna and Geoff Hinchner.

**Has the World Gone Mad? (Walturdaw; Feb. 11).**

Mary Alden, Elinor Fair, Robert Edeson, Hedda Hopper, Charles Richman, Lydia Lola and Vincent Coleman in a spectacular society drama, very lavishly produced.

**In the Blood (Butcher; Feb. 4).**

Walter West's first costume film, an excellent sporting romance of olden times. Well played by Victor McLaglen, Valia, Lillian Douglas, Cecil Morton Yorke, Mrs. Hayden Coffin, John Glidden, Arthur Walcott, and Judd Green.

**In the Name of the Law (F. B. O.; Feb. 11).**

Sentimental melodrama of family life with a policeman hero, and a fine cast comprising Ralph Lewis, Claire McDowell, Josephine Adair, Ella Hall, Ben Alexander, Emory Johnson, Johnny Walker and Dick Morris.

**Is Divorce a Failure? (W. & F.; Feb. 11).**

Triangle story in which a married couple are reconciled on a desert island. Plenty of conflict, also Leah Baird, Walter McGrail, Tom Santschi, Richard Tucker and Alec B. Francis.

**Man and His Gods (F. B. O.; Feb. 4).**

A French production taken in Morocco which is very much worth while despite an improbable plot. Excellent photography and acting by M. Donatien, Lucienne Legrand, Mdile. Fariere and Georges Melchior.

**Man and Wife (Western Import)**

Another problem story about a man who committed bigamy by mistake. Gladys Leslie, Robert Elliott, Maurice Costello, Norma Shearer, Ernest Hilliard and Edna May Spooner act well, amid some pretty country scenery and spectacular society "sets."



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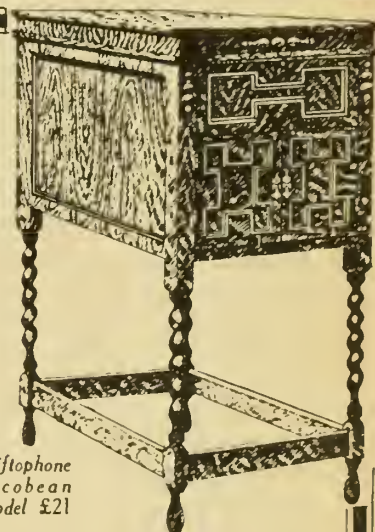
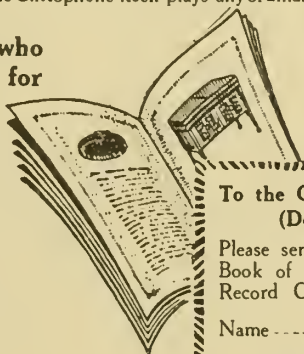
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### The Man Who Saw To-morrow (Paramount; Feb. 18).

Tom Meighan in a romantic drama in which the young hero sees in a dream two "to-morrows," i.e., what will happen to him if he marries for love, and what will happen to him if he marries for money. Unusually well produced except for some distortions of English political life. In the cast are Leatrice Joy, Theodore Roberts, Albert Roscoe, Alec Francis, June Elvidge, Eva Novak, Lawrence Wheat, John Miltern, and Edward Patrick. A good adventure yarn.

### Mary Queen of Scots (Ideal; Feb. 4).

Davison Clift's chronicle romance covering the whole career of one of the most romantic figures in history. Fay Compton stars, and Ellen Compton, Irene Rooke, Betty Faire, Nancye Kenyon, Mildred Evelyn, Donald MacArdle, Gerald Ames, John Stuart, Evan Samson, Lionel D'Aragon, Dorothy Fane, Michael Dane and Sidney Seaward support. Excellent and harmonious costume-tragedy.

### Midnight (Gaumont; Feb. 4).

Constance Binney in a good murder mystery romance, well produced and acted. Supporting Constance are William Courtleigh, Sidney Bracey, Arthur S. Hull, Helene Lynch, Jack Mulhall and Edward Martindel.

### M'Lord of the White Road (Granger; Feb. 4).

A Regency romance very well directed, and with beautiful open-air and other settings. Victor McLaglen stars in a dual role, with Marjorie Hume opposite, also Mary Roche, Fred Wright, Bert Osborne, George Turner, Bertie White and Bob Reed. A feast for romance lovers.

### The Naked Man (Hepworth; Feb. 4).

A Henry Edwards production full of sparkling comedy about an eccentric will and a young man's way. Chrissie White opposite, also Gwynne Herbert, Maud Cressal, James Carew, Edward Irwin, Holman Clark, Frank Stanmore, Henry Vibart, and Gladys Hoinfrey.

William  
Farnum and  
Lois Wilson  
in "Without  
Compromise."



### Nobody's Bride (European; Feb. 11).

A good underworld romance starring Herbert Rawlinson, support by Alice Lake, Edna Murphy, Lillian Langdon, Sidney Bracey and Frank Brownlee.

### One Arabian Night (Stoll; Feb. 18).

George Robey in a spectacular Chinese fantasy based on "Aladdin." This screen pantomime is well acted, the cast including Julie Kean, Lionelle Howard, Edward O'Neill, W. G. Saunders, Agar Lyons and Basil Heath Saunders. Excellent scenic effects and subtitles.

### The Ordeal (Paramount; Feb. 24).

Specially written for the screen by W. Somerset Maugham. All about a will left by a vicious husband and proving that money doesn't bring happiness. Agnes Ayres is the star, and Conrad Nagel, Clarence Burton, Edna Murphy, Edward Sutherland, Ann Schaefer, Eugene Corey, Shannon Day and Claire Du Brey support.

### Passions of Araby (Wardour; Feb. 25).

Sheik stuff which will appeal only to unsophisticated picturegoers. Excellent desert settings and a cast comprising Henri Rollan, Gaston Modot, L. De San Giggio, Vonelly, Myrha, and Mdlle. Florica Alexandresco.

### Pawn Ticket 210 (Fox; Feb. 28).

An unhappy mother pawns her child, and reclaims her many years later, causing great trouble to the pawnbroker. In the cast are Shirley Mason, Robert Agnew, Fred Warren, William Conklin, Jacob Abram and Irene Hunt. Pleasant sentimental fare.

### Pioneer Trails (Vitagraph; Feb. 25).

Alice Calhoun and Cullen Landis, supported by Bertram Grassby, Otis Harlan, Virginia True Boardman, and Aggie Henry in an excellent melodrama of the Californian Gold Rush days.

### Reckless Youth (Regent; Feb. 4).

Or how a pleasure-spoilt girl was brought to her senses. An interesting drama containing one motor smash, a collision at sea. Elaine Hammerstein, Niles Welch, Frank Currie and Constance Bennett.

### Red Lights (Goldwyn; Feb. 11).

Red-hot mystery melodrama which





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Montagu Love and Betty Blythe.

is consciously or unconsciously burlesquing itself. Well played by Marie Prevost, Raymond Griffith, Johnnie Walker, Alice Lake, Dagmar Godowsky, Lionel Belmore, Jean Hersholt and George Reed.

**Sally Bishop** (Stoll; Feb. 25).

An effective picturisation of Temple Thurston's somewhat sordid story of London life. Marie Doro and Henry Ainley star, and Florence Turner, Maie Hanbury, Dallas Cairns, Bromley Davenport, Bunty Fosse, Mary Dibley, Sidney Fairbrother, Valia and H. Humberston Wright also appear. Fair entertainment.

**The School for Scandal** (Butcher; Feb. 4).

An entertaining screen version of a famous "screen" play featuring Queenie Thomas, and a fine cast which includes Frank Stanmore, Sydney Paxton, John Stuart, A. S. Poulton, Basil Rathbone, Mary Brough, Elsie French, Wallace Bosco, Billie Shotter and Jack Miller.

**Six Days** (Goldwyn; Feb. 18).

A fine example of movie mutilation, which will make sophisticated fans smile and Elinor Glyn fans gnash their teeth. Corinne Griffith and Frank Mayo star; Myrtle Steadman, Maude George, Claude King, Charles Clary and Spottiswoode Aitken complete the cast. Contains some good directorial work, and much unconscious humour.

**Slander the Woman** (Ass. First National; Feb. 25).

Coincidence, scandal, circumstantial evidence and its defeat continue to make this vigorous North-West story generally attractive. Dorothy Phillips stars, with Lewis Dayton, Rosemary Theby, George Siegmann, Robert Schable, Irene Haisman, Cyril Chadwick and Mayme Kelso in support.

**Taking Chances** (Unity; Feb. 18).

Richard Talmadge, the new stunt star in his second release this side. Zella Gray, Elma Dewey and Percy Challenger. A very good stunt entertainment.

**The Tales of Hoffman** (Granger; Feb. 11).

Slightly altered from the popular operatic story, this Austrian-made film

is a well-produced fantasy played by Max Neufeld, Dagny Servaes, and a long cast amid beautiful Venetian and spectacular settings.

**Three Who Paid** (Fox; Feb. 7).

Beginning as a tragedy, this powerful story rather goes to pieces in the second half. Well played, however, by Dustin Farnum, Bessie Love, Fred Kohler, Robert Agnew, Frank Campeau, William Daly. A very good Western drama.

**Thundering Dawn** (European; Feb. 18).

A tropical drama of love, passion and sensation finely produced and well acted by Anna Q. Nilsson, Thomas Santschi, J. Warren Kerrigan, Winter Hall, Charles Clary, Winifred Bryson, Edward Burns and Richard Kean. Very strong screen fare.

**Trimmed in Scarlet** (European; Feb. 18).

Kathlyn Williams in a powerful story of blackmail, intrigue and mother-love. All star cast includes Roy Stewart, Lucille Ricksen, Robert Agnew, David Torrence, Raymond Hatton, Phillips Smalley and Eve Sothorn.

**What Price Loving Cup?** (Belcher; Feb. 4).

Violet Hopson in a sound racing drama with a novel story about a girl jockey. Well acted by Marjorie Benson, James Lindsay, James Knight, Cecil Morton Yorke, Oliver Marks, Bob Vallis and Arthur Walcott. Good racing stuff.

**Without Compromise** (Fox; Feb. 11).

William Farnum in a typical role and a strong melodramatic story of duty nobly performed. Lois Wilson, Otis Harlan, Tully Marshall, Robert Mc Kim and Eugene Pallette opposite. Powerful Western drama.

**Woman to Woman** (H. & F.; Feb. 4).

A Graham Cutts production of the stage play of the same name. Melodrama treated as a problem play, with Betty Compson as a self-sacrificing dancer, supported by Clive Brook, Josephine Earle, Marie Ault, and M. Peter. Lavish settings and first-rate entertainment.

**Yes, We Have No Temper** (Fox; Feb. 28).

An extra good Tom Mix cowboy and society comedy, in which the star is aided by a pair of horn-rimmed specs. Billie Dove, Frank Beal, Tom Wilson, Jack Curtis, L. C. Shumway, C. H. Mailes, Harry Dunkinson and Tony.

**Young Lochinvar** (Stoll; Feb. 11).

Picturesque Scottish romance founded on the favourite poem. Owen Nares and Gladys Jennings star, and Dick Webb, Lionel Braham, Cecil Morton Yorke, Dorothy Haines, Charles Barratt, Nelson Ramsay and Bertie Wright support. Beautiful outdoor settings and altogether interesting entertainment.

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# Three Famous Women

## IN FAMOUS BRITISH FILMS

Which three actresses playing in British pictures would you go to see in preference to all others? For myself I find it hard to decide upon a better trio than Betty Balfour, Fay Compton, and Gladys Cooper, each a distinctive personality and each clever in her own inimitable way in representing for us the romance and tragedy of life.

Gladys Cooper, of course, came to film and already famous as a stage beauty, whose physical attractions indeed she found a handicap, for after making her name in musical comedy she found it very, very hard to convince the critics that her real talent was for the dramatic. Her accession to the ranks of the very small company of our truly great actresses was one of the most widely discussed events of theatrical history for many years. To-day, by the verdict of the ballot organised by "The Bystander" she is Britain's most popular actress.

In that ballot, Fay Compton ran Miss Cooper a very close second and she is undoubtedly as popular on the screen as she is on the stage. Her style is entirely different from that of Miss Cooper but her control of emotion and expression—as anybody who has seen her at work in the studio can testify—is amazing and both on stage and screen she has an extraordinarily compelling manner.

Miss Balfour—"Our Betty"—is quite in a class apart. One might believe that she really was an elf but for the fact that at times, as we saw in "Love, Life and Laughter," she can be the very spirit of tragedy. Perhaps what has made her

more popular than anything else, however, is that most often she appears as the spirit of vivacity and vitality, yet not lacking in winsomeness and whimsicality and with queer ways which perhaps only appear so queer because the virtue of unselfishness is so uncommon. Whatever it is, Betty has found Gladys Cooper as "Flora Macdonald" in "Bonnie Prince Charlie." [Gaumont].

her way to all our hearts. Of that there can be no doubt.

Whether by accident or by design, and I strongly suspect the latter, the Gaumont Company Ltd., seems to have cornered the whole of the trio, with Miss Cooper playing Flora Macdonald in "Bonnie Prince Charlie," Fay Compton in "Claude Duval" and Betty of course, after her triumph in "Love, Life and Laughter," in the two adventures of Squibs, "Squibs, M.P.," and "Squibs' Honeymoon," in the latter of which "Squibs" makes her farewell as a screen character.

With the exception of "Claude Duval" all these pictures will be seen in some parts of the country during British National Film Week and London, of course, has already been enjoying Gladys Cooper's performance in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" at the Philharmonic Hall since January.

With "Fires of Fate" and "Lights of London," the Gaumont Company Ltd., have started this wonderful year remarkably well and in the spring I hear it will commence upon a still more interesting programme of British films in which story value and acting are to have first place above all other considerations.

This new programme will include a film version of the exciting Society drama, "What Money can Buy," by

Arthur Shirley and Benjamin Landeck, which had an enormous success at the Lyceum. The scenario is by Miss Mary Murillo, who has written the scenarios for no less than 14 Norma Talmadge successes, including "Smiling Through."



"Our Betty," Balfour in the "Squibs" Films. [Welsh Pearson].

Fay Compton in "Claude Duval." [Gaumont].



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## THE BRITISHER ABROAD

(Continued from page 13).

Gareth Hughes stands for Wales and Wales is proud of him.

Scotland is brilliantly represented by William Duncan, the Vitagraph star, who, in his early career, was instructor in physical culture, and appeared on the musical hall stage with Sandow, the wrestler, and by Ernest and David Torrence, the screen brothers of villainous fame. Scotland may well pride herself on Ernest Torrence. In early days a light opera singer he has emigrated to America and broken all records there of sudden rise to fame. Up with the bonnets to Torrence!

From Ould Ireland come the Moores: the whole family of them, Tom, Owen, Matt, and Joe. There is a certain Moore humour, and a pertinent charm which is the hallmark of all the brothers. Who does not remember *The Gay Lord Quex*, *Stop Thief*, *Lord and Lady Algy*, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *The Chicken in the Case*, *Hold Your Horses*, and *Minnie*? Who made which? Well, I'll leave it to you. Any self-respecting fan ought to know without being told. You will remember by Tom's smile, by Matt's freckles, by Owen's—but I won't insult you by suggesting that your memory needs any jogging. Anyway, they're Ireland's, all of them.

Against Canada's boast of Mary Pickford, Australia lays claim to several screen stars of the first magnitude. Enid Bennett was born in York, Western Australia, and Louise Lovely in Sydney. Sydney, too, is the hometown of Annette Kellerman, the swimmer, and Sylvia Breamer, *The Girl of the Golden West*. Lastly comes Mae Busch from Melbourne. Truly the Dominions have done their bit!

Not even in clever child players can America claim the monopoly. Baby Ivy Ward is a real little Londoner, and Pat Moore, the clever nine-year-old of *The Queen of Sheba* is also English.

The "peaceful penetration" of the American screen is still going steadily forward. George K. Arthur, endeared to thousands as "Kipps," has been over there for some time, and whispers are coming across of the rapid headway he is making. Fox's hail Lupino Lane as a comedian of the first rank.

No British producers? No British stars? Well, it's just a quibble. Call them Americans if you will, point out their American citizenship, declare that the films they make bear, one and all, the imprint of the Stars and Stripes. But the fact that a man works under a Californian sun and stamps his newspaper Los Angeles, does not alter by one jot the birthright that is his. For:

"He might have been a Rooshian,  
A French or Turk or Prooshian,  
Or perhaps It-al-i-an.  
But in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations  
He remains an Englishman."

R. T.

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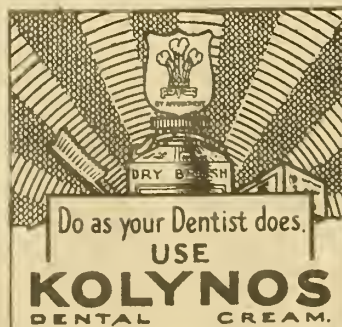
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**BAKING POWDER**  
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PAUL (London).—Your favourite, Pauline Frederick, has at last returned to the screen. She's making a film with Vitagraph Company, in America. Interview with her appeared in February, 1922 issue. Page plates appeared in January, 1922, and April, 1921, issues.

NORA (Lichfield).—Still suffering from the same old incurable disease of "wanker-know," Nora? You'll have to send a stamped addressed envelope for those casts—no room for them here. I'll see about that art plate for you, when the Editor's in a kindly mood. But not if you insist on taking my cognomen away from me. I give you my "Alfred David," "George" is the only name I answer to.

M. W. (Maida Vale).—Your "brain-wave" has been handed to the "Carols" Editor with my blessing. I like your sentiments.

VIOLET HOPSON'S ADORER (Folkestone).—Sorry I can't get you those art plates this time, but I'll see what I can do next month. Follow the golden example of Job—not to mention "George!"

GLORIA STRUCK (London).—You've evidently got it badly. But keep calm. You'll get over it in time—they all do! (1) Ethel Clayton, born 1890, and Pauline Frederick, born 1886. (2) Gloria Swanson was born 1899, and Baby Gloria, her daughter, is not quite three. (3) Send a stamped addressed envelope for addresses.

DISGRACE (Clapham).—Glad you have such a pleasant mental picture of me. Shake. I'm in with you. (1) Otis Harlan is not related to Kenneth Harlan. (2) *The Young Rajah* was released last month. (3) Harrison Ford's a leading man, not a fully-fledged star. (4) You're right about August PICTUREGOER. Our tame caption writer says his pen got out of control. I'll see about those page plates for you, now that you find I'm not "a staid old boy of about forty or fifty." I hope you won't be so shy about writing, another time.

D. H. (Eastbourne).—Lewis Stone is somewhere in the early forties. He has had a long stage career, has fought in two wars, and has appeared in a number of films, the first of which was called *Honour's Altar*. Other films of his are: *Muffled Drums*, *The Concert*, *The River's End*, *The Northern Trail*, *Don't Neglect Your Wife*, *Nomads of the North*, *The*

*Prisoner of Zenda*, *Held by the Enemy*, *Trifling Women*, *The Dangerous Age*, and his latest release is *Scaramouche*. An art plate appeared in November 1923, PICTUREGOER, and an article in August issue of the same year. He's married to Laura Oakley, his one time leading lady, and has two daughters still at school.

R. M. (East Southsea).—(1) Jackie Coogan was born in 1915. Art plate of him soon. (2) Jack Mulhall is taking a well earned rest just now. I'll let you know when he starts filming again.

WHITEBUD (Leeds).—This number is All-British, so it ought to content even you, my budlet. (1) Stewart Rome is at present working on a film with Violet Hopson, entitled *The Stirrup Cup Sensation*. (2) I'll do my best for you. (3) No addresses given in these columns.

A REGULAR READER (London).—When you hurl a brickbat at a body you might at least enclose your address for the return shot.

T. B. (Coventry).—(1) *The White Moll* has been released. (2) *Lure of Ambition* released June 6th, 1921. (3) Western Import Co. is still flourishing. (4) The Fox Film Nero had an Italian cast. (5) *The Kid* was re-issued some months back.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS (Johannesburg).—You're labouring under a delusion, seraphic ones. That paper's no connection of PICTUREGOER—if it were your grumbles would be *non est*! (1) Sorry, no casts in these columns. (2) Art plate of Norma Talmadge appeared in Sept., 1922 *Picturegoer*. (3) Plates of Enid Bennett in February, 1921 and May 1923 issues.

RUDOLPHITE (Colchester).—Apologies returned unused. Of course call me "George." (1) Most of your requests have been granted in recent numbers. (2) Mac Murray was born May 9th, 1886, Ramon Novarro February 5th, 1899, Milton Sills January 10th, 1882, and Alice Terry 1901.

M. C. G. (Edinburgh).—Letter forwarded on arrival.

POP (London).—(1) 35 cents is, roughly, 1/6, though it varies of course, according to the exchange. Glad you think me such a little ray of sunshine. I'll do my best to brighten 1924 for you.

(Continued on page 64).

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Gladys  
Leslie.

KATE (Shoreham).—Says she "has only just plucked up the courage to write to me." Shy damsels all, remember that's one thing I can't do for you, so unless you take the plunge, we shall have to do without the pleasure of getting acquainted. (1) Write to the screen artistes themselves for signed photos. Send about 1/- to each one. (2) Monte Blue was "Danton" in *Orphans of the Storm*. (3) Write to the stars you mention c/o this office. (4) My photo has never yet graced these columns. (5) Write to our publishing Dept., for particulars of back numbers.

A. W. W. (Edinburgh).—Thanks duly earned.

J. C. R. (Coventry).—Some time when the Editor's backed a winner and is feeling more than usually kind-hearted, I'll see what I can do for you. Thanks for your appreciatory remarks anent PICTUREGOER.

PEGGIE (Manchester).—Associated First National Co., Oxford Street, W.1, might let you have a photo of

Dick Barthelmess. They charge about 2/6, or you could obtain a nice postcard of him from our "Pictures Salon."

E. W. J. (Congleton).—Apply to the Publicity Depts. of some of the leading film Co.'s for the film cuttings you want.

FELICITY AND FRIEND (Wimbledon).—Send their love and want to know "if it's done." It is Felicity—by quite a number of knowledge-thirsty fans who seek to coax the pearls of wisdom from my pen. Whether it's meant I'll leave you to decide for yourself. (1) No, I don't think Ramon Novarro is like Dick Barthelmess. (2) Stoll Film Co. might let you have a photo of Guy Newall. I expect he'll autograph it for you, if you ask nicely, but you'll have to wait a little while, because at present he's movie making abroad. Tell your fair friend that "nice" is too trite a word to describe me!

TURNSTONE (Norwich).—(1) *The Rat* will be filmed later on. (2) Art plates of Ivor Novello appeared in February, 1923 and January, 1924 issues. Illustrated interview May, 1923. (3) Illustrated interview with Gladys Cooper in our last Christmas Number. Glad you like PICTUREGOER, but I do wish you wouldn't address me as a "Department," Turnstone.

CLAN MACDONALD (Forfar).—(1) You'll find some information about Gladys Jennings in this number. Thanks for thanks.

NINE MIXTES (Folkestone).—Greetings ye faithful nine—and belated thanks—for your Christmas and New Year wishes. Your black cat now adorns my desk. (1) I'll do my best to persuade the Editor to your way of thinking. (2) Bill Farnum's still filming on and off.

L. T. W. (Thornton Heath).—A complete list of British film stars and companies with their addresses, is contained in the "Kine Year Book," price 7/6 at our Publishing Dept. You can also find some of their studio addresses in "The Motion Picture Studio," obtainable at the same address, price 2d. post free.

M. W. (Maida Vale).—With my usual "angelic patience," of which you are an avowed admirer, I have read your little "brainwave," and have passed it along to the Carols Editor with a recommendation to mercy

H. A. H. (Melton Mowbray).—Has

been a reader of *Picturegoer* for two years, and has only just written to me. Congratulations H. A. H., on your marvellous self restraint. (1) Harry Jonas, who played opposite Betty Balfour in *Love, Life and Laughter*, had never appeared on the films before. He's an artist, and hails from Chelsea. (2) Eddie Lyons has not left the screen.

J. B. (Bristol).—Letters forwarded on arrival. (1) Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. (2) Constance isn't married now. (3) Henry Edwards was born Sept. 18, 1883. (4) Matheson Lang's married to Hutin Britten. You're a young lady of decided opinions—stick to 'em!

D. E. W. (Nottingham).—Thanks for all your good wishes. Same to you and many of 'em. (1) Your letters have been forwarded. (2) Tom Moore isn't married to Renée Adorée now.

ENQUIRER (Malvern).—Glad you've had such good luck in receiving answers from film stars. I've forwarded your letter to Stewart Rome. Peter Dear (his real name, by the way) is about eleven years old. His parents are not professionals.

JOAN (Leigh-on-Sea).—Letter forwarded. Ivor Novello is at present playing in a stage play *The Rat*, written by himself and Constance Collier. This started a successful run at Brighton and is touring the provinces.

ANNETTE (S. B.).—(1) W. S. Hart isn't married now. (2) Tony Moreno's married to a New York Society leader. (3) Eugene O'Brien's one of Screenland's most sought after bachelors. (4) Buck Jones was married nine years ago in Ohio to the village belle. He has a little daughter. (5) Ivor Novello isn't married. I'm sorry you don't believe me when I tell you how shy I am. But it's one of the trials of the great to be misunderstood.

ANIBID (Sheffield).—Rudolph Valentino has patched up his quarrel with Famous Lasky and is going to make another film for them early this year. (2) He had intended to come to England and make a film early last month, but it is now uncertain when he'll be over. (3) Winifred Hudnut is his second wife. (4) Corinne Griffith's is married to Webster Campbell. (5) Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynne and has a daughter Dorothy.

JONESITE (Highgate).—I'll do my best for you, but I can't promise.

"QUALITY AND FLAVOUR" **BOURNVILLE COCOA** MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS  
SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE



## ROMANCE IN THE DARK (Continued from page 21).

cupboards into the washing room. Here they are thoroughly washed in a series of five tanks for half an hour.

Washing over, the portions that require it are put into the tinting and toning tanks, where moonlight, fire, and other "effects" are imparted.

Next, the drying rooms. Here the films are wound on to revolving drums holding 1,000 feet each, which revolve at 100 revolutions a minute. In the warm air the print is dry inside half-an-hour. The most elaborate precautions, second only to the meticulous care observed in dealing with the drying negative, are taken in these rooms to guard against the least speck of dust damaging the finished print. No air can enter that has not been thoroughly washed and filtered, and every day the tiled floors are washed and rubbed until they shine with an aggressive cleanliness—and then oiled just to make assurance certain!

When the prints have been dried, they are separated into their subjects and reels and sent up to the joining rooms. Here girls, with nimble fingers and bottles of amyl acetate, join up the various scenes in their proper order, and insert in their right places the titles which have meanwhile been drawn and photographed. And they work at an incredible speed and with an accuracy that compels admiration.

Next the films have to be cleaned. There may be stains on the celluloid side, there may be a speck of dust here and there—although that is a contin-

gency only to be spoken of in whispers and not in the least probable. They are forthwith taken to the Duplex cleaner and passed through an ingenious system of revolving wheels which, by means of methylated spirit and velvet pads, clean the celluloid side of the print at the rate of 1,000 feet every thirteen minutes. And this delicate work has to be done by machinery that must not inflict even a microscopic scratch on the film. That the scratches are not inflicted is sufficient testimony to the marvels of the machinery involved.

Finally, there comes the test of all this laborious work. Our producer can join us now if he likes, for all is over and done and it only remains to see what the finished product is like. Up to the projection room we go, and for the first time the complete film springs to life on the screen. Lynx-eyed operators watch it jealously through their little windows, alert to detect the slightest fault. If any faults are found, back goes the film to the joining room for revision and correction. If not, away it goes to the despatch room. Here, neatly coiled up in its little tin boxes, it is placed in specially constructed and ventilated vaults, waiting to take its first journey into the world, first to its owner, and then later to the theatre where it is to be screened.

Think of this when next you sit in the darkened comfort of your stall and watch your favourite star.

## HAVE YOU SEEN THE "AMAMI" GIRL?

As announced last month in these columns, Miss Kathleen June Punchard, the 17-year-old girl of Maida Vale has been unanimously selected from among our 4,000 entrants in the "Amami" Stage Career Scheme, to be given an opportunity to equip herself for a theatrical career. Miss Punchard—or Miss Kathleen Amami, as she will in future be known to theatregoers—is now appearing at the Duke of York's Theatre in the revue "London Calling." Representative "Picturegoer's" was present at the first performance in which she figured and interviewed her after the show.

"Do tell me; did you see me, and how did I look, and don't you think I'm a lucky girl?" she asked breathlessly as soon as the "Picturegoer" man was ushered into her dressing room, and he had announced his mission.

"Should say I did—simply ripping—most emphatically, yes!" he responded gallantly, "and now about 'Amami' preparations (if you'll pardon a mere man for mentioning the subject). Do you-er, that is to say, your complexion—er, your hair—" Our representative was floundering rather badly.

His victim laughed merrily, "You mean *are they real*? Well, look!" She grasped a handful of glossy hair.

"O-ooh! But that hurts!" she exclaimed ruefully, and rubbed her cheek with a dainty handkerchief which disclosed not a trace of cosmetiques. "Of course," she continued, "I have to use a little make-up for the stage, but all the rest of the day I am, so to speak, *au naturel*. Yes I really *am* an 'Amami' Girl—Amami Creams and Amami Shampoos are all I use or ever have used."



## So Soft and Wavy

I don't want to be vain, but I must say I do think my hair is rather satisfactory. It feels so thick and silky when I run my fingers through it, and it is quite a pleasure to brush it, for

### IT TAKES SUCH A LOVELY POLISH.

I brush it for a quarter of an hour, night and morning, and it looks like burnished bronze, and seems to spring into waves of its own accord. Well, after so much boasting, I must confess that three months ago it was the most

### DULL, UNASSUMING, LIFELESS, MOUSE-COLOURED

hair you ever saw. But ever since I have taken to shampooing it every fortnight with Stallax, it seems to have developed an astonishing vitality and lustre. And although it is so long, it is

### NOT IN THE LEAST UNMANAGEABLE

and goes up without any difficulty, even within an hour or two of being washed. After all that Stallax has done for me, I think it is only fair to let others into the secret. I find that

### OTHER GIRLS WHO USE IT

say just the same, and whether their hair is black, golden, chestnut, or brown, it seems to impart a wonderful life and gloss to every woman's crowning glory.

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The Patent Tight Hair Makes all the Difference

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"STANDS England where she did?" the Pessimist inquires, and the Movie Optimist, with thoughts only for the silver-sheet, returns an emphatic negative. *British, and proud of it too!* Well it is for the world of film that England does *not* stand where once she did in matters cinematographic. We stand, to-day, a hundred miles further along the road to Perfection, and we should be proud of our progress. This All-British number of THE PICTUREGOER, like the British Film Week, has one aim—the advancement of British pictures. The object seems to me to be a very worthy one. What do you think?

JANE writes: "I want to sing a Hymn of Hate about the things that imitate. I hate the blue-eyed 'onjensoo.' She's always too good to be true. With bitter hate I foam and rave when heroes wear a marcel-wave. I hate the aged white-haired dame, who bows her head in anguished shame because her son's too proud by far to recognise his poor old ma. I hate to see upon the screen, tears, idle tears, of glycerine. I hate the child with all my force who saves the parents from divorce, by waking up at night and crying, or catching mumps and nearly dying. I hate a film that prates and preaches about the lesson that it teaches. What we should do, and how to do it; a film that puts the hero through it because he's been a wicked lad. He suffers and it makes us sad. We

feel so sorry for the goof, until we find it's all a spoof. For films aren't always what they seem. Oh, how I hate 'twas all a dream'!"

"THERE are many who would like to see Mary Pickford as 'Juliet.' I have seen some very good tragic roles played by Mary Pickford, so why not this one? *A Champion for Mary.* Anyway, Mary is far too sensible to

have any foolish vanity. Therefore, 'Juliet' is best left for Miss Pickford to decide upon. If the advice of a few had been taken we should never have had the chance to see 'Our Mary' as 'Rosita' and 'Sweet Doll of Haddon Hall.' M. M. (London), is apt to get a big surprise in Mary's latest film *Rosita* regarding 'limitations.'—B. B. (Hull).

"I AGREE with Jumbo with regard to her attack on leading men, with the exception of Novarro, and when she's seen him in *Scaramouche*

*There are Others.*

I guess she won't complain he's kiddish any more. To my mind he's one of the few leading men of the day with a sense of humour. Tom Mix is NOT my ideal hero, but everyone to his choice. But what about the hundreds Jumbo hasn't mentioned. What about Richard Dix, Clive Brook, Wheeler Oakman, to mention only three? Say, Jumbo, don't they please you any? Haven't they virility, rugged beauty, and a few other things that Tom Mix would do well to copy?—Non-Mixite.

"WHAT are all the Wally fans doing? Why aren't they clamouring for revivals of his films? Do they really think Valentino, Novarro or any of the film heroes of to-day compare with him. Wally is Wanted.

Valentino gives one perhaps a thrill, but Wally in his films, livens you up and makes life worth the name.

Nobody compares with Wally. What does everyone say? Why not up and write to Paramount about revivals?" — Winifreda (Palmer's Green).

PURITAN, who appears to live up to her nom-de-plume reads me this severe lecture: "I read an article on Kinema Kisses in a recent issue of THE PICTUREGOER, and I was very grieved to

find that the writer had dealt flip-pantly with his subject. Is it not time that someone protested seriously about the long-drawn out close-ups of kissing couples that disfigure nine photoplays out of every ten? Love is a noble passion, and should never be degraded by being paraded in public. When I hear a kinema audience laughing at a particularly long-drawn out kiss, my blood boils with rage. If film players *must* kiss, it should be done in sub-titles."

I HAVE received a large number of letters on the subject of shadow lovers dealt with on this page under the heading: "An Idyll of the Screen."

Sentiment and Hope writes: *the Screen.* "I quite agree with Sentimental

in her views about her Shadow-lover and can understand her interest in life now that was lacking before. I speak from experience, as I am one of the lonely ones, but I find a lot of pleasure and interest in life since I have been a very keen Picturegoer, and I have a film favourite whom I am never likely to see personally but my greatest pleasure is to go and see him on the Silver-sheet. I am not so lucky as to see him every week. As to those who call this morbid-minded, I am sorry they cannot find a pleasure in anything so simple. So cheerio; I think we can be content with the shadow. If every one could think like this, why, life would be one long, long bliss. I may be wrong, it's for you to say (*The Thinker*) I mean. That is all to-day."

THE THINKER.



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NIGHTDRESS, in pure silk crêpe de Chine, entirely hand made by our own workers, square neck, with new shaped sleeves, finished with folds of hand veining. In pink, ivory, sky, mauve, yellow, ochre and coral.

**Price - - - 29/6**

Chemise to match, 25/0. Knickers to match, 25/0.  
In thoroughly reliable pure silk washing satin.  
In pink, sky, ivory, mauve, yellow, hyacinth, green, ochre.

Nightdress, 48/6. Chemise to match, 39/6.

Knickers to match, 39/6.

LACE BOUDOIR CAP, 18/0.

PRACTICAL CAMI-KNICKERS (as sketch) in pure silk crêpe de Chine, an exact copy of a Paris model, with new low waist-line and shoulder straps of self material, daintily trimmed with narrow lace edging and hem-stitching. In pink, sky, mauve, lemon, peach and ivory.

**Price - - - 35/9**

In thoroughly reliable washing silk georgette.  
In pink, mauve, sky, yellow, coral, jade, ivory, and black.

**Price - - - 39/6**

Dutch shaped Lace Boudoir Bonnet, trimmed with dainty flowers, 18/0.

NIGHTDRESS, in pure silk crêpe de Chine, entirely hand made, daintily trimmed with cream lace insertion and hand veining, forming low waist-line finished with pin tucks and satin ribbon sash. In pink, sky, lemon, mauve, coral, ivory, and hyacinth.

**Price - - - 49/6**

Chemise to match, 39/6. Knickers to match, 39/6.

In pure silk georgette. In pink, sky, ivory, coral, mauve, lemon, and green.

Nightdress, 55/0. Chemise to match, 45/0.

Knickers to match, 45/0. Lace Boudoir Cap, 25/0.

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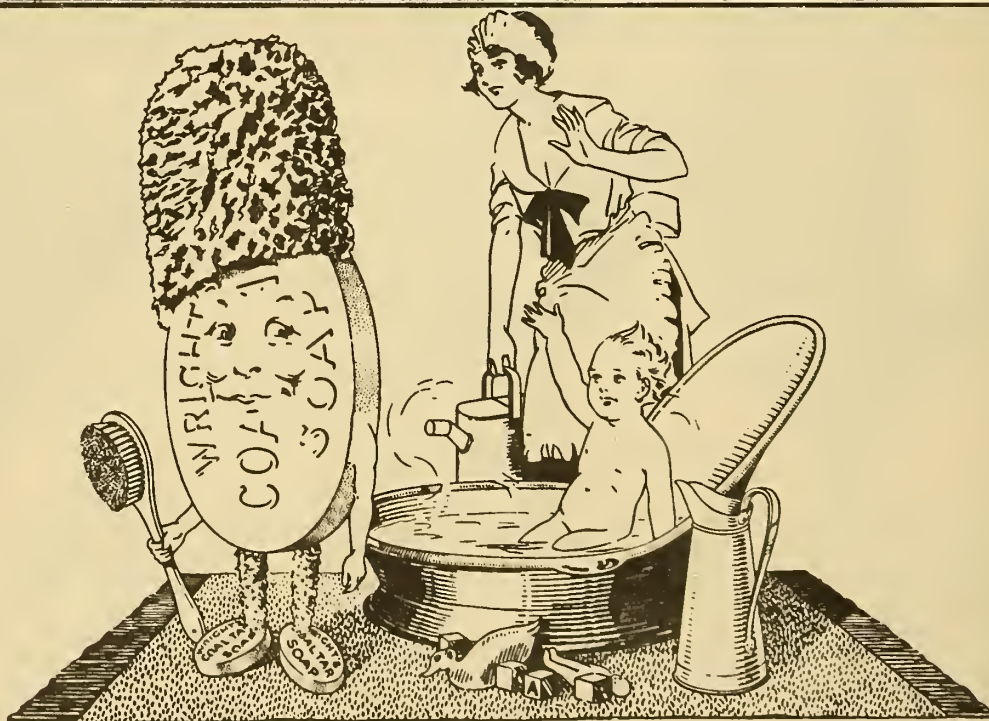
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# Movies in March



Blanche Sweet and George Marion.

Thomas H. Ince is a name which one has come to associate with successful pictures. His latest effort *Anna Christie* is no exception to the rule, in fact, this writer is fully prepared to say that in the screening of this international stage-play success, Mr. Ince has given us by far his finest work to date. *Anna Christie* is proving itself one of the foremost pictures of the year. Brilliant in cast, wonderfully photographed and with close adherence to Eugene O'Neill's original drama, it is a notable tribute to the power of the screen freed from the limitations that inevitably beset the speaking stage.

With a drama depending for its effect upon four chief characters only, skill in choosing those players counts for much. Here, again, Mr. Ince has proved himself a master. It would be difficult to conceive four players more suited to their roles than are Blanche Sweet, George Marion, William Russell and Eugenie Besserer.

The story is familiar from the stage-play, with its stark yet fascinating realism, and its true to life portrayal of elemental human passions. At this writing *Anna Christie* is in full season at the Palace Theatre in town. Shortly it will be seen throughout the country when readers of the PICTUREGOER will be enabled to judge for themselves. It is safe to predict, we feel, that that judgment will very largely coincide with the eulogy herewith set down.

Blanche Sweet as "Anna Christie."



A long awaited classic is promised to the screen in the presentation at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, of Richard Walton Tully's filming of *Trilby*, of which picture excellent reports have reached this country from America, where it has already been released. It falls to the lot of few films to attain the dignity of send-off which will have been accorded *Trilby* before these lines reach the public, for this picture is set as the central attraction for a mammoth matinée, in aid of The Silver Crusade, a national organisation contributing to the financial need of all British charities and hospitals. In Mlle Lafayette, the First National Company, who are sponsors for the film, have discovered a brilliant young French star, whose work impresses this writer as of the highest calibre in the name role, while Edwin Arthur Carew's "Svengali," if it has a fault at all, errs only on the side of realistic effectiveness.

Other notable pictures that March brings to the cinema are Richard Barthelmess's *Fighting Blade*, with the young and pretty Yorkshire girl, Dorothy McKaill, in the leading feminine role. This is a story of England in the days of the Roundheads, and the picture recently received the distinction of being screened at a special presentation to Members of Parliament at the Central Hall, Westminster.



Trilby and Svengali.



Douglas MacLean in "The Sunshine Trail."



Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy McKaill in "The Fighting Blade."



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Pearl White



**ADELQUI MILLAR**

*Has been a screenplayer since 1910, when he played stunt rôles à la Fairbanks and Tom Mix in American films. He writes plays and scenarios, and his most recent films are "Pages of Life," "Circus Jim," and "Pagliacci."*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Their Planets and Yours

by FLORENCE TURNER

Those born in the first half of March (up to the 19th) are born in the Sign of Pisces, governed by Jupiter.

The Pisces nature stands for great love of mankind, and extreme honesty in all dealings. For this reason excellent cashiers, treasurers and accountants come under this sign.

They are extremely fond of beautiful things in both nature and art.

In personal appearance, Pisces people usually have round, full, placid faces, with rather dreamy eyes, and are inclined to be round-shouldered. This is because they carry too many of the burdens of the world on them. Few egoists are found amongst Pisces people; they have little or nothing to say regarding their own abilities, and indeed in many cases they do not have enough self-esteem and are apt to be of too retiring a nature for their own good.

Anyone born upon March 4 has his character formed by Uranus, which would render him rather changeable in ideas and actions. This very changeability, however, makes for extreme progressiveness in all matters. Any forlorn hope which requires new ideas will be the better for the counsel of a Uranus subject, as his creative thoughts are prolific.

Health of the March 4 born is also apt to vary, as one day an Uranus subject will be frightfully ill and the next as well as ever. Quick recoveries are invariably the rule.

Although of a most kindly nature, the Uranus people greatly dislike being dictated to, and, if under a harsh government their nerves will suffer to the extent of making them positively ill. They would possess remarkable intuition and should always rely upon their first impressions of people. Changes of weather



BETTY COMPSON, Mar. 18.

have some effect upon those born on 4th of March, but dull days will not bother them—in fact, rain will have a stimulating effect.

People born on March 16th are inclined to have their own way and brook interference from no one. As they are born under Neptune, they need almost constant change as they easily grow tired of the same work, same scenery, etc., etc.

Their ideas are progressive, and they are given to much thought regarding the good of humanity. They should try to avoid the spells of extreme depression which overtake them, as it discourages and retards their great working ability in all directions. They are great dreamers, but are quite shy in telling of their castles in the air and so usually keep these things a close secret. Of a visionary nature and sometimes wrapped in a mist of spirituality, they are intensely, practical in the interests of friends and relations.

They are much attracted by the sea, but it is not at all lucky to them, and they should be most careful when travelling thereon.

Some great musicians come under this sign and they can sway great audiences with their emotional playing. They are usually rich in literary gifts.

Aries governs March 27, and these subjects are somewhat domineering, but are so tender-hearted at the least sign of another person's suffering they will go to extremes and deprive themselves of everything to make up for any apparent unkindness. Of a very impulsive nature but are the first to forgive and forget.

Always intensely ambitious, they do not know the meaning of fear or failure and death has no terrors for them.

Some well-known film stars born this month are: Pearl White, March 4; Virginia Pearson, March 7; Isobel Elsom, Harrison Ford, Henry B. Walthall, March 16, and Betty Balfour, March 27.



CHARLES RAY, Mar. 15.



DOROTHY GISH, Mar. 11.



# The Perfect Man of the

toward success has been taken. But a man cannot change his physical conformation, not much at least, and it becomes an interesting question as to what height, weight and measurements best serve the player for all-round work.

I am not very keen on ancient masculine models; Apollo was a bit too

num in *The Spoilers*, and who that saw it can ever forget Farnum's struggle with Alphonze Ethier in *Rough and Ready*. Strength, endurance, gameness and skill—Farnum "had everything" that day.

In the 180-pound class, we find such actors as Tom Mix, Harry Carey, Dustin Farnum, Irving Cummings, Francis X. Bushman and Conway

Tearle. To be accurate, I believe Bushman weighs 175 pounds and stands 5 feet 11 inches in height. These are splendid proportions, especial-

ly when accompanied by the strength, activity and grace of Francis X. He was for years one of the best amateur wrestlers (the champion, if I remember

The agile Doug Fairbanks is seen here doing one of the stunts that have made him famous.

George O'Hara, whose performance in "Fighting Blood" entitles him to consideration as one of the athletes of the screen.

One of the most conspicuous facts in relation to motion picture stars is that no one player is equally good in all kinds of roles. I do not care how great his histrionic art, a man of less than average height cannot be truly impressive in the role of a Northwest lumberjack or a bad man of the gold mines. On the other hand, such men as William S. Hart and Tom Santschi are at their best as outdoor heroes and are just a little bit disappointing in the drawing room. Guy Bates Post has but few equals as an actor, but to me he seemed out of place as a miner in *Gold Madness*. And so did Mitchell Lewis as an office man in the same play. Lewis is unbeatable in such parts as "Pleon," in *The Barrier*.

Physique means a lot to an actor; when it suits the part a great stride

short and not well proportioned, while Hercules was too large. There are plenty of living models to-day who "out-model" any of the old masterpieces of statuary. Douglas Fairbanks, a man of about Apollo's height, is a far better proportioned figure than the statue; and William Farnum, as a bulky type, has a more pleasing physique than the over-massive Farnese Hercules.

If we were attempting to point out the Samson of the screen, we would look among the big fellows. Farnum, Santschi and Duncan carry a man of their own poundage about as easily as the average man carries a child. In personal combat Farnum and Bosworth often display tremendous strength. Santschi said that he was a wreck for days after his famous scrap with Far-

correctly) of California, and is remarkably clever at boxing. A bout under regular ring rules between Bushman and William Desmond would be worth walking miles to see!

Dustin Farnum, standing 6 feet and weighing 180 pounds, is mighty good to look at. He might not be able to

In muscular development, few screen actors surpass George Walsh.



# Screen-Who is He?

handle his brother Bill, but all others had better be warned. I have often noticed Dustin's fine chest; the next time you see him in his shirt-sleeves, notice the man's chest; his pectoral muscles are as prominent as those of many professional strong men.

Tom Mix is undeniably one of the screen's most perfect specimens. He is about Dustin Farnum's size, with a bit more speed and dash than "Dusty" shows. His bodily carriage and general physical poise and accuracy proclaim the superior athlete even to inexperienced observers. Mix is always "in condition," for he takes excellent care of his health and muscles. If I were

picking a 180-pounder, I would certainly have to linger a long time over Mix.

But, remembering that "good things often come in small packages," let us take another 20-pound step downward, and consider such men as Douglas Fairbanks, Reginald Denny, George Walsh, Rudolph Valentino, George O'Hara and Charles De Roche.

Fairbanks, at 5 feet 8



In his college days George was a star foot-

baller and wrestler, and there is not another actor in the world with more pep and ginger. Mere height and weight are not sufficient. Many of our actors have bulk enough, but it is not always well distributed. Admitting that a figure may be approximately perfect at any height, what is the height at which perfect symmetry gives the most pleasing effect? Our perfect screen hero, as we have seen, must be able to "do things," not merely pose. His height, weight and development must be such as to qualify him for all-round work.

The height that best allows a man to meet a variety of tests is 5 feet 10 inches. A man of this height is tall enough to have a good reach for such sports as boxing, yet short enough to possess good leverage in tests of sheer strength. Now we have decided on a height falling between that of Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks, approximately perfect men of their respective types. Looking around for an actor of about 5 feet 10 inches in stature whose build will represent something of an average between Tom and Doug, the man who comes most vividly to my mind is Antonio Moreno. Here we have much of the Farnum strength, the speed of a Fairbanks, the grace of a Kosloff, and the face of a Valentino. L. E. EUBANKS.

Conrad Nagel stands high on the roster of screen athletes for his lithe activity.

inches, is a trifle short for the ideal screen physique, as I see it. He weighs 160 pounds or more, and has a wonderfully well-knit figure; from his neck to his ankle he is muscle—educated muscles, for Doug is an all-round athlete.

Valentino on the other hand, strikes me as a bit slender. I take him to be not far from 6 feet in height, and as he weighs only 150-odd, his figure is not quite as husky as our ideal should be. Valentino has good legs (perhaps from so much dancing exercise), but his arms leave considerable to be desired.

Herbert Rawlinson and George Walsh are both first-class athletes. Some of the best athletic screen work I have seen was done by Rawlinson. Walsh has a truly beautiful physique. I do not know his height and weight, but he gives the impression of being very near the perfect man for screen work

Foremost among the athletes of the screen is Rudolph Valentino, popular screen star.



British Apollos of the screen will be dealt with in a later article.





[Photo Universal Photographic Press.]

Sir Simeon Stuart, Mdle. Valia and Geoffrey Benstead.

The Hotel Cecil, London, was the brightest spot in the land on the evening of the first day of the British National Film Weeks.

For there were our British stars gathered together in a milky way to give the weeks a good send off, to help the funds of the Kinema Club—which organised its third annual Carnival—and (quite incidentally, of course!) to have a good time themselves.

Never having attended a "dope" party—which some people seem to imagine is the sole form of revelry to which film-players are addicted—I cannot make comparisons. Those who attended the Carnival, however, in the expectation of seeing some of the lurid and profligate recklessness which is supposed by credulous readers to be the normal habit of studio celebrities must have wept with disappointment. For there is no use blinking the truth. Our deservedly popular stars are just natural, healthy people with an unlimited capacity for the ordinary gaiety of the English fancy-dress ball, and remarkably free from "side" and self-importance.

Moreover, they are friendly with each other. There is none of that aloofness and air of assumed ignorance of one another's identity. On the contrary they dance and mingle in real good-fellowship. What a fine thing this is! I have seen so much of the superciliousness of actors and actresses. It is not an unheard of thing for a very illustrious player to ask, when another equally illustrious player is referred to, "Who is he? I don't think I know him." Without levelling any charge against an honourable profession, there are many people who can confirm this from personal experience



[Photo Universal Photographic Press.]

Guy Newall and Ivy Duke.

of the exceptions—for they are exceptions—who assume this distant and ludicrous superiority, which is inexcusable even in the greatest men and women.

It was a happy thought to fix the Carnival on the first day of the British Film Weeks, and the company gathered together seemed something more than ordinary revellers. They seemed to be actuated by a spirit of energy, enterprise and hope, and to be imbued with that responsibility which, in effect, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales laid upon them when he said last November that "It is up to us to see that British pictures take their due place in the theatres of the world, and particularly on British screens." Not that they were too serious. At least fifty balloons were burst between eleven and three a.m., chiefly by stars.

There was, of course, the motive of charity, which, as we have been led to believe, always begins at home. The performer, whether on stage, music-hall or screen, is proverbially ready to use his talent in the cause of charity of all kinds; and it is only natural that British players should rally in aid of a good cause of their own. The Kinema Club is not a charity; it is a social rendezvous in the West End of London for all those directly concerned in the making of British pictures, and is the only institution of its kind in the world.

Its membership includes practically all the producers, actors, actresses, camera men, scenario writers and studio technicians of British filmdom, and has done much good in promoting good-fellowship among the members of the industry, many of whom were, until its establishment, strangers to each other. It has also been of service, not only to the studio world, but also to the public, in attacking and exposing from time to time the fraudulent people who from time to time, prey on the public by pretending they are in the business.

The profession has been glorified as one of wealth and joy, but the reality is far from the current conception. Stage actors are having a hard time, but the player who lives by film-acting in this country has a very precarious existence. There are dozens of genuine experienced screen artistes in dire distress to-day, with little chance of employment in an overcrowded profession and in real need of assistance.



[Photo Universal Photographic Press.]

Chrissie White and Henry Edwards.



Remember this, O ye film-struck! The Kinema Club Benevolent Fund was therefore founded, and the first donations were secured through a Boxing Tournament held lately at the National Sporting Club. The fund is being carefully directed and administered by responsible men of the industry, and all those at the Carnival are glad to know that a substantial sum has been realised towards the relief of some of the most pathetic instances of professional hardship.

So they turned up in force to support the Carnival organised by the Kinema Club. And so did many well-known figures of the stage, and a good muster of the public. A few mistakes in identity were made, but no one, so far as I am aware, mistook a waiter for a film hero or asked unknown members of the Press for autographs. I think the reason for this was the fact that our stars are getting more and more popular every day and consequently more easy to "spot," even if they don't wear "make-up" in private life.

It was fine to see so many of them in the flesh in the costumes of some of their recent parts. Victor McLaglen, with his wonderful smile, was magnificent in his *M'Lord of the White Road* attire, and Gladys Jennings assured me that her Marguerite de Valois dress (soon to be seen in *Henry, King of*

*Navarre*) did not make dancing uncomfortable. John Stuart, as George Douglas in *Mary, Queen of Scots*, Nina Vanna, looking like a figure in 18th Century porcelain in her *Man Without Desire* costume, Sir Simeon Stuart in his tartan, Marie Ault as in *East of Suez*, and Clive Currie as Danny Mann in *Colleen Bawn*, all seemed as if they had stepped from the screen and become endowed with speech and laughter.

However, there is something to be said for evening dress. The personality of attractive femininity finds its most illuminating expression in what is worn, and this was confirmed by the many exquisite frocks of those screen

[Photo Universal Photographic Press]

The Blackford sisters whose combined ages total nearly 150 years.



[Photo Universal Photographic Press.  
Gladys Jennings as "Marguerite de Valois."

ing dress of the mere men was effective; for an arresting and attractive man never gets a greater amount of notice than when he is in polite glad-rags—or as Americans say, in the "fish-and-soup" which is one of the hall marks of our so-called civilisation.

Certainly some of the most conspicuous male stars were in the recognised ceremonial apparel of an English gentleman. Stewart Rome and Clive Brook were easily recognisable; and I was glad to give personal congratulations to Henry Edwards and Mrs. Edwards (Christie White) who had made this their first public appearance since their sudden marriage. Ivy Duke in a lovely peach frock, gave the prizes to the winners of lucky tickets, which Guy Newall, looking very harassed, drew out of a hat. Hilda Bayley, Valia (who, alas! will shortly leave the screen), Florence Turner, Warwick Ward, Kathleen Vaughan, Henry Victor, Cameron Carr, Nigel Barrie, James Carew, Eva Moore, Fred Groves, Frank Stanmore and Rex Davis (a tireless M.C.), were some of the other well-known personalities of filmdom to be seen on the dance floor and round about.

Many of our leading producers were there, too, and Louis Levy's band alone prevented my hearing some of their plans for 1924. In spite of a few croakers, British production is going ahead in the future, and anyone who doubts this should have been at the Carnival, when the question, "Are we down and out?" would have been answered (as the cameraman says) in the negative.

P.L.M.



The long and short of it. An impression by the "Picturegoer" artist of "M'Lord" (Victor McLaglen) and "The Hunchback" (John de Frene).



The Conductor in action.





## Our Honours List

There is no hesitation at all about the *Picturegoer* Critic's choice of first place among the March releases. *Rosita* shines out very bright and clear as a good picture, an entertaining picture, a picture that has made a real bit of screen history. It will be remembered first and foremost, as the picture that brings a grown-up Mary Pickford to the screen, a Mary not just playing at grown-ups as she did in *Tess* and *The Love Light*, but with trailing gowns and hair piled high under a Spanish mantilla, and a

real, honest-to-goodness love story of her own. And if she doesn't play it quite like a Pauline Frederick or a Pola Negri, she gives a rendering of the part of the street singer that is among the best things she herself has ever done—better even than her inimitable child studies.

The Mary of *Rosita* is a new, unsuspected Mary. She has matured. Her work is slower, more restrained, and consequently more vital. Her acting in the later, intensely dramatic scenes in which she thinks her lover murdered and goes home to give a supper to his murderer, is of that quality that clings to the mind, haunts you, pricking at your memory for days afterwards. Mary's tragic eyes in *Rosita* will not be easy to forget.

The truth of the matter is that *Rosita* was handled by a director whose second name is genius. His first name is Ernst, and his last name Lubitsch, and he has brought to bear on this—his first American picture—all the fire, imagination and knowledge of the camera which gave *The Loves of Pharaoh*, *Sumurun* and *Passion* to the world. He studied carefully the story of "Rosita" the Spanish dancer. He cast it with scrupulous care. He found an artist with genius, equal in its field, to his own, in Holbrook Blinn, the amorous monarch whose philanderings set the whole ball of story rolling. And then Lubitsch started right in, and gave

Top left: Pola Negri in two scenes from "Carmen."



us a German motion picture in American—and those wise picturegoers who know what Germany can do will understand that this is praise and not censure.

He took his shots from above and around and from all the odd corners the German producers love. He emphasised the diminutive size and helplessness of his heroine by the massive sets and high narrow gateways with which he surrounded her. And



Theodore Roberts, May Mr. Arvo, Conrad Nagel and Charles Ogle in "Grumpy."



he endowed the whole thing, too, with a humorous twist that is only too rarely found in Teutonic pictures.

*Rosita* is emphatically a film to see, if for no other reason than that, in it, Irene Rich—of whom we always expected great things—gives the performance of her life.

There are two films released this month which every true fan ought to see because they mark the opening chapters in the careers of two now very famous actresses. They are *Carmen*, and *The Fall of Babylon*.

*Carmen*, which an enthusiastic America insisted on renaming *Gipsy Blood*—is one of the very first pictures that Pola Negri made, in the days in which her fame had not yet spread outside the borders of Germany, and while her notoriety had not yet robbed her of her dramatic powers which then were simple and sincere. The Pola Negri of *Carmen* is, without any doubt, a very great actress in the making. The film as a whole is heavy, badly constructed, and atrociously cast. But Pola's work in it is sheer joy. She runs the gamut of all the emotions, and every note she strikes rings true. Perhaps the most interesting point in her acting is a certain trait which marks off the young Pola very clearly from the Pola of to-day. It is noticeable in the café scene in which she first meets the Torcador. It is a curious, and very attractive girlish sense of impotence. She seems suddenly very young, very helpless, very desirable. She has never since equalled the effectiveness of her work in this scene. It is simply and solely because of the untrammelled acting of Pola Negri that *Carmen* is given a place in our Honours List.

*The Fall of Babylon* is, as every



Constance Talmadge as the "Mountain Girl" in "The Fall of Babylon," and a glimpse of the mammoth Babylonian set.



true fan knows, the Babylonian scenes from *Intolerance*, plus all the Babylonian shots that were left out of that film. The result is a



Above: A charming study of Mary Pickford in "Rosita." Left: With Ernest Lubitsch who directed the picture.

curiously uneven mosaic work of a picture, but for serious students of films it is extremely interesting to note what scenes the director thinks fit to cut when he assembles a big picture. It is a fact of common knowledge that a great deal of the success of the films of D. W. Griffith springs from the exceptionally skilful cutting that he does before he allows his film to see the light of day. *The Fall of Babylon* shows him, as it were, at work. It is a rough pencil sketch for the finished picture. And you find yourself agreeing with him every time, and admiring the master eye that found such and such a sequence unnecessary, and such and such a close-up superfluous. For this reason, as well as for the fact that in it Constance Talmadge does her first screen work of any note—and incidentally the best thing she has ever done—this film is included in our List.

Lastly, we give a high place of honour to *Grumpy*. Those who saw the play in which both the author, Horace Hodges, and Cyril Maude, each made such a success of the title role, need only be told that the film is in many ways better than the play to be assured of a first class entertainment. It is practically the only convincing detective story we have ever seen on the screen. The film, like the play, is almost entirely a one-man show. We can only say that Theodore Roberts as Grumpy has achieved the finest piece of characterisation he has yet done. It is not, of course, a great film. But in construction, acting, direction, photography and fidelity to the stage original it is well nigh faultless. In addition it is a piece of first rate entertainment from the opening shot to the final fade-out.

THE "PICTUREGOER" CRITIC.





*Flora Finch, an early screen favourite.*

Memories and traditions by the hundred surround the old Flatbush studios where the early Vitagraph Stock Company made history in the world of films. That was before the day, of their big achievements, back in 1900, and in those times Flatbush, now a suburb of New York was considered "way out." The studio consisted of three sheds—one for dressing rooms, one for properties, the third for the stage. The first movie made on these palatial (?) premises was *The White Slave*, a film version of Bentley Campbell's famous melodrama, and in the same year Kyrle Bellew, an idol of the New York stage played for Vitagraph there. Only in a scene, though, not in a full length play. He was then acting in "A Edna May (third from left) in her first and only picture "Salvation Joan."

## Romances of Old Studios

The No. 2 VITAGRAPH STUDIOS

"Gentleman of France," and a big moment in the play—the combat scene—was enacted at Flatbush before the cameras.

Shortly after this the shed arrangement was found inadequate, and the first glass-roofed studio was erected. As the little band of players grew into a bigger

*A scene from one of Norma Talmadge's first pictures.*



*J. Stuart Blackton one of the founders of Vitagraph.*

band more and more room was needed, and so gradually the Vitagraph studios grew until it occupied two entire City blocks, without counting its activities in the West.

And what of the men behind the familiar winged sign for which fans in both continents eagerly looked, knowing that it meant real entertainment, and clean comedies and excellent short dramas? There were two of them at first, later three. It really began when a young reporter was told off to interview Thomas Alva Edison upon the subject of his latest invention, a machine which would project upon a screen living pictures like those already familiar to the public in the Kinetoscope machines (you looked down a kind of slot, and acted as your own operator, turning a handle slowly or fast as it pleased your fancy, and watching the "living pictures" unfold in the brightly lit interior of the Kinetoscope).

The reporter, a young Englishman who had emigrated from Sheffield to try his luck in the New World was personally so interested that the interview was a prolonged one, and ended in he and his friend, Albert E. Smith, also an Englishman, investing all their earnings in one of Mr. Edison's projecting machines. Smith was a born





mechanic, and before very long devised a way of using Edison's machine to photograph as well as to project films. Of course finance had something to do with it. The pair were rich in imagination, foresight, and ambition only, and they were burning to make a film with a story, not, like those on view already, which showed movement only. So they made a tabloid drama, and, as they will tell you, with a smile, *it was very tabloid indeed.*

To them, the South American War was a special act of providence. It provided them with the subject of a short symbolic masterpiece which was shown all over America and got its young makers well into the news. With the funds thus provided, the pair went to Tampa and photographed the troops embarking; embarked with them and photographed the landing and various other scenes, including several "actions," rushing back to New York with this early News Reel which they exhibited themselves at various vaudeville theatres there.

The real life dramas they had witnessed for themselves, gave them so many ideas that they commenced filming stories on the roof of their offices, in Lower New York, and despite weather conditions, smoke from adjoining buildings, and unrehearsed incidents and interruptions they turned out sufficient masterpieces to enable them to move to a bigger roof top higher up in the same street.

Then it was that they took in a third partner, William T. Rock, and the Flatbush studios came into being. Much later on, Rock faded out, leaving only Blackton and Smith, still later, Blackton retired from active participation in America, but he is back again now, and, as always, a leading spirit there. Blackton produced or supervised every one of the one, two, three, and four and five-reelers of those days, besides many longer features of more recent date, and it is interesting to note that many



Rudolph Valentino and Earle Williams in "A Rogue's Romance."

of these four-reelers, re-edited and re-titled are finding favour to-day.

During the first five years of Vitagraph activities, Blackton directed at one time or another, Florence Turner, Maurice Costello, Charles Kent, Mabel Normand, James Morrison, Virginia Pearson, Naomi Childers, Zena Keefe,



Edith Storey and Tony Moreno.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Ralph Ince and his wife Lucille Lee Stewart, Anita Stewart, Florence Lawrence, Wallace Reid, Lillian Walker, Tony Moreno, Earle Williams, Mary Maurice, Clara Kimball Young, Arthur Johnson, Mary Fuller, Edith Storey, Leah Baird, E. K. Lincoln, Rosemary Theby, Harry Morey, "Broncho Billy" Anderson, Arline Pretty, Larry Semon, Josephine Earl, Gladden James, Carol Holloway, Rubye De Reyner, Mitchell Lewis, Marc McDermott, Gladys Leslie, Cissy Fitzgerald, Alice Lake, S. Rankin Drew, Anders Randolph, Lottie Pickford, William Desmond, Grace Darmond, Corinne Griffith, Jack Mulhall, Mary Anderson, Catharine Calvert and Barney Bernard (Potash).

I once spent a morning delving into "stills" from pictures made during this period. Three hours slid by like five minutes in identifying players and films which were shown from 1906 onwards. There was *The Life of Moses*, a five-reeler of about 1908, there was *Salome*, with Florence Turner plainly recognizable amongst the cast, there was Maurice Costello (he and Florence were the first international screen idols) in comedy, tragedy, and cos-



Circle: One of Maurice Costello's earliest pictures. Below: With Pauline Frederick in "Let No Man Put Asunder," in which he returns to the screen.



tume. There was Wallace Reid's familiar countenance amongst a crowd in a film, there Norma and Constance Talmadge being "atmosphere" in another, and dozens of others all of whom have headed their own companies since. That famous quartette of fun makers, John Bunny, Flora Finch, Hughey Mack, and Kate Price came along a little later; and many more directors were added, recruited in many cases from the stars themselves. For they were all-round artists most of them. Florence Turner for instance, was wardrobe mistress, author, star, and director during her early days with Vitagraph. She wrote many of her most successful comedies and dramas. One Vitagraph comedy, the immortal *New Stenogra-*



Corinne Griffiths (right) in an early film Florence Turner, he arrived on a day when Moses, Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon were all lunching together, for work was in full swing. Larry liked that idea, and joined the company forthwith as scenario writer.

On the tenth of this month Vitagraph will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their very first story picture, the one made on the roof of that Lower New York "skyscraper." It was called *The Haunted House*, and was only a hundred feet long, taking perhaps a minute and a half to show, no longer. It was a tiny forerunner of the super-features of to-day and the beginning of one of the most popular entertainments in the world.

It is a far cry from the eight reels of to-day to those early Flatbush days, to which, however, many and many a popular star of the moment looks back with affectionate interest.

JOSIE P. LEDERER.

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.



Albert Smith, President of Vitagraph, with his wife Jean Paige.

pher, has been made at least thrice, each time with a different heroine. I personally have seen Florence Turner, Mabel Normand, and Lillian Walker in the role of the captivating typist. Then there was *The Girl Who Could Not Smile*, *My Diary*, and many other charming comedies with Flo Turner, Leah Baird, Maurice Costello, Leo Delany and "Jean" figured. Surely picturegoers must remember them. "Jean" the first dog star, belongs to Flatbush days. She was Larry Trimble's dog, and Larry was then a writer of adventure stories, visiting Flatbush in search of a story. According to





# Is Style a Greater Asset than Beauty?



"Beauty," declared Pauline Frederick emphatically, "is bunk!"

We sat together on a leather chair that must have ante-dated the furnishings of King Tut's Tomb by several centuries. The chair was at the edge of the set on which Lou Tellegen was emoting before an edified group and the silent eye of the camera. Incidentally, you will get your money's worth when the picture hits your town, for Lou kept the perfect profile turned toward the camera for much film footage.

The locale of this interview was the old Vitagraph Studio out in Flatbush, where, ten years ago, when movies were young, many of the now-famous stars in the film firmament were initiated into the mysteries of the movies.

Pauline Frederick had come east to do *Let No Man Put Asunder*, a play adapted from Basil King's well-known novel.

"You know," remarked the clever lady at my side, "I accepted the offer to do this picture because it was the first time I had ever been actually sent for to do a production. The novelty of it must have appealed to me sentimentally, for I took the first train."

"And I might add," reflected our hostess, "that I'll take the first train back when the picture is finished. New York undoubtedly strikes you as an ideal place to live before you've been to Beverly Hills, California."

As for my impressions of Miss Frederick—she lived up to all preconceived ideas of what a smart young actress should be. For once it wasn't a case of "Bang, goes another illusion!" She wore a stunning party frock of orchid

Read Pauline Frederick's views on this important question. "Beauty," she asserts, "doesn't count for half as much as one is led to believe. Style is the thing."

chiffon, that hung simply in straight lines from the shoulder, beige stockings and almond-green slippers. Sounds a bit startling, but the effect was truly magnificent, as is Pauline herself.

In one hand she held a cigarette and in the other a peppermint cream drop which had cost her 1 cent. "At the cigar stand on your way out," she instructed, in case we'd care to indulge further.

"The *pourquoi* of our visit," we finally announced, "is not to discuss the merits of peppermints, but the relative values of beauty and style. Which of the aforementioned do you consider the greater asset for a woman to possess?"

"Style," from Miss Frederick, promptly and decisively. "Beauty doesn't count for half as much as one is led to believe. Style is the thing! Remember the old bromide, 'Fine feathers make fine birds,' well, there's nothing truer ever been said."

"If a woman would study herself and select clothes to disclose her personality," continued Miss Frederick, "instead of rushing pell mell to follow the dictates of fashion, she would come out on top. The smartly dressed woman will always attract more attention and create more

admiration than her merely beautiful sister.

"Beauty is pretty nice to have, and so is a beautiful limousine, but just the same it's the smart little runabout that is the bright spot on the road." Then a maid approached with cups of *Vitagraph* tea. "Not for me," I commented, "not having style I'm all for beauty, and no tea."

"As you say," from Miss Frederick. "But it won't harm my style at all!"

REGINA CANNON.



# Memories of Wallace Reid

by HIS MOTHER



Wally  
with  
one of  
his film  
mothers.

When Mrs. Reid opened the door of her West End apartment, I was remarkably impressed by the great resemblance between mother and son. Mrs. Reid is much smaller than her "over six feet" Wallace, but there is present that same smile and charming manner of hospitality which was so typical of Our Wallace.

"Some memories of my son?" she asked after I had been comfortably seated and had put forth the reason of my call.

"Wallace was always an inveterate lover of good books from his earliest childhood. He would sit contentedly in one's lap listening, sometimes for hours, nor would he let a word pass whose meaning he did not know. One evening his father was reading from his favourite book of that period, 'Scottish Chiefs,' and began substituting more modern language. Wallace

Right, reading downwards: Four characteristic studies of Wallace Reid in a variety of roles.



In response to many requests for a memorial article on Wallace Reid, we print these recollections by the star's mother, Mrs. Bertha Westbrook Reid. We have changed no word of the simple narrative, deeming it best to give Mrs. Reid's recollections of her son exactly as she herself related them to Ray E. Harris, a young American admirer of the ever-lamented star.

promptly corrected him, quoting its old-style prose. We did not interrupt and found he knew whole pages without error.

"His memory was always marvellous, a rich storehouse of literature, art and colourful events of his professional lifetime. Lifetime did I say? Wallace was never more alive to me than he is to-day and his great gifts are now at work in a larger field." Mrs. Reid said this with such sincerity of manner that any listener would have been much impressed.

"Whenever Wallace was home for the various holidays," she continued, "he was always thinking of something to do. He loved to masquerade. I have a snapshot of him with a Juliet wig on, and a modern dress of mine with a 'fancy' parasol. His looking down from his great height at his five foot Aunt Maude very sentimentally. We all 'played' with him as he was the only child.

"One bleak, dark night in Autumn, at our country house located in the middle of three acres, he, his father and a friend, all over six feet tall, dressed themselves in various coats, cloaks, hats and veils of mine and such suppressed laughter and whispering you never heard. Finally the bell to the door opening on the drive-way rang. The coloured maid answered it and there stood three giant, heavily-veiled females, who in falsetto voices called for 'The Madame' saying they heard she wanted a cook, parlour maid and laundress. The maid stood wide-eyed and speechless, not recognising them in the semi-darkness. She told them no one was needed and they started to dispute her so she slammed the door, beating a hasty retreat. She came to me shaking and thoroughly frightened, telling me that three lunatics had escaped and were at the door and should we call the police. I knew in a minute who they were and opened the door to find Wallace rolling on the porch floor, holding his sides with laughter. A minute later he was in a bathing suit and swimming out in the river at the foot of the place in the crisp night air.

"He was never still, except with a book, paint brushes and sketch book or violin, at which time he was entirely oblivious to everything around him.

"Another day he would be a cowboy with more regalia, knives, guns, and lariats, not forgetting the sombrero, than any real cowboy of the plains ever wore.

"At bed time he loved to come into my room and sit in a rocker in front of my big cheval mirror and watch the



muscles of his arms and back as he practised making first one set and then another work.

"I asked him if he didn't have any better use to make of his time, and I hoped he was not growing vain for that is the time people begin to diminish and shrivel spiritually and mentally. To which he replied, he was just teaching them to 'play a tune.'

"As for a joke on himself. One Saturday evening in mid-summer, a boy chum was dining with Wallace. I noticed they were very silent and seemed downcast so I asked what was the matter. His friend then said that he and Wallace had denied themselves everything during the week, spending nothing on themselves or others in anticipation of the visit of two pretty girls they had met the Saturday before, coming down this Saturday. The girls did come and they went walking. The boys bought 'hot dogs,' candy, ice cream, popcorn and other goodies, and finally they found themselves 'stone broke.' The girls would guide them past this and that but the boys had ceased to 'treat.' The girls soon realised that their money was gone.

"Wallace's chum hesitated to tell the rest but courage finally came and he confessed that the girls had 'dropped' them, telling them 'to run home to mother, little boys.'

"Wallace left me and went to the coast to enter the industry when he



A snapshot of Wallace Reid and his mother taken over ten years ago.

that could not offend. Finally she came in person, but, finding the apartment filled (as usual), her prominence being such, she could not come in.

"Under the circumstances there was

nothing for Wallace to do but to see the lady. An apartment adjoining happened to be in the process of renovation, so the housekeeper opened it. The secretary slipped in and secreted himself behind a box which stood at one end of the room against the wall. That may seem a strange proceeding to a stranger, but a man of Wallace's standing and income was in daily danger of blackmail and it was very easy for criminals to pose as someone else other than themselves, so such precautions were highly essential. The lady entered and her mission was, . . .

Wally  
Reid  
with

his  
son  
Bill



With a canine companion in "Rent Free."

was but nineteen. I had so hoped he would remain in the east and attend Princeton. How young he was to face the world and especially with his trusting nature, and love of fellow man. He was not old enough to know his own mind. Things would probably be far different had he waited several years before journeying to California.

"As for temptations in his professional life, they were legion.

"When in New York at the time of the filming of *Peter Ibbetson*, or as they changed the title, *Forever*, a certain lady of the highest social prominence and the wife of a multi-millionaire, called repeatedly on the phone. Of course his secretary answered it, for it was his duty to protect Wallace, but with a diplomacy



Above: With Bebe Daniels in "Dancin' Fool."



As "Anatol De Witt Spencer," in "A Prodigal Knight."

that during Wallace's stay, he was to seem attentive to her, escorting her to the opera and the like, and she simply begged and pleaded with him to accept as a gift from her a Rolls-Royce!

It was with the greatest regret that I prepared to leave. Time passed so quickly while we talked. Mrs. Reid had shown me Wallace's old violin which he used to play so much. It was one which he always carried with him while in New York, and he was an artist at using it. His pipe (one of those he most frequently used), and other little treasures she had shown me with that sentiment of mother love always displayed. Wallace has left us, but his films will live for ever and his smile and clean, wholesome acting will continue to make the world happy and to do good.

RAY E. HARRIS.





## Stars Who Stole the Picture



If, in the dim future, some enterprising waxwork proprietor ever decides to exhibit effigies of famous film stars, one might imagine something like this taking place between an interested sightseer and an attendant.

"This way, sir, to the Chamber of Horrors. Here we have gathered together wax figures of all the great banditti of the screen. On your right may be seen a gentleman in the costume of an early American pioneer. That, sir, is Mr. Ernest Torrence in the very act of perpetrating the crime that gained him admittance to this exhibition. It was in this character of the old scout that he stole *The Covered Wagon* from Lois Wilson and Jack Kerrigan, the original stars. The gentleman alongside, with the Italian cast of feature is the celebrated Rudolph Valentino. A terrible bandit! One of the worst of the whole bunch. Ever since his great hit in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* his has been a career of film filching from helpless female stars. You'd hardly credit it, sir, but he was never intended to be the star in *Moran of the Lady Letty*. Yet, when the film was released the exhibitors forgot to mention poor Dorothy Dalton's name." He passes along the line, making various comments, and stops with an air of pride before the effigy of quite a youngster.

"Charles Ray, sir. A nice boy, but he stole his way to stardom nevertheless. It was in a film called *The Coward*. He had a pretty good role as the 'son,' but Frank Keenan as his 'father' was supposed to star. Poor old Dad looked pretty sick when the film was shown and he found sonny had got right away with it."

At this juncture the visitor asks a question. The attendant answers him volubly:

"What's that, sir? Haven't we any ladies here? Bless you, yes. Dozens of 'em. Look here now. Here's Clara Bow. Only a bit of a kid you'd say, but the cutest little spotlight snatcher

Reading downwards: Betty Balfour, "Down to the Sea in Ships" and Clara Bow, who filched the film from the featured players; Circle: Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, and Chaplin and Jackie Coogan in "The Kid."



Nazi-mora and Valentino

in "Camille."



I ever set eyes on. You should have seen her as 'Dot Morgan' in *Down to the Sea in Ships*. Then there's Theda Bara—third lady on the right. She's done a lot of damage in her time, apart from her screen record for heart breaking. I believe her first offence was in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Nance O'Neill was supposed to star but Theda stole the picture clean away from her. The same thing happened in *A Fool There Was*. Theda played her first vamp role, and took all the honours away from Estelle Taylor."

And so on, through the whole catalogue he goes—or would go, if anything so fantastic should come to pass.

Seriously though, a large number of film stars certainly have stolen their way into pictures, like this. Theirs is not "robbery with violence" but robbery by wit alone. They have "got there" because they've proved their own histrionic powers to be greater than those of the actor or actresses originally intended to star. Or perhaps it isn't always that. Perhaps it is that in the particular film in which they have gained fame they have had the one part to which they are most suited, and, in consequence, it has been easy for them to "find their feet."

And it is not only the young and beautiful who have carried all before them in this way, for Vera Gordon has been dubbed "the plainest woman on the screen," yet she managed successfully to wrest *Humoresque* from Alma Rubens.

There are scores of others who could claim a place in that unique museum. Jackie Coogan would go down in the annals of Fame as the child who stole *The Kid* from Charlie Chaplin. Thomas Meighan would be there and Dick Barthelmess too. And the usual gaping, Sunday Afternoon crowds who haunt such places, would, if they stopped to consider, look with more kindly eyes at the well-known faces surrounding them. For they might think (if they so far departed from the general rule of crowds) how



"The Admirable Crichton."

Above: Gloria Swanson who has had several of her films stolen. Below: Wanda Hawley.

Scenes from "The Covered Wagon"



Circle, left: Gaston Glass and Alma Rubens stars of "Humoresque." Oval: Vera Gordon who annexed all the honours.

that it is these Stars Who Stole the Picture, who are the pioneers of better films, better art and better actors! And so might pause a moment before passing by, to wish the best of all Good Luck to Hollywood's bold, bad Robber band.

E. E. BARRETT





**VIOLET HOPSON**

*Once known to fame as "the dear, delightful villainess," Violet Hopson has reformed these many years and now plays only sporting-heroines in Turf dramas. She has black hair and violet eyes.*



**KENNETH HARLAN**

*Only recently promoted to stardom, Kenneth has a long list of leading rôles to his credit. His films include "Dangerous Business," "Lessons In Love," "Mamma's Affair," "The Broken Wing," and "The Virginian."*



**HARRISON FORD**

*Has played opposite many famous film stars, notably the Talmadges. He is five foot ten in height, with brown eyes and light brown hair, and was a stage player before films claimed him.*





**NORMA TALMADGE**

*Whose personality and popularity have often triumphantly risen above mediocre stories. Norma has appeared in several spectaculars of late, but her current production "Secrets" looks like giving her the part of her life.*



**GERTRUDE OLMSTED**

*Playing the leading rôle in "Ben Hur," one of the pictures of the year, and therefore a much-to-be-envied young lady. Gertrude graduated into stardom via a Beauty Prize Contest and has played mostly in adventure films. She essayed her first leading rôle when only seventeen, going straight from High School to the studio, and she is one of the screen's youngest fully-fledged stars.*



# The Screen Fashion Plate



Walking attire in various degrees of warmth worn by (left) Patsy Ruth Miller, (centre) Eleanor Boardman, (below) Betty Compson, (right) Agnes Ayres.



Jacqueline Logan's coatee and dress are heavily braided and fur-trimmed.

Chinchilla trims this lovely blue gown and wrap worn by Leatrice Joy.



A  
Magnetic  
Movie Star  
by  
VINCENT DE SOLA

A character reading of gorgeous Gloria Swanson that explains her enormous popularity.

Gloria Swanson's face is by no means an easy one to read. Her features no sooner affirm a trait than they deny it with some shading elsewhere. She is highly mutable, varied, and interesting. For instance, the set of the eyes and the peculiar relationship of the lips suggest the person desirous of the utmost privacy, imbued with a love of reserve. In the slightly suggestive chin and the contours of the brow, however, there is indication also of a wish to live in the limelight of fame, to be noticed, known, and admired.

But dominant traits there are, for without them no person can succeed greatly in a world which demands persistence and intelligent focussing of forces. I see in Miss Swanson's forehead, and in the even proportions of her features, if not a perfect balance, a perfect practicality. This acts as a check upon the nature. Under the tight rein of this practicality she drives the steed of her own volatile temperament.

Backing this, is the presence of a very striking sex-magnetism. The lucent eyes, set with a slightly oblique lift, and the vivid mouth are indications of one who will always attract love, apart from any traits in the character *per se*.

It is the practicality in Miss Swanson's face which has enabled her to employ her magnetic appeal so profitably, and it is her appeal that has kept her in the full prominence of an always fickle public, anxious for new faces as a jaded *bon vivant* seeks new flavours.

And now for Miss Swanson's character as I see it by a reading of her features: that character so varied, so contradictory, and so essentially individual.

I have said that she is one who will always attract love. Possibly this is because she is capable of giving love greatly. Yet in spite of this, in spite of the quick, maternal instinct omnipresent in the face, there is nothing apparent here of the domestic person. She is too restless to be tied by any routine, and her energies must be poured forever into new and diversified endeavours.

Also, the observant eyes, for all their ability to believe with ardour, show the presence of prompt disillusionment. There is a seeking and dissatisfied note in the face, as if this were



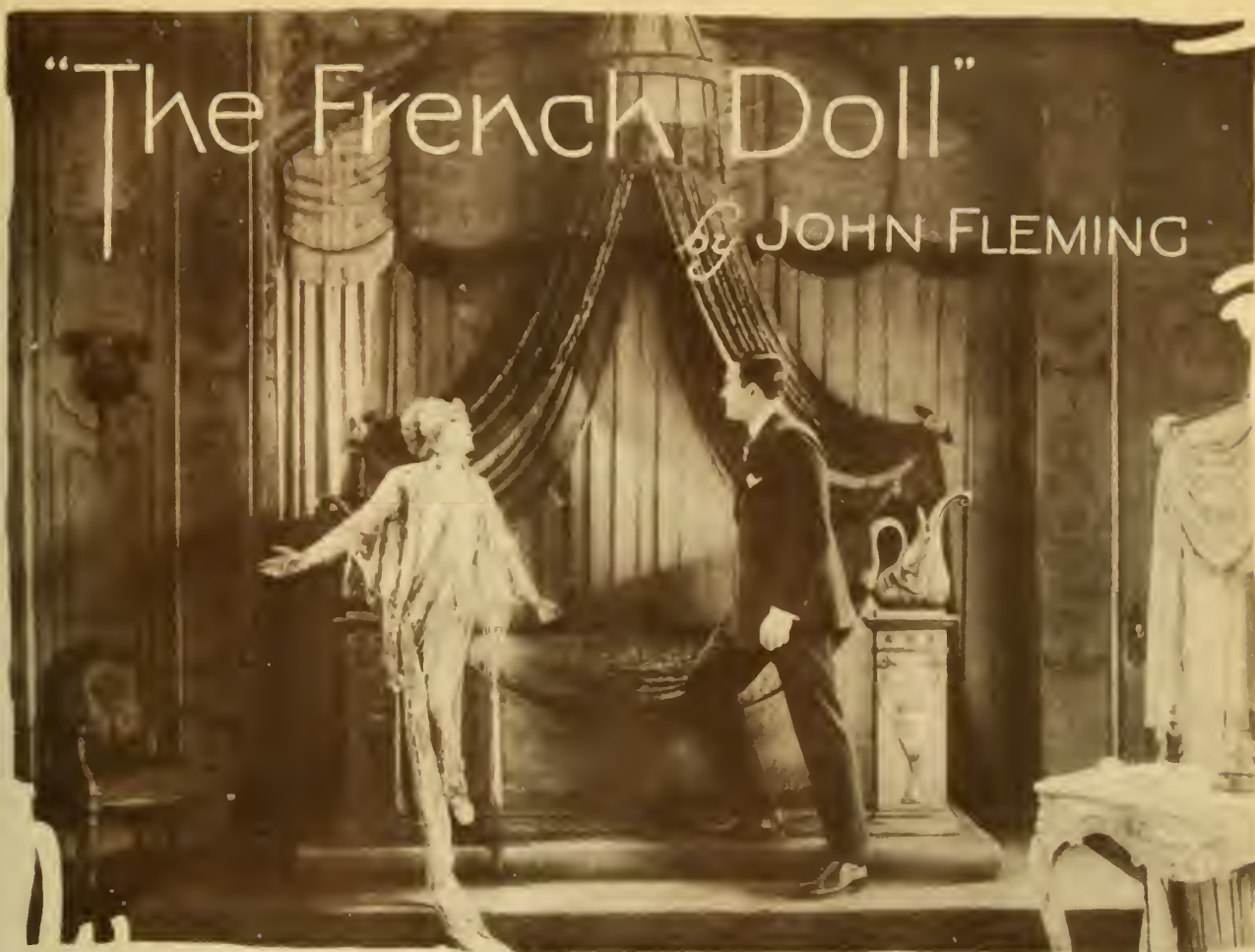
one who desires with the heart things that her mind discards as of little worth.

The nose is of the curious type: she would be interested in the smallest details regarding people or things that interested her. Her features show signs of the person who loves adulation and will do much to secure it.

The seeking aspect in her face, carried out in eyes, nose, and chin, is probably responsible for a certain restlessness present. This is an individual who requires a life of contrasts, who, living in the midst of activity and ceaseless effort, longs for peace and quiet; and who, having been granted for a moment that same peace longs for feverish activity.

Deep as is the instinct for love in her personality, her mind is actually somewhat cold—another contradiction, I grant. Sensitive and quick to resent, there is, nevertheless, nothing revengeful in her make-up. She has remarkable physical courage:





She had a little French doll—a toy; her most prized possession. With her it went everywhere. She said it was her mascot.

Her name was Georgine, and she was the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Mazulier, who in Paris sold antique furniture to the people who liked such things. At least, it looked like antique furniture. Very much indeed. And who was to say?

Her name was Georgine and she was not yet twenty. Every man in Paris looked at her and admired her, and every girl in Paris flashed a little glint of green from the eye when she went by. In Paris, city of beauty, no beauty such as hers had ever been seen before.

And it was useful, this beauty.

"Ah! the beauty of Georgine!" said the slim Snyder. "How it does bring them! How they do come for to admire the beauty of Georgine, and stay for to admire the beauty of the wonderful antiques! And when they go away, well, it is true their pockets are the lighter by a great deal. Clever little Georgine, to look so beautiful! Because of it, all these little gold coins . . ."

A decoy, you might say? Still, these people saw what they were buying. Snyder had always that defence.

Snyder was the brains behind the Mazulier firm. He was an American, and knew more dollar-coaxing little tricks than Mons. Mazulier could know if he lived to be three hundred. The

Mazuliers provided the experience and the furniture, Snyder provided the "stunts," as he called them, and Georgine provided the reason. Oh, such a comfortable little living. Butlers and cars and champagne and all those wonderful, enviable things. All in return for a little cleverness, brains, genius. . .

A decoy. And as time went by it was as a decoy and nothing else that her parents and Snyder could think of

#### CHARACTERS:

Georgine Mazulier	-	MAE MURRAY
Wellington Wick	-	ORVILLE CALDWELL
Pedro Carrova	-	ROD LA ROQUE
Mons. Mazulier	-	PAUL CAZENEUVRE
Madme. Mazulier	-	ROSE DION
Joseph Dumas	-	WILLARD LOUIS
Snyder	-	BERNARD RANDALL
Butler	-	LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD

*Narrated by permission from the Jury-Metro Film of the same title.*

her. Almost a little French doll, like the doll she worshipped. Not a living thing, a thing with a heart, flesh and blood and passion. Something to coax in the buyers, and then to be put away in the box with the other toys until to-morrow. . .

Well, men may think. . .

Snyder thought, and Mons. Mazulier attempted it in a brave but futile way. One day when Pedro Carrova came to the establishment Mazulier and met Georgine's smile, they thought that she

was fascinating him into buying the Mazulier wonders of antiquity. And at this thought they were, as usual, quite satisfied. They did not think that Pedro was fascinating Georgine. Why should they?

And yet it was true. Near to twenty, love was dawning in the heart of Georgine, and Pedro was the finest man she knew at this time of emotional crisis.

Pedro Carrova. A woman's man. Yes, but maybe too much of a woman's man. Say a women's man . . . Not that Georgine was to know this. Pedro was a young South American and was not in Paris to see the architecture or take the air. The truth is that the wife of a wealthy—and aged—millionaire had lured him to the gay capital. Pedro was entranced, enraptured. The lady smiled on him. The old man could not live for ever, must die soon, and leave his millions to his beloved wife . . . Oh, wonderful, wonderful! Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Likewise, make hay while the sun shines . . .

And then, suddenly, this little Georgine thing, and she seemed so ingenuous in her display of her love for him. Threw herself at him, as they say. What was a poor man to do? The ladies always were like that with Pedro. At the same time, the more the merrier. Likewise, variety is the spice of life.





*Georgine was not a living thing, a thing with a heart, flesh and blood and passion.  
Just a little French doll.*

Georgine need never know of the millionaire's wife. The millionaire's wife need never know of Georgine. And so Pedro kissed them both and everyone was happy. Wisdom is a foolish thing when ignorance is bliss.

"This Pedro Carrova," said Snyder to Mons. Mazulier one day. And:

"Yes?" said Mons. Mazulier.

"He buys little furniture," said Snyder.

"No," said Mons. Mazulier. "Very little indeed, and that is a fact."

Snyder was thoughtful so long that his cigar went out and that was always a critical sign with Snyder. After a while he patted Mons. Mazulier on the shoulder and lowered his voice.

"Mazulier," he said, "we are growing richer."

"Assuredly," Mazulier agreed.

"Richer, but we could grow richer yet. You know there is an old maxim that the gold digger must not waste time on the clay. You follow me? We must go where the gold is. We must dig where the seam is thickest. And that place is not Paris. Paris has been good to us. It has served our purpose well, and it has taught us the fine points of our profession. But now we have drained it dry—dug the last nugget, if you follow me. We must move and open a new mine. And the best of the new mines is New York."

"Change is everything," said Mazulier with a shrug. "I am not unwilling. When do we start?"

Snyder ignored the question.

"You are not unwilling; I am not unwilling," he said. "True. But what about Georgine?"

"Well, and what about Georgine? She will come with us, of course."

"You think so?"

"Why—"

"Mazulier," said Snyder fiercely, "we are growing old and in some ways foolish. I think our sight is not what it used to be. We see with more difficulty. For example, this matter of Georgine and Pedro Carrova . . ."

"Why!" cried Mons. Mazulier, suddenly startled. "You can't mean—?"

"What else is it? He does not come here to buy furniture; you yourself admit that. For what then, does he come? For Georgine! And who is he? A nobody. A South American nobody. If he were a Rockefeller we might let Georgine go—she might be more profitable than genuine twentieth-century Louis XIV chairs and tables. But as it is—no. Without Georgine, where would the business be? Nowhere, and we'd be nowhere with it. We must save Georgine from the gay Pedro."

"I will speak to her at once," said Mazulier. But Snyder laughed.

"Indeed you will do no such thing. You are not an artist, Mazulier. You would surely bungle things beyond hope. Now I am an artist. I would do these things properly. Listen. Things between Georgine and this Pedro are coming to a head. They are meeting daily. I tell you it is true! They meet this afternoon at the Opera. He waits for her. I have made sure of all this before I spoke. Now we must stop it. Now, listen. Here is a note signed 'Georgine.' I have written it myself. I shall have it delivered at Pedro's apartments. It says that certain things in Pedro's life have come to the writer's notice, and that she can consent to see him no longer. She will not be at the Opera. He must make no attempt to see her. You follow? He will stay away. She will go to the Opera and he will not be there. She will think—what? Ah! the ways of men! Fickle! Fickle! Another note or two to cement all this

and she will come very willingly to America, I think, if only to forget her love."

"Snyder," said Mazulier, "you have a wonderful brain."

"That is quite true," agreed Snyder. "Now come and let us see about despatching the note."

The note was sent. The gay Pedro read it, frowned, snapped his fingers, laughed, wished it could have been otherwise, but bowed to the inevitable, thanked his stars it was not the millionaire's wife who was the writer, but only beautiful—very beautiful!—but unimportant Georgine, snapped his fingers again, and stayed away from the Opera.

As for Georgine. She waited thirty minutes in the foyer and the knight of her dreams did not put in an appearance. Disillusioned, she made her way back home and felt inclined to agree with a fat woman on the corner of a street who was telling a neighbour in a loud and raucous voice that all men are alike. She did write Pedro a letter which he never received, owing to a little fire in Snyder's room. Likewise Pedro desperately wrote a letter to her, which went the same way. And Snyder wrote one last letter to Pedro, signing it "Georgine," and saying that under no circumstances could the writer reopen her acquaintance with Mons. Carrova.

Georgine herself often wondered why she got no reply to her letter. Often thought, too, of the loud words of the woman on the street corner. In the end she gave up secretly weeping and resigned herself to the inevitable.

One day Snyder said casually:

"What would you think to a trip across the Atlantic, Georgine? America. New York . . ."

"Pleasure?" asked Georgine.

"We contrive to make all our life pleasure," said Snyder cheerfully. "Some would call it business. As a matter of fact we want a new mine to dig gold in, and I have been thinking of transferring the business to New York. Of course, we should not return to Paris. Not, that is, for some years."

Her eyes became wistful, then suddenly flashed.

"Well," Snyder pressed. "What do you think?"

"I think it would be just glorious," said Georgine. "When do we start?"

"Thursday," said Snyder.

At the lower business end of Fifth Avenue the establishment Mazulier set up its quarters and at once became the rage of all New York that counts when the money is concerned. The factory beneath the establishment was kept very busy indeed, and even if the men had to be paid very high wages—for their art and the stillness of their tongues—certainly they were worth it. Rich had Snyder and the Mazuliers been in Paris, but their wealth there was poverty by comparison with what now came to them.

As in Paris so here it was Georgine



that brought the crowds, even if it were Snyder who sold the goods. The "little French doll" was still the decoy, still the mascot of the establishment Mazulier. She became about the best-known little figure in all New York, with her doll and her police dog.

This police dog. It had come from Paris with her and was her pet. One day, walking with it in Central Park, it espied a squirrel across the grass and immediately gave a bark and set off in pursuit. Georgine held the chain, and the sudden rush dragged her violently forward, from the path to the carriage drive, where cars were flashing and dashing and taking as little notice of speed limits as of pedestrians. What might have been the end of it all, Georgine trembled to think, but at that moment a stranger dashed forward, gripped the chain, dragged the dog to a side-walk, and averted all possibility of serious danger. Georgine flashed a smile at him as she stood by his side regaining her breath.

"How can I ever thank you!" she said.

"Just don't try," said he. And she saw, when she was calm enough to see anything behind his smile, that he was the most handsome man she had ever met, tall, debonair, with frank, wide eyes, and—and that smile. She knew what clothes cost. She priced him in a moment. One of the Four Hundred, certainly. But it was not in this fact that his charm for her lay. She didn't quite know . . . just . . .

"Now we've got to know each other, we must get to know each other," he said, still smiling. "I'm Wellington Wick. I pack fish. At least other people do it for me—hundred of them. Don't say you've never heard of Wellington Wick, the eminent fish-packer. That would be too cruel."

She laughed and explained about the establishment Mazulier, of which, it appeared, he had heard great things. He insisted upon escorting her home after her shock, and there he insisted upon at once coming in with her.

"To see the furniture," he explained.

And with everything he saw he was delighted. Snyder himself had never been nicer.

"You must come again," he invited.

"Why certainly I shall," said Wellington.

"To see the furniture," Georgine added roguishly.

"To see the furniture," Wellington echoed with a laugh. "Just so."

And he did. Often, and then oftener. In fact Snyder was very soon convinced that shortly he would be able to pull off the biggest deal of his career with the eminent Wellington Wick.

"He's not so much a fish-packer as a fish," he explained. "And a pretty poor fish at that."

"Certainly we'll get him, we'll land him," said Mazulier.

But they didn't.

A friend of Wick's had purchased at

the establishment Mazulier, and the purchase happened to meet the eye of an expert one evening when Wick was present at his friend's house. The expert was sceptical. He made a searching examination, as a result of which he was more sceptical still. He threw doubts on the establishment Mazulier, and these doubts disturbed the mind of Wick, and even aroused his suspicions. He made other enquiries and took other experts along with him. And in the end he wrote a letter. It was to Snyder and in these terms:

"I have decided, quite definitely," he wrote, "not to proceed with the deal which has been under discussion between us for the past few weeks, and I shall be obliged if you will cancel any commissions you have undertaken for me. This decision is quite final."

No reason for the decision was given, but Snyder and Mazulier might have provided one after very little thought. The New York papers of the next day contained the brief announcement that the eminent Mr. Wellington Wick had left New York for a lengthy vacation in Palm Beach.

"Which," commented Mazulier, "finishes things for us. The fish may have been a poor fish, but it had the sense to wriggle off the hook."

"I wonder," said Snyder, "if the fish is really off the hook."

"Oh!"

"You remember another one who used to come and look at the furniture but who yet did not buy? The worthy Pedro. Now, Wick is a vastly different proposition, but unless I am a bigger fool than I take myself for, he came for the same reason."

"Georgine. Exactly. And this time there is no need to run away from the gay follower. Indeed the reverse. We can run after him. Georgine, I strongly suspect, would be quite willing. As a husband for her he would satisfy all of us. Mazulier, I am not at my wits' end yet. To-morrow the establishment Mazulier will take a little holiday *en masse*. We go to Palm Beach and lower another hook into the water."

They met again, Georgine and Wellington Wick, on the golden strands of Palm Beach, and whatever it may have been that drove him from New York, the very first minute of this meeting made it plain that the reason had not been Georgine.

"I have felt a mighty fool for coming away," he said, "and since I got here I have been absolutely at loose ends. I was a fool for coming. I say, are you here for long?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and at this he was satisfied.

"I say," said Wellington, "I'm giving a dance to-night—the biggest thing of the season in Palm Beach. New York's charities and that kind of thing. You dance?"

"People say so," said Georgine demurely. "In Paris I had the best masters."

He took her hand.

"You'll come to my dance to-night?"

"If you want me to."

"You'll come?" he said again. And she replied:

"Of course I'll come."

And she came.

She came, was seen, and conquered. Palm Beach, nor the best of New York—which is indeed the same thing—had never seen anything like it. She gave of the best of all that art which the greatest masters of France had been able to impart to her, art which was a lily gilded by her personality. There were those who said it was daring. There were those who professed to be shocked, being unable to do a similar thing; but not one that did not admit delight. In five minutes little Georgine Mazulier had become the sensation of the evening, the rage of Palm Beach, the talk of New York. Snyder, close by, rubbed his hands in high glee, very well satisfied at this new turn of events.

"Landed!" he muttered.

The last dance she gave to Wellington Wick himself, and as they sped around the floor she was aware of a wild light shining in his eyes that she had never known shine in a man's eyes



In five minutes little Georgine Mazulier had become the sensation of the evening.



before. He looked down at her as if he had found in her the essence of all the treasures of heaven.

The laughter and chatter of the dancers, the strains of the wonderful orchestra, the buzz of the lookers-on made a screen behind which they could talk with no fear of being overheard. As they danced he gripped her hand and the light in his eyes burned with greater intensity. Before that fire her own eyes lowered. She felt somewhere within her, a vague disturbance that was like nothing she had ever before experienced. It cast her mind back to those gay Parisian days with—Pedro Carrova. She wondered. . . . And on top of the wonder she wondered afresh why she should be thinking of Pedro now, here, far away from Paris, on the golden shores of Palm Beach. Pedro Carrova. . . Wellington Wick. . .

She compared them. . .

"Miss Mazulier—"

It was Wick's voice. She looked up. They were turning now, and his fine head was silhouetted against a row of lanterns hanging above the open French windows. Beyond was the night sky, star-dusted; below, strollers in the hotel gardens, odd, luxurious pairs.

She was watching two of them, without seeming to be aware that she did so.

"Miss Mazulier. Georgine—"

She started.

"Georgine—for I must call you that," Wick faltered. "You know, surely, you must guess, what it is I am trying to say to you. . ."

"Why. . ."

"I want you to marry me. That is what I have been trying to ask you all the evening. I've not been able to put it into words. If—"

He stopped, amazed. Suddenly Georgine had ceased to dance. A little cry escaped her. The hand which always carried her fantastic little mascot dropped limp by her side. With the other she began to fan herself. Suddenly she tore herself from his side, ran to the open window, passed out. In utterest surprise he followed.

Georgine passed swiftly across the great lawn and stopped before a man and woman, standing beneath a palm tree. On the way she passed a little aged man, with a face all twisted with passion, a little man who slunk back into the shrubbery as she passed. She went by without noticing, without, indeed, seeing anything but this man and woman beneath the palm tree. The woman was the wife of the great and

aged millionaire, but Georgine was not to know this. Only the man she knew and the man was Pedro Carrova.

"So this is why I must wait about the foyer of the Opera for a great time and never see you!" she flashed. "This is why I may write and never have a word from you! I am a toy to you! A doll! Is that it? Something to play with, as this doll here is my toy!"

Pedro made his excuses to the millionaire's wife and tried to make Georgine see reason.



*Back in those gay Parisian days with Pedro Carrova.*

"I never had a reply to my letters," he said.

"Had you written them you might have," said Georgine scornfully.

"Indeed I did. And if you wanted me, why did you write to me in the bitter manner in which you did?"

"I wrote to you in a bitter manner?"

"Dismissing me."

"But—Carlo. . ."

He explained, and in a flash she saw all. In a flash she realised the duplicity of Snyder and her parents. And she saw too, that indeed this little doll that she always carried was a symbol of her life. A little French doll. So it was, and so was she. Useless, unloving, unloved. She looked at the woman by Pedro's side, and without being told in words, the truth of that alliance was plain to her. With loathing she turned away, and as she turned, like an echo from a far distant dead day, came the last words of Wick. Love! Truth! At last she saw them. Blindly she staggered back across the lawn, seeking the window by which she had left him. Him! Wellington. . .

When she was gone Pedro took the

arm of the aged lady and looked into her eyes. They smiled, shrugged, kissed. And nobody saw. . .

Nobody but the aged little man whose face was all twisted with passion. Suddenly he sprang from the shrubberies and in his hand was a revolver. He raised it, levelled it at his faithless wife, put his finger on the trigger. . .

At that moment Georgine, blindly groping, turned and swerved across the lawn. Far away she had seen Wellington. She raised her arm, and Wellington hastened towards her. But to his blank dismay a little "pang!" cut through the night and he saw Georgine stop, totter and fall. She had stepped into the path of the bullet and it had claimed the wrong victim.

Madly Wellington rushed to her side and took her in his arms. There were loud cries in the gardens. Somebody was calling for the police and a search of the shrubbery was being made. Other people were making explanations. A tall man came out of the crowd and announced that he was a doctor. He made a hurried examination.

"The wound is not serious," he said. "It might very well have been, but as it is it is almost trivial."

"Thank God!" cried Wick.

Georgine raised herself from the ground and put her arms around his neck.

"See," she said, "my little doll is broken in my fall. And my trivial doll life is broken with it. For the future—"

She broke off, blushed and looked up at him again.

"What was it you were saying," she asked, "when I ran away?"

"I was going to say," said Wick, "Will you be my wife?"

"And I was just going to say Yes," smiled Georgine.

They embraced.

And a moment later:

"Your doll shall be mended," said he. "See, here in this bottle is one of the by-products of my tremendous factories. 'Wick's Glue.' And we guarantee that it will make anything stick for ever."

"Let me see," said Georgine.

And she took the bottle, spilt a little of the glue on her own hand, and with a smile took the hand of her husband-to-be.



# Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis at home

I was dashed up to the house in Annie. Annie is short for Anniversary. She is a new sport model roadster, given by Harold Lloyd to his bride, Mildred, three months from the day they were married. They give each other presents every month, and call the day their "anniversary." Next anniversary, Harold is to give Mildred a solid gold vanity case.

"What do you give Harold?" I asked Mildred, after I was inside the house, and everything was explained to me.

"Oh, things I want for the house!" explained Mildred with her airy little laugh.

It is a very big house for such a little girl—but bright, high, airy, luxurious without being heavy in any way—and so homey, somehow!

Mildred welcomed me. Harold is a hard-working husband, and hadn't come home yet.

"Why, Harold gets up at five in the morning, and doesn't get home until six at night!" exclaimed Mildred.

"And are artists really temperamental to live with?" I asked.

Mildred looked awfully earnest—for her.

"Oh, nobody can know how untemperamental and kind and thoughtful Harold is who hasn't lived with him," she answered fervently.

But with all her happiness—Mildred wants to go back to the films.

"I see all the other girls getting ahead," she said, "and I want to, too. I'm getting away behind. Don't you think if a woman has ever used her brains and her talents, it is hard to give up her work?" she asked wistfully. I agreed with her.

"And Harold is going to give his consent to your going into pictures?" I asked.

"Yes! I don't know what happened to Harold. I think somebody must have been talking to him.

Maybe it was Douglas Fairbanks. Anyway, Harold came home one day and said he wouldn't stand in my way—that in after years I might blame him if he hadn't given me my chance. 'Dearie,' he said, 'I don't want you to feel, when we get older, that I have stood in your way.' That was awfully nice of him, wasn't it?"

They are going abroad, Harold and Mildred, next April, you know. It is all quite thoroughly settled about that. They are going merely to Europe, however, reserving Asia



Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis in the garden of their new Hollywood home.

"Nobody can know how kind and thoughtful Harold is who hasn't lived with him," says Mildred.

and Douglas Fairbanks.

Do they ever have a quarrel, Mildred and Harold?

"We couldn't bear to have a real quarrel," Mildred explained. "Know the last quarrel we had? It was during the making of *Safety Last*. We hadn't spoken to each other for three days when I went down to the studio one day, saw Harold hanging from a third story window by his eyelids, and called out to him: 'Harold Lloyd, you come right down here!' And he came!"

GRACE KINGSLEY.

and Africa for a later date.

It was just as Mildred was telling me all about it that Harold came in after his day's work.

Mildred is still a new enough bride to fling herself into her husband's arms when he comes home at night, and Harold is a new enough bridegroom to thoroughly appreciate the attention.

It was a kiss the censors never would have approved of, it was so long!

We went in to dinner then, and over on the sideboard I viewed the formal silver set—pitcher, goblets and cocktail "glasses"—which were the wedding gift to Harold and Mildred from Mary Pickford





Henri Baudin in "Sarati the Terrible."

Once upon a time there came to the Gay City a Very Famous American Producer whose three super-jewels, or masterpieces, or *chef d'œuvres* (you may call them whichever you prefer) had made for him a name, a fortune and a title—chief Sheriff of Ginkville, Pa. One night in Montmartre, while exchanging reminiscences, drinks and whatnots, with the barman he accidentally discovered to his surprise and shock that there was one little piece of France that might be called Shadowland.

The Very Famous American Producer would not believe it. Not even a fourth glass of iced-water would convince him. "But where are your stars your studios, AND YOUR FILMS?" he asked. Then the barman revealed all and finally introduced him to one of France's best known directors. With three hundred and forty-nine productions to his credit this man was still in search of fame.

The climax came when the Famous American Producer discovered that France has her own productions, her own stars and in fact everything America has in the way of photoplay production. How it happened was this way.

He and I went to see *Koenigsmark*, France's *chef d'œuvre*. The star in this particular production is Huguette Duflos, considered a most talented screen and stage actress. She is a vivacious blonde and photographs remarkably well. Extremely graceful with an A to Z knowledge of screen technique, she is, I think, the ideal French kinema star. *Koenigsmark* may not be her best work but it shows

Yes! We  
Have no  
Stars!  
OSCAR WILDE  
AMERICAN

Jaque Catelain



"Mommo," with Maurice de Feraudy and Signoret.



Sandra Milowanoff as "Sister Béatrice."

in a marked manner that she can act, and that naturally all the time.

"But she isn't artificial!" was my friend's verdict, "all our stars are..."

Our next visit was to Elmiere Vautier who has done some notable work in French productions. She, too, is a pretty blonde. She may be seen in London now playing opposite Stewart Rome in *Ferragus*. Previous to that she scored a great success in *Vidocq*, the Pathé serial depicting the adventures of the famous French detective who was formerly a convict. In that picture she played the part of his wife "Manon-la-Blonde," a very exacting role. Her variety of expressions border on the remarkable and hers is a personality that counts for a great deal in France. But whether it will be the same in England is another matter.

That same evening we went to the Gymnase Theatre to see the farce "Les Vignes du Seigneur." There we saw Blanche Montel, one of France's rising screen stars. Twenty-three years of age, Blanche Montel is also a very popular stage actress. She started when she was three years old and then was frightfully annoyed with her parents for having wasted so much time!

She is a slender, *petite*, dark-haired beauty with eyes that contain a wealth of expression. Some of the cleverest work she has ever done in her screen career may be seen in the Gaumont serial, *The Affair of the Lyons Courier*, in which she gives a very creditable performance. Her powers of dramatic acting are intense. She is equally good



in light comedy and heavy emotional drama, but she generally excels in the latter. Her latest release is *La Belle Nivernaise*, which on the whole is quite a good picture.

Sandra Milowanoff is a screen actress of whom we shall soon hear much. She has appeared in any amount of pictures and yet outside French territory I venture to submit that she is little known. She has been seen in England in *Tigh Minh*, and *The Son of a Buccaneer*. She is a remarkably beautiful girl and at the moment is considered France's leading screen actress. Her latest success is *La Legende de Socur Beatrix*, by Aubert. Sandra Milowanoff's rendering of the role of "Sister Beatrice" is a notable addition to the year's best films.

Arlette Marchal on the screen is one of the enigmas of the French film industry. Sometimes I am led to believe that she is, well, magnificent, and at others I am terribly disappointed. That she is startlingly beautiful there is no doubt, but in some of her films she is too terribly cold for words. She is incredibly frigid in many of her roles and triumphs by her acting in a few, a very few. She has yet to learn not to be too fearfully vampish, and not too dignified.

Her latest screen release is *Les Jardins de Murcie*, another Aubert film. This will be followed by *La Cabane d'Amour*, made by a woman producer, Mme. Bruno Rubi, with Malcolm Todd in the leading masculine role. After that she will be seen in the Reginald Ford production *Terror*, so England is sure to have many chances of seeing her.

A young artiste of considerable merit is Lucienne Legrand. She appears in leading Aubert productions, and this firm seems to have some of the best French productions for the last three years. Her newest release for England will be in *La Sin Ventura*, a Spanish story in which she played

"Mammo" the talented child actor who in real life answers to the name of Sigrist.

opposite Felix Ford. She has remarkable gifts of impersonation which she utilises on the screen with great ingenuity. One of the younger actresses who should make good.

At the top of the list among the men I wish to put Jaque Catelain, the Rudolph-Valentino - Ramon-Novarro-Ivor-Novello of Paris. Astonishingly handsome for a man, Jaque Catelain is immensely popular on this side of the Channel, and in France fills the proud position held the other side by the O's above mentioned. Jaque Catelain has very fair hair, is very graceful and is both producer and actor.

Maurice de Feraudy I consider France's finest actor of his kind. His

*Lucienne Legrand, a pretty blonde star.*



*A stage and screen favourite Blanche Montel.*

remarkable performance in *Crainquebille* will always be remembered, and has been only lately released in London. The famous *comedien* of the Comedie Francaise has appeared in a large number of films, the latest being *Le Secret de Polichinelle*. He is shortly visiting London and contemplates making a picture over there soon.

Henri Baudin, also is an excellent French artiste. His acting in *Sarati le Terrible*, if a little exaggerated at times, was good. Unfortunately he has not appeared in many productions that have found an outlet in London. Picturegoers will have an opportunity of seeing him in *Terror* shortly.

Gabriel Signoret ranks among the foremost masculine artistes of the screen. He will be seen in London in *Le Secret de Polichinelle*.

Among the child artistes, Regine Dumien and Le Petit Sigrist (Mammo) head the category. They are both charmingly natural, both vastly amusing and both extraordinarily intelligent despite their youth—one is five and the other six, I believe.

And here you have the French firmament of Kinema Stars. A wonderful lot, if you know them all. Most of them with great futures in front of them, a number of them equal to, if not better than many American actresses. I submitted the list to the Very Famous American Producer.

He went back to the Land of Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, Prohibition and Bananas, a Sadder and Wiser Man.





Felix Orman, dean of kinema press agents and casting director *de luxe* has now turned his attention to movie making, and some scenes from his first picture *Moonbeam Magic* are reproduced on this page.

*Moonbeam Magic* is an Eastern fantasy based on an original story by Felix Orman. The story briefly tells of a prince who ruled in an Eastern land, when the world was young. It was not long after the little episode in the Garden of Eden and humanity having failed to live up to the Divine ideal had been cast under a shadow.

So the young Prince brooded over the dreariness of the world, and longed for beauty and brightness. His favourite, Miriam, could no longer attract him with her lure. A personage of influence in the Court was Elizur—priest, astrologer and magician, who was supposed to possess spiritual powers. The young Prince appealed to Elizur to use his magic and



*A scene at the Court of the Prince.*

for Augustus John and other noted artists. Audrey Ridgwell, daughter of the famous movie producer, is seen in the part of Judith, and Roy Travers has the rôle of Court attendant. Others in the cast are, Kitty Foster, Mabel Poulton, and Kitty Knight.

Colour plays an important part in the story of *Moonbeam Magic*. It is interesting to note that the picture has been photographed in the new colour film process invented by Claude Friese-Greene, and we are informed that some very beautiful results have been obtained.

*Below: Mabel Poulton, Margot Greville, Arthur Pusey and Roy Travers.*



*Above: Tom Heslewood as Elizur the poetic astrologer working magic with moonbeams. Oval: Arthur Pusey.*

make the world beautiful with colours.

Elizur retired to his chamber and invoked the deity to give him power to charm colours from the moonbeams.

In this he succeeded and turned the coloured moonbeams into liquids in his magical cauldron and then coaxed the liquids back into the moonbeams. The flashing coloured moonbeams then painted beautiful colours over the face of the earth—and the young Prince was happy.

Arthur Pusey plays the leading part of the Prince, whilst the veteran player, Tom Heslewood, is seen in the rôle of the astrologer. Miriam is played by Margot Greville, a dancer at the Winter Garden Theatre who is a model







# Beau Barrymore

When I saw him that night at the theatre I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed too good to be true. I had been on his trail for months; time and time again I nearly had him; time and again I got there just in time to learn that he had only an hour before departed for somewhere else. I had really grown into a young Sherlock

John with the fish he caught at Catalina.



Holmes in the skill with which I located him over two continents. I learnt at Los Angeles that he had just left for New York. At New York people seemed to think that if I was very quick I might just catch him at Paris. But all the Parisians could tell me was that he had, only the day before, chartered a special aeroplane for London. (You see, my dear Watson, the problem was not so elementary as



Barrymore's sartorial splendour in "Beau Brummel."

it seemed at first sight!)

The fact is that it is extremely difficult to learn anything about John Barrymore. His private life is as exclusively guarded as are the affairs of Royalty. For John never talks about himself, and nobody else knows enough to be able to talk about him. He is in the film world, and yet not of it. He is the idol of the American theatre public, one of the greatest actors New York has ever boasted, but for all you ever hear about him unprofessionally, he might be a clerk in a suburban bank.

(Can you wonder, my dear Watson, that I gave up the problem as unsolvable and decided to go to *The Covered Wagon* instead? There are times when even the greatest brain feels the need of a little relaxation!)

Wherefor, I settled down in my comfortable seat to watch this thrilling drama of the old pioneer days. For



A Beau, like a screenstar, has plenty of mail.

the first time in months there was nothing further from my mind than John Barrymore—or so I should have said. And yet I really thought the vain search had so got on to my mind that I was the victim of a delusion. For, happening to turn round in the soothing darkness, I saw silhouetted against a lighted doorway, a far-too-familiar face. Now there is no good pretending that anyone else in the world has that particularly flawless profile. I lost no time. I got out of my seat. The people behind me murmured rude things to deaf ears. I did not care. I went straight up to the profile. I spoke to it. I said, "Mr. Barrymore, I believe." He said, "Yes." I said, "Thank Heaven!" It was one of those epic moments which only the most simple language can adequately express.

John Barrymore was leaning against the rail at the back of the circle. He was in morning dress, a light overcoat hung over his arm. Nobody in the theatre seemed to be aware of his presence, and, after, how should they be?

"As a matter of fact," he said in a slow whisper, with his eyes on the screen, "I'm not in London at all. I'm merely passing through on my way from New York to Paris. I merely dropped off here to buy a few clothes. All good Americans buy their clothes in London."

"It's lucky I saw you, anyhow," said I, "for I want to have a talk with you at the end."

He turned his head slowly and looked at me with those curiously distant eyes of his. "I shan't be here at the end," he smiled. "I shan't be here more than a few minutes and if you want to talk to me you'd better come along."

"I suppose you've seen *The Covered Wagon* before?" I asked.





Snapped between scenes of "Beau Brummel."

"Yes, I saw it in America. It's a great picture. I wanted just to have another look at Ernest Torrence, in my opinion one of the greatest screen discoveries of recent years. I've worked with him several times, and I assure you he is the stuff that stars are made of. If he hadn't the ill-fortune to be a 'villain' his name would soon be in double size electrics."

"What do you consider the reason for the extraordinary popularity of *The Covered Wagon* in America?"

"I think," he said, speaking slowly and weighing each word before he let it fall, "I think the main reason is that, for once, an impersonal theme has been substituted for the usual conventional hero of the usual conventional drama, and—well, it's rather

Mary Astor plays the Belle in John's "*Beau Brummel*."



With Colleen Moore in "*The Lotus Eaters*."

refreshing you know," with a sudden smile.

There was a pause. "But I really know nothing about pictures," he said. I peered at him in the half-light to see if he was joking, but his face was



With Martha Mansfield in "*Jekyll and Hyde*."

perfectly sincere. He obviously meant what he said, and in face of his assertion I felt too diffident to pursue the subject further.

He glanced at his watch. "I must

cut," he said. "I'm leaving London in a couple of hours, and I've got several things to do at my hotel first. Coming?"

We slipped out, and the last thing I heard was an excited voice saying in a loud whisper, "I tell you it was John Barrymore."

"Just in time," said John, as we hurried downstairs and sought the reassuring safety of a taxi.

"I suppose," he said, "as we got out at the Ritz, 'that you're going to ask me all sorts of tiresome questions. I warn you in advance that if they're

about pictures I shan't be able to answer any of them."

"I am, and they're not," I replied. "What the readers of PICTUREGOER want to know is all about John Barrymore, himself, and not about the profession of which he is so illustrious a member."

He looked at me quickly. "Don't be funny," he said.

And that is really the most amazing thing of all about John. He doesn't seem able to grasp the obvious fact that he is one of the greatest screen artistes in the world. It isn't a pose. He simply cannot bring himself to believe it. He thinks of himself as a stage actor, pure and simple, and regards the screen as something of an interesting incident in his career and nothing more.

(In what follows, the reader must exercise his sympathy. I have laboured mightily for him, and it was not a simple affair of question and answer, though the result might lead him to think so. It was a very good imitation of a legal cross-examination in which the witness was not only unwilling to answer questions, but was desperately anxious to tell the court how much he had enjoyed watching Sir Gerald du Maurier in "*The Dancers*," and intro-





In "Here Comes the Bride," an early movie.

duce abstract and abstruse discussions at every pause in the battle!)

"Please Mr. Barrymore," I said, quite pathetically, "would you mind telling me how you came to take up acting as a career? Oh yes, of course, I know," I added hastily, "that acting's in the Barrymore blood, and that your brother and sister took to the stage very early. But I've always understood that you rather kicked against it."

"I kicked hard," said John, "kicked so hard that they sent me over to England, and entered me at the Slade School of Art to study drawing. I thought then that I was going to be

Right and below: Two scenes from "Beau Brummel."



a great artist. Other people thought otherwise. They were perfectly right. However I did a good deal of work of various kinds with my pencil, and it kept me going in funds at a time when funds didn't come easily. I got drawing jobs on newspapers. I also got the sack soon after I returned to New York, and that was the end of newspapers and drawing.

They really pushed me on to the stage, my father and my family; they didn't think I was going to be much



Jack Barrymore when he has long since departed.

made his first movie; the moustache

use, but they hoped that the Barrymore name, and a certain sense of mimicry that I had from nursing days would together pull me through. They tried me in comedy. It's a funny thing, isn't it, that everyone assumes that any fool can play in comedy? Yet the essence of comedy—"

"Quite," I said hurriedly, "but how did you come to be what you are,"

"Oh, I just drifted along. I seemed somehow to hit the public taste. No one ever quite knows how these things come about. But I was talking about comedy I think. It is a funny thing. I often smile to myself when I think of my early films that nobody made any fuss about at all, and into which I put some of the best work of my career. And then I think of my *Moriarty*, which I frankly dislike, and think of all the acclamations it received.





"Of course *Moriarty* could not help but be popular, because Sherlock Holmes will never be anything but popular, and I did my best to be faithful to the original conception of the great detective. I wallowed in 'Strand Magazines' when I was at the Slade. But those old comedies of mine—*Nearly A King*, and *Are You a Mason*, and others—they're as good as any films I ever made. Nobody bothers about them, of course. They're only comedies. I played a dual role in *Nearly a King*, and I tell you I did a drunken caddy that would have made even a critic laugh."

"I saw *Here Comes the Bride*, and *The Dictator*, which they re-made later with Wally Reid, and *The Lost Bridegroom*. I don't think I've missed a single film of yours since you began."



In conference with Harry Beaumont, his director.

"Poor man," murmured John, with a sympathy that was obviously sincere.

"For my part," I said, "I regard *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* as the greatest part you have ever created and the most impressive film ever made."

"Do you?" said John, looking at me wonderingly. "You really think that? I grant you John Robertson did wonders with it and our cameraman was a perfect angel from Heaven, but I really don't know enough about pictures to give an expert opinion on it. I've always thought that my acting in it was not too bad, but beyond that I am not prepared to go."

He got up abruptly. "I must fly—got to get back to New York in next to no time you know—after a few days in Paris, of course—because I'm going to make another film."

"*Beau Brummel*?"

"Yes," said John, "good-bye." And he was gone. I had had one experience of trailing John Barrymore. I had learned wisdom. I sat still and watched him go. I had long ago decided that as a

Sherlock Holmes I was a bit of a failure.

I ordered a small one and smiled to myself. I pictured the Warner Brothers standing in an anxious row on the quay at New York waiting for John to turn up. For to engage John to star in a film is one thing; to get him on to the studio floor is quite another. Everybody from the director down to the floor secretary is in a fever of anxiety until he actually walks through the door. On the day the first shots are to be taken he is as likely as not to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. But when he does turn up nobody could wish for a more pliant actor or more strenuous worker.

A famous cameraman who has shot pretty well all the stars worth shooting, once said that to work with John



Taking scenes on the Thames Embankment for "*Moriarty*."

Barrymore was a kind of earthly paradise. From whatever angle the shot was taken John always looked good. In fact that he had the sort of face that couldn't go wrong if it tried.

It must indeed be a pleasure to work with him, for John is an artist to the finger-tips. He makes a few films because he believes that only in this way can he ensure giving of his very best.

He is a great screen artiste because he has realised that the screen has a technique of its own, and because he has taken the trouble to master that technique. He is almost the only stage actor in the world who is equally good before both the camera and the footlights. And the most remarkable thing about this remarkable man is that he doesn't realise that he is remarkable.

EDWARD ROFFE.



Left: "*Beau Brummel*."  
Below: *A Beau*  
at his morning toilet.







# Never Say Die!

Particularly if you are a serial heroine!

Villains are always pursuing the unfortunate serial heroine. Just look at Ruth Roland's latest "Ruth of the Range." Above you see coming events casting their shadow before and the advance billing is fully justified.



Above: Some points to remember.  
Left and Below: "With hands and feet."

Above: To be thrown over something, or at something or off something or under something, is the everyday lot of the serial heroine.  
Below: But she always lives happy ever after in the last episode







José Collins and Lionel D'Aragon in "The Shadow of Death."

#### José Collins, Screenstar.

Admirers of José Collins, the famous Gaiety star, will be glad to hear that she is starring in a series of Cameo-dramas, produced by Thomas Bentley. They are tabloid five-reelers, for each story is original and their subjects range from the drama of a French singer in a Café who is forced to lure an Englishman to her home so that he may be robbed there, to a lavish American story about a luxury-loving wife. Another is a Bulgarian love story, there is also a Russian romance and an Italian love-drama. Arthur Wontner and Lionelle Howard appear in the leading male roles. José Collin's last film was *Nobody's Child*, made by B. and C. in 1919. The same company are responsible for the new ones. Wonder if they'll ever screen "Maid of the Mountains."

Arthur Wontner and little Myrtle Peters in "The Velvet Woman."



Above: Lionel Scott. Circle: Arthur Rooke, producer of "The Scandal," with a favourite race-horse.

#### Filming in France.

The exteriors of *Henry, King of Navarre* are being finished, and there is now very little more studio work to be done. Jack Cox, the camera man recalls an eventful occurrence when he was "turning" in France. "Whoever planned the roads of Southern France," says he, "must have borne well in mind the old saw about the long lane, for they twist and turn in unexpected and confusing fashion. When we were filming the ride of the two mounted couriers who come from Paris to tell the King of Navarre his mother is dying, I had my machine in a motor which kept just ahead of the riders and stood on the running board myself.

## British Studio Gossip



Gladys Jennings and Matheson Lang in "Henry, King of Navarre."

#### The Turning Point.

"I suppose you know that the camera must be exactly in line with the objects it is photographing to get a satisfactory picture, so my driver had instructions to keep a straight course as far as he could and the two gentlemen in sixteenth-century dress were instructed to follow the motor. However, when the road began twisting things became difficult. The driver, obeying my shouts of 'Run left' or 'Run right,' as I tried to keep my riders in focus, took a zig-zag course from one side of the road to the other and eventually took a bend on two wheels and we went sideways into a ditch. Luckily the camera was firmly fixed in place. But I wasn't, and took a header through the window of the car. As I escaped with only a few scratches and a good 'take,' I think I was lucky, because I might have been badly injured."

#### Claude Duval Held Up.

Bad weather and the strike combined their best efforts to "hold up" the filming of *Claude Duval*. But, naturally, the use of his own methods did not appeal to "Claude," nor to the company in general. When a mist made work at Shepherds Bush out of the question, the director, George Cooper, decided to



work at Beaconsfield studios, where some scenes had already been made. Then somebody observed that Beaconsfield was twenty-five miles from London and trains were non-existent. "Not so motors," replied the undaunted one, and set about finding motor transport for the sixty-odd people he wanted. By mid-day all concerned were safely landed at Beaconsfield. Just as the producer was preparing to heave a sigh of satisfaction it was discovered that part of the wardrobe was still at Shepherds Bush. So they adjourned for lunch.

Henry Victor, A. B. Imeson, and Clive Brook in "The White Shadow."



Nina Boucicault with 14-year-old Gordon Craig in "Miriam Rozella."

#### Hide and Seek.

When everybody was assembled on the "set" in the afternoon, a vital part of the proceedings in the shape of the stiletto which had been left there ready for its "call" was missing. Everybody remembered seeing it in its place, but nobody remembered moving it. Nigel Barrie having successfully extricated himself from successive charges of having secreted it for shaving pur-

A scene from "Lawyer Quince" one of the W. W. Jacobs series.

poses and using it as a pipe cleaner, there was a general game of hide and seek for the next hour. Still the culprit could not be found, and by that time Cooper had remembered that his star had to leave at 4.30 that day. That time was only two hours off, so fresh scenes were commenced, whilst some of the cast were still playing "hunt the stiletto." They worked on till 9.30, and the director's cost sheet for the day totalled £200. This doesn't happen every day, but on this occasion all seven principals, as well as the extras were on hand.

#### The First Peter Pan.

Nina Boucicault, who appears in *Miriam Rozella* was the first "Peter Pan." She created the role in England. "That was some years ago," she said, "and I had heard very little of Barrie

Marie Ault in "The Colleen Bawn."

then. But when I read the part I adored it and, though I did not realise 'Peter' would develop into the permanent Christmas attraction he has done, I felt sure the play would be popular. It was on December 27th, 1904, I played 'Peter' for the first time and I think it an honour to be able to say I was his first interpreter."

Nina Boucicault has been on the stage since she was fifteen, when she was associated with her father, the late Dion Boucicault. She declares she finds artistic satisfaction in her film work, and that there is to-day far more art and seriousness of purpose in the studio than in the theatre.

#### Back to Screenland.

Lionel Scott, whose picture appears in these pages has only recently returned from a stage tour in "Tons of Money." He is thinking of doing further film work now, and hopes fans have not quite forgotten him.

#### Items A and B.

Betty Balfour and Alma Taylor will go down to posterity as the first British stars to talk over the Radio in this country. They spoke about the British National Film Weeks and their interested audience numbered a good few thousands.

A tense moment in "Darkness" (Quality Plays).







# Southern Love

*Dolores, the beautiful Gypsy dancer creates a sensation.*

**T**his new Graham Wilcox production features Betty Blythe in a colourful story of sunny Spain.

It is very much of a cosmopolitan picture. Many of the scenes were filmed in Vienna, and although the director is British the players include British, American, and Viennese stars.

Betty Blythe is seen in the role of Dolores, a beautiful gypsy dancer, who is the belle of a troupe of wandering performers. Pedro, the star singer of the troupe, is passionately in love with her. Her father has promised him her hand but Dolores has fallen in love with Dick Tennant, a young English artist, and she arouses Pedro's jealousy by her indifference.

Count de Silva, a wealthy nobleman, sees Dolores dancing in public and, attracted by her beauty, offers to make her the foremost dancer in Spain. At first Dolores will not listen to his proposals, but later to escape the persecutions of Pedro, she runs away from the gypsy camp and visits the count's home. True to his promise, the count procures an engagement for Dolores at an important theatre, and in a few months she becomes the idol of the Spanish public.

In spite of her triumph, Dolores remains true to her English lover, and all De Silva's efforts to win her affections are in vain.

De Silva schemes to get Dick Tennant out of the way, and by a ruse succeeds in estranging Dolores and her lover. To complete his revenge he determines that Dolores shall lose her position as the favourite of the fickle Spanish public, and Pedro, who has followed the dancer to the city, assists in the plot against Dolores.

Presuming on her popularity, Dolores attempts a daring dance that has been banned by the magistrates of the city, and through the machinations of De Silva and Pedro, the entire audience turns against her and she is driven

from the theatre.

De Silva, confident that Dolores will no longer spurn his attentions, makes another attempt upon her heart, but is frustrated by Pedro who has at last realised that he has been the count's dupe. During a fierce quarrel between the two men, the



*The Count tells Dolores that he will make her famous.*

*Above: Pedro kills the Count de Silva, count is fatally injured, and Dolores is arrested and charged with his murder. Dick Tennant effects her escape from prison, and the lovers make a dash for the frontier.*

Pedro leads the police in pursuit of the fugitives, but the gypsy is killed in a fight on the frontier, and with his dying breath confesses to the murder of De Silva, leaving the lovers free to seek happiness together in a new country.

Betty Blythe is seen to good advantage as Dolores and dances very cleverly. Others in the cast are Warwick Ward as Dick Tennant, and Herbert Langley as Pedro, also Liane Haid, the Viennese star, as the Countess de Silva.



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Marie  
Ault

The fine British  
character actress.



[Photo by Ernest Mills.]

A Dutch character make-up in "The Elopement."



In private life she does not look as if she would harm a fly.

Marie Ault as the Chinese "Amah" in "East of Suez."

In herself, she is a small black-haired, bright-eyed lady, with a vivacious air and a friendly, likeable expression. But leave her alone with her make-up box for a few minutes and anything from a gypsy aged a hundred and one to a pathetic old white-haired "Mammy" may be the result.

"The tragedy of my life," observed Marie Ault to me, "is that my hair obstinately refuses to turn grey."

I said I thought there was plenty of time for that.

"Flatterer," cried Marie, but proceeded to enlarge further for a few minutes upon the sadness of wanting to grow grey and being unable to do it. Still, she manages to look convincing enough in a wig, as all who have seen her will agree.

"I like films," she told me, "and my greatest wish at the moment is to play 'The Amah,' (she's my favourite study, the disreputable old devil!) in a film version of 'East of Suez,' some time. It was during the run of this play that I worked all day as the pathetic old mother in *The Monkey's Paw*, and part of each night as the villainous Chinese. It became quite easy for me, after the

first day or two, to step out of one character into the other."

Marie Ault steps into nationalities as easily as she does into characters. In filmland she has been Scotch, Irish, Italian and French to order, besides a whole host of British characters, cockney and otherwise. She has a great personality and always manages to make her parts stand out.

"My first screen part was played in South Africa," she volunteered, later, "With the I.V.T.A. Co. I was a low-comedy slavey, and we had a wonderful director who told us he was going to make four reels in five days, to be released next week. He never wanted to stop, even for meals or rest, and seemed to think we were strange creatures when we held a protest meeting. No, I never saw the film."

"Of course screen work now is a

different thing, and I simply love it. I commenced in 1919 in *Class and No Class*, specialising later in character work, which suits me best, though I've played everything from Pantomime to tragedy since I ran away from home to go on the stage."

She has been to America, and to France and Cologne with Lena Ashwell's concert parties, and that, combined with acute powers of observation and concentration, she says, accounts for her ability to assume any nationality at will. She is very emotional too, witness her work in *Woman to Woman*, and *The Monkey's Paw*. She was born in Wigan, and cares not who knows it, though it's a far cry from that laughter-raising city of Lancashire to China and the Chinese opium-smoker who is Marie Ault's delight and of whom she never tires. Marie dropped into broad Scotch when she bade me farewell, with a cordial invitation to come and see "Nancy Webster's" black merino dress in "The Little Minister" at the Queen's, which, having done so, I can sincerely advise anyone interested in clever characterisation to do without delay.



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Should the spirit move you to break into song about your favourite film star, send your verses to "The Picturegoer." Prizes are awarded to the senders of carols published on this page.



#### RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

Rudolph Valentino is the hero of the day,  
Of all the movie stars he's thought the best.

Dear to every maiden, to their hearts  
he's found a way—

Once there he soon replaces all the rest.  
Ladies, ladies, everywhere, do laud him  
to the skies,

Place him on a pedestal alone,  
Hang their rooms with photos, where  
they'll see his flashing eyes,

Vetoing all others they have known.  
Ask them what they think of him, they  
gush forth streams of praise.

Let no words of scorn escape you there,  
Else, alas, you'll rue, and you'll leave  
them in a haze,

Not knowing what has hit you, quite,  
or where!

Think not that this will last though, for  
the film stars who are "finds"

If they're handsome ones will always  
find a place,

No matter how they love them, girls  
will always change their minds,  
Of course! For it's the nature of the  
race! PADDY (Yorkshire).

#### MADGE BELLAMY.

There may be other maids more fair,  
But I've not seen them anywhere—  
From curly head to twinkling feet,  
She's like this carol—short and sweet.

JACK (Finchley).

#### A WORD FOR PRODUCERS.

Some rave of Norma's beauty  
And sister Connie's fun,  
While others think that Charlie  
All others has outdone,  
The warm heart of the flapper  
To her handsome hero's lost—

She must see him each evening  
Regardless of the cost.  
To Rudolph, Dick and Ramon,  
And countless stars, they raise  
Their songs of admiration  
And unreserved praise.  
But though their songs of rapture  
In shrill crescendos mount,  
I never hear them mention  
The men who really count.  
And so, to all Producers,  
I'm sending what is due—  
*Par bonté* of this paper—  
My praise, sincere and true.

M.W. (Maida Vale).

#### MY HERO.

Eyes and hair like Ramon's own,  
"The Leather Pusher's" smile,  
Valentino's graceful mien  
And Tommy Meighan's style.  
Lewis Stone's magnetic charm  
(That's asking a good deal)  
Milton Sill's determined way  
With Monte Blue's appeal.  
I'd love to meet a man like this,  
But what evokes my fears  
Is that I guess he'd spoil it all  
With Bull Montana's ears!

WINNIE (Liverpool).

#### TO BLANCHE.

Of a sweet little girl I will carol awhile,  
With a sweet little laugh, and a shy  
little smile.

Sweet personality, sweet little ways.

No words of mine can be sweet  
enough praise

For this fair little damsel of mine, but  
I claim

She's the sweetest kid ever, and Sweet  
is her name.

SACCHARINE (Crawley).

#### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93. Long Acre, W.C.2.]

#### Two Movie Minutes.

In *The Great Night*, Eva Novak, at 11.45 p.m., comes in out of the rain, bareheaded, with her hair hanging in wet, straight wisps. At 11.47 the wedding takes place and her hair is dry and beautifully waved. How did Eva do it in two minutes? K.M. (Blackpool).

#### Not in Our Stars!

At the conclusion of the film *The Silver Lining*, featuring Jewel Carmen, the villain is shown as an old man with a beard and grey hair. The heroine, however, is as young as she was at the beginning of the picture. Yet these two started out by being practically the same age. Did time stand still for her? C.W. (Sheffield).

#### Another of Asbestos Annie's Relations.

In *Eve's Film Review* "Mother" is shown making a pie. When it is, presumably, cooked, she opens the oven door and takes it out with her bare hands! Had she fire-proof hands? M.C. (Bognor).

#### A Radio Hat.

"Marnee," the villain in *The Radio King*, leaves the isolated hut in which he carries out his wireless experiments taking with him his coat and two guns and leaving his hat on a door peg. He then proceeds to aid "Renally" who is fighting a stranger behind a near-by haystack. He immediately stuns this man, and he and Renally board their car which is close at hand. Marnee then picks up his hat from the seat and puts it on. Did he control it by wireless? J.C. (Leyton).

#### Where was Moses?

In *Might Lak' a Rose*, "Rose" (Dorothy Mackail) is reading the psalms from the Bible to the young hero. He asks her to read him about Moses in the bullrushes. She complies with his request, but evidently hers is a unique specimen of a Bible, for she does not turn the page, but reads the story of Moses from the Psalms! S.M.N. (London).

#### A Quick Change Artist.

"John Ridd," in *Lorna Doone*, has on his best clothes when he starts to chase "Carver Doone," after the church scene. When "John" reaches the Doone Gate he is in his everyday leather jacket, but he is again wearing his best clothes when he chases "Carver" after a fight in Glen Doone. M.H. (Guildford).



## Miss Phyllis Lytton

one of the most promising British Film actresses,  
played the Duchess of Rothesay in 'The Fair  
Maid of Perth.' She says :—

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unusually refreshing."



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The announcement that Valia has decided to retire from the screen will cause many regrets amongst her admirers. But the charming movie "vamp" is quite decided about it. She is leaving the screen because she is going to be married in April, and then leave London for America, which will be her future home. Valia is not at all vampish really, for she holds that home is the place for a married woman and is therefore abandoning a very successful career. She has only been in films three years.

Lawford Davidson is in America, playing a very wicked villain in a new Betty Compson picture being made in Miami, Florida. He has had plenty of experience of this sort of thing in England for he is one of the best-known British "heavies."

The Drury Lane spectacular drama, *Decameron Nights*, will be filmed by Herbert Wilcox this year in London and Italy. Most of the original costumes and decorations will be utilised but the cast will be quite a new one, headed by an international star in the part Willette Kershaw and later Margaret Bannerman played in London.

Wes Barry is out on yet another personal appearance tour. He will lead parades, address schools and be generally in evidence in connection with *George Washington Junr.*, his new film which is released in America during Washington's Birthday week.

Bebe Daniels is playing opposite Valentino in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, which is already well in hand at Paramount's Long Island studios.

Douglas MacLean specialises these days in the type of athletic comedies which made Doug Fairbanks so popular in his early screen days. Doug the younger's newest is *The Yankee Consul* and is one of his funniest to date, beside containing a great many clever and novel stunts and surprises.

They have their own way of running picture-houses in Japan. At Kiobe, a town whose inhabitants have taken very friendly to the movie habit, patrons are admitted free. But once inside and seated (on the floor is usual in Japan), a girl attendant brings a little charcoal stove, and placing it before the visitor demands ten sen. Next a cushion is provided, also for ten sen. Should a smoke be desired an ashtray must be purchased for five sen. Tea is then served—at ten sen, after which the Japanese fan can settle down to enjoy the show in peace.

Aileen Pringle's next film is *True as Steel*, a Rupert Hughes production, and Louise Fazenda will play the heroine's secretary.

Richard Talmadge is fast making good as one of the screen's best stunt stars. He is working on another thriller, called *In Fast Company*, for Truart, with Mildred Harris as his leading lady.

Famous for years in comedies, besides occasional leaps into drama, as in *Trifling Women* and *Merry Go Round*, Joe Martin, the famous Universal orang-outang has developed temperament and temper. So he has had to be banished from Studioland and joined the Al. S. Barnes circus last week. Joe used to be a most docile and well behaved monkey, and was always good tempered and affectionately disposed towards the children and other animals he met and worked with in the studios.

But he became so savage at times that even the chief trainer was afraid to trust him near any human actors, for Joe is as strong as any four men put together and things become serious when he loses his temper. He was taken all round to say good-bye, and Hoot Gibson gave him a farewell bag of monkey nuts. Joe's place before the camera has been taken by "Jiggs," a clever female chimpanzee.

Actual work on *Ben Hur* begins to-day, Mar. 1, at the Cines Studios, Rome. Part of it will be made in Palestine, but the greater number of spectacular scenes will be "shot" in and around Rome.

Harold Lloyd had a nasty shock the other day. He saw a topical of himself and rushed out of the theatre and back to his hotel (he was in New York at the time) shouting "Mildred, Mildred, I'm getting FAT." It was a case of "got" not getting for the scales told Harold he was accumulating adipose tissue at an alarming rate. And someone must have given him away for the next day he couldn't stir from his room without being buttonholed by the representative of this or that infallible weight reducer.

Norma Talmadge will be on vacation by the time this is in print. She and her husband have joined Irving Berlin's yachting party for a few weeks before Norma and Eugene O'Brien start work on *The House of Youth*.

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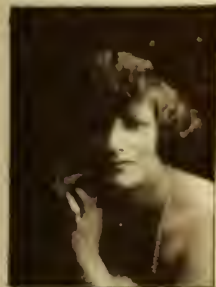
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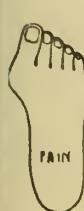
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# How I Furnished My Home

by IVY DUKE

The Famous British Film Star gives some Home-making Hints.

I can't remember a time when I wasn't interested in furniture, especially old furniture, and the things that naturally go with it. I know I used to love my doll's house when I was quite a tiny girl, and delight in altering and re-arranging the things in it to suit my, even then, rather decided ideas. Then when I went on the stage I had not much time to devote to home affairs, but film work brought the old hobby back again, for my later and longer screenplays had some very fine interior settings, which interested me immensely. I think every woman thinks about a home of her own, and sometimes unconsciously plans this or that scheme to carry out when the time arrives. I know I did. I had a furnished flat when I first began buying things and putting them aside. I was lucky in that I had a splendid large box-room wherein to store my treasures, and slowly, bit by bit many of my present possessions accumulated there.

Personally I am not in love with a huge London house. My home is just a cottage, the kind you expect to find in a little country place, in some quiet lane, not in the heart of Kensington. It was a stable, originally—an extra large one though! Outside it's a quaint, two-storey place; creamy-yellow plaster work, with little wooden casements and corners, and a dark oaken door. Inside it has a great many oaken beams. I found those in an old barn in the country, and they were put in when the place was transformed. It is a real cottage, in that the door opens

right into what I call a cross between a lounge-hall and a dining-room, with a curving oak staircase directly opposite, supported on an immense oak beam.

In that big cupboard you see on the left of the large photo on this page, is some of my pet glass. That, too, I have bought, little by little, in dozens or half-dozens as it has chanced to catch my eye. I am awfully fond of good glass ware. A favourite cut-glass bowl stands on the wide oak shelf just near my writing bureau.

The colouring of the room is orange and yellow, carried out in the cushions and rugs, and lampshade, etc.

There is a dresser in there that is very old. I bought it from an old friend of my mother's. It's oak, of course, to match the rest of the room. I have some very quaint pewter jugs, too, which were originally in a small country inn. On location for a film I saw them there, and fell in love with them. The walls are of plaster; I have no paper or frieze, though I have seen some very attractive effects achieved in rooms which boast of both.

That pair of Sheffield candlesticks on the table came to me as a legacy, along with some other old silver. I was quicker over this room, I think, than any of the others. That was because I had planned exactly where everything should go before I actually commenced.

The sitting room upstairs has mauve and blue colouring, and a hand-made rug just in front of the window seat that came from Nice. It is soft orange



Ivy Duke

colour and green; I have rugs everywhere excepting in the bedrooms. Besides the window seat, which is oak, with a mattress and cushions which match the curtains, there is a big cretonne-covered settee, and some comfy chairs. It has an old-fashioned, bricked-in fireplace, and oak mantel-shelf and beams and picture-rail.

That antique warming-pan on the wall in the window seat is something I "spotted" when on holiday on the Broads. What seemed to be a street sale of an antique dealer's stock going on, and, stopping to investigate led to yet another purchase. But I have never yet gone away into the country to make films without making additions to our furniture. When I was in Belle Isle (Brittany), I saw a beautiful old oaken cupboard and buffet in a fisherman's cottage there. I used to stop and look at it time and again until one day a man came out of the cottage and asked me why I was looking in so earnestly. I told him. He made me go in, and introduced me to the whole family (from grandma downwards, there were over a dozen). After a confabulation, they decided to let me buy it, and invited me to have a good look at my purchase. I found it was real good stuff, with the proper old-fashioned iron hinges, but oh! dear me, it was filled with the remains of ancient sardines. Sardine catching, curing, etc., is the staple industry of these Breton villagers, but why they chose to keep fish in that lovely old buffet I can't possibly imagine. However, I have reserved it for a better fate. We used it in the film we were making, and it came to London with me. Exterior work in Devon and Cornwall has had happy results in further welcome additions. Sometimes it is just an odd bit of china, or an old Toby mug, but it is always something. Of course it is not given to everyone

(Continued on page 58.)



A plethora of oak is the keynote of the lounge. The door on the left leads to the kitchen and passage.



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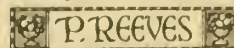


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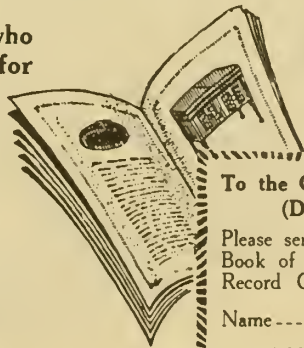
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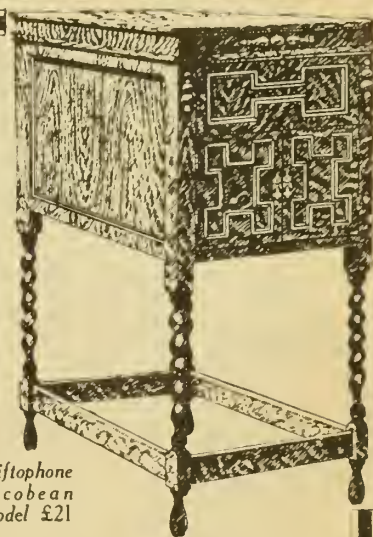
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to travel as much as we filmfolk do, but treasures are to be found just round the corner sometimes. And there are always good reproductions to be bought—I have a few myself.

My bedroom is mauve and blue, with a mauve carpet, and a wonderful old oaken Cromwellian bed, at least three hundred years of age. It has a curiously carved back, with a shelf, on which I stand a pair of small electric reading lamps. It is all hand turned, as the somewhat uneven, front posts prove, and I made its curtains of the same cretonne as the window casements.

The dressing chest is of antique farmhouse oak, and the uncommon three piece dull gilt glass that stands on it is a reproduction. But it is in keeping. The stool near it is one of a set of coffin stools like those used in old Abbeys to rest people's coffins upon. That was in its past. Now it supports nothing more gruesome than my trinket box, which has a crinolined lady upon its lid. Things like linen, one naturally doesn't acquire piecemeal. Those I bought just as everyone else does, at a good manufacturers.

Another bedroom is all mahogany, with a large Hepplewhite bedstead.

A few framed Japanese prints and three or four Hogarth's comprise my picture gallery. That, however, is purely a matter of taste, like one's cushions,



The window seat in the sitting room, with a Lancashire wheel-back chair on the left.

etc. Some day, when we retire, Guy and I, we shall have a larger house, a sort of farm, right out in the country, for I don't really like London. But, candidly, I don't yearn for a huge mansion. Great rooms and much magnificence like the settings we had in *The Bigamist* are all very well in a film, and I daresay I should revel in arranging them (did I forget to mention that one of my secret ambitions is to become an Art Director?) but in real life we are very well content with our cosy Kensington cottage.



Ivy Duke's bedroom has mauve and blue cretonne curtains, and a mauve carpet, and is simple almost to severity.



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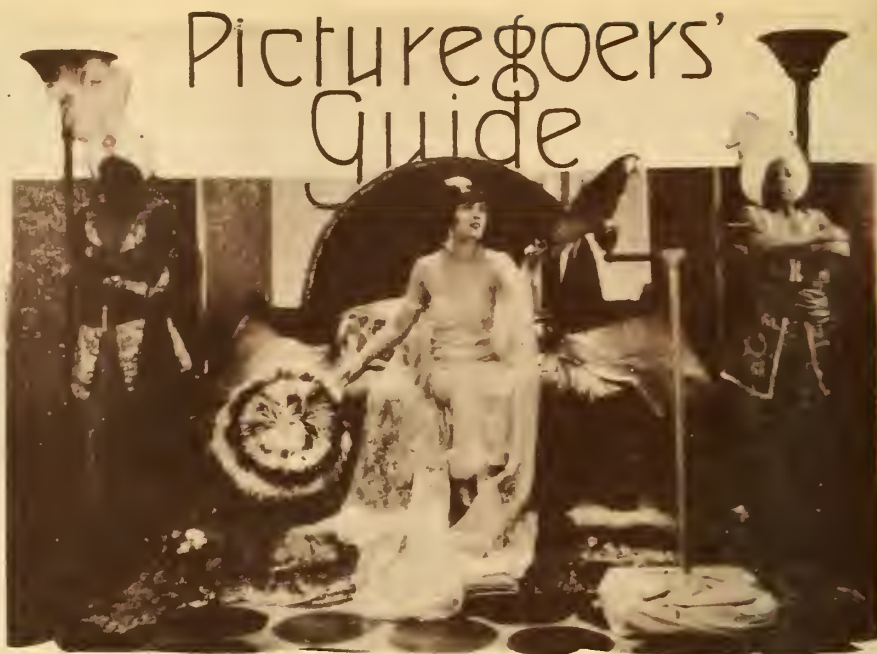
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Puddings and Pies.

## BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.



Carmel Myers in "Slave of Desire."

### The Acquittal (European; Mar. 17).

Murder mystery melodrama, with good court scenes and excellent acting by Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry, Richard Travers, Barbara Bedford, Ben Deeley, Dot Farley and Hayden Stevenson.

### The Avalanche (Fox; Mar. 24).

Buck Jones and Ruth Clifford, supported by Maurice Flynn, Kathleen Key, Hardy Kirkland and Eugene Pallette, in a thrilling Western melodrama, with a spectacular climax and any amount of sensational stunts. Excellent entertainment.

### The Beloved Vagabond (Astra National; Mar. 31).

Carlyle Blackwell and Albert Chase in a British-made picturisation of a Locke classic, somewhat uneven and scrappy, but containing many effective vagabond sequences and a perfect "Asticot." Madge Stuart, Sidney Fairbrother, Phyllis Titmuss and Owen Roughwood head the supporting cast. Good entertainment.

### The Broadway Madonna (H'ardour; Mar. 3).

A good murder mystery story, marred by cabaret stuff which is absolutely untrue to life. Played by Dorothy Revier, Jack Connolly, Harry Van Meter, Eugene Burr, Juanita Hansen, and Lee Willard. Good popular drama.

### The Broken Wing (H'alturdaw; Mar. 3).

Kenneth Harlan in a film version of the popular Rancho romance. Support includes Miriam Cooper, Walter Long, Miss Du Pont, Richard Tucker, Edwin J. Brady, Ferdinand Munier and Evelyn Selbie. Good light entertainment.

### Bonnie Prince Charlie (Gaumont; Mar. 17).

Spectacular romance woven around the Scottish hero, played by Ivor Novello, Gladys Cooper, Adeline Hayden Coffin, Arthur Wontner, Hugh Miller, A. B. Ineson, Lewis Gilbert, Benson Kleve, Bromley Davenport, Nancy Price, and Bunty Foss. Ultra-romantic fare.

### The Buster (Fox; Mar. 20).

A thrilling tale about a Westerner whose courage and resource effectually

tame a wayward society belle. Dustin Farnum stars, with Doris Pawn opposite; also Lucille Hutton, Gilbert Holmes and Francis McDonald. Bright and breezy.

### Chastity (Ass. First National; Mar. 31).

Artificial drama concerning the career of an ambitious small-town actress played by Katherine MacDonald. In support appear Huntley Gordon, Edythe Chapin, J. Gunnis Davis, J. Gordon Russell, and Frederick Truesdell.

### A Couple of Down and Outs (Napoleon; Mar. 20).

Sentimental post-war romance, with some remarkable war scenes showing the adventures of the hero and his horse. Rex Davis, Edna Best and George Foley head the cast. Good entertainment.

### The Cowboy and the Lady (Realart-Gaumont; Mar. 13).

Mary Miles Minter and Tom Moore in an interesting Western comedy-drama set amid beautiful Wyoming scenery. Viola Daniel, Patricia Palmer, Robert Schable, Guy Oliver, Leonard Clapham and Robert Mack support. Excellent entertainment.

### The Crusader (Fox; Mar. 10).

A well told drama of the mining country and the adventures of a young farmer-pioneer. William Russell stars; with Gertrude Clare, Helen Ferguson, Fritz Brunette, George Webb and Carl Gantvoort in support. Good entertainment.

### A Dark Lantern (Realart-Gaumont; Mar. 3).

Not an over-bright movie, with Reginald Denny as a villainous Prince, and Alice Brady as the girl who fell in love with him. Supporting cast includes James L. Crane, Marie Burke, Rosie Purcell, Brandon Hurst and Edward Varese.

### Dead Game (European; Mar. 3).

Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Robert McKim, Harry Carter and William Welsh in a rough-riding romance of the West. Good out-of-doors drama.

### Don't Get Excited (Fox; Mar. 26).

Something like *One Exciting Night* as to story, with fights, chases, and



thrills galore. William Russell, Carmel Myers and Tom Wilson head the cast. Farical fare.

**The Eagle's Talons** (*European*; Mar. 13).

First class serial stuff all about a band of aerial criminals, with good acting and hair-raising thrills. Anna Little, Al Wilson, and Fred Thomson star, with Josef Gerard, Edward Cecil, Edith Stayart, and Herbert Fortier in support. Excellent stunt entertainment.

**The Eagle's Feather** (*Jury*; Mar. 31).

Wonderful cattle-ranch scenes and an interesting character study of a strong-minded woman. Mary Alden, James Kirkwood, Elinor Fair and George Seigmann head the cast. Good characterisation and settings.

**Ebb Tide** (*Paramount*; Mar. 31).

Adapted from a R. L. Stevenson novel this South Sea story has plenty of romance and thrills which include a fire and shipwreck and an underwater fight with an octopus. Fine acting by Lila Lee, James Kirkwood, Raymond Hatton, Noah Beery, George Fawcett and Jacqueline Logan. Excellent entertainment.

**The Eternal Three** (*Goldwyn*; Mar. 10).

Not up to Marshall Neilan's usual standard, for it has a farical villain and few original touches. The long cast is headed by Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Bessie Love, Raymond Griffith, George Cooper, Tom Gallery and Marion Aye. Fair triangle drama.

**The Fall of Babylon** (*F. B. O.*; Mar. 3).

An excerpt from Griffiths *Intolerance*, with additional scenes and a happy ending. Impressions of Ancient Babylon and some fine spectacular settings and scenes. Constance Talmadge, Seena Owen, Elmer Clifton, Alfred Paget, Tully Marshall, Carl Stockdale, Elmo Lincoln and George Siegmann. Spectacular entertainment.

**The Fighting Blade** (*Ass. First National*; Mar. 3).

Dick Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero in a fairly good romance of olden times. Dorothy Mackail opposite, also Marcia Harris and Frederiek Burton. Fair entertainment.

**Food For Scandal** (*Realart-Gaumont*; Mar. 17).

An unpretentious little comedy, well balanced, and pleasing, about one girl's wily means of helping a young lawyer's business along. Wanda Hawley stars, supported by Harrison Ford, Ethel Grey Terry, Lester Cuneo, Margaret McWade, Minnie Prevost and Sidney Bracey. Excellent light fare.

**Fools and Riches** (*European*; Mar. 31).

Herbert Rawlinson as a spendthrift, who, aided by a true hearted girl, conquered his folly and made good. Katherine Perry, Doris Pawn, Tully Marshall, Arthur S. Hull, Nikolai De Riuz, Roy Laidlaw and John Cossar appear in support. Very good light comedy.

**A French Doll** (*Jury*; Mar. 3).

Typical Mae Murray stuff, with elaborate dresses and scenic effects and a mild crook-comedy story. Supporting are Rod la Roque and Paul Cazeneuve.

**Frivolous Wives** (*Rose*; Mar. 31).

One of Rudolph Valentino's early drama and therefore interesting to his admirers only.

(Continued on page 62).

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**A Full House** (Realart-Gaumont; Mar. 31).

Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson in a delightful comedy of errors in which a young husband is the victim of an extraordinary series of misunderstandings. Good comedy entertainment.

**A Gentleman in Mufti** (Gaumont; Mar. 10).

An Australian production about a father's sacrifices to bring his daughter up as a lady. Played by the *Sentimental Bloke* cast, which includes Arthur Tauchert, Lottie Lyell, Beryl Low, Lotus Thompson, Cecil B. Scott, Dorothy Daye, Jack Raymond and Rene Sandeman. Simple, but sincere.

**The Ghost Breaker** (Paramount; Mar. 27).

An average movie in which hidden treasure, a haunted castle, a black valet, and many changes of scenery are well mixed up. Wallace Reid starred, with Lila Lee, Walter Hiers, Frances Raymond, Charles Ogle, Snitz Edwards and Joe Ray support.

**Gipsy Blood** (Pioneer; Mar. 20).

"Carmen" through German spectacles. Worth seeing because of an excellent character study of certain type of woman by Pola Negri, and some good settings and direction by Lubitsch. This movie has been very much cut, and was made some years ago.

**Glimpses of the Moon**; (Paramount; Mar. 17).

Adapted from Edith Wharton's novel, in which the interest centres around three women and a pair of very anæmic and unreal husbands. Beautifully produced and well played by Bebe Daniels, Nita Naldi, Ruhye de Reymer, David Powell, Maurice Costello, Charles Gerard, and Charles Kent. Good society entertainment.

**Good Men and True** (Wardour; Mar. 31).

Harry Carey in a very good melodrama about a cowboy candidate for political honours in a western town. Supporting Carey are Tully Marshall, Volva Vale, Noah Beery, and Thomas Jefferson. Excellent melodrama.

**Grumpy** (Paramount; Mar. 10).

One of the month's best character studies. Theodore Roberts as a crotchety old chap who solves a murder mystery by means of a gardenia. May McAvoy opposite, also Conrad Nagel, Carson Ferguson, Charles Ogle, and Bertram Johns. Good entertainment.

**The Impossible Miss Bellew** (Paramount; Mar. 24).

An excellent Gloria Swanson movie, with the star at her best as a modern young mother whom circumstances have robbed of her good name. The cast includes Conrad Nagel, Robert Cain, Gertrude Astor, June Elvidge, Herbert Standing, Mickey and Pat Moore, Clarence Burton and Frank Elliott. Good society drama.

**Judgment of the Storm** (B. E. F.; Mar. 20).

A melodramatic story of a man's love for a girl and his mother, with some fine snow settings and a realistic storm thrill. Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Rickson, George Hackathorn, Claire McDowell and Myrtle Steadman head a capable cast. Good entertainment.

**Lightning Love** (Vitagraph; Mar. 3).

Larry Semon, Al Thompson, Oliver Hardy and Rhea Durand in a rural comedy written and directed by the star.

**Love is an Awful Thing** (F. B. O.; Mar. 10).

Clever farce concerning a bachelor with a past which nearly proves his undoing. Owen Moore stars, and Kathryn Perry and Marjorie Daw head an adequate cast. Light farcical fare.

**Love in the Welsh Hills** (Regent; Mar. 20).

Strong drama of Welsh life photographed in Wales and around Harwich and Yarmouth. Cast includes James Knight, Marjorie Villis, Constance Worth, Ray Raymond, and Heaton Grey. Fair entertainment.

**The Madness of Youth** (Fox; Mar. 3).

John Gilbert as a crook who is reformed by a wealthy man's daughter. Very nicely produced and well played by the star, Billie Dove, George K. Arthur, Wilton Taylor, Julianne Johnson, Ruth Boyd, D. R. O. Halswell. Good mystery drama.

**Montmartre** (F. B. O.; Mar. 24).

Pola Negri's last German production directed by Lubitsch. A somewhat hectic story of old Paris. Excellent character drawing and good work by the rest of the unnamed cast.

**Mothers-in-Law** (Walturdaw; Mar. 31).

A Gasnier production with a mother-love story treated from a novel angle. Beautifully staged and produced. Cast includes Ruth Clifford, Gaston Glass, Volva Vale, Crawford Kent, Josef Swickard, Edith Yorke and Doris Stone. Excellent entertainment.

**Notoriety** (Western-Import; Mar. 1).

Mary Alden, Maureen Powers, Rod La Roque, George Hackathorne, J. Barney Sherry, Mona Lisa, and Richard Travers in a fantastic and unconsciously funny melodrama about a girl who wished to be famous at any price. Unbelievable and for the unsophisticated only.

**On the Banks of the Wabash** (Vitagraph; Mar. 21).

Another fine cast wasted on an artificial story written round a popular old song. Efficient direction and good acting by Mary Carr, Mary Maclaren, Madge Evans, James Morrison, Lumsden Hare, Edward Roseman, Charles Blacton, and Dick and Harry Lee; also some spectacular fire and flood scenes. Fair entertainment.

**Out of Luck** (European; Mar. 24).

Hoot Gibson as a comedian on board a U.S.A. dreadnought, in an excellent comedy-drama about a supposed murderer's forced term of service in the Navy. Laura La Plante opposite, also Howard Truesdell, De Witt Jennings, Jay Morley, and John Judd.

**Penrod and Sam** (Ass. First National; Mar. 24).

An excellent sequel to *Penrod*, with Ben Alexander a great little hero, supported by Buddy Messenger, Joe Butterworth, Gertrude Messenger, Gene Jackson, Joe McCray, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Gladys Brockwell, Gareth Hughes, Mary Philbin, Wm. V. Mong, Bobby Sodon and "Cameo" the dog. Excellent fare for young folks of all ages.

**Putting It Over** (Unity; Mar. 31).

Cyclonic electioneering drama with Richard Talmadge proving himself Doug Fairbank's legitimate successor. Thomas Ricketts, Doris Pawn and William Horne support. Thrill-a-minute drama. Very good of its type.



**The Rest Cure** (Stoll; Mar. 7).

George Robey in a picturisation of his own story. A domestic comedy not as funny as it ought to have been considering the star, and the cast which includes Sidney Fairbrother, Minnie Leslie, Bertie Wright, Harry Preston, and Raymond Ellis. Fair entertainment.

**Richard the Lion-Hearted** (Allied Artists; Mar. 20).

A very free adaptation of Scott's *Talisman*, containing a few scenes of *Robin Hood*, and Wallace Beery, Charles Gerrard, Kathleen Clifford, Marguerite de la Motte, John Bowers, Clarence Geldart and Tully Marshall. Fair entertainment.

**Rosita** (Allied Artists; Mar. 31).

Fans should compare Lubitsch's earlier work with this, his latest. An effectively produced Spanish costume romance; rather an unsatisfactory story, but with excellent characterisations and settings. Mary Pickford stars in an unsuitable role; with Holbrook Blinn, George Walsh, Irene Rich, George Periolat, Mathilde Comont and Charles Belcher in support. Very good entertainment.

**Romance Land** (Fox; Mar. 31).

Tom Mix, Barbara Bedford, Frank Brownlie, Pat Chrisman and George Webb in a thrilling and fanciful tale of a Western knight who determines to introduce chivalry and chain mail into the cattle ranches. An excellent stunt comedy.

**The Silent Command** (Fox; Mar. 3).

Sensational and spectacular melodrama of the high seas, produced by Gordon Edwards and played by Edmund Lowe, Alma Tell, Betty Jewel, Gordon McEdward, Martha Mansfield, Carl Harbaugh and Bebo Lugo. Thrills chasers will revel in this one.

**The Siren Call** (Paramount; Mar. 3).

Dorothy Dalton in a familiar role, that of a dance-hall girl, in a very conventional story. David Powell, Mitchell Lewis, Edward Brady, and Charles Ogle. A mechanical movie, for Dalton fans only.

**Squib's Honeymoon** (Gaumont; Mar. 24).

A cheery British screenplay depicting the final explosions of the effervescent flower-girl. Betty Balfour stars with Fred Groves, Hugh E. Wright, Frank Stanmore and Irene Tripod in support. Slight but quite amusing.

**Slave of Desire** (Goldwyn; Mar. 3).

A spectacular and lavish kinematization of Balzac's *Magic Skin*; pointing out the evils of selfishness. Cast includes George Walsh, Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Eulalie Jensen, Wally Van, William Orlamond, Nick de Ruiz, and Herbert Prior. Excellent entertainment.

**The Sunshine Trail** (Ass. First National; Mar. 10).

A fairly good Douglas MacLean movie, with the star as an ex-soldier who takes over a ranch and successfully runs it. Edith Roberts opposite, also Muriel Frances Dana, Josie Sedgwick, Albert Hart, and Rex Cherryman.

**Unseeing Eyes** (Goldwyn; Mar. 17).

Beautiful snow settings, and aeroplane scenes, against some gruesome torture and struggle sequences and a poor story. Well produced and played by Seena Owen, Lionel Barrymore, Louis Wolheim, Gustave Von Seyfertitz, Louis Deer, Francis Red Eagle and Helen Lindroth. Very strong fare.



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BILL (London).—Ward Crane was born in New York, May 18th, 1890. He's six feet tall, with black hair and blue eyes. Before he started filming he was secretary to the Governor of the State of New York. Some of his films are: *Within the Law*, *Broadway Jones*, *Soldier of Fortune*, *The Luck of the Irish*, *Destiny's Isle*, *French Heels*, and *No Trespassing*.

BILL'S ADMIRER (Sheffield).—I hereby inform the world that William Duncan and Edith Johnson take first place in your young affections. (1) Send a stamped addressed envelope for casts and serial episodes. (2) Winifred Hudnut is Rudolph's second, *not* his sixth wife. Give the poor chap a chance! He's not a Mormon—nor even a "Sheik," rumour hath it, in private life.

RHYLIRA (Cairo).—Says she has been "tiring her head with the problem

of How to Become a Film Artiste." Take my advice, Rhylera, and give your little head a rest. It's just about as easy to find an opening on the films, now-a-days, as it is to fly to Heaven in an aeroplane, so leave off crying for the moon, and stay at home with mother like a sensible girl. I'm a hoary-headed old veteran, and I know!

P. L. B. (Pontypool).—Glad *Picturegoer* has your august approval. (1) Address Agnes Ayres c/o Lasky Studio's, Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal. (2) Agnes was born in Chicago, April 4th, 1898. (3) Some of Lucy Cotton's films are: *The Prodigal Wife*, *Blind Love*, *The Miracle of Love*, *The Broken Melody*, *The Invisible Foe*, *The Misleading Lady*, *The Sin That Was His* and *The Devil*.

DORIS AND GRACE (Walthamstow).—Why so formal? Of course call me George. (1) Page plate of Monte Blue appeared in September, 1923 *Picturegoer*. (2) Plate of Corinne Griffith in January, 1923 issue. (3) Monte Blue's real name is—Monte Blue!

E. D. (London).—I'll see what I can do for you early this year.

E. T. (Liverpool).—Thanks duly earned.

C. H. (Hounslow).—Send a stamped addressed envelope for those addresses.

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**F. T. (Liversedge).**—Your letter forwarded on arrival. Bless you, my child, for the complete absence of questions in your note. Write again whenever you like.

**GOOSEBERRY** (Cheshire).—Thinks I'm an angel in disguise. Well disguised, Gooseberry! (1) One prize in the "Carols" competition doesn't debar you from winning others, so get out your rhyming dictionary and go to it. (2) *Rupert of Hentzau* is a Selznick picture and the cast is not the same as that of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Bert Lytell, Lew Cody, Elaine Hammerstein and many other notable actors and actresses appear in the first-named. (3) Yes and no. My appetite and temper are both doing nicely, thank you.

**A. R. (Exmouth).**—I admire your self-denial. There aren't many fans who can boast that they've taken PICTUREGOER since its birth, and never asked a single question. (1) Look for news of your favourite in February PICTUREGOER, our all-British number. (2) Aliee Brady's doing stage work at present.

**THE INQUISITIVE THREE** (Accrington).—(1) *Bought and Paid For*, featuring Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres, is a new version on the old film—not a re-issue. Aliee Brady starred in the original. (2) Thomas Meighan's married to Frances Ring. (3) Reginald Denny was born in Richmond, Lancashire. Hope I've removed *one* word from your *nom-de-plume*—for a time at any rate.

**PICTURE LIZ** (Leeds).—Much as it grieves me to disappoint you, Liz, I'm afraid I must repeat that time-worn sentence—*No casts in these columns now*. If you feel you can't exist without that one, send a stamped addressed envelope and I'll post it to you.

**C. E. (Lincoln).**—Thanks.

**S. P. R. (Penzance).**—An art plate of your favourite appeared in December 1923 PICTUREGOER.

**J. B. H. (Northants).**—So you prefer writing to me to doing "prep"? I feel more than honoured. (1) *The Spider and the Fly* was released November 25th, 1918. (2) *The House of Silence* released September 1919. (3) *Smilin' Through*, released by Associated First National, 37, Oxford Street, W.1. (4) Most film companies charge about 2/- or 2/6 for a still. Cheerio, laddie. Remember me to dear old Pythagorus, Archimedes and the other fellows!

**STANLEY** (Lancaster Gate).—Letter forwarded to Milton Sills. I certainly agree with you, Stanley, in your admiration of Matheson Lang.

**ANOTHER NEW READER** (Surrey).—But the same old subject, for all that! Try Famous-Lasky, 166-170, Wardour Street, W.1 for a photo of Sheik Rudolph Valentino.

**INQUISITIVE** (Highgate).—(1) Alma Rubens was "The Duchess of Lille" in *Enemies of Women*. (2) Buck Jones is married and has a baby daughter. (3) Dick Barthelmess was born May 9th, 1895. He's married to Mary Hay, and they have a baby daughter. Your queries are not so numerous as your name implies. Inquisitive.

**R. B. S. (Dublin).**—Send a stamped addressed envelope for those addresses.

**EDITH** (Burnley).—Glad to meet you again, Edith. (1) *Beyond the Rocks* was released last August. (2) Wyndham Standing played opposite Marion Davies in *Bride's Play*. (3) I'll see about those art plates for you.

**ROY** (Birmingham).—I shall doubtless gladden your young life for ever, when I tell you that Pauline Frederick has decided not to leave the screen yet awhile. She has just finished a Vitagraph film, *Let No Man Put Asunder*. Pauline's not married now.

**REGGIE** (Finchley).—You didn't miss a page plate of your favourite Rudolph in February 1923 PICTUREGOER, but there have been plenty of him since, as you have probably seen.

## ON OTHER PAGES

**Crepe-de-chine, Marocain, Georgette, and Chiffon Taffetas** reign supreme in feminine favour this spring. Dainty tea-frocks in crepe and taffetas are to be had from Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street, and whilst the same delightful fabric is utilised by Debenhams, who are offering beautiful hand-made lingerie of reliable cut, workmanship and finish at very reasonable prices. Many of the latest Spring hats have their brims lined with fancy marocain, or are, in some cases, entirely fashioned of this pretty fabric. Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge are showing many *cloche* shapes, besides several close-fitting models which have a decided curl upwards across the eyes.

### Simple but Perfect.

If you are contemplating an Easter vacation you must have somewhere to put those clothes of yours. Something entirely novel in the way of suit cases is the "Revelation," which has fourteen different locking positions and can be converted at will from a medium-sized week-end ease to an almost trunk-like capacity capable of holding a month's requirements. The "Revelation" looks rigidly at any size, and is made in a variety of styles and prices. A fully illustrated list will be sent on application to The Revelation Rigid Expanding Suitcase Co., Ltd., 169, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Ask for List S.

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flowers, comes Tsang-  
Ihang, adding another  
grace to Western  
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THE army of Wally Reid fans who have persistently "thought something about Wally ought to appear in the PICTUREGOER,"

By Special Request.

will find their wishes gratified in this issue. These reminiscences

came to us from a college student who was a personal friend and admirer of the popular screen star, and we have printed them exactly as written. The many others who have written asking why no more Wally Reid films are issued cannot, evidently, have read their *Picturegoers' Guide* pages carefully, for quite half-a-dozen films have been issued featuring Wallace Reid and duly dealt with therein.

WHEN Peggy, in accents disarming, transmitted "The Song of the Short," we all thought her parody charming; but what is her meed of support? *De gustibus non disputandum* — one cannot dispute

A Retort in Rhyme.

about taste. However, perhaps a few comments at random may not be misplaced.

One question is—are we progressing? From standards of ten years ago? Some "fans," merely fairness professing, would say 'tis not utterly so. Their viewpoint might gain votes in plenty, for the times-that-have-been have their spell; but I'd rather say that I think 1924 starts very well.

Though films may get longer and longer, that's not an unqualified curse. Though stories may not be

much stronger, at least they are not any worse. And of acting, for recent examples, *The Son of the Wolf*, *Robin Hood*, and sweet *Sally Bishop*, are notable samples—and notably good. So, *Peggy*, I think we're advancing—the wheel moves along as it goes. You'll find *Sally Bishop* entrancing, and a cure for the Wimbledon woes. For, *Peggy*, of such are the pictures that are not as short as they seem; and will lead you to feel that your "fan" and his strictures were only a dream!—*E. J. F. (Bayswater)*.

"YOU invite us to write and say what we think about British Pictures, so here goes. I think the subjects are generally good, the photography is

Concerning Heroes.

always good, interiors and exteriors are among the most beautiful to be found anywhere on earth. The British Isles are full of romantic history and legend, and romance walks hand in hand with beauty, why then, do our film companies give us ugly or even plain heroes? True we have a few handsome ones but they could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Every woman has a dream hero, and a good deal of the lure of the pictures is in seeing that hero materialise. American producers have realised this and whatever else their pictures lack, the heroes are always handsome and generally clever. Surely all the handsome men with brains are not on the other side of the Atlantic—What do others think?—*L. T. (Huddersfield)*.

"AT the present time, we are told there are 'hundreds of experienced screen players out of work.' This means that a producer can pick and choose the people to take part in his film.

A Few Observations.

Then why, oh

why, *Thinker*, do we still see film after film in which the characters are miscast? On the screen there is no getting away from type—one who has been formed by nature for an ingenue, will never be any good as a vamp; yet I have often seen such a transformation attempted. I have seen, too, plump ladies in slim parts, and slim ladies in plump parts; an obvious American at 'the head of an old English family'; an obvious Englishman as 'a hard-headed American business man.' Actors who cannot act as stars, and actors who can act playing small parts. In view of this topsy-turvy state of affairs, and keeping in mind 'those hundreds of unemployed experienced actors,' I make my wondering protest."—*An Onlooker (London)*.

SPEAKING at the Cambridge University Kinema Club last month, Gerald Ames, who is in the midst of a highly successful tour in the stage play "The Dancers," delivered himself of some interesting, if pessimistic, thoughts on the subject of stars. Quoth Gerry, "People engaged in the Film Industry may be divided into three groups. a Photographers; b Exhibitors; c Actors. The future of the film belongs to the first group, served by the second. Group c, in which, besides actors, producers, scenario writers, studio managers and all connected with the making of photoplays belong is only an incident in the history of films, and I very much doubt, in so far as the stars are concerned if it will prove a permanent factor in its development. I do not believe that the future of Kinematography depends on the actors. Although I am one of the so-called 'stars,' I do not feel myself amongst the indispensables. Far from it. I think our existence, screenically speaking is so transitory that it would have been far better to call us comets—stars of the stage, perhaps, but only comets of the screen." According to Gerald then, the future of the Industry is decidedly "not in our stars." What do you think?

THE THINKER.



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### OUR LATEST LIST.

Gerald Ames.  
Agnes Ayres.  
Betty Balfour.  
Nigel Barrie (2).  
Constance Binney.  
Monte Blue.  
Betty Blythe.  
Flora Le Breton.  
Clive Brook.  
Georges Carpentier.  
Lon Chaney.  
Betty Compson.  
Jackie Coogan.  
Ivy Duke.  
Harrison Ford.  
Elsie Ferguson.  
Gaston Glass (2).  
Corinne Griffith.  
Elaine Hammerstein.  
Violet Hopson.  
Harold Lloyd.  
Louise Lovely.  
Katherine MacDonald (2).  
Percy Marmont.  
Barbara La Marr.  
Mac Marsh.

Shirley Mason.  
Colleen Moore.  
Antonio Moreno.  
Mac Murray.  
Pola Negri.  
Guy Newall.  
Ramon Novarro (2).  
Ivor Novello (2).  
Eugene O'Brien.  
Baby Peggy.  
Eileen Percy.  
House Peters.  
Ruth Roland.  
Stewart Rome.  
Gregory Scott.  
Milton Sills.  
Lewis Stone.  
Eric Von Stroheim.  
John Stuart.  
Constance Talmadge.  
Norma Talmadge.  
Conway Tearle.  
Alice Terry (3).  
Rodolph Valentino (4).  
Earle Williams.  
Claire Windsor.





Rome—The Eternal City.

A glance at the list of pictures released during April would lead one to believe that there are certainly April showers of entertainment opportunity for the picturegoer this month. Amongst the decidedly outstanding productions which are being shown on the screen, should be mentioned *Black Oxen*, a First National picturisation of Gertrude Atherton's story of rejuvenation. This utterly unusual story, deals in forceful manner with the scientific discoveries so much discussed of late. Corinne Griffith plays the part of a woman of sixty, who regains not only her youthful beauty, but her powers of attracting the mere male, he being in this case, handsome Conway Tearle. A wonderful romance commences—but there, we cannot give the story away—you should see it for yourself on the screen.

For lovers of real drama, taken from the pages of life, and not from between the covers of novels, there is the big Thomas H. Ince production, *Anna Christie*, a startling picturisation of



Anna  
Christie.

Black  
Oxen



The Age of Desire.

Eugene O'Neill's wonderful stage success, which played to packed houses at the Palace Theatre, London, recently, prior to its general release. Blanche Sweet, William Russell, George Marion, and Eugenie Besserer, are the principal characters in this astounding drama of dock-side life, which should certainly be seen, if only on account of its grim realities.

The comedy lover is well catered for in April, by a Maurice Tourneur production of F. Anstey's famous farce, "The Brass Bottle." A splendid cast, headed by Harry Myers, of "A Yankee At the Court of King Arthur" fame, Ernest Torrence of "The Covered Wagon," Barbara la Marr, and others, put over this splendid piece of ludicrous fun in mirth-making fashion.

Needless to say, there is also included in the list of April releases, one big

The Brass Bottle.


spectacular production, and one essentially a heart interest story. The former is a screen version of Sir Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," in which, apart from the talented array of principal players, some 20,000 people take part.

*The Age of Desire*, directed by Frank Borzage, the maker of *Humoresque*, is the quiet, heart-appealing production which rounds off the April programme—truly an array from which any patron, no matter what his or her tastes, can select entertainment.



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Marion Davies





### THE TWO MARYS

*Meaning Mesdames Pickford and Pickford-Rupp who both answer to that grand old name. Little Mary is Mary Pickford's niece, but is growing so fast that she will soon be the bigger of the two.*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## by FLORENCE TURNER

ries, the reigning sign of April governed by Mars, is the most favourable of all signs to be born under, as the Aries people usually possess

extraordinary and persevering characters, and are noted for their push, energy and executive ability. In earnestness, ambition, and determination they are unequalled. It is interesting to note here that Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, two of the world's greatest film stars, and to whom the above remarks are extraordinarily applicable, are both Aries subjects.

Some of the greatest leaders in the world have been born under this sign, as they are natural commanders, and will rule all those about them. Aries people, in a fight or contest will never yield and back out, for they are courageous, fearless, and the fighters of the world. They will never stand having their friends abused and will defend them with strong and forcible language. They are loyal to a fault. April 8th—Saturn's day subjects—are strong characters and possess very strong likes or dislikes. There is a morbid quality connectd with these people, and unless fought against, makes for great unhappiness. An observing mind, strict attention to business, great will power and persistency in the face of overpowering obstacles are the outstanding virtues of this sign and day. They look at things

from a lofty standpoint, and their viewpoint of life is apt to be severe, even to austerity. Extraordinary presence of mind in the face of danger, an unusual faculty for taking instant and efficient command of a painful situation, etc., etc., are well-known attributes of the Aries and Saturn combination. As noise is most distracting and worrying and not beneficial to the health of the above subjects they should take every precaution to work where there is peace and quiet.



HAROLD LLOYD, April 20.

They have great "staying" capacity, and are sometimes inclined in consequence to overdo matters, a grave error indeed. There will be many obstacles in life overcome by sheer persistency, wonderful will power and a dogged determination to win. April 1st, 10th, 19th, and 28th—the days when the Sun rules—are disposed to confer upon their subjects an impulsive, emotional, and passionate temperament. In love and marriage they would most influence those born under the Moon, or on the 2nd, 11th, 20th or 29th of any month. These people should be most careful in their marriages as they are apt to imagine one of the opposite sex to be the true affinity too hastily. Indeed, impulsiveness is their greatest fault. They are most enthusiastic regarding their work and play, and possess excellent organising ability. Apt to be quick-tempered if thwarted, but there is no sulking among these

people and the tempest passes as quickly as it comes. Frequently Saturn and Aries people are splendid scientists and mathematicians. Electrical engineering also interests them, and there should be great desire for travel and adventure. But they should only go to warm or tropical countries, as cold or damp climates are not beneficial to them.

April 15th—a combination of Venus and Aries—would render people born upon this date, unusually handsome and well-formed, a happy-go-lucky nature of extreme tolerance, and of a reckless, extravagant nature whose generosity knows no bounds. Great kindness and interest in all human nature and great desire to be useful and helpful to all humanity at large.

Reach the heights as actors and singers and are of unusual ability.

They should be careful to be less extravagant with feeling or money, and not so careless with health or safety. Some April film players are Mary Pickford 8th, Chaplin 16th, Constance Talmadge 19th, Bryant Washburn 28th.

FORREST STANLEY  
April 29.MARY MILES MINTER  
April 1.



# Filming "The Ten Commandments"

A few facts and figures about Cecil De Mille's super-spectacle.

Biblical prologue scenes which were to portray the bondage of the Tribes of Israel under the great Exodus into the domination of Pharaoh Ramceses of Egypt, and the great Exodus into the wilderness. The site must be accessible.

Several barren miles from the town of Guadalupe, California, and two hundred miles north of Hollywood, is a forgotten waste of sand and winds and dunes. It is land worthless for all purposes—but one. It was perfect, geographically, for the filming of *The Ten Commandments*.

In six short weeks there arose a flourishing American town with a population of 2,500 souls. There were old men and old women, rich and poor, artists, artisans, crafts-

men, labourers . . . all sorts and classes, just as one may find in any modern community. With one difference—there was none idle!

Five hundred and fifty tents, arranged roughly along a system of paths and roadways in the sand, were erected. A special pumping station, with a capacity of 36,000 gallons a day, was constructed. Electricity and telephone connections were established with the town four miles away. An army field service furnished telephonic communications within the camp itself.

There were plumbers, electricians, painters sculptors, carpenters—all busy. And busiest of all were the cooks. At the camp mess hall over 7,500 meals were served every day!

The actors were in charge of Assistant Director Cullen Tate and 35 aides. Under them all the players were organised in strictest army fashion.



Charles De Roche as "Pharaoh."

You have perhaps noticed that practically no descriptive adjectives have been applied to *The Ten Commandments*. Cecil B. De Mille simply gave up in disgust. He found there was nothing left to be said. He decided to let his picture talk for itself. For *The Ten Commandments* is the real thing. De Mille realised he had a tremendous theme, so he set about to do it in a tremendous way. And he made film history. The first problem was to discover a site large enough, and remote enough and sandy enough to serve as "location" for the enactment of the



Moses (Theodore Roberts) before Pharaoh

Each assistant was in charge of a company which marched to and from meals and the set with military discipline and precision.

Nor was Camp Cecil B. De Mille within easy reach of the actual scene where the important scenes of the picture were taken. The camp wasn't near anything! A road had to be built across the miles of peat bogs to the nearby town and another path two miles in length traced to the huge dune



Rod La Rocque and Nita Naldi.



*Assembling a Sphinx,  
the head, weighing  
1,500 lbs. about to be  
hoisted into  
position*



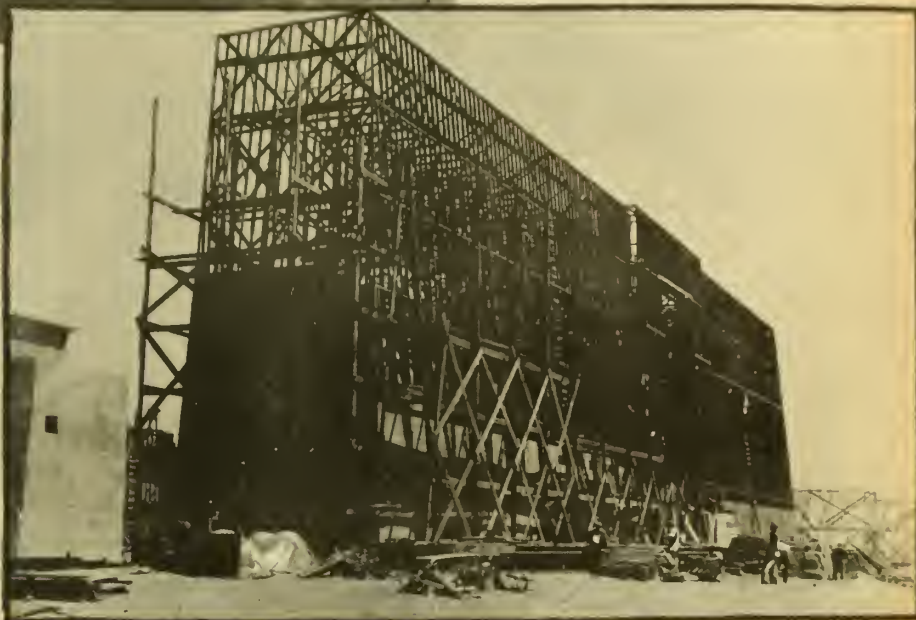
*Rameses before the Exodus.*

The set built in representation of the famous Egyptian citadel measured seven hundred and fifty feet in width and was one hundred and nine feet in height. It was approached by an avenue lined by twenty-four Sphinxes, each of which weighed over four tons. The front of the city covered nearly three times the area occupied by the castle set in Douglas Fairbanks' *Robin Hood*, the most notable movie structure heretofore. The construction was accomplished under the supervision of Paul Iribe, Paramount art director.

The work required 555,000 feet of lumber—enough to build fifty ordinary five-room bungalows—three hundred tons of plaster, 25,000 pounds of nails, and seventy-five miles of cable and wire.

Clare West used 333,000 yards of cloth to make over three thousand costumes . . . nearly 16 miles of material!

*Below: Side view of one of the huge exterior "sets" of Pharaoh's palace.*



on which was erected the now famous City of Rameses set, the largest exterior ever constructed.

A special street department was detailed to keep these rough highways in moderate repair. The magnitude of their task may be imagined when one realises the only vehicle that could possibly manoeuvre through the deep sand were specially built sand sleds dragged painfully by great dray horses, oxen and Western ponies.

Their task was to transport the materials for the building of a city, one of the most picturesque and gargantuanly lovely cities in all man's strange history. A city piled stone on stone by the gnarled hands of the men and women and children of a sorrowing subject race—the Jews in bondage in Egypt under the Great Pharaoh



*Left: A 5 ton Sphinx ready to go by truck from the studio to Guadalupe, where the treasure city of Pharaoh was erected.*

For facial make-up, two tons of talcum powder and five hundred gallons of glycerine were used. And two hundred pounds of safety pins were called into last-minute service!

A well-known metropolitan wig-making establishment gave up all other business that it might have the thousands of wigs and beards required by the reincarnated Israelites and Egyptians ready in time for the strenuous *De Mille* . . .

And, just by way of a final statistic . . . this is what they ate in a single day during the Second Exile—at Guadalupe, California.

750 pounds of sugar, 1,200 pounds of potatoes, 1,500 pounds of meat, 1,200 gallons of coffee and tea, 4,000 eggs, 900 pounds of butter, 1,200 pounds of bread, and 150 gallons of canned fruit.





Colleen Moore  
prepares something tasty.

Come into the Movie Kitchen, and qualify for a diploma from the Screen College of Domesticity.

You'll learn lots for our list of teachers is an impressive one. Experts will give you tuition in any branch of the domestic sciences. Our mentors include Mary Carr, Lady of Char; Vera Gordon and Mary Alden, Champion Long-Distance Ironers; Mary, Queen of Suds; and Kathleen MacDonald, the World's Worst Washer-Up.

There is, of course, a difference between the real and the reel (*Joke Copyright 1903, in all civilised countries and America*) and movie kitchens are not like real-life ones. Our methods are original, first, last, and all the time.

Take washing-up, for example. In real-life, women wash-up with Solemn Ritual and Hot Water. Men wash-up by throwing all the crocks into a sink, letting the tap run on them, and leaving the residue to be dried by the first female who happens along.

But we don't do *that* sort of thing in a movie kitchen. When a woman washes up in the movies she does her work by stages—five long-shots and three close-ups is about the average. After drying a plate she will clutch it to her bosom and weep; or, alternatively, she will register joy whilst rinsing a soup tureen. Very versatile these movie washers-up. Between the cups and the custard-glasses they can run the whole gamut of human emotions.

Movie wives are always cooking, and ever and always it is love's labours lost. Movie husbands never by any chance eat a square meal. At breakfast they toy with a grape-fruit, but business worries, or domestic jealousies, or marital infidelities rob them of all appetite. If movie actors *do* eat, the good work must be performed in their spare time. They don't eat the food

Eileen Percy  
seasons the soup.

prepared for them by their screen wives and we, who see that food being prepared, cannot find it in our hearts to blame them.

We wouldn't engage  
Vera Gordon to do our ironing.

It is a remarkable fact that all movie stars are thoroughly domesticated—off the screen. They must be, because they never tire of telling us so. Of course

*No wonder breakfast was late in "The Old Homestead."*





Helen Lynch lets  
George (Cooper) Do It  
in "The Eternal Three."



Kathleen MacDonald stops in the middle  
of washing-up to do a weep. It isn't done  
in the best domestic circles, Kathleen.

kidney, with someone throwing bombs  
all round the place; or cook a kipper  
whilst Ferocious Sidney is pointing a  
revolver in your face. If you can  
watch a crook's annihilation, whilst  
cutting up the stuff for Irish Stew—  
don't hesitate! You've missed your true  
vocation! The serial kitchen is the  
place for you!

W.A.W.

Louise Lee doesn't approve of Mary  
Alden's ironing efforts.



Mary Pickford has a mishap with the  
washing.

ordinary domestic routine must seem  
very easy to the average film star who  
has to do domestic work *and* act a  
story at the same time. Bearing  
this in mind I have prepared a list of  
qualifications.

If you can look quite sad when  
washing dishes; if you can cut up  
onions with a smile; if you can glare  
with scorn and fillet fishes, or scour a  
saucepan, frowning all the while. If  
you can peel potatoes with a snigger;  
or put the kettle on with looks that slay.  
Money's no object, just you name your  
figure, and join our Movie Kitchen  
right away.

If you can make a pie of steak and



# Our Honours List

The Best Pictures of the Month.

The Picturegoer Critic is quite prepared to risk an uncritical enthusiasm this month for the sake of two such pictures as *A Woman of Paris* and *Destiny*. It would be difficult to imagine two films more different. The one is a stark, realist study of a slice of modern life; the other is allegorical and imaginative, of no specified date, and with all the world as its canvas. They are alike in this—that the force behind both is the force of suggestion, and that the thing that is hinted is far more important than the thing that is shewn.

Although Chaplin has always produced his own pictures, *A Woman of Paris* is his first serious film, and the first film he has made in which he himself takes no part. Deliberately choosing an old and hackneyed theme, he has made it live by the simple expedient of taking all the worn-out film conventions and throwing them contemptuously on to the scrap heap. His heroine is immoral, his villain is virtuous and a cheerful soul at that, his mother is hard and selfish, and his hero

Right: Edna Purviance and Carl Miller in "*A Woman of Paris*."

Reading downwards: Edna Purviance and Adolph Menjou in "*A Woman of Paris*," and Chaplin directing a scene from the same play. Circle: Georg Marion and Blanche Sweet in "*Anna Christie*."



is a weak and spineless individual who never knows his own mind for two consecutive minutes. The situations are as old as the hills, but his treatment of them is entirely new. His characters act like human beings, and behave in the crises of their lives as human beings would, without fuss or melodrama, and without long and sententious subtitles to help them to overcome their lack of dramatic skill.

When the heroine tells the villain that he will never see her again, all that happens is an amused shrug of the shoulders and the remark, "All right; 'phone me some time!" When the hero in spite of having been found out in his weak-minded duplicity protests his undying love for the heroine, she merely smiles at him and remarks, "Don't be comic!" All the players, from the star down to the waiter in the restaurant scene act with the sincerity in which their parts were conceived. In fact you lose the sense of acting altogether, and fancy you are looking on at an intimate and rather sordid bit of Paris life. If television were an accomplished fact, the illusion could hardly be more real.

There is so much to notice, so many touches of productive genius, that you cannot afford to take your eyes off the screen for a single minute. Notice in particular, however, the three opening shots, the indication of the Paris train by the lights on the wall, the clever way in which the masseuse conveys what she thinks of Marie's tattling friends—although she never says a word—and the way Chaplin has conveyed the complete relationships of Marie and Pierre by the production of a handkerchief and the drinking of a glass of wine. Notice in particular the clever way in which he has ended his story, picking up the climax which has threatened to go all to





pieces as the result, no doubt, of truckling to the censor. Edna Purviance proves with her work as "Marie" that she is worthy of the trust Chaplin reposed in her as a dramatic actress, but the brilliance of Adolphe Menjou's work as "Pierre" overshadows everyone else in the film.

*A Woman of Paris* is America's most important contribution up to date to the development of a new screen technique.

*Destiny* is remarkable for the beauty of its story, the beauty of its settings, and the sincerity of its acting. It was made many years ago by Fritz Lang, the producer of *Dr. Mabuse*, but its years have not dated it. Nothing better has since come out of Germany.

It is an allegory of Death and Love, and tells four stories within the scope of one. Each story is complete and yet fits into the scheme of the whole. The plot is tragic, but it leaves no sense of depression; rather it creates the sense of hope and elation brought by all true tragedy. There is a semi-comic Chinese episode that has been a good deal criticised.

But the knowing will realise that this not only does not break the tragic thread, it actually heightens the dramatic values by contrast. In it Fritz Lang has shown that he is one of the few producers who realise what a wonderful instrument the kinematograph camera can be for the portrayal of magic. It is an episode that is a



Above and  
Below:  
Scenes from  
"Destiny."



William  
Russell and  
George Marion  
in "Anna Christie."



sheer delight from beginning to end.

Notice particularly the very clever "dissolves," of the conjuror who turns into a cactus, of the pagoda that turns into an elephant, and one extraordinary shot in which Death picks up the candle flame between his curved hands, and is suddenly seen to be cradling a baby in its place. Notice, too, Lang's use of wall and stairway to dwarf his figures when he wants to convey the idea of their helplessness before Fate. Notice in particular the massive wall with the procession of the dead passing through its solid girth—then suddenly the high opening with the flight of steps leading up to the Unknown.

*Destiny* is full of startling shots like this. It is a film to see and see again. And again.

*Anna Christie* goes into our Honours List for two reasons. It is a rare example of an American producer having a first-class story ready to his hand in the stage play—and refraining from "improving" on it in the film version. It is also remarkable for the brilliant acting of Blanche Sweet as "Anna Christie," and George Marion as her father. The latter plays one of the most difficult parts ever given to a screen player in a manner that not even the most captious critic could find fault with. For his sake alone the film is well worth seeing. In combination with the strong story and the acting of Blanche Sweet it is most decidedly a film that must not be missed.

April is going to be a gala month for picturegoers.



# Superstition on the Screen

Most of the favourite "Thou Shalt Nots" of the credulous have come to the silver sheet.

Reading downwards: *The Gypsy's Warning*, Marie Ault and Ivy Duke; *Crystal gazing* in "When Knighthood was in Flower," Theodore Kosloff as the society hypnotist with a group of devotees in "The Prodigal Knight," and Florence Vidor with a big peacock fan she carried as part of her Chinese costume in "Main Street."

tious heroines—notably Marion Davies in *Knighthood*—consulting Fortune tellers and gypsies, those modern descendants of the much abused witches.

Credulous folk will tell you that for a bride, clad in her bridal dress, to show herself to her future husband on the eve before her wedding day, is terribly unlucky. This is fully borne out in *Silent Evidence*, for the bride who courts disaster in this way stops a bullet intended for her fiancée. Superstitious people must find real satisfaction in a film of this sort. It is like a backing up and substantiation.

It's a strange thing, superstition.

In the Good Old Days superstitious folk, eager for amusement, entertained themselves with a jolly little *auto da fé*. Witches were plentiful and fuel to be had for the asking, so what better way of spending a dull afternoon? In these more enlightened times we feed our bonfires with nothing worse than garden refuse, and an old woman who lives alone is not suspected of having sold herself to the devil. But superstition is not dead, for all that. If we have ceased to roast old women



for witchcraft it is because the crudity of the entertainment no longer appeals to us. Nevertheless, we still make our little sacrifices on its altars—our subtle little recognitions of its existence, though we deny our belief in it. Even as we scoff at it, we find ourselves walking out of our way to escape passing under a ladder, tossing a pinch of salt over the left shoulder, and doing, half unconsciously, one of the hundred and one other little superstitious actions.

The truth is, superstition has become part of us. If we would we could not get away from it. It has even crept into our films. On the screen we see the disastrous result of sitting thirteen at a table, of walking under a ladder, and of breaking a looking glass. Wallace Reid, in *The Prodigal Knight*, smashed up first a looking glass, then a whole room. "In consequence of the first accident, of course," shouted the superstitious spectator. We see, too, many supersti-





of their own flimsy beliefs. Almost one can hear the triumphant "I told you so," delivered to a more sceptical friend.

Then there is the movie curse, a thing of dreadful potency. No Baron of Ruddigore ever laboured under anything worse than the film curse at its most fearful worst. It begins in reel one, when the Old Man lies dying, in the ancient portal of his mortgaged home-stead. Haggard of face and bloodshot of eye, he yet manages to collect



Wallace Reid and Wanda Hawley in "The Prodigal Knight."

vengeance against him and his?—and with breaking heart she prepares to keep her promise. Besides, Grandpa has put a clause in his curse, including her in it if she doesn't stick to her word, so what's a poor girl to do? Of course, it all comes right in the end. After reels and reels of Death and Danger and Misunderstanding, they suddenly discover that it wasn't the old Family Bible but the old Family Album that Grandpa had laid his trembling hand upon, so the terrible curse is worthless, and hero and heroine fall into

A warning to brides. This one in "The Scientist" carried out the old superstition to the letter.



This peacock did not affect the popularity of "Toll of the Sea."

strength enough to lay his trembling hand upon the old Family Bible. And with his last breath—or his last but one—he curses the enemy who has ruined him and holds the mortgage on the estates. Usually his dear little grand-daughter is there, watching the proceeding, and he makes her join him and swear vengeance. Then he dies and the little girl meets the son of the man she's helped to curse and falls in love with him. But she will not marry him—has she not sworn



each other's arms. Maybe all the details aren't quite right, but that's the sort of thing that happens on the screen, when somebody starts cursing not wisely but too well.

But superstition has its uses, and its effects are not always tragic. In *Grandma's Boy*, for instance, Harold Lloyd is exactly what the title suggests, until "Grandma" decides to make a man of him. She presents him with a spoof charm, and so great is his faith in its potency, that before long he has re-made himself, routed his enemies and won the girl he loves for a wife.

It's a strange thing—superstition!



"The Spider and the Rose."

Alice Lake in



# "This Pleasing Hope"

Addison might have written these descriptive words about Hope Hampton had she lived in his day. But again he might not have, since Hope's baptismal name is Mary Elizabeth. Still, the adjective is all right, so why worry?

*She loves animals of all kinds especially dogs.*

There was a beginning to all this. It was when I was sitting, watching *The Light In The Dark*. About half way through, my companion murmured in my ear, "Who is Hope Hampton, anyway?" I flatter myself I know most things about films and the folks who make them, but this time I was done. I had to confess that I knew nothing more than that she was obviously the star of *The Light In The Dark*. Exactly why, I didn't know. It was obviously Chaney's picture from first to last. I supposed her looks had something to do with it. It was a lame sort of answer and I felt my companion's reproachful look. Mercifully it was too dark to see it.

For the rest of the time I found myself murmuring at intervals. "Who is Hope Hampton, anyway?" The thing really got on my nerves long before the picture was finished. I went about for days afterwards asking everybody I met, "Who is Hope Hampton?" Except for the few humourists who promptly replied "Hope Hampton," I got no further. Somebody certainly thought he'd heard of her making a personal appearance somewhere in connection with some film, but he wasn't at all sure about it. And all this time my reputation was sinking lower and lower.

At last, in despair, I cabled to *Picturegoer*. I said: "Who is Hope Hampton, anyway?"

I got a very prompt reply. The Editor cabled back by return. He said "She'll tell you. Two pages, please." And that was the beginning of it.

Can you beat it?

It is one thing to approach a star as a private and intensely curious individual. It is quite another to go to that same star armed with the credentials of a paper like *Picturegoer*. I can assure you I wasn't long in finding myself on Park Avenue, outside her unpretentious home. Nor was I much longer in finding myself in the interior whose exquisite taste strikes a note of alluring charm that is quite unindicated by the exterior.

Hope Hampton came running into the room with both hands outstretched. All her movements are impetuous, and every word she speaks echoes the

frankness of her Irish race. She is the friendliest little star who ever glittered.

"It's real good of you to come," she said, "I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Brulatour, who is also my manager and discoverer."

She called him in and presented him. "I don't suppose the public knows we're married," she added shyly. "You'll be able to give them a real surprise. Jules and I have been keeping it secret for several months, but the clerk at the registry office has just given the story away to the newspapers, so of course it's no use our denying it any longer. He saw me in a movie, you see, and recognised me. Jules does everything for me—I owe my whole career to him—and I've never been so happy in my life."

"No, no," Mr. Brulatour interrupted, "it is Hope's own genius that has brought her to the front rank of modern stars."

"Well," I said, "That's just what I want to hear about. And I want to hear about it from the beginning."

"I don't mind talking about the past," said Hope, "but I never discuss the future with anyone. I don't like people to predict the big things I am going to do and the big money I am



*Hope in a graceful dance frock.*





going to earn. For I am superstitious enough to believe that such prophecies will never come true."

"Hope is an Irish girl, but she was born in Texas," said Mr. Brulatour.

"Raised and educated in Philadelphia," added Hope.

"Twenty-three years old—at a venture," I murmured rashly. No one contradicted me.

"I came to New York when I was nineteen as a result of my photograph appearing in the papers," said Hope. "People were very kind to me and seemed to admire my looks. They advised me to go to a dramatic school, so I took a course at the Sargeant Dramatic Academy which resulted in my first film engagement."

"Hope was a featured star from the very first," broke in Mr. Brulatour. "She never played insignificant parts, nor was forced to make her way as an extra."

"Except," Hope interrupted, smiling at him roguishly, "that little bit—you remember?—that I did in that picture of Tourneur's just for fun."

"That doesn't count," said her husband. "That was unpaid work."

"Her first engagement," he said, turning to me, "was with the French producer, Leonce Perret, who saw her at the dramatic school and chose her for her very remarkable talents to play the leading part in his new film *A Modern Salome*."

"I have always liked the French," said Hope. "I love travelling, and some of the happiest years of my life have been spent in Paris. I have studied the methods of the most famous French actresses, and made many friends among them."

"Hope is very popular there," said Mr. Brulatour.

"Indeed," Hope went on, "the best offer I have ever had in film work came to me recently from Paris. I was offered the lead in the big super-film *Koenigsmark*, which was to be produced in Hungary, Germany and France; but my contract with First National made it impossible for me to accept it. I was terribly disappointed."

"You may remember her in *The Bait*," said her husband. I didn't, but with Hope's charmingly ingenuous smile dazzling me I couldn't very well say so.

"A very fine film," I murmured—never having seen it!

"Oh, I'm so glad you thought so," said Hope, "Mr. Tourneur and I took immense pains with it. But I was still very young in those days, and I'm afraid my work must have been very immature. It was not until *The Power Of Love* that followed, that I began to feel that I was really progressing, and beginning to express the essential me."

"No, no, even in your student days you did that, Hope," interrupted Mr. Brulatour.

His wife laughed at him. "Then I did it very badly," she said, "I don't think there was an essential me in



With  
Lou Chaney  
and E. K. Lincoln  
in "*The Light in the Dark*."

those days. At least, if there was, Jules, it was very much in love with a nice boy—called, if I remember rightly, Bob, whom my mother never allowed me to see without a chaperon. In fact we were really thinking of eloping when—well, when I went to the Dramatic School and forgot all about him!"

"And your later films?" I murmured, not daring to be more specific.

"Oh, Associated First National took me up," said Hope, and signed a contract with me for three films—*The Light in the Dark*, *The Isle of Dead Ships*, and *Stardust*. And since then I have been working for Fox in *The Gold-diggers*."

"And has made a big hit," interrupted her husband. "She always makes hits wherever she goes. Her personal appearances are supposed to be the best of any film star's in America."

"I don't stand any nonsense," Hope broke in. "They can't get my goat, however hard they try. I'm Irish, and they soon find it out."

"It's queer for me to be making personal appearances," said Hope. "Fancy me being an attraction to fans, when really I'm the greatest fan in the world! I'm not in the least critical about films—except, of course, my own. I just love them all. In fact going to the movies is about my one recreation."

"And who are your favourites, Miss Hampton?"

"Well, best of all I love comedies, so I naturally worship Charlie Chaplin. I like Louise Fazenda too, but Mae Murray I simply adore. And speaking of stars I can't understand why so many people insist that it's difficult for a girl to get on to the screen. In my opinion practically any girl can get into the movies so long as she has beauty—and brains."

"The fans are always asking for her," said her husband. "They've



A Fancy Dress occasion.

formed a club now, called, 'The Hope Hampton Club,' and there are over three hundred members already."

"And what are the qualifications of membership?" I asked, wondering if I was expected to join on the spot.

"The candidate must declare that I am his or her favourite film actress," Hope said, "or some such silly nonsense." She waved an airy hand.

She didn't ask me to join, so I took my leave.

When I got to the nearest post office, I sent a cable to the Editor of **PICTUREGOER**.

I said "Thank you."

SILAS HOUNDER.



# The Irrepressible Flapper

by CAROLYN CARTER

That piquant personage of Pictureland, known to playgoers as Pauline Garon, drew a silver-tipped cigarette from a blue enamelled case.

"I'm perfectly mad about flappers," she announced enthusiastically, and then, reverently, almost tearfully, "oh, if only I were one of them!"

This bolt from the blue, as it were, from the flappiest flapper in filmdom, caused me to voice a protest at once.

"Ah, no," lamented our hostess, "I'm far too old to be a flapper. You see, I'm almost twenty-two, and to be a regular 18-carat, bona fide flapper one must be between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. After eighteen one is, ahem, a young lady, and what, I ask you, can serve to dampen one's joy of living as effectually as the thought of being a lady? Ugh, it's really too horrible! Heavens, it's positively—gracious, there I go again—you know," confidentially, "I talk too much."

"What," I ventured, "is the essential difference between the flapper and the young lady?"

"Let me see," returned Pauline, "how I'll explain it. Did you ever have anything in your mind that you couldn't express exactly?" Perhaps I might have helped the little lady out by saying it was seldom enough that I had anything on my mind, but, I figured, she's a new acquaintance, let her do her own detective work.

"Well," Pauline continued eagerly, "the young lady is to the flapper what marriage is to an engagement. You know, an engagement is an engagement, full of love and excitement and expectancy, and marriage is just marriage—and the end of everything! Say, am I talking a blue streak? If I am, just stop me. Oh, here's the Crab Flake!" as the waiter set it before her. "Isn't it divine? I can see where I get the ten pounds back. Why is it that everything we like is jammed full of cream sauces and calories? Isn't it disheartening, and one has just got to keep slender!"

I could scarcely conceal my admiration for this petite Pauline, the little French-Canadian with the delightful accent, the frequent lapses into French, and the captivating trick of shrugging her slim shoulders.

Just at first she reminds one of a



Pauline Garon, the perfect flapper, 1924 brand.

beautiful doll with hair like spun gold, a pink and white complexion *au naturel* and wide grey eyes. But then, you figure, she has much too much vivacity and spontaneity to be classed in the doll category.

"Is it true," I ventured, "that flappers have gone out of style?"

"Flappers," announced Miss Garon, "will never go out of style. The fact is they were never in style. They've always been and always will be—like love and bills and eternity—you know, just keep going on for ever and ever. Of course, they may not continue to wear the outward signs of the flapper fraternity—goloshes, giddy ties and gay hats; but the flapper heart will beat as steadfastly—I think I coined that one myself—as steadfastly under rags or royal raiment as it does under the baggy sports blouse. Bless them! I'm talking too much, aren't I—am I not? How about a *de mi-tasse*?"

"Tell us something about Pauline now," I suggested.

"There's really nothing to tell about me," she said, and then her face lighted as if by inspiration, "but there's the

club! It's out in Hollywood and some of us actresses—yes, shades of the immortal Bernhardt—just for fun we sometimes call ourselves actresses—belong to the club. We call ourselves The Regulars. Our object is to give one-act plays and benefits for different charities."

"A work worthy of commendation," I ventured. "What, by the way, is your latest picture?"

"*The Turmoil*," returned Pauline, "adapted from Rex Beach's story. I think you'll like it. By the way did you see Colleen Moore in *Flaming Youth*? My dear, she's simply marvellous—wonderful doesn't begin to express it. I've just written and told her, so, too. Mercy, don't I talk?"

And Pauline took a letter from her bag and opened it. Out tumbled a lot of newspaper clippings containing nice things the critics had said about Colleen.

One hears so much about professional jealousy, and here was this little girl, not only sending congratulations in the form of a veritable literary outburst to a girl who had been assigned the part she herself had longed to play, but was enclosing the effusions of those lofty men of genius (?) the critics.

"I have heard that Colleen is an adorable flapper in *Flaming Youth*," I said. "She must have had a perfectly glorious time doing all the wild and reckless things the scenario called for. Wouldn't you just love a part like that?"

Pauline almost leaped out of her seat as she replied, "Would I? The happiest days of my life were the days when I was living the part of the irrepressible, peppy flapper in *Adam's Rib*. You can bet I had a great old time. I adore flappers. I think they are the most interesting brand of the fair sex."

"So the idea of being a perfect lady does not hand you a thrill?"

Again the cute shrug of the shoulders as she said, "It's disgusting. I do not want to become a lady until I've passed my sixtieth birthday and even then I hope I'll have life enough left to register a kick. My goodness, look at the time. Did I talk so long?"

As I rose to go, Pauline whispered, "Let's have tea next Tuesday. I really haven't had a chance to say anything to you." And then, off flapped filmdom's flappiest flapper.





Herbert Langley  
in the title rôle of "Chu Chin Chow."

Nobody loves Herbert Langley's screen characters. Can you wonder at it? For their table manners are awful and their morals worse. They tear their food apart with their hands, and gnaw it with painful precision, and they strangle babies with evident relish, judging by the "close-ups" of *Flames of Passion*. Sinister strength is the essence of his movie personality, and he is the best "villain" on the British screen.

When he isn't pursuing any of the above playful relaxations, Langley may be found either indulging in some strenuous form of manual labour in the grounds of his home at Uxbridge, or else exercising that resonant baritone of his preparatory to letting it loose in this or that opera. For he is primarily an opera-singer; he made his first movie *The Wonderful Story*, because he had some spare time on his hands, and would probably never have made another had not his producer insisted.

"Films pursue me," he said, in a voice which filled the room, "Pretty much as I pursue my victims. For, though, I didn't play in *Paddy-the-next-Best Thing*, which followed *Flames of Passion*, I sang in the Prologue, during its London run."

He is not crazy over movies, though he owns he enjoyed trips abroad for *Chu Chin Chow* and *The Spanish Dancer* and declared that his rôles in both were very much to his taste. Also, he says many people come to hear him in operas because they have seen and

## Nobody's Darling

Herbert Langley's hard film lot.



Britain's best  
"bad man" is of powerful build, with  
dark hair and piercing dark eyes.

liked his screen work.

"But I shall not make any more films now," he remarked. "I'm sticking to my own job, which consists of plotting, killing, and being killed to music."

Langley plays a villainous Count in "Southern Love."

Herbert is the leading bass-baritone of the British National Opera Company and plays almost every night, so that he has his hands full, not to speak of the rest of him. For the baritone is nearly always the bad man and has lots of "dirty work" to do.

In his early days with this Opera Company, he never played anything more ferocious than "Valentine" in "Faust," though he doubtless made a special feature of the duel scene and went for his opponent as though he would mince him alive.

He is most versatile, though, and can turn at will from a broadly comic character like the pompous "Beckmesser," in "The Meistersingers," to the grim villainies of "Iago," or the subtle wiles of the lawyer "Gianni Schicchi," in the new Puccini opera of that name.

"This" he growled, twisting his features into a most appalling scowl, "is what they make me do for half-hours at a time when I report at the film studios."

Certainly it must be worth a small fortune to be able to look like that. However, he doesn't specialise in scowls, but enjoys the reputation of being a cheery fellow, with an obliging disposition, and a tendency to burst forth into song upon the slightest provocation. But he looks capable of any and every dark deed, when attired in full war-paint so it seems wiser to let well alone. By the time this appears in print, Langley will be pursuing his career of crime in the provinces, on the screen in *Chu Chin Chow* and *Southern Love* and every night in this or that opera.

He gets enough praises and plaudits for his work in both to convince him that being "Nobody's darling" isn't half as bad as it sounds.





# Sisters to Assist 'Em!

DOROTHY OWSTON-BOOTH

William  
Duncan  
and  
Edith  
John-  
son.



Thomas Meighan with his father and Gladys George.

happily, they do not *compose* society! The majority of brothers and sisters; mothers and daughters; fathers and sons being friendly in their relations the world still revolves cheerily with chuckles intermixed with its sighs.

However, there are people always around who shake their heads wisely and declare that "relations simply cannot *work* together." They may be as happy as the proverbial sandboys—though why anything connected with so disagreeably gritty a substance as sand *should* be happy, I am sure I cannot imagine!—at home or in their

Centre: Enid Bennett in a love scene directed by her husband, Fred Niblo.  
Below: The Gish Sisters.



Eva  
and Jane  
Novak with  
their director.

**T**he famous East End lady who described her sister as "more like a friend than a sister, bless yer," had knowledge of human nature!

She had evidently known of people whose kinship was obvious from their manners towards one another. Such folks, who advertise their relationship by the bored, almost unfriendly way in which each addresses the other, are found in every grade of society. But,





Dorothy Dalton  
with her father  
and motherTop:  
Dorothy  
Gish and  
her husband,  
James Rennie  
Circle: The  
Flughath Sisters.

social pursuits; but let them associate together in office, shop or profession, say the lugubrious ones, and disaster is bound to result.

Must it remain, therefore, for the youngest of the arts—the cinematic art—to prove that relatives *can* and *do* work in co-operation with complete success?

There are thousands of examples of blood relations working harmoniously in the same emolumental enterprises in the worlds of commerce and art, without doubt. But, unlike examples taken from the screen world, these are not in the direct line of vision for the general public and so do not intrude on the notice of the short-sighted, melancholic cynics.

In filmdom however, there is next to nothing pertaining to the lives of the inhabitants in that enviable realm that is not common property from their divorces—which, by the way, are more than probably matched in numbers by dwellers in the lay world though the latter are less publicised!—to the number of cats possessed or the colour of the silk that drapes their dressing tables!

The Gish sisters, in their unforgettable rôles in *Orphans of the Storm* gave a classical example of the success with which relations can join forces in the

production of photoplays. Though both Lillian and Dorothy are two of the finest exponents of histrionism on the silver sheet there is little doubt that their real sister-ship gave added depth and colour to their portrayals of the rôles of "Henriette" and "Louise." There are many critics, indeed, who declare that each of the Gishes reached the height of her screen career in this picture; and their triumph was incontrovertibly due to their harmonious partnership.

This particular film, however, was by no means the first time that these famous sisters had co-operated in the same studio. Lillian had a part in *Intolerance*, while Dorothy appeared in a small rôle, "somewhere in the picture," as she herself expresses it. In *Hearts of the World*, Lillian filled the leading rôle with poignant charm and Dorothy had her first really big part as "the Little Disturber" making, incidentally, her reputation as a comedienne.

A lull in D. W. Griffith's productive activities after the making of this picture gave the Gishes an opportunity of

(Continued on page 63).

Below: Mary Pickford and her brother Jack (nearest camera)





# Kerrigan Comes Back

The handsome cowboy of Universal days returns to the screen, much to the joy of feminine film fans.

Jack Kerrigan and Alice Calhoun in "The Man from Brodneys."

Jack  
Warren  
Kerrigan.

There is a rumour, let him deny it who can, that the air was thick with sounds of "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes" the day Jack Kerrigan left his mother, his books, and his garden, and donned cowboy garb in a studio once more. Also (this is fact, not rumour, he says it himself), he was offered enough work to keep him busy for the next five years the moment the news got around America. For Kerrigan of the curly locks, classic features and graceful acting has by no means been forgotten by the movie world, though he chose to forget it for over three years.

He faded out quite quietly, you remember, during the great slump, when movie stars were three-a-penny. He didn't wish to be one of a bunch of erstwhile screen idols playing any old rôles in any old films. Neither did a good many others, although they did it because it was a case of "Needs must." It wasn't like that with Kerrigan, though. Because he had been one of the earliest of the stars, and had never lost his head, or wasted his money (strange how these two things go together), there was no "Needs must" for him. He had a pleasant site for his idea of a home up Caluenga way, a secure financial position, thanks to a practical brain behind a pair of unquestionably soulful eyes, and enough strength of will to sit back and watch events for awhile and let the movies go about their business without him. Up there, when his white, rambling house was ready he settled, with his mother, and spent his days gardening.



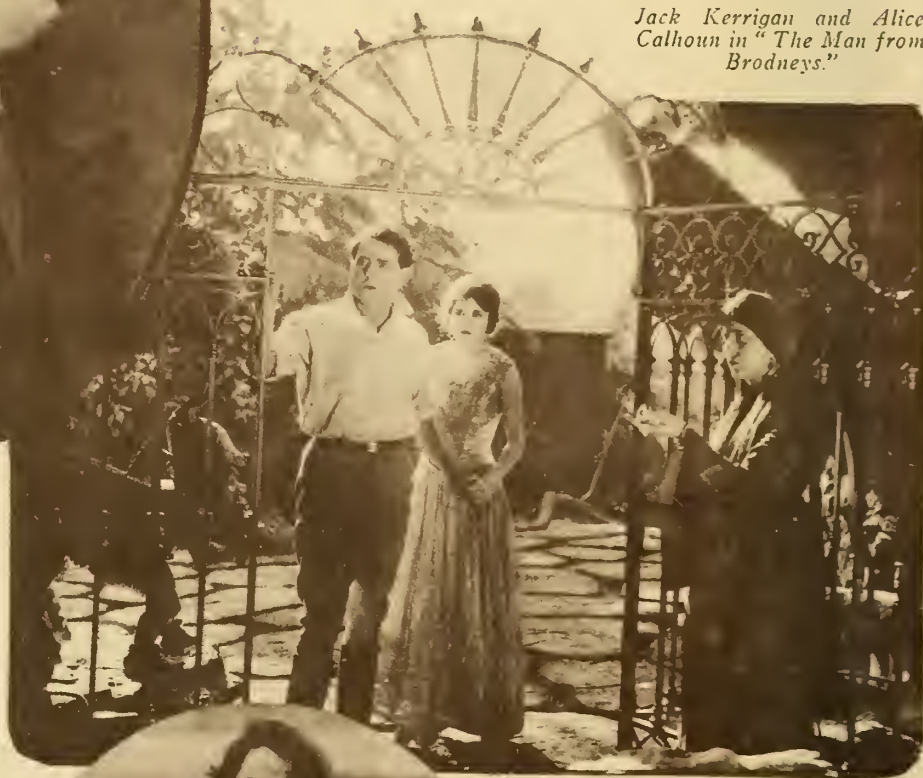
As the  
pioneer hero of "The  
Covered Wagon."

reading, going for long tramps with his dog, and entertaining his many relatives and friends.

Until James Cruze commenced casting for *The Covered Wagon*. Now James and Jack are both veterans, though neither are hoary-headed, and Cruze remembered how many romantic



A studio portrait of Kerrigan.





cowboys Kerrigan had played in the times when every other movie had a prairie trail story, with pioneers and Indians, and perhaps a forest fire. But always J. Warren Kerrigan as the hero. Be the brand Essanay, or Universal, or Flying A (American), the stories were Westerners and the hero a certain Jack Kerrigan whose mail-bag was one of the three biggest in California.

Wherefore James Cruze sent for Kerrigan, post haste. Warren, however, refused to come; so Cruze went and fetched him. Once there he found a staunch ally in Mrs. Kerrigan. Jack's mother declared it was high time he went back, and so, between director and directress, for Kerrigan's mother had always exercised great influence over him, he went, protesting vigorously that he would be a wash-out, and that no one would be able to see him for wrinkles, etc., etc.

But he liked his rôle, and he loved the out-of-doors atmosphere, and the story got hold of him the same way as it captured the director and the rest of the cast and the audiences who saw it and thrilled to it. And so the first romantic screen-cowboy "came back" triumphantly in a film that is nothing but the earliest movie story of all, only more elaborately told, and better photographed, directed, and characterised.

His one regret is that his mother, who had shared his early triumphs was not spared to share his latest one, for she passed away whilst he was on location for the final stages of the Wagon's trail. That made him accept several

of the contracts held so temptingly before him, so that he will be seen in *The Man from Brodneys*, *The Girl of the Golden West*, and many another seven-reeler this year.

Just in case some memories need refreshing about this man from Kentucky's past achievements, note that he was born in Louisville, on July 25th, 1899. Kerrigan senior was a business man, and he wanted his twin boys (Warren has a twin brother Walter, who used to be his studio manager when he had a film company of his own) to follow in his footsteps. His mother, an invalid for years, wanted Jack to be a minister, and his eldest brother thought he'd make a pretty good prize-fighter. The boy took matters into his own hands and went on the stage, where he impersonated ministers, pugilists, business men and many other characters, including cowboys. Thence to the movies in early Essanay and Universal days. Kerrigan was Universal's first big bet in the way of



Jack makes a picturesque cowboy.

have changed, mainly for the better, in these last three years, though it takes about six people to do what one man used to get through in the old days. It's not any the worse, but I'm not sure the job's done better. And the good old plots and the good old thrills are still working overtime. As for me I'm getting older, and my photos show it."

They show a stalwart, six-footer, black of hair and hazel of eye, a little more sober-looking, perhaps than his photos of A.D. 1913 and thereabouts. An air of quizzical thoughtfulness explaining the former boyish eagerness which, however, seems to have a devastating effect upon susceptible movie fans, judging by their letters. For though he has been an absentee, he was by no means forgotten, and has been the recipient of regular inquiries as to how long he meant to stay away, and why. One of his most potent reasons for staying at home was his mother's health—he had always been a devoted son and he would not at first consent to leave her to accompany *The Covered Wagon's* trail.

Yet Kerrigan remains a bachelor, though he reads and replies to so many letters from girls that he should be able to pose as an authority upon the opposite sex. Anyway he conquered many hearts anew in *The Covered Wagon*. And, though history doesn't state what happened to the original conquering hero, it's a pretty safe bet to predict the fate of Jack Kerrigan. He is unanimously condemned to at least five years hard labour—in the movies.

MARJORIE MAYNE.



He can also look stern on occasions.

a leading actor, and he returned to that fold only last year to play with Anna Nilsson in *Thundering Dawn*.

Kerrigan pleads guilty to one serial, *The Adventures of Terence O'Rourke*, also to one serious accident met with whilst filming. That was when he broke a leg doing a stunt in *A Man's Man*. And also to one pet aversion—being interviewed. But somebody caught him soon after his "come back" and asked him what he thought of the movies these days.

"I think," he replied, "that things



Jack in

modern garb



**MARY PHILBIN**

*Whose spirituelle face and charming, unaffected acting are to be seen in both supers and ordinary screenplays these days. Mary commenced with Universal when she was barely sixteen, and was starred in "Merry-Go-Round."*



**PERCY MARMONT**

*Always a sound actor, of a certain type, Percy found fame in "If Winter Comes," as the persecuted "Mark Sabre." He is now playing in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."*



**RENEÉ ADOREE**

*Though her screen career has been short, Reneé has a large following. She has also a distinctly Gallic command of emotional as well as comedy technique. She's as French as her name implies.*





**NORMAN KERRY**

*Cannot help being a hero, despite Von Stroheim's and Julian's best efforts to villainise him in "Merry-Go-Round." Norman is 6 ft. 2 in. in height, and has dark hair and hazel eyes.*



**CONWAY TEARLE**

*His place in the popularity stakes is very near the top, and his sombre visage has endeared him to thousands. Not to speak of his excellent acting in both costume and modern movies.*



# The Screen Fashion Plate



A chic evening toilette composed of black chiffon, with dull gold embroidery, medallions and lace.



Half the skirt of this frock is veiled with lace, and the bodice is dotted with tiny diamonds.



Laura La Plante displays a wonderful wrap composed of closely sewn crystal and black sequins, with a wide cape collar of ermine. The same star is seen in the last word in dance frocks, and a smart afternoon dress, banded with fur.





# Love and Leatrice Joy

VINCENT DE  
SOLA



Miss Joy's typical role is, I believe, that of the wise and patient wife who suffers in silence, and whose devotion regenerates in the end her erring husband. Producers, both of the legitimate theatre and of the screen, are often blamed for casting players because they *look* a type. However unfair and limiting this may be to histrionic ability, there is no doubt that it is a sensible course. No more convincing method could be invented, and in the case of Miss Leatrice Joy this is a clear example.

She embodies, her face tells me, most of those characteristics which she is called upon to portray. Her face is deeply maternal and domestic, capable of long and enduring love for one man rather than a lighter love for many.

There is much gentleness present, and the lips speak clearly of her deep understanding, her tolerance, her readiness to forgive transgressions in another. Her instinctive sympathy for human nature seems deeply grounded, and is mingled with a whimsical humour.

She is a grave but not a sad type. But she is clearly a romanticist, and it may be deduced that she likes to believe herself possessed of a greater fund of sadness than she actually has. While not a *poseur*, her dramatic ability is so definite as to cause her to assume a variety of attitudes which are often illusory.

She has some feminine curiosity. I note in the rounded chin and firm yet flexible lips the contradiction of the

person who is at once compliant and obstinate. Compliant she would be to a marked degree where her affections ruled her, but in matters concerning herself alone, she could summon a kind of obstinacy which would be difficult to overcome.

She lives by intuition rather than by analysis, and while she is a keen judge of motives, she is by no means a cynical observer. Rather she is inclined toward a sentimental acceptance of situations and character. It is easy for her to admire others, and to see in them elements which win her quiet affection.

Although she is not a leader, nor an individual of executive or planning abilities, she has a surprisingly large

capability in anything delicate or small. There is a love of order in the face, and a tendency to distrust anything that is noisy and raucous or even pompous.

I mark the signs of a quick temper in her, and the ability to be easily irritated. But this temper must appear rarely and prove of short duration, causing her to make up for it by a renewed tenderness. There is nothing vindictive in the nature. Her dramatic abilities, as I have said, are marked, and she has a definite turn for comedy indicated in her face.

The face is sensitive and is marked by the ability to suffer deeply and brood upon a wound.

Due to her affectionate nature, she is one who could very easily be wounded by the callousness or bluntness of others, and signs are not wanting that through this she has developed the protective trait of caution in herself.

She can be wounded so deeply, I would say, that it is in this that she lives most truly, touches the main-springs of feeling most really. She is driven, as by a perversity, to inflict such suffering upon herself to a minor degree. Some of her

faint spirit of sombreness is due to this.

There is much patience indicated; and great loyalty. She would be loyal in the face of any difficulty. In fact, her loyalty would be heightened by an acid test. She is able to forgive almost anything, even the wounds which she has suffered inarticulately.

Therefore in Leatrice Joy's character with its overtones of tenderness and gentleness, its ability to sacrifice greatly and suffer deeply, the films have a note that they could ill afford to do without.

Leatrice Joy  
would be loyal  
at all times and  
under all circumstances  
and in face  
of any difficulty.



"Madame," said the Raja, "the ayah will conduct you to your room"



## The Green Goddess

WILL SCOTT

sively. "Come to see my wife again?"

Lucilla Crespin bit her lip and looked away, but Traherne faced the drunken boor squarely and told him of what was happening far over the hills.

"Good God!" cried the Major. "Look here, Traherne—Traherne—something's got to be done. What can

### CHARACTERS.

Raja of Rukh	-	GEORGE ARLISS
Lucilla Crespin	-	ALICE JOYCE
Major Crespin	-	HARRY MOREY
Dr. Traherne	-	DAVID POWELL
Watkins	-	IVAN SIMPSON

*Narrated by permission from the Goldwyn film of the same name.*

we do. There's nothing we can do, is there? But—but we must do something . . ."

"I came to offer my services and my aeroplane," replied the doctor. "With luck and fair weather, I might get Mrs. Crespin through to her children before the rebellion reaches the town. With added luck I might get them safely back here. It's a gamble, but I'll do my best,

if Mrs. Crespin is willing to take the risk."

The major's eyes narrowed and he tugged at his moustache as he turned to his wife.

"Well?" he said.

"I—I shall go," said Lucilla in a broken voice.

"Good," said her husband. "We'll go together. All of us."

Lucilla flashed a scornful glance that was lost on her husband, and then all three made hurried preparations for departure. The plane was ready, the doctor having arrived in it, and within five minutes all were aboard and the propellers were whirling round.

"Away!" cried the doctor.

They rose high, higher than the topmost peak of the great hills, and turned to the east. The hour was two in the afternoon, and with great good luck they might hope to reach their destination before sundown. At intervals on their journey each kept looking back and glancing anxiously across the sky to the great golden orb that was racing them.

Townships, even mapped territories fell away. They crossed the great Himalayas and their chart became the slimmest aid. Traherne shared his trust between luck and Providence and kept on. Four—five o'clock. . . . And then the doctor felt his heart beating violently.

Something was wrong. That little something that always is wrong in moments of high crisis. Some trivial, tiny thing, no doubt. But an investigation up here in the clouds was impossible. They must land. He turned and

News came slowly to the little outpost on the Northern frontier where Major Crespin was stationed. And coming as it did from remote places it seemed remote in significance. They heard one day of three princes of a small but hostile nation over the borderland, schemers, trouble-makers, agitators, caught at last with clear proof of implication in the murder of a little company of British soldiers. The princes had been sentenced to death and were to be executed three days later. The news, being a rarity, was of mild interest, but in no way did it seem to affect the outpost of which Major Crespin was the head. They discussed it for a brief moment and then promptly forgot about it.

But that same afternoon came other news more disquieting. A native uprising had occurred at a distant settlement and the information was that the natives were sweeping down towards the little town where were the baby son and daughter of Major Crespin and his wife. Dr. Basil Traherne, a friend of the family, perhaps more than a friend of Mrs. Crespin's, brought the alarming news.

"Even by now," he said, "the insurgents may have reached the town."

Mrs. Crespin's beautiful face paled to the hue of paper.

"And it is five hundred miles away!" she cried. "I must be by my children's side at once. But how? The thing is impossible."

A door opened and Major Crespin staggered through, as usual, drunk.

"Hallo, Traherne!" he said offen-





"You would send an innocent woman to her death in cold blood?"

told them of the turn in events and he saw Lucilla's face go pale. "Lord knows," he muttered to himself, "where we *can* land in country like this, but—it's got to be attempted. That or smash-up."

He began to descend. A town of some primitive community seemed to be below them—a wild rough place in wild, rough country. They caught glimpses of rock-hewn temples and once a gaudy and narrow splash of colour that might have been a bazaar. But nowhere was there a flat on which an aeroplane might be landed. Traherne circled round and round, coming lower and lower, his eyes keen as an eagle's, but soon the truth was forced upon him. Descend or remain flying, very soon they must crash. The thing was unavoidable. He selected his spot and attempted to crash as easily as possible. He found one little slope and side of a kind of natural amphitheatre, headed round, shut his eyes and risked it.

Crash!

They had been at slowest speed and the impact was not so terrifying as might have been the case had they been unprepared. Traherne swung round and glanced along the car. Both Lucilla and her husband were shaken up but otherwise unhurt. They all climbed out.

To their astonishment, they discovered that they were not alone. From bushes around the hollow came inquisitive black figures, crowding round in dozens, staring at the white strangers, touching the broken monoplane, babbling questions in a language that was not understood, bursting anon into strange songs. One fellow, more daring than the rest, ventured to touch the cheek of Lucilla. Immediately the major sprang upon him and sent him crashing across the brown grass. And at this a tumult arose.

"Now," said Traherne, "we're in for

it. You've struck one of their priests."

"Struck him? Killed him, I hope!" snarled Crespin.

What might have happened to the tiny English party will never be known, for at that moment a gorgeously-decorated litter made its way through the crowds, and before it the mob fell prostrate. The curtain parted, and from out the litter stepped a dark-skinned man of middle age, tall and slim and altogether rather engaging in appearance. From his ornate head-dress it was not difficult to tell that he was the monarch or ruling prince of the community. He bowed, and the Britishers bowed in return. He gracefully uttered some words in apology for the behaviour of his subjects and bade them welcome to his kingdom of Rukh. "Of which," he said, "I am the Raja."

"What!" cried Traherne. "Does your majesty speak English?"

"Assuredly," said the Raja. "Am I not a graduate of your University of Oxford?"

From out the mob now came a peculiar and unexpected being in the traditional uniform of an English butler, a man who, moreover, was obviously English himself, but a furtive-eyed, uncertain-fingered member of the race. The Raja indicated him with a wave of his finger.

"You must know Watkins," he said by way of introduction. "My valet, my butler, my man. Or; if you prefer it, my Prime Minister. An excellent and simple soul. So faithful! He is, indeed, so excellently placed for faithful servitude in these remote hills. You must understand that in no part of the British Empire dare dear Watkins show his face. An excellent fellow altogether!"

He turned to Watkins.

"Watkins," he said, "procure another litter for my guests and I can then take them to my palace and display a

little of the hospitality for which the Kingdom of Rukh is so famous."

The litter was brought and side by side, the mob at a respectful distance, they proceeded into the town and through the quaint Oriental streets to the wonderful palace perched on the top of the hill.

"You will excuse me," said the Raja, "if I desert you for a few minutes in order to dress for dinner?"

"We," said Lucilla, "have nothing but the clothes we stand in. If we might be excused . . ."

"I think," said the Raja, "you will find us fully prepared for such an emergency. The Ayah will conduct you to your room, madam, and there you will find all the latest creations from Paris. I like, so far as possible, to keep in touch with the latest movements of civilisation. My wardrobe is fairly complete."

When they re-assembled for dinner the Raja was dressed in a faultless dress suit, looking, indeed, almost European but for the turban on his head. He proved the most charming of hosts, gossiped delightfully of acquaintances of his day in London and Paris, and even over the cigarettes produced a monster gramophone of the latest model and a case of the very latest songs from London. He smiled at their astonishment, and slipped on a record of a violin solo, a strange and haunting melody, beautiful but sad.

"What—what is that?" asked Lucilla, when the tune came to an end.

"That?" said the Raja. "It is called 'The Puppet's Death Song.' Very amusing."

The music over they sat together and chatted.

"And so," said the Raja, looking at them carefully, "you are subjects of the Government that has condemned three of our native princes to death, eh?"

Lucilla turned pale and both Traherne and Crespin started.

"Why," cried the latter, "do you know them?"

"Assuredly," said the Raja, rising and going across to the window. "They are my brothers."

A strange silence fell upon the guests, so intense that the Raja himself was obliged to break it.

"And they die—when is it? The day after to-morrow?"

"The day after to-morrow, yes," said Crespin.

"Yes," said the Raja. "Quite."

All the populace of the place seemed gathered at the gates of the palace. There was a rattling of sticks and stones and the hoarse cries of an angry multitude. Crespin looked at the Raja who smiled politely as he explained.

"My people," he said. "Such barbarian ideas. They say that since your Government must kill our princes, so must we kill you. They have consulted their ruling deity, the Green Goddess, and she has promised them your lives. So crude, but . . ." He broke off and shrugged elegantly.



"Look here!" stormed Crespín, striding across the room. "Do you mean this? This foolery? Speak to them. Send them away."

"But," said the Raja gently, "when the Green Goddess speaks to them they heed not me. If I were to oppose them my throne would crumple like dust. I may disagree with them in theory but I am afraid I must bow to their prejudices or lose my crown. I am afraid that in the next morning but one, when my dear brothers go to their deaths, you must go to yours. But still, in the meantime we can be friends and gentlemen, can we not? What would you like now? Billiards?"

The major sprang forward with a loud cry, and would have sent the Raja crashing across the floor but for the intervention of Traherne who held him back and whispered words of warning into his ears.

"Watkins," said the Raja coolly, "will bring you refreshment in a moment. I am due immediately to consult with my High Priest, my—Archbishop of York, is it?—on details concerned with the ceremony of your death, two days hence."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Crespín, "that you would send an innocent woman to her death in cold blood?"

The Raja swung round airily and looked in a peculiar way that made her go cold, into the eyes of Lucilla.

"Well," he said, "perhaps that could be arranged. We—we will see."

He went out and they drew together in the billiard room round the billiard table.

"My God!" cried the major. "Of all the cold blooded devils. If I could have five minutes with him alone..."

"Violence will do us no good," said Traherne. "We must be cool and keep our wits about us. We must think..."

"One thing has puzzled me," said the major.

"How has he got the news of the sentence on his brothers so quickly? It seems impossible that he could do so, and yet he has. The information only got through to-day and already he has it here, hundreds of miles across the hills, right at the back of the Himalayas. The thing seems uncanny. If it were not that he had mentioned it to us first, I should say that it just had not happened. We

might pump Watkins."

A knock was heard on the door and Watkins came in with glasses.

"Watkins," said the major, turning to him. "Can you tell us how it is that the Raja has already heard of the sentence in Delhi when the news has only been published this afternoon. How is it possible for him to have heard?"

Watkins glanced round mysteriously towards the door as if he feared he might be overheard. Then he looked back at them and lowered his voice.

"The priests here," he said, "have magic powers. There is magic in this place—strange things..."

Without giving them time to question him farther he went out hurriedly and closed the door. They looked at one another.

"Bosh!" snarled the major. "The utterest drivell, of course... And yet—and yet... he had heard... I don't see how he could..."

They sat close to each other, talking over ways of escape, but it was very plain that there were no ways of escape. British troops would never come this way. They would die and be heard of no more, and their murderers need never fear discovery. A gruesome prospect.

"But surely—" the major began.

"If there is a way, find it," said the doctor.

They sat silent and thoughtful for a long time, turning over various wild schemes in their terror. And then at last suddenly the major looked up at the electric lights that hung above the billiard table.

"Look," he cried. "The lights are going dim!"

And it was true. The lights dimmed until they were no more than half-lights, and it was barely possible to see

across the room. The three trapped Britishers drew closer together and waited in bewildered suspense. But nothing happened, and in a few minutes the lights went up again and resumed their customary brilliance.

"What—" whispered Lucilla.

"I have it!" said the major. "They were tapping the current, for—wireless!"

The doctor thumped his knee and grinned.

"My word!" the major went on. "If—if we could get at the thing! I'd get a message through to the aviation camp at Tajra, and we'd have help through in no time. But where is it? How...?"

They passed out of the billiard room and through various others until they came to one, eight-sided, of which one side opened on a turreted balcony, looking down on rough rockland far below. The two men stepped on to the balcony and looked down. Escape was out of the question, and they came back into the room. A little to the right of the balcony was a heavily-studded door and before it they paused significantly. There was a bell pull at the side of the door. At a venture the major pressed it.

In a moment Watkins appeared.

"I have been wondering," said the major, "if I have stumbled on your marvellous secret? Perhaps it is not so wonderful after all—not magic. Now my man, what do you say if I suggest it is wireless?"

All of them saw Watkins' agitated glance towards the studded door. But he quickly recovered himself.

"What do I say, sir?" he said brazenly. "Why nothing, sir. I am not paid to say, sir."

"Very well, Watkins. Bring us some whisky in here. We like the view better

*The victims were brought before the great stone image of the Green Goddess in the hall of the temple.*





than that from the billiard room."

Watkins brought them the whisky and departed, and they all drew together again.

"You saw?" said the doctor. "It is behind that door. We must find a way . . ."

Crespin attempted to break down the door, but it was made of stouter stuff than human flesh and bone and resisted his heartiest efforts to force it back. He turned away in despair.

"We must not be seen here," he said. "The Raja will begin to suspect. All of us must think out some way during the night and when we meet tomorrow . . ."

He broke off as the door opened. The Raja entered, followed by Watkins.

"And so," said the suave monarch, "I hear you have been astute enough to guess the secret of my little installa-

tion? Very clever of you, I am sure. Perhaps you understand the workings of the system?"

"No," said the major quickly. "We have a set at the barracks, of course, but it hardly came within my province . . ."

"No, of course," the Raja agreed. "In that case you might be interested in the workings of it. Watkins, despatch an order for another case of champagne. My friends, a little demonstration of modern science for your enjoyment."

Watkins flung back the great doors and took a seat before the apparatus. In a moment the peculiar blue light began to flick-flick. For a moment or two the guests observed the operation politely, then all turned round and began to gossip with their host. The major's manner was perfect. The Raja watching him carefully, was convinced that he had spoken the truth and that

he knew nothing technically of the apparatus. When the message was through a monarch and servant had departed from the room he even said as much to Watkins. "That would have trapped them into a dis-

closure," he said, "but they took it perfectly calmly. They know nothing of it, rest assured. They are safe to be left in that room."

Meantime, satisfied that the door was closed and that the Raja could not overhear him, Major Crespin was agitatedly talking to the others.

"A trap!" he said. "A trap to force me into a confession of wireless knowledge. But I was too sharp for the devil. Do you know what the message was? Champagne? Bah! He was informing somebody that Lucilla had consented to buy her life at the price of . . ."

The doctor swore and Lucilla herself flinched. Suddenly the major spoke again.

"Let us get out of here and give him no further cause for suspicion. We will meet in here again to-morrow and talk over plans. Come."

But on the next day it transpired that the best plan the three of them could produce was the simple but obvious one of resorting to the bribery of Watkins.

"If we can!" said the doctor.

"We can try," thundered Crespin.

They rang for Watkins and put their case before him. He listened attentively and then nodded.

"Delighted," he said. "But once I've done it my job is worth no more here. I shall require you to sign an I.O.U. for fifty thousand pounds. If you can't raise the money from somewhere . . . well, of course . . ."

They argued, and the major stormed, but at last they were driven to accept the gentle Watkins' terms. They put their signatures to the paper and the major made out the message to Tajra that was to bring the rescue party. Watkins opened the great studded door and sat at the instrument again. The others gathered round and waited.

Suddenly they noticed a violent flushing of the major's face. His eyes seemed starting from his head and his moustache bristled. He put his lips to the doctor's ear and whispered:

"The devil is selling us! He is not sending the message!"

Terror-stricken they looked round the room. The major took up a couple of scarves from a chair and handed one to the doctor and nodded towards the unsuspecting Watkins. Suddenly they sprang forward and were upon him. He had no time to struggle or cry out. They fastened him tight, dragged him to the balcony, and despite the protests of the astonished woman, cast him over the balcony rail to the hard rocks, three hundred feet below.

"It was necessary, Lucilla," said her husband. And the doctor agreed. "In love and war all are fair. This is war."

The major darted to the instrument and took up the message. Dot after dot the blue light flashed—flash-flash-flash . . . And then suddenly the door opened, a shot rang out, and they turned to find the Raja himself before them, a smoking revolver in his hands.

(Continued on page 62).



"Give him his life," she cried, "and I will consent."



# A Dark Star

Miriam Cooper is another of those stars whom Griffith first put on the path to success. She was working at an Art school in New York when Mae Marsh introduced her to the great director, and her wistful beauty appealed to his eye as soon as he saw her. He cast her for the part of the elder sister, "Margaret Cameron," in *The Birth of a Nation*. When the film was exhibited the public quickly endorsed Griffith's judgment, and the far bigger and more important part of "The Friendless One" in *Intolerance* followed close on its heels. In both these pictures she worked in close co-operation with her friend, Mae Marsh, and it was while she was working in them that she first met Raoul Walsh who later became her husband.

He was an assistant to an assistant director under Griffith, playing small parts such as "John Wilkes Booth" in *The Birth of a Nation*. He married Miriam shortly after *Intolerance* was finished, and since then has directed most of the pictures in which she has been starred. In one

of them, *Serenade*, Raoul Walsh made quite a family affair, his brother George playing opposite Miriam in the stellar role.

The Walsh's believe in family teamwork. Miriam and her mother read all the best of the old and new books, and keep a finger on the pulse of the story world. Whenever they come across one which seems to lend itself to filming it is submitted to husband Raoul for approval. If it suits him, he buys the rights and the screen version follows—with Miriam in the star part, of course. His most famous film, *Kindred of the Dust*, was made in just this way. Miriam makes many suggestions for details of

Miriam Cooper.



## In "Kindred of the Dust."

acting, chooses all her own costumes, and designs many of the sets. As a matter of fact she has for long been devoted to the study of architectural and scenic illustration, and has been able to help many a producer with her artistic advice and clever fingers.

The years which she spent attending the classes of the New York Art Students' League have been turned very efficiently to the service of the screen. Even D. W. Griffith came to rely on her, and to trust her judgment implicitly. However, in matters of production Mrs. Walsh submits to her husband in every detail. She obeys him implicitly, believing that a leading lady should stick to her own department, and that the producer's word should be final.

"I would really rather interfere with a stranger than with my husband," she says, "for I am in constant dread of seeming to take advantage of my position."

That this team work pays is seen every time one of Miriam's films comes to the screen.

Miriam Cooper en profile, and at home in her garden.





# The Art of Abel Gance

by OSCAR M. SHERIDAN



Abel Gance

David Wark Griffith, Charles Chaplin, Rex Ingram, Abel Gance! Four names in the world's screen industry which convey to the picturegoer a wealth of meaning. Each in his own class reigns supreme to-day, and each in his own personal way has encountered that magic, elusive, unknown quantity: Fame. For in the film industry, infinitely more so than in any other industry, unknown quantities are more potent than realities and it is in dealing with the former that producers achieve either notoriety or fame, and in many cases it is the former.

Abel Gance in France is considered the foundation stone of the Continental industry. Those who know and appreciate his work are tempted to place his abilities before those of the three other great masters mentioned above. Whereas D. W. G. has produced countless pictures, Chaplin has only made one production, though this is undoubtedly one of the finest photoplays we have yet had from across the Atlantic. But of all these masters of the silent stage, Abel Gance, to my mind stands out conspicuously. For not one of Abel Gance's pictures has been a failure, and with all respect to Griffith and Ingram, I do not think this is the case with them.

Yesterday I interviewed Abel Gance in his exquisite apartment in the Avenue Kleber. A two-minute conversation with the great French producer is in itself a most delightful experience, and as mine lasted well over two hours, and I might mention it was only one of many, you can imagine that these two hours were one hundred and twenty of the most agreeable minutes I have yet spent.

Abel Gance received me while in the midst of his new scenario for *Napoleon*, answering telephone rings, and telling the pretty servant what to get for dinner. His study is a masterpiece of Gothic architecture. Battle shields



Above: Abel Gance and Ivy Close, the British star of "La Roue" discussing the scenario. Circle: Emmy Lynn and the late Severin Mars in "l'Accuse."



line tapestry-laid walls, and the ceilings are of oaken beams and sky-blue designed with armorial bearings. The apartment is reminiscent of an old German cathedral, and the hall of some mediæval castle. A divan heaped with soft, furry, cushions, however, relieves the ancient note. A portable typewriter and a telephone directory are tragically out of place in this abode of intellectual inspiration.

Abel Gance is a charming personality. Extremely courteous he gives the impression that he is ever ready to help others. Once one begins talking with



Emmy Lynn, who is one of Abel Gance's "discoveries" in "The Call of Motherhood."



him it is hard to leave off, but he is an extremely busy man. He has been preparing his *Napoleon* scenario for the last six years, and yet nothing is completed. The end of March, however, will see a definite start being made on the picture.

Abel Gance is an exceptionally brilliant musician and plays the 'cello, piano and violin with a master touch. Among his numerous remarkable possessions Abel Gance prizes most what is known as a *viola d'amour*, which is really a violin of the middle age, but is much more difficult to play because it has double the number of strings of an ordinary violin.

Of the films this celebrated *metteur*  
 Right: The late Severin Mars, and  
 Romauld Joubé in "*J'Accuse*"



Gabriel de  
 Gravone and Ivy Close in an early Gance  
 production.

en scene has given us, Gance places *La Roue* at the top of his list as his best. This is followed by *J'Accuse*, *Mater Dolorosa*, *The Tenth Symphony*, and lastly *The Death Zone*. Another production, *The Right to Live*, he considers one of his best.

His knowledge of the American side of the industry is as extensive as his knowledge of film matters on this side of the Atlantic. He is one of the few French producers who take a great deal of interest in American stars and productions.

"I think I must confess that I have profound admiration for Mae Murray," he told me with that smile which everyone finds particularly captivating and so dangerously infectious. "I think she is altogether delightful and all her films give me great enjoyment."

M. Abel Gance then gave me his opinions of other American stars. "I think that taken all round, my favourite is Lillian Gish. It is difficult to resist her charms. Nazimova I think would be good given suitable direction, but I feel that behind each of her productions there is something lacking. That indefinable something, which is often attributed, in

most cases rightly, to bad direction, results in the downfall of many a good picture, but sometimes for quite long it goes unperceived till someone finally discovers it, and then the production instead of being an artistic success is an artistic failure. Such is the case with some of the biggest American pictures. Fanny Ward I like, also Betty Compson.

"Tell me, have you ever met Betty Compson," he asked. "Hardly any of her pictures are seen here and generally they are good, and amongst producers D. W. Griffith is the greatest."

Abel Gance who is now only 34, produced his first film at the age of 26, and from 1916 onwards, when he made his first photoplay, this comparatively young producer scored an uninterrupted series of brilliant successes. But as I said, he is a patient man and thinks nothing of working for years on the slightest details in a scenario. He is a hard taskmaster when it comes to detail and realism must be realism.

Six years ago he made *Mater Dolorosa* which was inspired by the famous painting in the Louvre. It was while visiting this famous art museum that Abel Gance was struck with the idea, and the completed photoplay created a sensation. After six years, *The Call of Motherhood*, as it will be called in London, has been purchased by Stoll and will be seen at about the same time as this article appears.

Below: Filming a night scene in "*La Roue*" (*The Wheel*).





# British Studio Gossip



Above: A scene from "Henry, King of Navarre." Circle: Stewart Rome and Mary Odette in "The Shadow of the Mosque." Below: Gerald Ames as "Tony" in "The Dancers" and George Cooper directing a scene of "Claude Duval."



There are plenty of fights and thrills in *Henry, King of Navarre*, and his Majesty himself has several stunts à la Fairbanks. For instance, during his escape from the St. Bartholomew slaughter, he reaches the entrance to the Louvre on horseback, and takes a flying leap upon an unwary guardsman whom he promptly disarms. Using the man's pike to put another guard to sleep forcibly, he then makes a running leap and catches the drawbridge just as it is being raised. Of course it is lowered again, promptly, but the agile Navarre leaps again, over the heads of those waiting to kill him, this time, and



makes good his escape. In the duelling scenes, Matheson Lang and Henry Victor, who play "Henry of Navarre," and "Henry of Guise," respectively, cross swords more than once. The scene pictured above shows King Henry defending some Huguenots from the onslaught of De Guise and his followers.

## News from New York.

Joan Morgan, amongst other interesting news in a long friendly letter writes "I am at work on my first film in America, and find everything here most interesting. We are working at the old Talmadge Studios, New York, and whenever I have an "off" day I go visiting other studios. I have been to Fox's, also to Paramount's, which is at Long Island and is a beauty. I have been to Fifth Avenue to have some photos taken this morning, and to-night I'm going to Greenwich Village (the Chelsea of New York) to dance.

## She's having a Fine Time.

"My chief friends are the Selznicks. They head the Selznick organisation, though they are quite young, Myron is 26, and David 22. I went to their New Year's party, met lots of stars and had a great time. New York doesn't take the roads up quite so often as we do in the West End of London, but they're for ever putting up new buildings. A favourite remark seems to be 'Ours will be a fine City when it's finished—but it will never be finished.' I am going to try to get in with it first next time someone starts talking about New York. Won't it be fun seeing myself in an American movie?"

## Screening Sessue.

Work on *The Great Prince Shan* was all but completed the afternoon I looked in there. Ivy Duke had been weeping very realistically after a very effective film quarrel with David Hawthorne, who, for the nonce, was playing neither a Highland Chieftain nor a







Flora's gone to Florida.

Flora Le Breton, our other absentee is working at Miami, Florida, in *Another Scandal*. Flora has a vamp role which is a change for her. Her first vamp was in *God's Prodigal*, which has never been shown. It was a pity she could not hear some of the nice things said about her at the Trade Show of *I Will Repay*. She looked charming in this film, and her work seemed to please everybody. At Hollywood, where she stayed some weeks, Flora met almost all the stars. Her first dinner party was at Charles Chaplin's house, and afterwards she and Charlie gave a demonstration of the latest dancing steps. Flora declares Florida a delightful spot.

Above: An unusual "shot"—taking "close ups" of Sidney Fairbrother's toes for *"Straws in the Wind."* Right: Harry Ashton, screen creator of W. W. Jacobs' immortal *"Night Watchman."* Below: Raymond Harding, and Bottom Left: Harry Martin, the clever English comedian who appears in the screen versions of Fred Karno's Comedies.

low-life ruffian but a noble lord, Dorminster, by name, in the same film. Strange how David specialises in parts in which he has to indulge in, well, let us say explosive epithets. The first time I met him he was just out of the Army, and was enlivening a film quarrel with choice, though very low-pitched "langwidge." This time, he declared he'd had a very happy time on tour with "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure." "I played Ambrose," said David. "With language?" I enquired. "Certainly," was the reply, with a chuckle, for Hawthorne remembered my comments on his previous exploits in that direction. But he's very correct in *Prince Shan*, and a most effective foil to Sessue Hayakawa's black hair and eyes, for Hawthorne is very tall



A Newcomer.

Raymond Harding, who looks so hopefully upwards on this page is a young Britisher who is coming to the front rapidly as juvenile lead. His latest film is *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

#### Two Screen Stars on Tour.

Betty Ross Clarke who played in the Queenie Thomas film, *Straws in the Wind* this side, is now starring in a clever Avery Hopwood farce called "Week End Husbands." Betty has not appeared on the English stage before, though she is a noted American stage star, and one of her great successes was made in another Avery Hopwood comedy "Fair and Warmer." Betty Ross Clarke is touring with the play. We may see her in London later. And Gerald Ames is still playing "Tony" in "The Dancers." He has made a striking success in Sir Gerald Du Maurier's role and has earned great praise from Sir Gerald himself, Viola Tree (these two wrote the play) and innumerable audiences round the South Coast. The picture on the opposite page originally showed "Gerry" against a background comprising all the paraphernalia of a Western "Saloon" but our Art editor has Prohibition leanings and frowningly painted the whole lot out.



and very fair. Hayakawa himself gives an impression of effective immobility, when in action. But this may have been due to his insistence upon those playing in the scene with him monopolising all active movement. Sessue has lost none of his old power, and is entirely convincing as "Prince Shan."

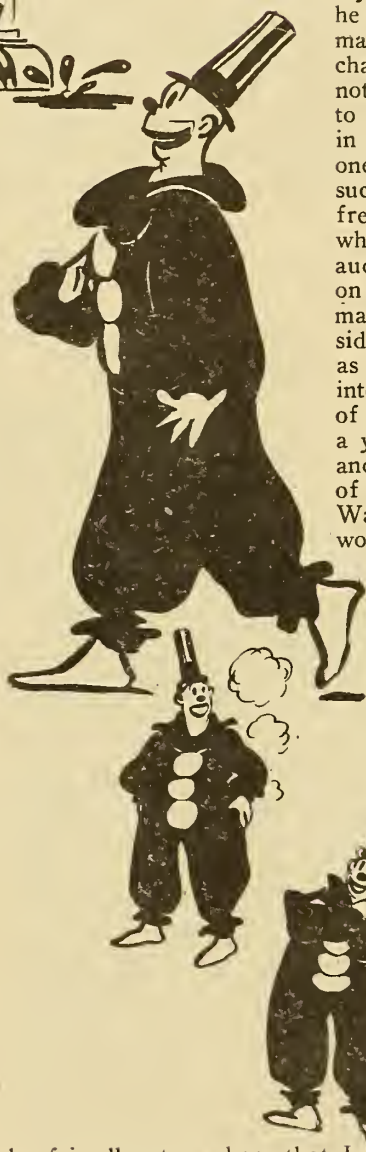






# In & out of the Inkwell

Max Fleischer, creator of one of the most delightful screen characters extant, explains how it's done.



**H**ave you fallen under the spell of that smallest of screen comedians, that clever and decidedly original "Out of The Inkwell Clown?" If you haven't there is something materially wrong with you and you should see a doctor at once.

There is no screen character quite like him—one minute he is nothing, then from a mere spot he becomes a jolly rollicking playmate who thinks of more devilment in a few minutes than the worst school-boy would in a whole holiday time. When the clown first joined the host of screen comedians, there were many Wise People who were certain that a new Charlie Chaplin had come to town and that Max Fleischer, the new artist, was putting something over on the public. "It is impossible for an animated cartoon to do all those stunts," they said wisely. "All the others that we have seen show decided movements where the pictures change and these are just as smooth as an ordinary film. Something wrong!" Somehow this was repeated to the clever young artist and he settled matters conclusively and silenced all those Wise Ones. How? By simply making the Clown disappear just as he had created him, from a blot, he made a man and from the man he made a blot and then just simply rubbed him out! Marvellous, said everyone, and so it is.

I went to the Out Of The Inkwell offices to find out for myself all about it. I found out a lot and had a mighty nice time but, between ourselves, I was almost as mystified when I came out as when I went in. The whole process looked absurdly simple when I was there, but once outside I marvelled anew at the cleverness of Max Fleischer and his genius in creating a new and delightful screen-character.

Mr. Fleischer is almost as interesting as the Clown, though not so mysterious a personage and his staff of workers is like a big family. Nowhere have I seen the co-operation and

the friendly atmosphere that I found in his little office studio. Perhaps the fact that it is small, may account for some of the homelikeness of the surroundings, but whatever it is, it is most delightful.

Max Fleischer told me all about himself, of his coming to the new country from Austria when he was only a lad, of his struggles for an education, his art lessons taken at night after working hours and finally of the position

which he secured on a small newspaper where he made cartoons that soon attracted notice. "But my dream was to make drawings for the screen," he said. "At that time there were a number being made but none of them were perfected and the changes from one sketch to another were plainly noticeable to the audiences. I made up my mind to perfect a camera that would have the same ease in changing pictures that the regular motion picture ones did and I worked in my spare time perfecting such an invention. The camera must operate more freely to eliminate the difference of movement which was perceptible and often annoying to audiences, who had hard work keeping their minds on the subject before them. My theory was to make the process so smooth that the mechanical side would be forgotten. I gave up my position and as I had no money to waste put all I could spare into the experiment and did away with the problem of office rent by working in my bedroom. After a year and a half I was ready to show the results and the getting of a release was the easiest part of it all. Just as we were ready to go ahead the War came and I was sent to Ft. Sells to do war work. This consisted in making a series of films which were used in the instruction of the soldiers."

"In what way was this done?"

"I made drawings of different kinds which were destined to shorten the time of training. For instance, military maps, diagrams of cannon and guns which demonstrated themselves most plainly. After I was mustered out I made my first drawing. What to call it was a problem, and I finally decided upon "Out Of The Inkwell." I think I'm the only artist who makes his figures move exactly like a human being. And from being a mere trailer to a screen magazine, they now occupy an important part in a picture programme."

I learned that it takes from 2,500 to 3,000 little drawings for one cartoon, I saw them drawn, photographed, put together and "reeled off." A perfectly marvellous operation, but it left me dazed.

ELIZABETH LONERGAN.

*Max Fleischer*





# Beautiful Barbara

by  
JOAN

DRUMMOND

Her other name is La Marr.

know," she added, rather savagely, and a bitter look came into her eyes.

I thought of Barbara's hard fight for recognition, and of her adventures, during those first chequered years of hers in California. I felt we were getting upon dangerous ground. She had such depths of experience in her eyes that in spite of her young beauty I found it hard to credit the fact that to-day she is still only twenty-five. I changed the subject hurriedly.

"I guess you must be pretty busy just now," I said. Barbara came and

As "Roma"  
in "The  
Eternal  
City"

There was no one in the room but a cowering baby and a woman in a cretonne apron heating a milk bottle by the fire. I looked round the beautiful room rather nervously, wondering where my hostess could be. I addressed the cretonne apron.

"I thought I should find Miss La Marr," I stammered, "she asked me to tea and I was told—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't hear you come in," said the cretonne apron turning round with the milk bottle in its hand.

I found myself looking straight at the languorous black eyes and jet-dark hair of the screen's most popular vamp. I hadn't recognised her out of her trailing gowns, and her silks and satins, black velvet and slinky robes. I had forgotten about the baby, although, of course, I knew she had been married. As she crossed to the cot with the bottle I recollected how she had adopted little Marvin from an Institution, and taken him to her rather lonely heart.

"Isn't he a beauty?" said Barbara. "Isn't he just too sweet for anything?" she added as she caught the little fellow's eye and smiled at him. "He is going to be a fine man some day. I've got a lovely airy nursery for him upstairs, painted in blue and white with Mother Goose figures running all round the walls, and I'm going to have him travel as soon as he's old enough. I don't want him to grow up like other men. I'm through with men, you



Above: Her black wig is an integral part of her screen personality. Left: As the movie vamp in "Souls for Sale."

sat down beside the tea table with its glittering silver and fine porcelain. "Busy, my dear?" she replied, "I'm nearly rushed to death. I'm off to Rome in a few days to make *The Eternal City* for Goldwyn. It's a holiday for me in a way, and really, I do think I deserve one for I've been rushed from studio to studio, and lot to lot for many months without a break. I seem to have made *His*



*Brother's Wife, The Eternal Struggle, Poor Men's Wives and Strangers of the Night*—you called it *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* in England—at one and the same time. Anyway they followed so close on each other's heels that I scarcely seem to have had time to breathe. And I've had all sorts of tempting offers which I've had to refuse for the sake of the Italian visit."

"And when you come back?" I asked.

"Still more work," said Barbara, pouring tea. "I had hoped to be able to play in a picture called *Pomp* which I have written myself, but

An arresting moment in "*The Eternal City*."



Wallace MacDonald, Barbara La Marr, and Wm. V. Mong listen attentively to Bess Meredyth reading her scenario of "*Thy Name is Woman*."



Beautiful Barbara La Marr assuredly is.



other contracts had to have prior claim. *The Shooting of Dan McGrew* is the first on my schedule. Sugar?"

"Lots, please. You must be tired!"

"Tired? Never with work! It's only life that makes me tired. Sometimes though my work makes me anxious. I lie awake at nights and wonder whether I am really progressing, whether I am really giving the

best of my soul to my art, whether I am really satisfying my public."

"But I am sure your public tells you by every morning's mail how satisfied they are!"

"Surely" she replied. "There is one kind gentleman in Santa Barbara who sends me flowers and asks me to be his psychic soul mate! I believe he's very serious about it. I rather like the idea," she added. "It would be a better world if there were more men like that."

There was a moment's rather embarrassing silence during which I sipped my tea, took a bite of delicious honey cake—and waited.

"I've had a lonely life," Barbara resumed, her gaze wandering round to the cot in which little Marvin was now sleeping the sleep of the infant who, replete with warm milk, can find nothing else to wish for.

"I have known misery, and infidelity and soul sickness. I have known what it was to be all alone in the wide, wide world with not a human being to turn to for comfort. That is why I have

Ramon Novarro, Rex Ingram, and Barbara La Marr rehearsing a scene in "*Trifling Women*."







Barbara with the cast and technical staff of "The Eternal Struggle." How many can you recognise?

brought Marvin here and given him a home. I couldn't bear the thought of another morsel of humanity suffering as I have suffered. For I was a foster-child myself. My father was French and my mother Italian, but I never knew them. I was thrust out into the world at the age of four to earn my living as a dancer."

"Poor little mite!" I murmured. I had a sudden glimpse of the misery that had brought that haunting look into Barbara's eyes.

"It is wrong for a child to live like that," she said. "The stage is no life for a baby. I'm sometimes thankful that my own little boy died, and was spared the realisation of all the unhappiness that life brings."

"You were trained in a hard school," I said sympathetically.

"Hard, yes, but as an artist I cannot altogether regret it. Those years of dancing—I danced on the stage until With Enid Bennett and Matt Moore in "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure."



Left:  
Barbara La  
Marr and  
Wallace Beery  
in "The Eternal Struggle."

me. I longed to create, I longed to express myself in poetry, and I wrote quite a number of verses that were accepted by American magazines. Gradually I established a position as a writer and Chance threw at my feet the offer of a post in the scenario department of the Fox Film Company. I wrote quite a number of screen stories for them."

"Have you never written a film for yourself since you began to star?" I asked.

"I wrote the scenario of *His Brother's Wife*, and I have several screen stories written in which I hope to star in the near future. But, as you can guess, I have little time for writing nowadays. Since I started working in pictures, parts have come fast and furious. They say I am a 'type.' They say they can't think what they'd do without me now. Nita Naldi is a 'type' too. Consequently we must be two of the busiest women on the screen."

"And who gave you your first chance Miss La Marr?"

"William Fox, while I was writing





scenarios for him, and shortly afterwards I played with Anita Stewart in *Harriet and the Piper*. But I doubt if I should ever have been known to-day if it had not been for the piece of luck that brought Douglas Fairbanks to engage me for the part of 'Miladi' in *The Three Musketeers*. I believe he had had some difficulty in selecting a type for the part. She was an

said I remembering her gingham dresses and country mannerisms.

"A vamp in any other dress is still a vamp," she laughed. "It's the look in the eye that does it. Clothes don't make much difference really."

I ventured to be personal. "Your eyes, perhaps," I said, "but then they are unique."

"So producers tell me," said Barbara, "and they have even advised me to have them insured against injury from the Sunlight arcs. And I have done it, too, for £5,000," she added, ruefully.

"Louise Fazenda once told me," she mused, "that I made her think of women at tombs. I think she was right. Sometimes I seem to get outside of my own sadness and look at it, and I know then what she meant."

Barbara was pausing with a further reflection on life's sadness on the tip of her tongue when the door opened and a tall, red-haired young man entered the room. She turned. "Meet my husband, Jack Dougherty, of Universal Comedies."

All the way home I could not help thinking of that remark of Barbara's "I'm through with men!" I got it all mixed up with that tall, red-haired young husband of hers. They looked happy enough in all conscience. I began to have a strong suspicion that the gentle art of leg-pulling was not unknown to Beautiful Barbara!

Barbara La Marr and the baby boy she has adopted.

Three of the beautiful creations designed for the heroine "Roma's" wear in "The Eternal City."

interesting woman, you will remember."

"And Rex Ingram?" I began, "how did he . . .?"

"It was in a studio cafeteria," replied Barbara. "He was making *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the time, and looking round for an actress to create the part of 'Zarelda' in his next film *Black Orchids*. She was difficult to cast, and Ingram had very definite ideas about her personality, for he was writing the story himself. My walk—

Oh, how often I have blessed that walk! — caught his eye. He promptly came across and spoke to me. I was in luck that day.

He gave me first the part of 'Antoinette de Mauban' in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and promised me, if my work pleased him, that I should be the lucky one chosen to interpret the part of 'Zarelda.' In due course he carried out the contract, as you know. And meanwhile I stayed on at the Metro studios to play the vamp in *Quincey Adam Sawyer*."

"A very unusual vamp,"







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Reading downwards: Three characteristic  
Alice Brady poses and a scene from  
"Anna  
Ascends."

# Bill Brady's Girl

Because Alice is her father's daughter, she just had to be an actress.

She is not one of those stars who reached the top of the tree with one lucky bound. Nor was she "discovered" in any romantic fashion. She got there by sheer hard work. All through her life she has got there in the same way. Hard work, incessant, painstaking labour, has been the keynote of her career.

It seems queer that her father opposed her wish to become an actress. One would have thought that William A. Brady, one of America's most famous theatrical producers, would have insisted on Alice following in father's footsteps. But not at all. Life's like that. Father made up his mind that Alice was not going to be an actress, but a prima donna. And since

Alice had made up her mind that she was going to be an actress the inevitable thing happened. She ran away from the convent and got a job in musical comedy in Boston. Moreover she kept her father's name a dead secret. She was determined to succeed off her own bat or not at all. It wasn't



long before Alice's abilities were recognised. She made her appearance in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and this was quickly followed by the lead in *The Balkan Princess*. It began to look as though in spite of herself, Alice was going to do as father wished!

Then father, as all good fathers should, repented. He was impressed with the amazing versatility Alice displayed, and being a sound commercial man he offered to star her in one of his own productions. Alice promptly had her revenge by accepting his offer, and was soon delighting audiences by her work in *Little Women*.

Tiring of this kind of work she turned her attention to the screen. She tackled the business as she had tackled everything else. She worked hard. She learnt the details of the film business from end to end. And when she emerged at the top it was with flying colours. Her first film was *As Ye Sow*—and in it Alice reaped the reward of all the toilsome hours that had gone to the making of a brilliant star. Amongst the films Alice has made are: *Out of the Chorus*, *The Fear Market*, *Miss Petticoats*, *The Knife*, *The Whirlpool*, *The Death Dance*, *The Better Half*, *Her Great Chance*, *His Bridal Night*, *Sinners* and *Anna Ascends*. And she has never made anything better than *La Boheme* (she played "Mimi.")

Not a bad record for a little person who only measures five feet seven inches! But hard work and beautiful dark hair and eyes can do a lot when they are in combination!







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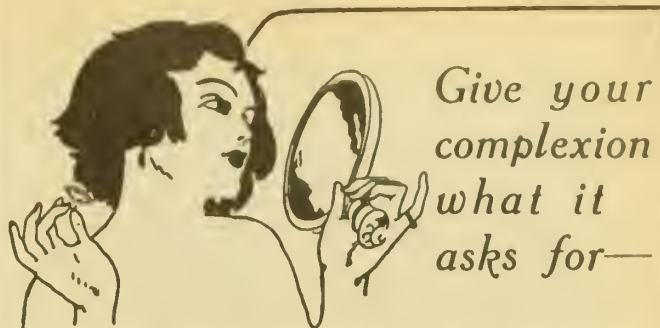
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# My Impressions of London

Told to Elizabeth Loneragan  
No. 1 RICHARD DIX

**R**ichard Dix is a bird of passage these days. From California to England for scenes in the Goldwyn picture, *The Christian*, has been followed by a number of other shorter trips. In fact, New York—five days across the Continent—has seemed almost commuting distance from Los Angeles. His next trip will be to Cuba and he is now going through all sorts of gymnastic exercises so that his physique may be at its best in the new role, which will call for very few clothes!

I met him during a commuting trip. Naturally I was anxious to know how he liked England, and I feel certain that if he HAD NOT liked it, he would have been sincere in his criticisms.

"How did I like England?" he repeated after me. "Well there is only one criticism that I have to make. It is that the working hours were so long and the time so strenuous that none of us had time to make the acquaintances that we wanted to. Toward the end, when things were calming down a bit, we began to thoroughly enjoy ourselves socially and just when we were feeling right at home it was time to sail for home. I made a resolution, and I intend to keep it. The next time I visit England it will be a pleasure trip pure and simple, with no Director to limit my hours."

Richard  
Dix.



Dix playing guide to Mae Busch  
in London, England.

"I enjoyed the brief contact with home life in England," Dix continued. "I had the usual American viewpoint about the English being 'cold' but I think a lot of that comes from ourselves. We become acquainted on such short notice over here, and, very often, the so-called friendship peters out just as quickly. I imagine that the brand of friendship that you have in England is of the lasting variety."

"Let me tell you a little of our work over there with *The Christian*. The fogs were very discouraging to us and it took a lot of optimism to work with our usual spirit at times. I remember the memorable night when we filmed the scene in Trafalgar Square. We waited and waited and finally the scene was ready to be shot. If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the thrill of that scene, the myriads of arc lights, the hundreds of actors who were to take part in the scene and the huge throngs that stood watching—all in the shadow of one of the most famous spots in the world. The spirit of it all entered into the crowd and the scene was watched with a tenseness that had its effect on the actors."

Recently, Dix signed a five-year contract with Famous-Lasky and has appeared in several pictures which will soon be shown abroad. The most notable—and the first to reach England—is *The Ten Commandments*, and his work is sure to please his many English admirers. The unhampered trip abroad is still a matter of "hoping" because unless Famous decides to work in England, he will have to wait for an opportune time for a brief vacation and for a popular picture star—"there ain't any such animal."



Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy in "The Ten Commandments."



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Will ye gang tae the pictures wi' me?  
Will ye gang tae the pictures, Annie Laurie,  
Oor braw Charlie Chaplin tae see?"

"Will I gang tae the pictures wi' you, Sir?  
I dinna ken how that may be,  
For I ken no' the pictures ye speak of,  
Nor ken I the callant Charlie."

"Annie lassie, ye maun ken little  
If sae be ye dinna ken he!  
For he's famed frae New York tae New Zealand,  
Frae Orkney tae Weston-on-Sea."

"She has pit on her coat o' seal coney,  
She has buttoned it up tae her e'e,  
An' she's gangin' wi' me tae the pictures  
Oor braw Charlie Chaplin tae see."

C. J.

#### TO LIONEL BARRYMORE.

A man there is who shines 'midst many stars,  
With greater light;  
Brave, kingly, born to rule o'er lesser men;  
With fascination that defies my pen,  
Eyes that from out a face no weakness mars,  
Flash steely bright!

One who with keen compelling glance can thrill  
The dullest soul.  
Tall, upright, mastery in every line  
Of that strong face, of cruelty not a sign;  
A mind to match, stainless from thoughts of ill,  
One splendid whole.  
Feebly I try to paint thee as thou art,  
Nor ever can!  
Yet even those who love a Grecian face,  
Clustering curls, some young Apollo's grace,

On seeing thee, confess within each heart  
'This is a man.'

Lionel! Of thee is this my song of praise,  
Urging thee on  
To ever greater, dizzier heights of fame,  
May world-wide glory cling about thy name!  
Thine be my changeless heart, now,  
then, always,  
Till time be gone!

AN ADMIRER (Cheshire).

#### MY HERO.

I've seen most well-known film stars,  
Such as Doug, and Lila Lee,  
But, although they're quite good-looking,  
Still they hold no charm for me.  
As I watch them all I'm thinking,  
Of a hero, six foot two,  
My "ideal man's" own image—  
And his name is Monte Bluc.  
When I was young and silly,  
In the foolishness of youth,  
I vowed all men were worthless—  
And I thought it was the truth.  
But now I sit at twilight,  
While the evening shadows lower,  
And I gaze at Monte's features  
On a page of *Picturegoer*.

ELSIE (Northwood).

#### TO RENEE.

There is a little lady  
With blue-black raven hair,  
With long-fringed eyes of violet  
And face divinely fair.  
She's slender, small and dainty,  
With all a fairy's grace—  
She looks as sweet in wild west togs,  
As rarest silk and lace.  
She's quite the loveliest film star  
It's been my luck to see,  
Renée Adorée is her name—  
"Adored" she is by me!

ADRIAN (London).

#### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

#### Not like Other Men.

In *The Blue Lagoon*, "Dick" and "Emmeline" are wrecked on a desert island when children. They grow up there together, and "Dick's" hair, which is neatly brushed and combed, has not grown at all, nor is there a vestige of hair upon his face. Did he discover a "razor and scissors" tree on the island with the usual breadfruit tree and other little household comforts, invariably found in all the well conducted "shipwreck" stories?

P. Q. (Bristol).

#### Same Old Trick.

In *Fool's Paradise*, Dorothy Dalton tears a picture of the dancer "Rosa Duchene" off the wall, screws it up, and gives it to Conrad Nagel to throw away. Later it is seen hanging on the wall again, undamaged and in exactly the same position.

J. T. (Nottingham).

#### The Answer's a Lemon.

In *Out To Win*, Clive Brook's "double" is kept for three weeks in strict confinement, without food or water. He then emerges with his face cleanly shaved, and after one glass of champagne has recovered enough to put in some strenuous work. How does he do it?

M. D. (Acton Hill).

#### The Flowers that Bloom on the Screen, Tra-la!

In the film *Adam's Rib*, "Marion Ramsay" goes to the house of "M. Jaronier" and her daughter finds out and follows. The "President of Morania" arrives with "Marion's" husband on important business. "Marion" hides behind some curtains and her daughter goes into another room, but she leaves a tell-tale bunch of flowers on the floor. Her husband recognises them and crushes them in his hand. He drops them when his daughter appears and tells him they are hers. When she picks them up they are quite whole and uncrushed.

M. K. (Folkestone).

#### The Long and the Short of It.

The heroine in *To Have and To Hold* is seen in bed with her hair in two long plaits. In the preceding scenes her hair was quite short.

E. F. A. (Burton-on-Trent).

#### According to the Author's Lights!

In *The Lights of London*, the Oxford crew is seen winning the boatrace. Why is this so? In that year, which, according to the date of "Sir Oliver Armitage's" will, was 1922, Cambridge won.

A. R. A. (Rotherhithe).



# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH

Lillian Gish

The testimonial dinner given to Thomas Alva Edison at the Ritz-Carlton, New York, was a most representative gathering, for everybody wanted to do honour to the dean of the motion picture industry. Edison, who recently celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, smilingly sat through two hours of speechmaking, of which he heard not one word (he is quite deaf), and then a message from him was read. Telegrams and letters galore kept arriving, and some very early movie efforts were shown, much to everybody's amusement. Mary and Doug were amongst the speakers. They, however, left New York for a trip abroad, and will be in England shortly.

Alice Joyce and Marjorie Daw will be in London by this time working on a new Graham Cutts production.

Though everybody wasn't in Court dress—(Louis XV style)—white wig, and many diamonds, like the host, Rudolph Valentino, that worthy's reception held on the "set" to celebrate his return to Paramount studios was a great success. All the principals were on duty, wearing their beautiful *Monsieur Beaucaire* costumes, and many other Paramount stars joined the crowd when they could. Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson and Helen Chadwick, who play opposite Rudy were resplendent in beautiful brocaded dresses, whilst Flora Finch, who plays a Court Lady caused a great deal of amusement by her unexpectedly

droll comments and gestures. Lois Wilson went to Miami the next day, to star in *Another Scandal*, in the role played by Constance Talmadge in *Scandal*.

Ernest Torrence certainly deserves his stardom. He is to play the hero in *The Mountebank*, from W. J. Locke's novel, with Anna Q. Nilsson as "Lady Auriol." Herbert Brenon is to direct the film, at Paramount's Long Island studio.

A new Cecil B. De Mille "find," Victor Varconi, who appears in De Mille's *Triumph*, is said to resemble Sessue Hayakawa very much in his methods. He is a Hungarian, and has much the same slow, quiet methods of making his points. Varconi declares that extreme physical movements are unnecessary, really, and that he himself acts only with his eyes and the corners of his mouth. We should rather like to hear Varconi and Douglas Fairbanks argue it out.

Mary Philbin is back at Universal Studios again, starring in *My Mamie Rose*.

Rex Beach has written the story to be used for Rudolph Valentino's second Paramount feature. It has a Spanish setting, and the author confesses that he had Valentino in mind when he wrote it.

During the past couple of months, Gloria Swanson has been reported dead so often that the Lasky Studios are thinking of having some printed denials made to spare their typists. No one knows the persevering originator, but the latest story was to the effect that the star's double was working to finish Gloria's pictures. Well, Gloria Swanson declares she never felt more alive than she does at present and she doesn't have a double. So that's that.

The large party of Indians who appeared in connection with *The Covered Wagon* were given a joyous welcome home in New York, where the film celebrated one year's consecutive run almost the time of their arrival.

Nelly Bly Baker, whose clever work as the masseuse in *A Woman of Paris* has been so universally praised is a secretary in the Chaplin studios. This was her first screen role, and after the film was finished, she went back to her typewriter again. But not for long, because another studio offered her a similar role. She played it, for it wasn't a very long job and returned to her secretarial duties once more. She was given a part in Chaplin's new Western comedy, that of a dance hall girl, but she hasn't given up her post as secretary yet and says she doesn't mean to. Shows that she's a level-headed young lady, doesn't it?





## Beauty— and Destiny!

"Everybody's opinion of everybody else is, at the beginning, largely formed from a subconscious impression created by the face."

(JOHN BLUNT on "Faces," *Daily Mail*, Feb., 1924.)

**T**HE truth of this apt phrase is realised more or less fully by every woman who pays even that smallest tribute to comeliness, and—powders her nose! She may powder it partly for her own comfort and satisfaction, but chiefly because of the unpleasant impression a shiny or reddened nose leaves with the beholder!

As with the *nez rouge* so with other beauty defects; the consciousness of them, acting psychologically, destroys poise, affects the expression of the face, and must adversely colour the opinion being formed by others.

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Little Farina the acknowledged "belle" of "Our Gang" comedies with his director.

**E**rnst Lubitsch once remarked that he had had enough of costume pictures and meant to make only modern stories for the future. Then he made *The Marriage Critic*, a clever matrimonial farce, but now he has evidently changed his mind about costume stuff. For he is to film an elaborate version of *Manon Lescant*, a favourite story, which he has often said he would like to direct.

**C**ongratulations to Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton, who have now another son. They have christened him Buster Junior.

**J**ackie Coogan is the exultant possessor of an autographed pair of boxing gloves, his own size, which were given to him by Benny Leonard, the World's lightweight champion. Jackie, whose full name, by the way is John Leslie Coogan, insisted upon exchanging a few blows with "Bennah" as the champion is called, and was shown quite a few boxing hints he'd never thought of before. Coogan Senior, and Leonard are good friends and of course Jackie is a keen Leonard fan.

**W**illiam Farnum has tired of resting and has signed on with Paramount. Yes, he'll do one Western story, surely.

**T**ragedy took an unexpected part in the proceedings whilst arena scenes for *Quo Vadis* were being filmed. Sixteen lions enclosed in 12 foot cages were to be set free in an arena filled with dummy victims, and photographed as they were set free. First of all real artists were screened in the arena, and so realistically did they portray terror, that their cries maddened the lions and they all got out of hand. One lioness leaped the 12-foot bars, and came through the open top, landing upon a group of players, one of whom was

killed before she could be shot. It is said that one cameraman, unaware that anything was wrong, went on turning and "took" the whole terrible scene. There is an official enquiry pending, for the open-top cages are illegal.

**S**tar worshippers who like to have postcard portraits of their favourites (and few there are who do not) will find a visit to Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, very much to their advantage. Every variety of card can be found there, photographs plain, coloured, signed and unsigned of every popular favourite from Gladys Cooper to Eric Von Stroheim. The latest series are real photographs in glossy sepia and cost threepence each, or two and six per dozen, post free. There are sixty different ones for you to choose from, and in case you cannot call, a postcard will bring a complete list from which you can order.

**H**elen D'Algy, the prima donna who made such a success in her first film, Vitagraph's *Let Not Man Put Asunder*, is staying in pictures. She is one of the cast of *The Fool*, which is adapted from a stage play in which James Kirkwood made a great success.

**P**icturegoers will be able to compare the works of Hall Caine as screened by Victor Seastrom and George Fitzmaurice this month. *The Eternal City* was written many years before "The Master of Man" (*Name the Man*); both are essentially Hall Caine-y. But whereas in *The Eternal City*, the story has been altered and modernised, and the characters changed and rather subordinated to spectacular displays, in *The Master of Man*, the director has got everything possible out of his players, centralising the interest upon them, rather than upon their surroundings, and in spite of a "Driven From



Home" type of story, has made a picture which will probably be popular. But admirers of Seastrom's Swedish productions will have lots to talk about after seeing *Name the Man*.

After nearly two years spent in production, the first of two German super-screenplays has been shown in Berlin. This is *Siegfried*, produced by Fritz Lang, and is a beautifully done version of the Niblung story, upon which Wagner based "The Ring." The legend is universally known, and the screen play has drawn upon incidents from several different versions of the story of Siegfried, son of Siegmund, and embodied the most interesting in one. It is a ten-reeler, fantastic, yet thrilling, and every exterior was made to order, primeval forests and castles being put up in an open-air studio.

Barbara La Marr's new picture is *The White Moth*, and she has Charles De Roche and Conway Tearie as her leading men. It is an eternal triangle tale.

Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco are married. And the fair Corinne declares she is only going to make three more pictures, then retire into domesticity for good.

Tom Meighan is going West—but only in a movie. He is to be the hero in a picturisation of *The Alaskan*, by James Oliver Curwood. A change certainly, from Tom's usual stories, he has not been seen in a Great North West yarn since his stardom.

When *Comin' Thro the Rye* goes to America, Alma Taylor goes with it, to appear in the prologue, which will be presented exactly as it was done this side.

Lionel Barrymore, one of the screen's old timers, is now so busy he doesn't have time to breathe. He was in several spectaculars, and is starring now in *Meddling Wives*. Lionel is a free lance. There are several like him, though, so far as work is concerned. Wallace Beery is one, Barbara La Marr, and Marguerite de La Motte others, likewise Louise Fazenda.

It was bound to come, and all Pola Negri fans will rejoice to hear that Pola and Ernst Lubitsch, her original director are to work together again next June.

What do you do with your spare time? In these days of Correspondence Courses a practical and delightful method of utilizing odd hours and half-hours is to take a course of Art Designing. Art work is profitable as well as fascinating, and any reader who can draw should send a small specimen of work (original or copied) with stamp for return to C. E. Dawson's Practical Correspondence College, Ltd., 57, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. A free criticism will be at once posted to you, also particulars of the easy spare-time system of art training at home.

There is nothing in the world so soothing to the skin at the end of a day out in the open as a good face cream. Eastern Foam Vanishing Cream has a singularly refreshing effect, and should be used regularly, then its excellent effects will be quickly realised. It's delicate fragrance and cool softness are ideal for dry or shiny skin, and it soon makes redness, and roughness a thing of the past. Dainty aluminium pocket-size boxes are being distributed free this month. Write to Dept. J. D. B., The British Drug Houses, Ltd., 16-30 Graham Street, London, N.1.

At a dance



### The impression she made

A sweet complexion—quite a pretty girl in fact, but there was something awfully fascinating about her he couldn't place. Yes, perhaps it was the perfume she used—yet so perplexingly mixed up with her other charms that . . . He gave it up.

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A general view of the studios where Reginald Baker is at work on "Flaming Passion."

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*Contrasting Coiffures:  
the elaborate headgear of Josephine Paine in "The Ten Commandments,"  
and Julia Faye's 1924 bob.*

Once upon a time there lived (despite every effort of the serial villains), a pretty serial heroine called Pearl White. For reasons best known to herself, this fearless little lady elected to cover her own titian tresses with a faultlessly waved and dressed fair wig, which became her exceedingly well. But, somehow or other, the matter leaked out, and very soon the public heard about it, and straightaway divided itself into two huge sections, those who believed Pearl White wore a wig and those who didn't. Persevering unbelievers covered reams of notepaper with anguished enquiries and patient Answers-men impatiently and impenitently told the truth about it, until at last the query died a natural death, and the movie world breathed freely again.

It was a small thing to cause such a lot of ink to flow, but it shows how closely film fans, especially those of the feminine persuasion, study their favourites, literally from the crown of their heads to the tips of their toes. Because Viola Dana bobbed her hair many thousands of maids and matrons of all ages and all climes bobbed theirs in imitation until the fashion became well nigh universal.

Irene Castle's hair was the first to go, but Irene was not on the screen, and argue how you will, screenstars have a wider public than stage stars, even dancers as famous as Irene. To bob or not to bob is now not so much a matter of physiognomy as of inclination, for there are so many different varieties of this youthful-looking coiffure that it can be adapted to suit any and every cast of feature.

For the serious looking beauty there is the perfectly straight, "banged" effect, with the "Trilby" fringe. If you want to study the effect, call to mind Dorothy Dalton in *Moran of the*

*Lady Letty*. Another kind of "bob" is the Gloria Swanson variety, with its large, natural-looking Marcel waves and close, tidy ends following the shape of the head. Time was when Gloria's pretty red-brown hair was always dressed a different way, for every fresh picture. That was when she was a De Mille heroine, and one startling coiffure after another was evolved in the clever brain of "Hattie," the dusky creator of so many startling effects in coils, curls and twists, and "tried out" upon Gloria's head.

But it is no longer true that wigs show exactly what they are on the screen. Although it is not possible for a movie heroine to be dragged along by the hair if she's wearing a wig, it is possible for her to look as though she still possessed long and flowing locks. But she cannot let her hair fall down and then coil it up again, as Clara Kimball Young used to be so fond of doing in her early films unless it is her own hair. Otherwise there might be comical and unexpected misadventures.

At one time there was talk of hobbled hair being a bad thing for the hair-dressers. This is not the case at all, for, saving those fortunate possessors of curling locks, the owners of bobbed hair pay more visits to the brethren (and sisterhood) of the Shampoo, Singe and Wave than their long-haired sisters. Short hair needs constant attention, if it is to look just right; it needs the regular use of good hair lotions and tonics, besides periodical clipping, curling and waving.

One of the last to succumb to the craze was Pauline Frederick, the famous emotional artiste, and there was quite a gasp of astonishment when the opening reels of *Let Not Man Put Asunder* showed a new Pauline sans the classic knot of dark hair on her

shapely neck, but *plus* a very charming effect which emphasises the classic lines of her head and face. As she herself remarked on the subject, "For many years if an actress had to portray emotion, she had to let her hair fall down first. Then the villain could grab it, and hold her by it whilst he hissed horrible things in her ear. Also it was handy for husbands who wanted to drag their wives about alive or dead without fear of tearing their garments off in the process. Now I am out to prove that I can 'emote' just as surely without tearing my hair (I'd only make it untidy), besides the modern woman simply *will not* allow anyone to pull her along by the hair even for Art's sake."

Lois Wilson stands as a shining example of the "Never-bob-your-hair" maxim. For Lois used her knee-length tresses as a ladder to climb over the high portals of studio land. She was the only one of a bunch of would-be screen-players who had hair long enough to be twisted thrice round the villain's hands. Also she was the only one who would permit herself to be dragged into a room by her hair. So we can safely aver that Lois will never part with her smooth brown locks.

Shingling has its devotees both sides of the Atlantic, and though it suits a pert, boyish type of beauty best, it, too, can be adapted. It has, like any other fashion, its disadvantages as well as its advantages, one of which is a tendency to catch cold. The "shingling" effect partially exposes a very sensitive part of the scalp and sneezing is the order of the day in many cases. But the head soon grows "hardened," and fair

*Madge Bellamy always shampoos her own hair (with mother's assistance).*







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Pauline  
Frederick's bob is very becoming.

ladies are ready to suffer worse things than a cold to follow the latest fashion.

This year is certain to see a determined attempt to revive interest in artificial locks, for coils, curls, and plaits are to be seen in some of the advance styles. Of course, for elderly and old ladies, these things are inevitable and indispensable, but although a beautifully dressed head looks entirely charming at the opera or theatre, it is apt to be an absolute nuisance in the daytime.

The open-air girl who has grown accustomed to being quite unworried as to whether her hair is tidy or not (she's usually bobbed), will never go back to hairpins again. The most she will concede is a hair net, and on this subject, too, there is a wide divergence of opinion. Many girls object to nets, on account of the necessity of giving careful attention to the way in which they are put on. This is, however, more than repaid by the assurance that one's hair will keep in place no matter how far or how fast the motor-bike goes, or which way the wind is blowing. It is essential, of course, to have the net exactly the colour of your hair, and to study the effect from all points of view once it is in place, for nothing should be visible if the net be properly arranged. And for the girl who has decided to let her hair grow again, nets are a real blessing.

Anna Q. Nilsson looks like setting another new fashion. She had her hair cropped short like a boy's for *Poujola*. She has since allowed them to grow just as they would, and the result is a mass of curls about her head in disorderly but charming profusion.

Barbara La Marr is a star who gives the impression of having long hair, so is Nita Naldi. But both stars are bobbed. Barbara has very curly brown hair, Nita's is straight, but the coils and plaits that suit her olive beauty so well, are Art's aid to nature, just like

the heavily-waved, parted-in-the-centre "trans" that is always atop of Barbara's charming head on the screen.

Most screen stars indulge in a permanent wave, because they are never quite sure what they will be called upon to do next. It isn't always possible to cut out watery sequences because the heroine's marcel doesn't like the wet. There is a new oil process which is spoken very highly of by many leading artists. And the latest thing in hair-dressing at the moment is the halo effect, which, though smooth over the crown has short curled ends brushed straight up, exactly like a halo, and more than a little like Mac Murray's aureole of flaxen tresses. It suits a youthful, piquante type excellently.

But any and every star from Mary Pickford down to Baby Peggy will tell you that beautiful hair needs constant attention if you would keep it beautiful. With the stars, either their maid, or a visiting hairdresser shampoos and waves their crowning glories. Everybody cannot imitate them exactly, but regular visits to a first-class hairdressers are every whit as effective. And one of the best in London is Aldworth's, whose delightful salons adjoin Bond Street Tube Station, and are famous everywhere as experts in waving the hair.

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Gloria Swanson's  
bizarre coiffures.





The celebrated picture "Harmony,"  
by Gustave Courtois.  
One of a beautiful series

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Tom Mix in "North of the Yukon."

**The Age of Desire** (Ass. First National; April 28).

Rather an artificial theme redeemed by Frank Borzage's direction and excellent acting by Wm. Collier, Jr., Mary Philbin, Myrtle Stedman, Josef Swickard, Frank Truesdale and Frankie Lee.

**Anna Ascends** (Realart-Gaumont; April 4).

Alice Brady in a screen version of her stage success. A crook story about a Syrian girl immigrant in New York. Supporting Alice are Nita Naldi, Robert Ellis, David Powell, Charles Gerrard, Edward Durand, Florence Dixon, Grace Griswold, and Frederick Burton.

**Anna Christie** (Ass. First National; April 7).

Blanche Sweet, George Marion, William Russell and Eugenie Besserer in a very faithful screen-version of O'Neill's dramatic stage-success. Strong drama, not for the kiddies.

**The Better Man** (Pioneer; April 7).

Snowy Baker, the Australian athlete in a stunt story of his native land which is a refreshing change from the usual Westerner. Good entertainment.

**Black Oxen** (Ass. First National; April 21).

Deals with rejuvenation. An elaborate society story capably played by Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Clara Bow, Kate Lester, Lincoln Stedman, Claire McDowell, Alan Hale, Clarissa Selwyn, Otto Lederer, Eric Mayne and Carmelita Geraghty. Unusually interesting.

**The Brass Bottle** (Ass. First National April 14).

A very lavish version of the popular Anstey fantasy about a young architect's adventures with a Djinn. The excellent cast includes Harry Myers, Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall, Ford Sterling, Barbara La Marr, Charlotte Merriam and Clarissa Selwyn. Fantastic fare.

**Burning Words** (European; April 14).

Roy Stewart in a rugged North-West-Mounted-Police tale of the Canadian borderland. In the cast are Laura La Plante, Harold Goodwin, Noble Johnson, Eve Sothorn, Harry Carter, George McDaniels, William Welsh and Harry Fisher. Excellent romantic drama.

**The Cheat** (Paramount; April 7).

Pola Negri amid ultra-lavish backgrounds in a new version; the melodrama which "made" Sessue Hayakawa and Fanny Ward on the screen. Jack Holt, Charles De Roche, Dorothy Cummings, Robert Schable and Charles Stevenson support. Good entertainment.

**Crossed Wires** (European; April 7).

Excellent and well worked out comedy about a little telephone-girl's social aspirations. George Stewart opposite, also Tom Guise, Lillian Langdon, Kate Price, Marie Crisp, Eloise Nesbit, and Eddie Gribbon. King Baggot wrote and directed this.

**The Darling of New York** (European; April 14).

Baby Peggy being chased throughout a novel, though rather draggy underworld melodrama. The cast includes Dorothy Hagan, Junior Coughlin, Carl Stockdale, Gladys Brockwell, Sheldon Lewis, Max Davidson, William Turner, Spec O'Donnell, Emma Steele, Frank Currier. Baby Peggy fans will love it.

**A Daughter of Luxury** (Paramount; April 24).

Agnes Ayres in an adaptation of "The Impostor." First class comedy about two rich girls, one of whom impersonates the other. Agnes Ayres stars, with Zasu Pitts, Tom Gallery, Howard Ralston, Edward Martindell, Clarence Burton, Sylvia Ashton, Robert Schable, and Bernice Frank in support. Attractive light entertainment.

**Desert Driven** (Wardour; April 28).

Just another Westerner, that's all. Harry Carey acts as well as usual as the wrongfully imprisoned hero, and Marguerite Clayton, Chas. Le Moyne, Camille Johnson, Tom Lingham, George Wagner support.

**Destiny** (Phillips; April 14).

One of the month's best. A screen allegory of love and death and Fate, beautifully done, starring Bernhard Goetzke.

**Does It Pay** (Fox; April 14).

Hope Hampton in a mystery drama about a very unscrupulous young woman. Beautifully produced and dressed. In support appear Robert Haines, Florence Short, Peggy Shaw. Mary Thurman,



Claude Brook, Pierre Gendron and Roland Bottomley. Good social drama.

**Desire** (Jury's; April 14).

Marguerite de la Motte in a society story in which a girl elopes with her chauffeur. Estelle Taylor, John Bowers, David Butler, Walter Long, Ralph Lewis, Chester Conklin, Lucille Hutton, and Vera Lewis. A costume show for the ladies.

**Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande** (European; April 21).

Jack Hoxie as a cowboy whose habit of impersonating the Cervantes hero causes trouble on his ranch. Emmett King, Elinor Field, Fred Jones, William A. Steele, and Bob McKenzie support. Typical Western fare.

**The Drivin' Fool** (Rose; April 28).

Comedy drama about an irresponsible youth who is a speed fiend. Plenty of thrills and a motor chase from 'Frisco to New York. Played by Patsy Ruth Miller, Wilton Taylor, Alec. B. Francis, Wally Van, Ramsay Wallace and Wilfred North.

**The Eternal City** (Ass. First National, April 28).

A Hall Caine story brought up to date. George Fitzmaurice, Lionel Barrymore, Barbara La Marr, Montagu Love and Richard Burnett. Beautiful Italian backgrounds, many Fascisti scenes, and some effective drama. Good entertainment.

**The Exiles** (Fox; April 7).

John Gilbert in a powerful story of a barrister who unjustly sends a girl into exile, and then follows and restores her to her rightful place again. Betty Bouton opposite. Also Fred Warren, Margaret Fielding, John Webb Dillon, and Thomas R. Mills.

**The Fox** (Jury; April 7).

A story of love's victory over circumstance; the fog being a metaphorical one. The fine cast includes Cullen Landis, Mildred Harris, Louise Fazenda, Marjorie Prevost, Louise Dresser, Ann May, Ethel Wales, David Butler, and Frank Carrier. Good entertainment.

**The Footlight Ranger** (Fox; April 28).

Buck Jones in a stage story which, however, gives him fully the usual number of stunts. Fritz Brunette, Eugene Pal-

lette, Otto Hoffman, Henry Barrows, and Lillian Langdon also appear. Good entertainment.

**A Great Turf Mystery** (Butchers; April 21).

Violet Hopson, Warwick Ward, James Knight, Arthur Walcott and Marjorie Benson in a racing drama containing all the familiar and popular ingredients. Good entertainment.

**The Gold Diggers** (F. B. O.; April 28).

Meaning young ladies of the chorus who want something for nothing. Elaborately produced stage and society stuff starring Hope Hampton and Wyndham Standing, with Stephen Lee, Mabel Munroe, Louise Fazenda, Alec Francis. Johnny Harron, Anne Cornwall and Louise Beaudet in support.

**The Green Goddess** (Goldwyn; April 28).

George Arliss in a good screen version of the St. James' Theatre melodramatic success. David Powell, Harry Morey, Alice Joyce, Jetta Goudal, Ivan Simpson, and William Worthington support.

**Henry, King of Navarre** (Stoll; April 21).

Spectacular romance kinematised from the Dumas stories, starring Matheson Lang, supported by Henry Victor, Gladys Jennings, Agar Lyons, Edward O'Neill, Harry Wright, Stella St. Audrie and a long cast. Good entertainment.

**Her Accidental Husband** (Western Import; April 28).

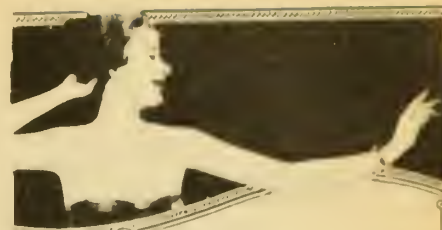
Miriam Cooper in a sea and society drama. Forrest Stanley opposite, also Mitchell Lewis, Kate Lester, Maude Wayne, and Richard Tucker.

**Homeward Bound** (Paramount; April 21).

A sea story with Tom Meighan as a brave young skipper who weathers a world of dangers. Lila Lee, Charles Abbe, William T. Carleton, Hugh Cameron, Gue Weenberg, Maud T. Gordon and Cyril Ring complete the cast. Good entertainment.

**Hush Money** (Gaumont; April 28).

Alice Brady in a dramatic story of the power, and the limitations of wealth. George Fawcett, Laurence Wheat, Harry  
(Continued on page 60).



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Benham, and Jerry Devine support. Fair entertainment.

**If I Were Queen** (Wardour; April 7).

Ethel Clayton in the romance of an American girl who pretended to be a princess and later became one in reality. Warner Baxter, Andrée Lejon, Victory Bateman, Murdock McQuarrie, Genievieve Blinn support the star. Good romantic fare.

**The Law of the Lawless** (Paramount; April 14).

A colourful tale of a gypsy who bought a wife by auction, and spent six reels in taming her. Dorothy Dalton stars, aided by Theodore Kosloff, Charles De Roche, Tully Marshall, Margaret Loomis, and Fred Huntley.

**The Leavenworth Case** (Vitaphy; April 21).

Leena Owen, Martha Mansfield and Wilfred Lytell in a mystery story of crime, crooks, and cops. Good entertainment.

**Let Not Man Put Asunder** (Vitaphy; April 21).

Eight reels of divorce and reunion with a fine cast comprising Pauline Frederick, Lou Tellegen, Maurice Costello, Helen D'Algy, Leslie Austen, Gladys Frazin and Viola de Barros. Lavishly staged society drama.

**Lovebound** (Fox; April 3).

Shirley Mason, a misunderstanding, and some pretty dream scenes in a typical Shirley Mason movie. In the cast are also Albert Roscoe, Richard Tucker, Joseph Girard, Edward Martindale, and Fred Kelsey.

**The Man from Brodneys** (Vitaphy; April 28).

Warren Kerrigan and Alice Calhoun in an exciting adventure romance. Wanda Hawley, Miss Du Pont, and Pat O'Malley.

**Man's Size** (Fox; April 14).

William Russell in a North-West yarn without a single Mounted Policeman. Out of doors melodrama with a good climax. The cast includes Alma Bennett, Stanton Heck, Chas. K. French, James Gordon and Carl Stockdale.

**The Man Without Desire** (Novello-Atlas; April 7).

Ivor Novello in a fantastic, but novel ancient and modern romance. Nina Vanna opposite, also Sergio Mari, Chris Walker and Dorothy Warren. Excellent entertainment.

**The Marriage Market** (Phillips; April 7).

An improbable, but well-told tale of a schoolgirl's escapade which involved her in a romance. The stars are Pauline Garon, Jack Mulhall, and Alice Lake. Harmless entertainment.

**The Net** (Fox; April 14).

Rapid-action melodrama, quite well directed and lavishly produced. Cast includes Barbara Castleton, Albert Roscoe, Raymond Bloomer, Wm. Tooker, Helen Tracy, Elijah Nadel and Claire de Lorez.

**North of the Yukon** (April 24).

Tom Mix in a frozen North thriller, performing as many daring feats as ever, though not on horseback this time. Kathleen Key opposite, also Frank Campeau, William Walling, Eugene Pallette, and Jennie Lee. Good thrilling fare.

**The Pride of Palomar** (Paramount; April 28).

Sincere romantic drama about a struggle between a Japanese and an American for a Californian rand. Excellent direction by Frank Borzage and adequate acting by Forrest Stanley, Marjorie Daw, Joseph Dowling, Warner Oland, Jessie Hebbard, and Alfred Allen.

**The Prince and the Pauper** (Pathé; April 14).

A very fair kinematisation of Mark Twain's charming story, featuring Tibor Lubin in the two principal roles. Clever double photography and some artistic pageant and crowd effects.

**Railroaded** (European; April 28).

Herbert Rawlinson as the crook son of a famous judge in a story of vengeance which never materialises. Esther Ralston, David Torrence, Alfred Fisher, Lionel Belmore, Mike Donlin and Herbert Foster support. Fair entertainment.

**The Royal Oak** (Stoll; April 7).

Costume melodrama starring Betty Compson, Clive Brook, Henry Victor, Henry Ainley and Peter Dear. A Maurice Elvey production. Good sentimental fare.

**Sinner or Saint** (Vitaphy; April 7).

A society story in which Betty Blythe and her dresses are the main attractions. William P. Carleton opposite, also Fuller



Agnes Ayres in "A Daughter of Luxury."





Betty Barton and John Gilbert in  
"The Exiles."

Mellish, Richard Neill, Gipsy O'Brien, William Tooker and Horace Braham.

**The Speed Girl** (Gaumont; April 14).

Fair farce-comedy about a girl speed-maniac who is brought to her senses by a love affair. Walter Hiers, Truly Shattuck, Theodore Von Eltz, Frank Elliott, and William Courtright support.

**The Snowshoe Trail** (Wardour; April 21).

Jane Novak and Roy Stewart in a fine melodrama of the snowy wilds with a big fight climax. Lloyd Whitlock, Herbert Prior, Kate Toncray, Spottiswoode Aitken and Chai Hung support.

**The Temple of Venus** (Fox; April 31).

A spectacular undress entertainment ranging from society to mythology, and natural history. Mary Philbin, David Butler, Phyllis Haver and William Boyd head a long cast.

**To Whom It May Concern** (Jury; April 21).

Viola Dana in an original and thrilling murder mystery story, with Malcolm McGregor opposite and Edna Flugrath, Huntly Gordon, Cyril Chadwick, William Humphrey, and John Sainpolis in support.

**Under Suspicion** (Pathé; April 28).

A screen adaptation of a novel "Sarati the Terrible," starring Henri Vaudin, Andre Feramus and Ginette Maddie. Excellent Algerian settings and good production and atmosphere.

**West Bound Limited** (Wardour; April 14).

Railway melodrama which will please unsophisticated fans. Excellent acting by Ralph Lewis, Claire McDowell, Ella Hall, Johnny Harron, Taylor Graves, Wedgwood Nowell and Jane Morgan.

**What Happened Next Door** (Western Import; April 14).

Rather sentimental social drama of contrast convincingly played by Claire Windsor, Marie Walcamp, Louis Calhoun, Philip Hubbard, and Margaret McWade.

**The White Flower** (Paramount; April 7).

Betty Compson and some charming South Sea scenery in a Hawaiian romance. Support includes Edmund Lowe, Edward Martindel, Arline Pretty, Sylvia Ashton, Leon Barry, Lily Phillips, and many natives. Good entertainment.



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# The Film Fan's Corner

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## THE GREEN GODDESS

(Continued from page 34).

"Ah, my friend," he said gently. "My poor, misguided friend..."

As the major tottered to the floor the Raja stepped across to the wireless apparatus and took up the message.

"Really," he said. "And did you succeed in getting it through?"

"No, you devil!" cried the major. "But..."

He sank down and said no more. Within a moment he was dead.

The Raja turned to Traherne and Lucilla.

"My High Priest has spoken," he said. "The Green Goddess has been consulted and has given you to the masses. At sundown you are to die—not simply, but with torture. Personally, of course, I regret the course, but what am I before the gods. The lady, I need scarcely add, may save herself yet. My throne is waiting. If she will consent..."

"Never!" cried Lucilla.

"I wonder," said His Majesty as he walked away.

At sundown a wonderful ceremony commenced in the great hall of the temple. Before the great stone image of the Green Goddess a hundred priests passed in procession. An armed guard kept the gates down the hall, behind which an infuriated mob was calling. In the centre of the floor before the sacrifice stone stood Lucilla and Doctor Traherne. The Raja, attired in golden robes, occupied a little throne before them.

"I am," he explained politely, "no longer a king but the priest of sacrifice. Ridiculous, isn't it?" he added with a smile.

Incense was burning. Strange lights shot across the hall dazzling the eyes of the waiting victims. The cries of the mob increased in volume and in violence. The walking priests began to chant.

"You are still decided?" the Raja demanded of Lucilla.

She looked at Traherne.

"Lucilla," said the doctor. "I believe this to be our last moment on earth, and I want to tell you now that I have always loved you. It can do us no harm and no good, but I want you to know. I have always loved you."

"Oh, Basil," cried the agonised woman. "I have always known. And—and I love you. With all my heart." Suddenly she broke from his embrace and cast herself at the Raja's feet.

"Spare him!" she cried. "Give him his life and I will consent. I—I will be..."

The Raja stooped and took her hand.

"You mean this?"

"I do! I do! Spare his life and I will be yours. Oh, I mean it! I mean it!"

"The Goddess has seen fit," he announced, "to pardon her victims. The sentence will not take effect. Instead

you shall have a new white queen to rule you by my side. Her—"

He turned and looked down on her. In turning his hand touched the jewelled scabbard of the dagger that was part of his wonderful uniform. He started and looked at it. It was empty. One glance at the prostrate woman showed what had become of the dagger. It was in her hand. A wave of passion swept over him.

"So!" he cried, "You would seek death rather than be my Queen!" He swept round and addressed the baulked mob again as they clamoured at the gates. "No!" he said, "the Goddess has changed her mind. Her victims are yours. She gives them to you to do with them as you will."

A mighty roar swept the place. The guards fell back and the mob flung back the gates and poured in. Lucilla swooned and Traherne mounting guard over her body, futilely put up his fists. A minute more and all...

Crash!

The rush was stilled. Everybody looked at everybody else.

Crash! Crash! Boo—oom!"

Suddenly Traherne raised a mighty cheer.

"The planes!" he cried. "Crespin—got through after all!"

Out in the streets temples and bazaars were falling in dust. In the sky aeroplanes seemed thick as flies. The populace raced for the open to see the sight and immediately raced for cover again. As by a miracle the foremost of the aeroplanes contrived to descend in an open, empty square, and in another moment an officer in the unfamiliar blue of the Royal Air Force was striding into the Palace. The Raja looked on his advent with cool amusement.

"Good old major," he said appreciatively. "He lied like a gentleman." And to the officer; "I take it then, that the game is up?"

"Unless the captives are immediately released," responded the officer, "the machines still above have orders to blow the whole of this city to eternity. There are still five minutes."

The Raja nodded and turned to Lucilla.

"Our little party," he observed, "appears to have been broken up somewhat rudely. I am afraid, my dear Mrs. Crespin, that we must part. I must thank you for the entertainment you have afforded me, and I wish you good-bye. Oh, and—er—love to the children!"

Traherne took her arm and guided her away. After a moment the officer followed. The Raja stood at the door of his palace and watched them depart. Languidly he screwed a monocle into his eye and peered after them. Then his features creased in a gentle smile.

"After all," he decided, "she'd probably have been a confounded nuisance."



## SISTERS TO ASSIST 'EM

(Continued from page 21.)

proving to cynics that there is at least one pair of sisters in the world who can work in complete unison as director and directed when the elder Gish girl wielded the megaphone over her sister for the making of the Paramount film, *Remodelling Her Husband*.

When the "World's Sweetheart" played her famous boy rôle, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, it was brother Jack who sat in the directorial chair, and the collaboration proved successful enough to disconcert the most captious cynic. Mary recently levelled things up by writing the scenario for Jack's next histrionic effort for the silver sheet. The co-operation of the illustrious Pickford family does not end there either, for sister Lottie is to be in the cast with Jack; while her small daughter, Mary Pickford Rupp, whom Aunt Mary has adopted, has appeared in several films with other members of her family.

Jane and Eva Novak have just finished playing leads together at the Metro Studios in *The Man Life Passed By*. "It has been perfectly jolly working in the same film," declare the popular blonde sisters. Like the Gishes, and other screen sisters, they are devoted to each other and boast that they never quarrel. "We respect each other's opinions and ideas too much," says Jane, "and, although Eva is the younger, it is she who 'drives the family bus'! Being possessed of a good business head, Mother and I always seek her advice." It is not the first time, by the way, that Jane has worked happily with other members of her family. When she began her histrionic career she became one of the component parts of stock company which was composed of two Novak uncles, two aunts and at least half a dozen cousins! "And we were always happy and united!" adds Jane. So there, Cynics!

The Binney sisters, Constance and Fair, have faced the same camera together in the making of films; and, I believe, are at the moment busy working together in leading



Blanche Sweet  
and  
Barbara La Marr

roles. There was an occasion on which Constance Talmadge obtained work as an "extra" in one of Norma's pictures by way of playing a joke on her sister and filling up the "rest"

time between two of her own films; while the third Talmadge, Natalie, now Mrs. Buster Keaton, played with sister Norma in *The Isle of Conquest* and other screen plays.

Edna Flugrath, the elder daughter of Viola Dana's mother, recently journeyed from England to Hollywood in order to be a movie sister as well as a real one to Viola in *To Whom It May Concern*.

There have been several instances of parents joining their illustrious offsprings in work before the camera. Mrs. Starke has mothered her own daughter, the Pauline of Vitagraph fame, in several films, notably *Flower of the North*; a wonderful white-haired old gentleman, Edward Kimball, has co-operated happily with his daughter, Clara Kimball Young, once or twice; and Thomas Meighan's father has also shown that the older generation can work harmoniously with the younger.

"Fancy making love to one's own mother!" said a fellow to Lincoln Stedman, one day.

"Ah, but my mother's a ripper! She's tophole!" he answered, with enthusiasm.

And as his mother is Myrtle Stedman there is none to contradict him! Myrtle and her son have played together several times, even as lovers, and will shortly be seen in *The Dangerous Age*. It was Lincoln's affection for his mother, and his plumpness, by the way, that put him in the movies before he had left lesson books behind, or dreamed of a career of any sort. Calling at the Studio for his mother one day, he seemed like a gift from the gods to the director who was hunting for a fat boy to play quite a big part.

"What are you looking for? A job?" inquired the megaphone man.

"No, my mother! I don't want a job. I go to school!" Lincoln answered.

On hearing which particular star mothered the plump boy he coveted, the director marched him straight to Myrtle and demanded permission to put him in the

film right away. Mrs. Stedman's answer was to begin to make her boy up for his part right away.



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ONE SHILLING.





P. T. (Fishponds).—Letter forwarded on arrival. No, I don't wish you in Jericho—Fishponds does just as well.

BEATRICE (Leyton).—You're a base flatterer, Beatrice, for one of your tender years. Don't you think you're a little hard on British Films though? There are good and bad screen productions in every country. Perhaps you haven't struck lucky so far as Britain is concerned. (1) George Hackathorne started his stage career at the age of nine, touring America for many years as an actor and singer. He is of medium height with brown hair and eyes. Some of his films are: *Sue of the South*, *Too Much Johnson*, *Josselyn's Wife*, *Heart of Humanity*, *The Little Minister*, *The Light in the Clearing*, *Human Wreckage* and *The Turmoil*.

DESCENDANT OF JOB (Melton Mowbray).—Always glad to hear from a relation. Sorry you've had to wait a long time. (1) Ivor Novello is touring in a stage play "The Rat," written by him, jointly with Constance Collier. (2) Rudolph is making two films for Famous Lasky before filming for Ritz-Carlton. (3) Milton Sills' latest is *The Sea Hawk*; Thomas Meighan's latest is *The Ne'er Do Well*; G. K. Arthur's latest is *Hollywood*. "Kipps" is making a number of other American films before he returns to England. Address him c/o Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. (4) Nina Vanna's last is *The Money Habit*. Mae Marsh (Mrs. Louis Lee Arms) was born in San Francisco, Nov. 9th. She has a little daughter Mary. Her latest film is *Daddies*.

FELIXITE (Devonport).—(1) Pat Sullivan is the artist responsible for the adventures of your favourite Felix. (3) The duckling in *The Barnyard* lives only on the screen.

MAE AND WIN (Nottingham).—I myself am not blessed with second sight. I get all information of that sort from a friend of mine—one Abdullah the Wise who foretells the future to readers of "Romance." Alice Terry is 5 ft. 1 in. in height. Her hair is chestnut brown.

LILIAN (London).—Letter has been forwarded. No trouble at all, Lilian.

MOLLY (Ireland).—No, I'm not the "Thinker." I tried it once but the doctor said my delicate mental system couldn't stand it. Nowadays I am content to think no more than my less exalted fellow creatures. (1) An art plate of George Cheselbro' appeared in Jan. 1922 *Picturegoer*. I'll do my best to get you one of Cullen Landis. (2) A "heavy" is generally the villain of the piece. (3) My age is anything between twenty and a hundred.

NEW ZEALANDER (Switzerland).—(1) Ramon Navarro was born Feb. 6th, 1899, in Mexico. He has black hair and eyes, is 5 ft 10 ins. tall, and is no more conceited than the average human being. (2) He's fond of sport and athletics of all kinds. (3) You may breathe again—he isn't married yet. (4) Release date of *The Arab* isn't fixed.

D. B. (London).—Letter forwarded.

E. M. (Hull).—Apologies returned unused. (1) Rudolph's birthday is May 6th. (2) He's making two more pictures

for Famous-Lasky in America.

SQUIBS (Balham).—(1) *Beyond the Rocks* was released August 13th, 1923, and *The Young Rajah* on Jan. 5th of this year.

W. N. (Maidstone).—I can't trace the picture you mention. Back numbers are obtainable from our Publishing Dept.

BLARNEY (London).—You certainly live up to your name. I've forwarded your letter, since you ask me so nicely. But not even you, *Blarney*, can coax that signed photo out of me!

ENA (Birmingham).—Glad you like *Picturegoer*. We don't sell bindings, but I expect your local stationer or bookseller could get volumes bound for you. I hope February issue satisfied your British tastes.

D. L. S. (Edinburgh).—I've forwarded your budget with that characteristic good-nature and general sweetness of disposition that you fans are always telling me about. As you say they're not all for you I'll forgive you.

FRANCIS (Holland).—(1) Eddie Polo's permanent residence is in Hollywood. (2) Most film stars answer their fan mail. (3) Harold Lloyd certainly has not got a wooden hand. (4) Agnes Ayres isn't married now. (5) You can obtain a list of Kinema Novelties from "Pictures" Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.

MILDRED (Fulham).—Thomas Meighan's next release is *The Ne'er Do Well*.

SOUTH SEA (Harrogate).—*Where the Pavement Ends* was filmed on an island in the Pacific, name not to hand.

IVOR FAN (Southend).—Think Ivor Novello, Tom Meighan, Rudolph and Ramon delightful, but considers Tom Mix insipid. Now then Mixites—what about it?

XERNES (Of no fixed abode evidently). All my friends call me "George," so go ahead. (1) Have forwarded your letter—I don't think you'll find Jackie Coogan snubbing you. (2) The French version of *The Three Musketeers* was shown here a good while ago. (3) Courtney Foote looks—just like Courtney Foote! (4) In these enlightened days animals are certainly not ill-treated on the films.

I. G. (Uitenhage). Letter forwarded.

SANTA LUCIA (Hornsey).—No need to tell me you're a member of the curious sex—I could have guessed it from the length of your list of queries. (1) Norma Talmadge born May 2nd, 1897. (2) Betty Compson's birthday Mar. 18th. (3) *The Young Rajah* released Jan. 5th last. (4) Elinor Glyn wrote the story of *Beyond the Rocks*. (5) For the next few months Rudolph Valentino can be addressed c/o Lasky Film Co., 485, Fifth Avenue, New York City. After this, do you still deny that you are a fan, *Santa Lucia*?

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

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G. P. W. (Finchley).—(1) I'll tackle the Editor about that art plate. (2) It isn't likely that *Way Down East* or *The Two Orphans* will be re-issued just yet.

WAGGE (Brighton).—You'll find an art plate of Matheson Lang in the February 1924 issue.

CECILE (Aldwych).—(1) Monte Blue—he's discarded the G. now. (2) Yes, I was, am and always will be the same old George. Glad you admire my flowing wit and think I've improved in style since the days of my youth. (3) Earle Schenck is married. Can't give you the name of his latest film, as his movements just now are rather uncertain. Write in again later and I may be able to help you.

IVORITE (Hove).—(1) Art plate of Ivor Novello appeared in Feb. 1923 issue. (2) Imagine a combination of Ivor, Ramon, Rudolph—in fact, all screenland's brightest and best male stars, and you have me. Do that and you won't need an art plate.

M.C. (London).—(1) Rudolph Valentino was born May 6th, 1895. (2) Jean Acker. (3) I daresay he'll sign a postcard for you if you send it to him.

ESME (London).—Yes, there's no doubt about it. I'm a jolly good fellow. So glad you agree with me. (1) Malcolm MacGregor is about 23. He has black hair and brown eyes, and is married, with one little daughter. (2) Malcolm started film-work about three years ago. (3) He's a millionaire's son, and he left home to act for the screen, starting with crowd work. (4) Born at Newark, New Jersey, of Scottish origin. (5) His favourite sport is boxing. (6) *The Human Mill* is his latest picture.

B (Oxon).—(1) Ramon Novarro was "Rupert of Hentzau" in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. (2) His address is c/o Metro Studios, Hollywood, California (3) He isn't married.

MISS MICAWRER (Bradford).—I don't mind being called an "old fruit," but please don't insinuate that I'm a department—or "a venerable old boy with whiskers." (1) Barbara La Marr *didn't* play in *The Four Horsemen*. (2) The star who took the leading male role in *Mad Love* was a German. Name not given in the cast.

INTERESTED (Weymouth).—Billie Burke is petite and has titian hair and blue eyes. In private life she is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld of the famous "Ziegfeld Follies." She has a little daughter Patricia.

E. T. (London).—Your letter safely despatched.

ANIBID (Sheffield).—Rudolph Valentino had patched up his quarrel with Famous Lasky and is making two films for them now. This for the umpteenth time of telling. (2) His second wife. (3) Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosco. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynne and has a daughter Dorothy.

JONESITE (Highgate).—I'll do my best for you, but I can't promise.

IRENE (Ireland).—Have forwarded your letter to Rudolph. (1) George Walsh played opposite Mary Pickford in *Rosita* and he has been chosen for the title role in *Ben-Hur*. He's not married now. (2) Miriam Cooper's married to Raoul Walsh, the producer. Her next release is *Her Accidental Husband*. (3) *Secrets* commenced a special showing at the Palace Theatre, London, last month. (4) My manly brow is as calm and unruffled as ever.

BROWN EYES (Kingston).—Back again, Eager optics. (1) Norma Talmadge has

dark hair and brown eyes. (2) Matheson Lang born 1879.

DESIREE (Basingstoke).—Welcome to these columns. (1) Art plates of Mae Murray appeared in November, 1923 and June 1922 *Picturegoer*. (2) One of Antonio Moreno in March, 1922 issue. (3) One of Rudolph Valentino in December, 1923, and one in May, 1923 issue. All these back numbers are obtainable at our Publishing Dept., price 1/3 each, post free. (4) Some of Hall Caine's books that have been filmed are: *The Eternal City* (Pauline Frederick), *The Christian* (Mae Busch and Richard Dix), *The Manxman* (Fred Groves), *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* (Katherine MacDonald), and *The Master of Man* retitled *Name the Man* (Mae Busch and Conrad Nagel). (5) Alice Terry's married to Rex Ingram. (6) Pola Negri isn't married now.

A MEIGHAN FAN (Ealing).—Since you mention it, I am rather a wonderful man. Strange, that that thought should have struck us both. (1) Art plate of Tom Meighan appeared in February, 1923 *Picturegoer*, obtainable at our Publishing Dept., price 1/3 post free.

R. L. T. (Winchester).—(1) Some of Pauline Frederick's best-known films are: *The Eternal City*, *Bella Donna*, *Sold*, *Zaza*, *Sapho*, *Madame X*, *The Woman in the Case*, *Her Better Self*, *The Slave Market*, *The Mistress of Shenstone*, *Glass Houses*, *The Glory of Clementina*, and *Fedora*. (2) *Let Not Man Put Asunder* was released last month.

KITTY AND AMY (Grimsby).—Glad to make your acquaintance. Of course, call me "George." (1) *The Sheik* has been re-issued, so ask your favourite kinema to show it.

F. V. B. (Manchester). and DOROTHY (Hastings).—Glad I've made you both happy with the art plate of Norma.

FELIX (Wolverhampton).—(1) You might get that picture of Betty Blythe from the Fox Film Co., 13, Berners St., Oxford St., London. (2) Try Jury's, 19-21, Tower St., London, for photo of Alice Terry.



Ivy Duke and Sammy.



"Something to talk about."

## A little boy

drew these pictures

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# What Do You Think?



ADDRESSED to all those who seek celluloid fame in California, are Mary Pickford's Ten Commandments. But these maxims, though quite sound will

*Mary's Ten Commandments* probably be honoured more in the breach than in

the observance. Here are what Mary thinks the essentials for screen-aspirants. (1) Have some other vocation to fall back upon in case of need. (2) Have money enough to last at least a year. (3) Be quite sure you have the necessary talent. (4) Get at least a little stage experience. (5) Also movie experience. (6) Carry plenty of photographs. (7) And a large and varied amount of costumes. (8) Be sure to have a screen test made. (9) Always be sincere and ambitious. (10) Always remember that film success must be worked for, just like success in business, it doesn't drop from above. This should certainly frighten off some of you would-be's.

A LONDON reader writes: "How many pictures that are being shown at the present time can be called excellent? Some are good,

*A Matter of Taste.* many are just fair, the others are poor. During the last month,

I can only recall four pictures out of the score I witnessed that come anywhere near being called 'very good' and only one, I think, that could be called excellent, that one being, *Love, Life and Laughter* with Betty Bal-

four. Next come *The Christian*, *Peg o' my Heart*, *Trifling Women*, and *Indian Love Lyrics*.

My reckoning shows that only a quarter of the films being shown are worth seeing. Am I very hard to please? What do you think?—F. S. (London).

"I HAVE waited and waited for someone to write a letter of praise for Kathlyn Williams, and I cannot wait any longer. I consider

*An Admirer of Kathlyn.* her one of the few fine actresses on the screen, and she is certainly

my favourite.

I thought her acting in *The World's Applause* the finest of the four chief characters. She is perfectly splendid and given good parts in good productions, picturegoers would realise her worth as an actress. It isn't only beauty. I have seen many films in which she has only a small part but she is always excellent. I could write pages in praise of her. Isn't there at least one Thinker of the same opinion?—D. S. (Brighton).

"PERSONALLY," writes A.B.C.

(Brixton), "I don't agree with those pessimists who state that the general public has no appreciation of fine films, and likes only serials, very wild Westerners and sob stuff. But for Highbrows Only kinema managers seem to think so, since they leave some of the best

nlms severely alone and show the same old stereotyped stuff week after week. Would it not be possible to have just one kinema in every district pledged to show only films considered a bit above the ordinary fan? Let the so-called "popular" movies be shown in all the others. Surely there are enough movie lovers with intelligence and imagination to support such an enterprise? What do you think?" [I think your idea will probably be carried out in the future.]

"THESE are some of the thoughts

I think. That *Winifreda* has expressed something I had in mind for ages. Where are all the Wallace

Reid films? That Mary Pickford *Putting it Plainly* should not do grown up pictures.

She is the only perfect child impersonator. *Non Mixite* takes life too seriously. Tom has never aspired to dramatic honours. But for riding and gunmanship he 'can't be beat.' Why not leave it at that. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle are the greatest combination in film-land. I wish they'd never part. We seem to have only one actor of any merit in British films—Clive Brook. We want plenty more costume plays. Most of the filmed novels are hopelessly miscast. These be matters of vital moment and this is my first and last letter concerning them."—Bobolinko (London).

"YOU so persistently enquire, 'What Do You Think?' " remarks *A Few More Questions*, (Girvan), "that I am at last going to let you know.

*Mainly Personal* Up till now I have confined my attentions to "George,"

but it's your turn to-day. I always admire anyone who can play with fire without getting burnt fingers. You do it every month. You have all your family of Thinkers up in arms, continually throwing brickbats at each other whilst you remain unseen and escape unharmed. Do no stray brickbats ever hit you? I wonder, since peacemaking is certainly not one of your characteristics. Why does *Grumbler* ask if you can keep up to the Xmas issue standard? Of course you can. And you have my good wishes for your success. Now I've voiced my opinions, I feel much better." [And I remain unchastened and unrepentant, for it is my mission to set you all a-thinking.]

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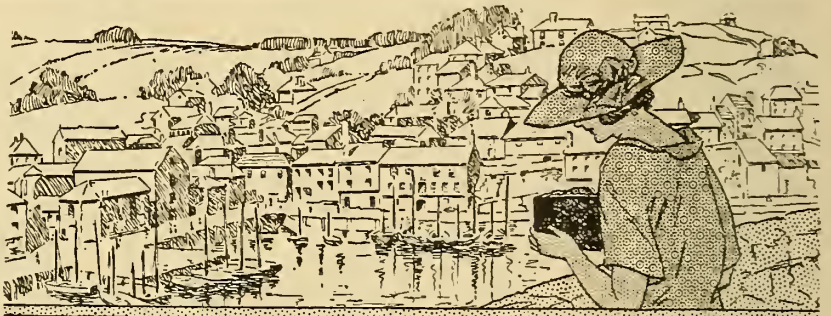
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Allan Forrest &amp; Shirley Mason



**JANE NOVAK**

*With her five-year-old daughter, Virginia. Both are seen in these picturesque costumes in "Thelma," a new picturisation of Marie Corelli's romance. Jane is one of the best "weepers" in filmland.*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Their Planets and Yours

by FLORENCE TURNER

**T**aurus is the reigning sign until May 20th. The last half of the month is governed by Gemini. Taurus persons are remarkable

in many respects, being fearless, kind, gentle, and magnanimous. If anything, they are too generous and often overload themselves with the burdens of others. Money, with them, has no special value except for the good it will do; they have no desire to save or hoard.

Many brilliant actors, writers, speakers and lecturers are born under Taurus. Any line of thought they may take up, they pursue with great zeal, determination and enthusiasm.

Gemini subjects are notable for an extraordinary dual nature, usually in active operation. They are very happy and equally miserable all in a breath. They wish to study and they wish to play. They want to travel and they want to stay at home. They blow warm and cold in a moment. These contradictory tendencies cause a state of nervousness difficult to overcome. They are highly imaginative and some of the biggest writers and poets are Gemini subjects. They are sensitive and afraid, sometimes, of expressing an opinion, which is all wrong as the Gemini people have fine minds and should learn to have higher and greater opinions of their ability, and more self esteem.

In appearance they are well-formed and handsome, with clear eyes, bright complexions and a general air of strength and vigour about them.

May 1st—Persons born on this date will exercise the greatest influence over those born on the 2nd, 11th, 20th, or 29th of any month. They are inclined to be impulsive



DICK BARTHELMESS, May 9.

and tempestuous, and have an eloquence in oratory most compelling. Excellent workers with extraordinary organising ability and will-power. Hasty in temper but the outburst is soon over.

Should beware of fire and avoid all stimulants as these are positively dangerous to them. These people have such many-sided gifts that they are apt to try to do too many things at once, and lack the concentration which would help them to succeed. Their generosity, encouragement and confidence towards their friends are of unusual value to them, as Gemini and Taurus persons are most discerning—indeed they cannot be deceived.

Persons born on May 12th, a Jupiter day in Taurus month will exercise great influence over those born on the 9th, 18th, and 27th of any month.

May 23rd.—The people of this date are very susceptible to atmospheric conditions they feel very headachy in thunderous weather, and dull and depressed on foggy days. In fine weather, however, they are most lively and energetic and able to get through an immense amount of work. Their temperament is volatile, gay, cheerful, and go-ahead, and they affect others with this vitality, acting as a tonic. They are not plodders or given to continued effort, as their work is largely a matter of inspiration. Being generous to a fault, these Gemini folk sometimes find themselves in very straitened circumstances. They, however, very seldom come entirely to the ground as their destiny decrees they shall be always in comparative comfort.

Some of the well-known screen stars born in May are: Kathryn Adams, May 25; Mae Murray, May 5; "Lefty" Flynn, May 26; Dustin Farnum, May 27; Norma Talmadge, May 2; Rudolph Valentino, May 6.



CHRISSIE WHITE, May 23.



ALLA NAZIMOVA, May 22.





Hoot Gibson demonstrates before an appreciative equine audience.

There is an intoxicating "something" in the air. Young omnibuses skip in Piccadilly, motor horns hoot gleefully in Long Acre, and "vi'lets, sweet vi'lets" the red-nosed ladies in the Strand inform me, are only a penny a bunch. In truth, it is the light-hearted, light-headed season, and, as "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," so even the wayward pen of a journalist may stray that way.

There are, I have been told on the best authority, so many different ways of saying those magic words, "I love you," that no one—not even Elinor Glyn—has ever catalogued them all. From the screen, however, the young and willing may learn some of the principal methods of imparting "the old, old story" to herself. Timid youths take heart when watching Charles Ray's bashful efforts at love-making and the fact that he always gets his girl at the end of the film has a wonderfully stimulating effect. And if, after trying Charlie's methods his ardent imitators find that they haven't produced quite so good an impression as their popular model, there are always other stars to turn to for inspiration.

It all depends on the girl, of course. If she is a great reader of romantic fiction, a constant picturegoer, and an admirer of sheiks and Young Rajahs, two courses are open to the aspirant to her young affections. He may mould his style of procedure on the "strong, silent" stuff with which Thomas Meighan finds his way to the feminine heart, or failing that, let Rudolph Valentino be his guide. In the latter case his conduct must be a mixture of The Perfect Gentleman and Man, the Untamed. He must be strong yet gentle, stern yet kind; conscious of his own superior intellect, yet



Above: House Peters says it with flowers. Circle: Richard Dix's clutch speaks volumes. Below: Creighton Hale chooses a woodland setting.



pitying the weakness of hers. That, with a dash of "rough stuff" at the crucial moment should prove quite irresistible. A "burning," "searing" or "flashing" glance is also an invaluable asset to the youth who has embarked upon a wooing of this description.

Of course, all girls don't fall for this sort of thing. Many of them prefer something a trifle less tense. They even appreciate humour of the right description, so even the man with the funny face has a chance, if films are to be relied upon. Think of the perfect peaches that have been wooed and won on the screen by Larry Semon, Al Christie, Buster Keaton and men of that ilk, and despair not, ye queer of countenance. Only remember that the banana is no longer funny, so you will have to scan the film captions for a new joke.

Then there are a certain sentimental few who are still in favour of the old-fashioned suitor who kneels at the adored one's feet when making the important declaration. This method has been tried with success by Carlyle Blackwell, 'Gene O'Brien and other practised screen lovers, but I would not recommend its use to those who are no longer quite so slim as they were. John Charles Thomas, who is comfortably plump in build, was forced by the script of *Under the Red Robe* to adopt this style of address to Alma Rubens. The scene was rehearsed and re-rehearsed many times, and the unfortunate man sorrowfully declares that he had lost pounds by the end of the film.



The setting for your romantic love scene is, of course, an important factor, as all film producers know. A pretty little bit of woodland forms an attractive background in *Trilby*. Nowadays, when practically everybody owns some sort of an apology for a car, it is an easy thing to take your best girl out to marvel at Nature's wonders, and there





tive when dealing with cabaret dancers and the like. To their jaded minds there is something so refreshingly simple about poetry. It touches their tired heartstrings, and they are immediately ready after several moderate doses, to leave behind them the lure and glitter of the stage (see subtitles) and settle down to domesticity and a cottage in the country. If possible let the readings take place beneath the blossoming trees of an orchard. The combination of poetry and apple blossom (not to mention the earwigs and other garden insects that get in her hair and down her neck) have brought forth wonderful results in more than one film.

Of course, I have quoted here only a

*Left: Conrad Nagel lets his eyes speak for him; so does Pauline Starke. Oval: but their methods differ a bit*



*Left: "Courtliness always" is the slogan of John Charles Thomas. Below: Reginald Denny is an earnest wooer.*

few of the finer methods of love-making. There are others just as efficacious which I leave to the interested film goer to find out for himself. But whether you say it with flowers, tears or gentle pleadings; whether you determine to take for your model Tom Meighan, Lewis Stone, Charles Ray, Ramon Navarro, or any other of the screen's most famous lovers, one thing is certain.

In the end you will blurt it out in a fashion so crude that a film hero would scorn to consider it. And the manner of your acceptance will probably make one more addition to the unchronicled "I love you's." E. E. BARRETT.

on some delicious bank, to pop the question. Never mind if the moss is a bit damp, so long as it's green, and the view's inspiring. She won't notice the cold until she starts sneezing next day. Naturally, she, on her side, being an ardent picture fan, will also have learned her lesson from the screen. Following in the footsteps of various well-known stars of her own sex, she will probably grow kittenish at this juncture. After you have pursued her valiantly for some time, over dead tree trunks, beds of nettles and projecting roots, she will allow you to corner her behind a tree, registering a sudden sweet shyness. Then will come the final and usual close-up, and you may retire victorious and live happily ever after.

A really picturesque method of winning your way to her heart is to sit at her feet and read poetry to her. This still goes down with quite a number of girls on the screen. It is specially effec-





# Our Honours List

Our critic awards highest marks to two Continental offerings this month.

made to put on the screen, not a story, not even a character drawing, but an abstract idea—a state of mind that is common to all men at a certain period of their lives. It is the tragedy of the Middle-aged.

It is a study in celluloid of disillusionment and shattered hopes. The "Street" is a symbol for all the gaiety and liberty that a middle-aged man dreams of but can never attain. The man in our film imagines it to be the magic gateway to romance and adventure, glittering, alluring, fascinating, an escape from the drab and everyday. He finds it to his sorrow to be merely tawdry, evil, and deceptive, a place where respectability is preyed upon; until in the end he is glad to slink back in the early hours of the morning to his dull, comfortable home. Don't imagine that you will spend a particularly cheerful hour and a quarter with *The Street*. The theme is depressing just as the particular phase of life that it represents is depressing. And the treatment has been shaped to bring out the last ounce of disillusionment. But you will be interested, vitally interested—that is if you are a fan of understanding and discernment. There is a ready touchstone; if you found *Caligari* interesting you will like *The Street*. If you found *Caligari* confusing or interesting you will find this a hundred times more so. The subject has been treated fantastically throughout. The hero himself—he has no name—clings to

his badly rolled umbrella through thick and thin. It is with him in cabarets, ladies' boudoirs, and even in a prison cell. It is his symbol of respectability; if you like, his uneasy conscience that makes him cling to his suburbanism to the last. Even the method in which the Street calls to him is fantastic. He is drawn to it first by the shadows on the ceiling. He looks through the window and sees, not the bustle and hurry of the traffic, but a medley of fireworks, circus clowns, roundabouts, beautiful ladies, switchbacks—in a word the joyful memories of younger days. His wife, equally drab and commonplace, comes to see what is attracting him.

Three scenes from "Ann Boleyn."

In his search for the best films, which alone find a place in Picturegoer's Honours List, the Picturegoer critic has two standards of judgment—and to one or other of these every film must conform if it is to find a mention in these pages.

There are films which seem to provide superlative entertainment without adding anything very definite to the progress of screen art. There are films on the other hand which will find a place in the history of the screen if ever it comes to be written, which although intensely interesting to the critical minded are frequently not entertaining in the ordinary sense of the word.

There are a few rare and happy films which combine entertainment, perfection of technique, originality and artistic progress.

It seems to be America's lot to supply the world with the superlatively entertaining films; Germany would appear to have chosen rather to experiment and explore than to tickle the eye and the ribs of her audience. Take, for instance *The Street* made by Karl Grune, the producer of *Trapped In The Mine*. It is a film that no one who is interested in the progress and the possibilities of the screen can afford to ignore. It is not an easy film to watch, for it calls for active co-operation with the mind of the spectator to turn its suggestions into meaning. But it breaks entirely new ground; nothing quite like it has ever been seen before. For the first time we have an attempt







The lighting in "The Street" is unique as these pictures show

She sees merely the traffic and the bustling crowds going about their ordinary affairs. Notice in particular the curious lighting, the heavy shadows, the dark corners, the muffled figures of the passers-by. It is clear that the middle-aged adventurer is finding everything deliciously mysterious and thrilling. But he discovers that the beautiful lady of his dream is merely a decoy; the clown is nothing more than another and more foolish counterpart of himself, who gets finally murdered for his pains, in the dingy attic of a dingy house. The glamour of the shadows has deceived him.

A word in passing—do not go out before the final scene. The return of the thoroughly disillusioned and penitent man to his commonplace home and wife is one of the most sincerely touching pieces of work which the screen has given us for many a year.

Here and there Karl Grune has done an incomprehensible thing. An artist of his rank should have known better

than to hinge the discovery of the murder on the lisping statement of a child in a nightdress. We have seen it so often in American films! But even so the child has been so handled that it is a child, and not a mere puppet.

An historical film, *Ann Boleyn*, made by Ernest Lubitsch, is that rare thing an historical drama. It has a dignity and a breadth that compensate for the fact that it was made some years ago. It is not the fault of Ernest Lubitsch that English picturegoers are only seeing it to-day for the first time.

With the years its photography has gone rather out of date, and its small parts would have been better cast by a German producer of to-day. Here and there its technique seems a little cumbersome, but the direction of the players leaves little to be desired.

Emil Jannings, as Henry VIII has done the best work of his career. He himself acknowledges it. You can see that his heart is in his work whether he is playing with his Court Ladies in the royal gardens, or defying the emissary of the Pope thundering forth his ban of excommunication.

The drama tends to hinge round him more than round the Ann Boleyn of Henry Porten although she is beautiful and impressive. The end is foreshadowed in the opening shots. The drama moves with a terrible inevitableness to its appointed close. You feel that no power on earth could have prevented the removal of Ann Boleyn from the path of the King whom she had failed to serve. Henry must have an heir; this is the motive of the drama.

*Ann Boleyn* finds a place in our Honours List for the acting of Jannings and the directive genius of Lubitsch.

THE PICTUREGOER CRITIC.





# Siegfried the Dragon Slayer

A masterpiece of artistic production.

That the screen excels every other medium for the presentation of fantasy and legend this remarkable achievement clearly shows. The legend of Siegfried, the slayer of the dragon and afterwards the victim of Hagen is well-known everywhere. It forms part of Wagner's famous cycle of music dramas, and William Morris has put it into verse, and Hebbel into a stage play.

The film took two years to make, and is remarkable for its wonderfully beautiful and picturesque scenery. The great forest, through which Siegfried rides his white steed, the fiery sea, the ghostly realm where the Treasure is discovered, the great cathedral, are all constructed sets. But so artistic is the work, so clever the composition and lighting that they are more effective than any natural background could be. The Dragon, too, is a studio monster which took half-a-year to perfect, and





had ten men concealed in its great body to work the mechanism which made it move so realistically. It was made by the man who designed the settings for *Dr. Mabuse*. The whole career of Siegfried is traced in the film, from the time he first seizes the Nieblung treasure until he dies by the arrow of Hagen. Another is now being made showing the revenge of Krimhild, the hero's wife, for the murder.



*As befitting a fairy legend none of the scenery in "Siegfried" is real. Canvas and paint, however can achieve wonders in the hands of skilful artists. This group of everyday people look somewhat incongruous on the great forest "set."*





# Film Favourites

Florence Turner's clever "one-woman-show," gives her wonderful powers of mimicry full scope. Thumbnail impressions of screenland's best-known stars are followed by burlesques of film best-sellers.



Above: Florence Turner in our favourite impersonation — as Florence Turner



The old farmer (above) is one of the cleverest of Florence Turner's many disguises; as the erring daughter who is turned out into the usual movie snow she is also immense. Florence plays every part in a burlesque "drammer," and is quite unrecognisable as the villain, and as a gum-chewing "slavey." Her "Larry Semon" make-



up, too, is perfect, and she "preaches" Chaplin's sermon from *The Pilgrim*, so effectively that one has to rub one's eyes to assure oneself that it is not Charlie himself. Then she shows us Ben Turpin, complete with squint, and Mae Murray, complete with dance. Florence must be a real fan as well as a star, where else but on the screen could she have studied the various mannerisms of her victims and memorised them?

Nazimova, Harold Lloyd, and Dick Barthelmess are equally successful.





# Sons of the Sahara

Our correspondent goes East on location with two movie companies.

and after dinner when she goes and sees the sun go down in the desert she is dressed all in gold. My father and my brother and myself, we all go to the 'darkened hall' to see the spirits on the white sheet," he continued quaintly, "and the Lady in Gold is our favourite!"

I gave him what he expected, and with a careless "Righto, whato!" he swung agilely over the balustrade of the terrace and dropped out of sight.

I continued my smoke. Before me lay Algiers. I saw the shores of the bright blue bay; the tiers and tiers of white houses; Algiers standing out against a deep blue and cloudless sky. All this laid against a background of brilliant green—The Sahel. A veritable diamond in an emerald frame. At each turn of my head I saw new and wondrous sights. Orange groves and vineyards stretching away in the distance. A busy little harbour crowded with picturesque figures. A line of Moorish villas set amid bamboo, palm and banana trees. Farther still the summits of mountains.

It was then that I understood why film producers came here to make pictures.

That same evening, after dinner, Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Montagu Love, and I, repaired to an



Above: An Algerian Café scene in "The Arab,"

Adelqui Millar is the figure in the chair on the right.

Left: Rex Ingram with Kada Abdul Kadu, a native boy he has adopted. Below:

reading from right to left: Jerrold Robertshaw, Adelqui Millar, Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro (seated) in "The Arab."



Three feet of ebony-black flesh, clad in as many inches of white duck, tapped at the door of my room. From my seat on the terrace outside I heard the knock, half bang, half dog-like scrape, and a second later, Sidi Baham, the diminutive hotel page, stood at my side.

"My sorrow is great," he said with preponderous gravity, "but the Lady in Gold is not in. It grieves me tremendously to be obliged to return with this none-too happy message."

I nodded in mock solemnity.

"Grieve not," I murmured, "doubtless she will come back." The boy heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"When you called at the hotel where Miss Claire Windsor is staying what did they tell you?" I asked.

"That the Lady in Gold had gone out buying camels," he replied gravely, twisting his burnous in his hands. "We, that is my brother Ali and my father Ahmed, we call her the Lady in Gold, because—because her hair is like that





A fine crowd effect in "A Son of the Sahara."



ancient Algerian cafe on the outskirts of the town. There we were entertained by the dancing of the far-famed Ouled-Nails. One of the most curious dances I have ever seen was performed by a young African girl, of startling beauty, who was dressed in all the silken finery and conspicuous and quite valuable jewellery of the Ouled-Nail. Only her head moved, while her body and even her neck remained quite stationary. It was a dance performed with the head alone, and the varying expressions on the young girl's face formed one of the queerest exhibitions of Oriental entertainment I have ever seen. The world, however, will be able to see this dance in Edwin Carew's *Son of the Sahara*.

The next morning I was able to see Edwin Carew's company at work beneath the blazing sun. It was the first day in Algeria for the filming of a *Son of the Sahara* and the work put in so as to make an early start is worthy of description.

The company was encamped on the outskirts of Algiers, that is to say about twenty miles from the heart of the town, in a sand gorge resplendent with palm trees and a tiny oasis. Claire Windsor was combing her beautiful golden hair, using as a mirror the clear waters of the oasis. Owing to the sun it was impossible to use a real mirror unless it was in the shade and even then the result was a blinding glare.

Thirty yards away, on a huge mound of literally burning sand, Kurle the genial cameraman of Mr. Carew's company was setting his fine Bell Howell camera ready for action. Suddenly above the stillness of the desert there rose a voice, wailing, as if from a minaret!

"Lytell, you're wanted on the set!" There was no reply. Only the blazing sun beat down on the assistant director calling.

"Lytell, Lytell, LYTELL."

And on the horizon, appeared a gigantic figure, throwing a shadow seventy feet by twenty; a curious illusion made possible by the sun and varying sizes of the sand dunes. It was Mr. Bert Lytell, dragging along a very unwilling beast.

"Allah be praised!" he gasped, between pulls at the bridle.

"Sure!" said the matter-of-fact producer, "but you're wanted on the set."

"Have you got your camel?" asked Edwin Carew.

"Nearly!" said Lytell, with a wry smile. Handsome Bert Lytell looked very Sheikish in his Sheik costume and Claire Windsor recoiled in mock alarm from him.

Then Mr. Carew noticed something wrong. "Your camel has got two humps, therefore it is a *camelus bactrianus*, what we want is a *camelus dromedarius*, in other words one with only one hump!"

The end of a perfect day according to "A Son of the Sahara."



Bert Lytell (centre) and Rosemary Theby.





Ten minutes later the Sheik returned with a camel with one hump, a fine specimen of the *mehari* flying type of camel. The scene was to be shot in fifteen minutes and Bert Lytell had never yet ridden a camel, let alone a racing *mehari*! Lytell mounted the beast, and that's the last we saw of him.

An assistant, with a sense of humour, told us ten minutes later that a Sheik was seen flying in the direction of Touggourt, on his way to his secret haunt a thousand billion miles across the desert. But he did return, looking very cross and undignified. Then he smiled.

"It's the easiest thing in the world to ride," he said cheerfully. "Have a try?" he asked Carew.

"Are you ready?" asked Edwin Carew, hastily, and Bert Lytell assuming his mysterious and aggressive air of Sheikness said that according to Allah he was. And the filming of that scene proceeded merrily.

Bert Lytell in the title role of "*A Son of the Sahara*."



Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor.



For one of the big scenes that took place near Biskra, Edwin Carew had engaged several hundred Arabs, and these were paid by the day. The crowds were required for a week and after three days the Arabs found that they had earned enough money to keep them for the next few days and therefore had all gone away in the night and had left the company sleeping. The next morning the Arabs only came back on the condition that they received more pay! So while London was having a dock strike, Algeria had a strike of Arabs.

Unfortunately Edwin Carew's company had to travel much farther into the desert and as my time was limited I had to return to Paris.

Three weeks later I lunched with Claire Windsor, looking more beautiful than ever in a gown of scintillating gold cloth, with a charming manteau to

match. Thus was I able to get the latest news on the filming of "*A Son of the Sahara*."

"We visited El Kantara and went as far as Touggourt, the secret resort of the dangerous desert bandits. But we did not meet any and I was rather disappointed. Touggourt has a most violent climate, but it is a quaint place, very ancient and very dirty. What makes it very interesting are the twenty mosques. Our headquarters after we left Algiers was Biskra and we had a wonderful time in the country around.

The interiors of the picture are being made at the Eclair studio at Epinay, where Pearl White made *Terror*, and some beautiful sets have been erected there. There I met Rosemary Theby who has a leading part in *A Son of the Sahara*. The leads in the picture are Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Montagu

Love, Rosemary Theby, and there is a full cast, composed of many French stars casted by M. Louis Vcrande.

*A Son of the Sahara* will be released in England by Associated First National.

In another part of Africa Rex Ingram is making *The Arab* and the Sheik is Ramon Navarro and the leading lady Alice Terry. There is an all star cast composed of British, French and American artistes.

The interiors for this picture are being made at the large Pathé Studio at Vincennes near Paris, with Rex Ingram directing. The talented producer of the *Four Horsemen*, *Where the Pavement Ends* and *Scaramouche*, welcomed me at the studio with his customary charm of manner.

Here, too, beautiful sets had been erected and on the occasion I called the scene being shot was the interior of an Algerian cafe. A beautiful and genuine Ouled-Nail was performing an excessively Eastern dance, while all around sat and squatted Arabs, who either applauded or showed signs of boredom. There were about forty in all, men and women, the latter strikingly beautiful.

Rex Ingram, with the aid of his seven assistants directed the picture from a raised camera platform at the end of the studio. The scene to be filmed that afternoon was one of the most difficult I have yet seen any director tackle; principally in view of the fact that Mr. Ingram does not speak French while all the artistes on the set only knew that language.

"Fumez, Fumez, Fumez," shouted Rex Ingram through his megaphone in a monotone that did not hide his Irish brogue. And in response the Arabs puffed at their cigarettes or pipes and the cafe grew black with smoke. Ramon





Two  
"Ouled  
Näil"  
dancers in  
"The Arab."

Navarro, as the Sheik, was puffing at one of these Eastern pipes through a long rubber tube, but every two or three minutes it went out, and an assistant armed with a pair of pincers gripping a glowing coal lighted it again for him. Ramon seemed to be enjoying the pipe, but I very much doubt whether, he really liked it.

Below: Ramon Navarro and an "Ouled Näil" in a street scene in "The Arab."



and four assistants also armed with loud-speakers rushed to obey him. Each of them took hold of an artiste and rushed him up stage. Rex got cross. One of the assistants came up to him. "Which one?" he asked innocently. "The stout one," thundered Rex Ingram and with thinly veiled sarcasm. "Look at all four of them and then decide which is the stout one." Having drawn lots and finally decided, the assistants withdrew while Rex Ingram and his chief assistant, directed the scene.

Ramon Navarro  
and Alice Terry  
who has at last  
discarded her  
fair wig.



Then I saw Rex Ingram lose his temper.

"One foot up stage; the stout fellow," he commanded through his megaphone,

In one of the scenes appears a dwarf about two feet high. He speaks Algerian and a little French. Rex Ingram explained to him by means of gestures and weird pronunciations of both languages what he wanted him to do.

"You must have a row, a quarrel with the cafe proprietor," explained Rex Ingram patiently. "Like this?" asked the dwarf, and thereupon commenced a swift harangue of Algerian terms that surely were not in the dictionary. "That's fine," said Rex Ingram, but the little chap had not stopped and was talking with a volubility that was as amusing as it was startling. Finally the little chap, carried away with his part, brought his umbrella down with a whack on the head of Rex Ingram. Rex Ingram shot out his boot and the little chap made a hasty exit.

Rex Ingram started coughing and three assistants rushed to his assistance. In three minutes three boxes of cough lozenges had appeared magically from nowhere. That was the last I saw of Rex and his company, for they left very shortly for America, where the finished film is probably showing by this time.

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.



# Jannings From Germany

He has a royal swagger and a royal dignity, although he was born in the land where kings are not

**M**ade in Germany—but born in U.S.A.! American Citizen—but can't speak English! Comes from Brooklyn—but came to his own in Berlin! Pharoah, Danton, Henry VIII., Louis XV., Peter the Great—Emile Jannings, Germany's foremost "heavy."

You wouldn't believe to look at him that he was an American, except for the extraordinary hint of Wallace Beery in his general appearance and manner; but then Wallace doesn't shout his nationality either. You would call Jannings a Teuton wherever you saw him, even through the black make-up of Othello. You don't need to hear him speak in order to know that he has spent most of his life in the Fatherland. It is the Motherland for him, as a matter of fact. Mr. Jannings, senior, was a citizen of Brooklyn N.Y., and when the young Emile was taken to Germany by his parents it was only with the intention of making a short stay in his mother's old home. But while they were there Mr. Jannings died, and his widow stayed on with her own people. So it was that America



He has both the royal swagger and the royal dignity, and can tell you more about "uneasy lying the head that wears the crown" than any other actor on the screen. He has Kinged it over Egypt, Russia, France and England—and as Danton he has unkinged Kings in France. But when all is said and done, his English monarch is most to his own taste. He revelled in his bluff King Hal in *Anne Boleyn*, and indeed it is a superb piece of character acting. But in our opinion it would be hard to beat his picture of the defeated and broken Pharoah creeping back into Thebes, turned out by his own soldiery, and dying in lonely grandeur on the throne he had lost. There are just about three actors in the world who could have played that scene. There is none who could have bettered it.

Jannings has a library. It is a grand library, full of old and interesting volumes. It is his portrait gallery, and the pride of his heart. If you really want to please him, you will ask him to take you round it; then he will shout at you in truculent German and be perfectly happy.

The dream of his life has been to go to America, not so much to visit his birthplace and renew tender memories of Brooklyn N.Y., as to work in the famous studios of California where there is liberty and plenty of dollars. Now his dream has come true. Brooklyn N.Y. has got back its celebrated citizen—rather worried to find that his country has gone dry in his absence—but quite prepared to make the best of it, and play juveniles or anything else that is wanted. But we may be sure that America won't waste him. And for a start it is rumoured that Mary Pickford has her eye on Jannings as leading man in her next picture.

Above: As "Peter the Great of Russia."

Below: In a scene from "Money Madness," which gives him one of his few modern roles.



As Henry VIII of England.

missed a great actor and Germany gained one of the most scintillating stars of her stage and screen.

Now, at thirty-eight, Emile Jannings tops the six-foot measure and weighs—well, I won't say how many pounds! Not that he would mind, of course; it is his presence and figure that have helped him to carry off some of his biggest parts. Brown-haired and brown-eyed, bluff and genial, with a voice like a megaphone, he is an imposing figure, even out of his Court robes . . . and he has led a long studio life of Kingship and Courts. Whenever they wanted a King in Thule—or anywhere else—they sent for Emile Jannings.





# Personalities Behind the Screen

by  
Dorothy Custon  
Booth

## I. THE MANUSCRIPT GIRL

*This scene in "On the Banks of the Wabash," had to be written into the script by the manuscript girl during the action.*



Miss  
MSS  
always goes  
on location.



Right: Robert Z.  
Leonard sometimes  
shoots scenes from roof tops.

Even the most casual and unimaginative picturegoer realises that there are more persons concerned with the production of the movies than those whose shadows grace the silver screen.

Directors and their assistants; cameramen; men who handle the "Kliegs" and "Cooper-Hewitts"; scenic artists, carpenters and property men—all these, it is generally assumed, are indispensable to every well-regulated studio. But that a manuscript girl is a part of the essential personnel would not be supposed even by the majority of well-informed kinema enthusiasts. Without such a one on the staff, however, the completed reels of film would be hopeless chaos.

From her designation it might be thought that the work of this important member of the staff was connected with the preparation of scenarios. Hers is a more exacting task, however; and, from the shooting of the very first scene till the final stages in the cutting room, she is the indispensable link between the scenario and the actual finished film.

While filming is in progress she is there, seated near the director, a manuscript of the scenario on her knees, writing rapidly the greater part of the time.

A visitor to the studio must wonder what she can possibly find to write about, but she is never at any loss for subject matter for her annotations; for







Besides the MSS maid William De Mille has nearly a dozen studio workers around whilst he takes a "close-up."

she has to record all changes that are made during the actual screening of the film. And, although most directors pride themselves that in their studios at least "everything is carefully thought out beforehand," there are nearly always sufficient alterations made during filming to completely change the face of the manuscript even if the inner significance of the scenario remains almost untouched.

For very many reasons the scenes of films are never made in the order of their continuity. The final climax may be screened first of all and the rest of the scenes in an apparently indiscriminate manner. When the film reaches the cutting room the film editor has to cut it up and re-assemble the parts into a consecutive whole. It is the responsibility of the manuscript girl to so minutely describe any deviation from the original script that each scene can be readily recognised by the man with the scissors.

Often no big thing is altered and yet the manuscript girl's fountain pen works overtime. A slight rearrangement of the "set"—an additional window to allow more "potted sunshine" to fall on the heroine, or the changed position of an important article of furniture must be recorded. A sudden decision to alter the costumes of principals or "extras" must be noted down; while such matters as adding an additional small part character, changing an exterior scene to an interior, and making a meeting between two characters take place in a street instead of in a railway train involve quite a startling amount of annotation.

Scene number three hundred and ninety-six in a certain film may describe the dear old father gazing sadly at the "framed enlargement" of his rebellious son's departed mother. The director, however, finds it difficult to so

place the picture and actor that the audience can see both at once. He decides, therefore, that the "framed enlargement" must descend to the indignity of a "cabinet size" in a fretwork frame standing on the chiffonier. If the manuscript girl did not carefully write up all about this alteration the scene would never be recognised in the editor's room and a possible clever piece of acting might be lost.

At the Metro Studios, the other day, when *Held to Answer* was being filmed, an unexpected incident occurred which gave the manuscript girl a busy few moments. House Peters, in the role of a clergyman, was delivering a sermon in a studio-built church. A large crowd of "extras," with a few principals, formed the congregation. Among the "extras" was one who listened particularly intently to the "sermon." According to the scenario Peters had to walk out of the church by the door at the rear while the con-

Lubitsch employed gregation remained seated. As he passed the intent "extra" the latter touched him on the sleeve and, gaining the "minister's" ear, said:

"That was the best sermon I've heard since I left my old home back in Scotland! I wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

The cameramen were grinding away all the time, and, although this little incident was not included in the script, it was so perfectly natural that the director ordered it to be left in the film.

(Contd. on p. 62.)



A trip to foreign lands with George Fitzmaurice is a pleasant part of his manuscript girl's duty.





# Beautiful Homes of Movie Stars

Typically Californian, most of them, of grey or white plaster, with red-tiled roofs, and with several acres of ground surrounding them. Many boast of swimming pools and tennis lawns, and all have beautifully laid out gardens. And the architecture varies according to the taste of the owner, so that Beverly Hills has reason for its assertion that every house is different from its fellows. They don't all live in Beverly Hills, some prefer Hollywood, and some New York, but screen stars have a distinct feeling for beauty, and they one and all specialise in lovely and luxurious living accommodation. There is an observation 'bus which speeds right through the hill-and-vale district known as Beverly Hills, and from which one can take in the whole lot of bungalows, stone palaces, and Georgian mansions appertaining to the stars. Mary Allison's "Allisonia" being white and two-storey, is one landmark. It is close to a hill, and boasts of a lovely Bostonese grey drawing room with brocaded walls, a wonderful Chinese room, and a huge sun parlour bright with English chintzes. Harold Lloyd's looks a rambling sort of place, but it is magnificently decorated and furnished in-

*Left, reading downwards: Mary Pickford's Bungalow dressing-room; Ethel Shannon outside her picturesque home; Conrad Nagel lives in this simple bungalow; Below: Phyllis Lytton in her Buckinghamshire Garden.*





side. The living room is Old Italian, so is the handwrought iron door which leads from the hall into the sun parlour. There is a Louis Seize guest-room, and a Chinese Den, and a perfectly gorgeous swimming pool in the grounds. Charles Ray's domicile is in Beverly Hills too, of white plaster with a dark green roof. High on a hill-top it stands, and all Los Angeles can be seen from its windows. The Rays make a hobby of their garden and it certainly does them credit. Their dining room, with its long mirrors, which are really panel doors is reckoned the most beautiful in the district.

Rudy Valentino has a blue house, also on a hill; it was designed by his clever wife. The living room has walls of pale grey, with a black tiled floor; this throws up the many brightly coloured objects in it. Rudy adores bright colours. There is a red brick patio porch on the second floor, and a smallish dining-room raised above the living room by four steps. Its red lacquered furniture and curious frosted glass windows lend it a charm all its own. Jackie Coogan has a mansion in the Wilshire district of Hollywood, partly red-brick and partly plaster. Of course the playroom is the biggest and finest room available, and stocked with everything a child's heart could desire. For Jackie spends every spare hour there and he plays as hard as he works. His canopied bed was designed especially for him.

Immaculately cared for, these beautiful homes run away with a goodly slice of the income of their owners. But stars are notoriously well-to-do, and after all, if they should not have every beauty and comfort at home who should?

*Right: Percy Marmont by the lake of his Hollywood home, and an interior view of Constance Talmadge's house.*



*Jack Pickford and his wife Marilyn Miller are also in favour of bungalows.*

*Lila Lee's house boasts of a fine front porch; doubtless there's a back porch too.*



**ELLIOTT DEXTER**

*No longer a De Mille hero, Elliott is free-lancing these days, and making a very good thing of it. His first film was "Daphne and the Pirate," and he is with Grand Asher Pictures at the moment.*



**AILEEN PRINGLE**

*Appeared as "The Lady" of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," on the screen. She comes from Jamaica and played small parts in several Goldwyn films before achieving stardom in "The Romance of a Queen."*



**LOU TELLEGEN**

*Owens a fine long string of names besides this one, but is too kindhearted to use them all. He returned to the screen in "Let Not Man Put Asunder," and is one of the three stars in "Between Friends."*



**ALICE JOYCE**

*A well-beloved star who has recently emerged from her second retirement, and will not be allowed to retire again yet awhile. She is in England now, playing in "The Passionate Adventure."*



**BETTY BALFOUR**

[Photo Maule & Fox].

*Britain's comedienne par excellence, and as yet unbeaten at her own particular game. Betty has fair hair and blue eyes and is in her very early twenties. Her current film is a war story.*



# Some Nifty Negligees



Gloria Swanson's palest green perfection is adorned with deep bands of dull silver insertion on the sleeves and draperies.



White charmeuse forms Bebe Daniels' tea gown. Its bands are of bear fur.



Betty Compson affects a silvery affair of tissue trimmed with a little fur and bunches of hand-made flowers and buds.



Simple, but very charming is the brown chiffon velvet affair studded with shine stones, which is donned by Leatrice Joy. A cerise drape is fastened at the shoulders.



Barbara La Marr's tall beauty is enhanced by this velvet negligée with its soft fur edging and sleeves and close-fitting boudoir cap of wonderful shimmering tissue.



Negligée of brown velvet with brocaded chiffon sleeves worn by Gloria Swanson.



# A Man of Romance

by VINCENT DE SOLA

Lewis Stone is more romantic than Valentino!

Lewis Stone is one more example of the popular actor who is not also a fashion-plate. In this growing popularity for actors who have something besides good looks to recommend them, there is a vindication of the star system, which once controlled the stage, and now certainly controls the films. That he should have come into popularity as a leading man and not merely as a character actor, is one more indication of the fact that the public recognises and admires intelligence—for his is an intelligent face.

Fate, perhaps, does not always distribute the right natures to the right persons. In an article in this series I have pointed out that Valentino, who has been born with the traditional romantic appearance, is nevertheless not a romantic nature. Lewis Stone, on the other hand, whose most frequent role is that of the tired but prosperous business man, shows every sign of the romantic temperament.

It is a mature as well as an intelligent mind, and its owner has himself safely in hand, aware of his limitations just as much as of his abilities. But the rounding brow is that of the incurable romanticist, and the eyes, for all their humour, carry this out with supplementing force.

His eyebrows are witness to the striking quality of his concentration. Good memory is also indicated in the slight bulges above them to left and right. He is nervously quick to seize upon an idea and penetrate its significance, and is equally quick to probe for the realities of character.

The brows as well as some—but not all—of the lines of the face, declare his tendency towards irritability. He is one whom numerous things would upset or annoy—stupidity, physical clumsiness, pretence, vulgarity. All or



"This face," says De Sola, "shows, above all, intelligence, reserve, and humour in abundance."

any of these would be likely to "get on his nerves."

He is worldly, too, and I do not, of course, mean that romance to an intelligence of this type has anything to do with the moon or roses. It is more likely to be concerned with a great, swaggering humour and an appreciation of villainy, and a happy recklessness.

But though these things are presumably in his mind, they are not necessarily traits of his character—

another thing entirely. For he carries the further contradiction of reserve, and he is highly conservative, with little of the pioneer about him. There is little vanity in the face and plenty of courage. It is very possible that it is difficult for him to make cordial friendships very easily, but to affectionate ties that he has created he would be likely to be constant. There is much strength of will in the face, and the lips as well as the brow are finely formed, indicating the refinement of the nature. Although the face is completely masculine, it is the face of a man of the world, free from the lumbering ignorance and the brutality of so many of the merely good-looking players.

He has keenness of judgment, though he is somewhat intellectually intolerant. There is sadness in the lips and eyes, the vague sadness that always accompanies the romantic temperament.

He is chivalrous and sympathetic, but it may be stated that he does not give too much weight to matters not deserving any thought.

His eyes are an index to the worry he has sustained from this trait, abetted very materially, of course, by his swift irritation. I hope I have not, by the reiterated use of the word irritation drawn a picture for any reader of Lewis Stone as an impossible person to know, or even meet. The chances are that he does not betray that irritation. He is too intelligent for that. But it is there, in his mind, shaping his character and stamping his face. He has warm affections and is constant and loyal. Disloyalty in others he cannot brook. He has a good deal of conventionality and only in stray whims does he depart from things that are traditional to the class in which he belongs.



# Hollywood *by* JOHN FLEMING



Centreville!

Of all the places on the map, it wasn't one. . . There was a Main Street and some houses and the Picture Palace and that was about the end of it. Nothing to do there, but sleep. The sleepest little spot on earth.

And yet it bred the famous Whitakers, a whole family of them, a family so eminent, so gifted, so obviously destined never to tread the common rut, that they were absolutely without peer and even without equal in all the length and breadth of Centreville. A most noteworthy family.

You can imagine the eagerness of Lem Lefferts to marry into it, *via* Angela, whom all Centreville declared would put Mary Pickford right out of it one of these fine mornings. Eager? Well, he never let a day pass without asking; but Angela had the most irritating way of holding up the answer. A coming movie star who is one fine morning to put the World's Sweetheart right out of it must be very careful in the choice of her husband-to-be. Lem was only a trousers-presser. Pressed almost everybody's in Centreville but his own.

"The Sparkler" was Centreville's best and only movie show, and every Wednesday and Saturday the Whitaker family could be seen there, getting used to Angela's future atmosphere, Angela receiving the helpful advice of all her neighbours, who told her again and again (every Wednesday and Saturday)

that she should not delay another moment, but should take the very next train out of Centreville that went to Los Angeles and take the "Hollywood plunge." "You were just made for it, Angela," they said, "and one day we're going to see you featured on the old screen here at the 'Sparkler.' See if we don't!"

And so, one day (so do the gods look after their favourites) the Whitaker house in Centreville caught fire and was burnt to the ground, and the happening gave grandpa Joel so much of a shock that the local doctor declared his only hope of survival was to get at once to the coast and settle there in the dazzling sunshine and life-giving air of California.

Enough. He went. And, as an old gentleman of grandpa Joel's age could not very well be left to travel and live alone, it fell out that Angela went with him to look after him. Right to Los Angeles. . . .

The beginning of a notable career? It certainly was. . . .

Angela's first impression of Los Angeles was that of the great station hall, framing a monstrous square of bewildering sunlit sky, and teeming with laughing care-free humanity. At least they appeared care-free. "We must find out the way to Hollywood," she said to old Joel. "Your little bit of money will soon go, and we shan't be able to live on air. I shall go to the studios and be a star. Oh, grandpa, it

was Destiny burnt down the old home in Centreville! I see it all. This move is going to make our fortunes and then none of us will have to work again. Wait here, and I will ask the bookstall-clerk if I can buy a map. If only we could see a real movie star, and ask the way first-hand. . . ."

She made her way to the bookstall, where a jolly, twinkling-eyed man was handing out chocolate to a host of laughing children who crowded round him and clung to his coat and climbed upon his back and did unthinkable things to his hat. She asked the bookstall man if he sold maps showing the way to Hollywood, but he shook his head and said "No." And at this the man with the twinkling eyes turned round and twinkled more than ever.

"You're going to Hollywood?" he said. "Why, that's the easiest thing in the world—once you know how! Look—" And he took an old envelope from his pocket and most obligingly sketched upon the back of it a simple map. "There," he said, "you just follow these wiggly lines and you'll be right there."

"Oh, thank you!" said Angela, and before his bright smile she backed away shyly. Who could he be? She was positive she had never met him before and yet— And then there flashed back to her the memory of innumerable releases at the old "Sparkler" in Centreville, and at once she knew her rescuing knight. It was



*Before  
his bright  
smile she  
backed away  
shyly, and all  
at once she  
knew her  
rescuing knight  
was  
Tom Meighan.*



Thomas Meighan! And at the realisation of the astounding fact she blushed more than ever and turned to run to grandpa with the news.

But she did not run at once. She could not. There was an obstruction on the floor of the great station hall, and it was holding up greater people than Angela Whitaker. A train was starting for location and three of the stars, one of whom Angela with a start recognised as Hope Hampton, deep in gossip, were ignoring the frantic appeals of the director to hurry along to the impatient train.

"When women get talking together!" he cried despondently. "How can I get those girls aboard? Appeals are no use. . . ."

And then a quiet voice said in a low drawl:

"Kinder jes' leave it to me, an' I'll sec to it the gels are shipped."

A whimsical human being in a suit that would not have disgraced Centre-ville lounged across the hall and languidly swung a lariat. It flew through the air, fell across the shoulders of the three little stars, and the next moment the languid one had drawn them, laughing, through the barrier to the waiting train. Angela gasped. It was the first time she had seen Will Rogers in the flesh.

"Why, grandpa," she said when she got back to the old man, "these are all movie stars all about us here. Real ones! Live ones! It's like being in a dream—like being in heaven. Look! that is Mary Maclaren, and the one in the blue suit is Bryant Washburn. And who do you think made a little map for me? Guess! Thomas Meighan! Yes, really. And if we go out there right now and get the first street car we see we shall be in Hollywood in no time at all, and my career will have started. Oh, grandpa, do try to hurry. . . ."

And so grandpa tried to hurry, and there must have been something in the Californian air, as the doctor had said there would be, for grandpa could

hurry—did hurry, and didn't seem to lose any breath at all. It was just wonderful.

At last they came to Hollywood, and as Angela knew that all film stars of note stayed at the gigantic Hollywood hotel, they decided without another thought on putting up there for the time being. And in the great hall of the place they were face to face with more surprises that seemed too good to be true. There was Dinky Dean and Baby Peggy and Elliott Dexter and William De Mille and Bull Montana and a quiet, grave, young-old looking man in a grey suit and a grey cap who seemed to know everybody and whom Angela very nearly knew herself but could not quite place. She knew she had never seen anyone just like him before, and yet there was something

#### CHARACTERS.

Angela Whitaker - - HOPE DROWN  
Joel Whitaker - - LUKE COSGROVE  
Grandmother Whitaker

RUBY LAFAYETTE

Margaret Whitaker ELEANOR LAWSON  
Horace Pringle - - - KING ZARY  
Lem Lefferts - - GEORGE K. ARTHUR

*Narrated by permission from the Paramount  
Film of the same title.*

vaguely familiar.

And then a page came up to him and addressed him as Mr. Chaplin. . .

It was the most bewildering day in all her life, and its bewilderment was not lessened by the fact that during the course of it grandpa disappeared!

Literally disappeared. Vanished. And nobody in all the place could tell her what had become of him. Even the police could not do that. She tramped the wonderful boulevards until dusk and then returned, heavy at heart, to the hotel to find grandpa in the very act of doing the same thing.

"Would you believe it?" he said. "I've been kidnapped? Kidnapped by a man with a camera who came along and rushed me into a car and put grease-

paint on my face and made me play in a movie. He said I was a type he'd been looking for for three weeks and he just wouldn't let me go. I've got twenty dollars for doing nothing and a contract for six months. The man says there's a fortune in my beezer. Say, Angela, what's a beezer?"

And fantastic as it seemed, it was the truth. Though ill-luck continued to dog Angela's footsteps in her search for the slim door to stardom, fame fell on grandpa in a night and he became known as a gay old sport, and was regarded as a regular fellow by most of the boys and girls in the studios. He took to golf and appeared in the most astounding golfing suit. He declared that he had thrown thirty years off his back. Inside a fortnight he and Angela had moved to a beautiful bungalow court. But though Angela met great numbers of real live film stars—Douglas and Mary and Jack Holt and Ben Turpin and Hank Mann and Ford Sterling and dozens of others—she was so far from stardom that she had not even placed her foot upon the lowest rung of the ladder that led to fame. "You have no experience," they told her. And she wondered how, at this rate, it was possible for her ever to have experience.

And then she met the eminent Horace Pringle. Eminent, that is, in the estimation of the eminent Horace Pringle.

Horace had a tremendous diploma to show that in the opinion of the Way-back Unincorporated Scenario Writers' Training Corps he was fully qualified to write scenarios for film stars. The diploma, like his education, had come by post. "Now I am a scenarist," he said gleefully on the morning of its arrival. "All I have now to do is to find a market." And he opened the campaign by penning probably the greatest scenario that has ever been doomed to failure from its inception. He called it "Beware The Avenging Hand." And he went to live in a bungalow court, because all film people live in bungalow courts. He went to live in the same one as the Whitakers.

One morning, walking down the court on his way to the daily round, he came upon Angela, standing at the door of the Whitaker bungalow watching grandpa set out to the studio in his new runabout. Horace knew of grandpa's fame, and knowing no film star personally he decided that there would be profit in cultivating the pretty little grand-daughter. Wherefore he stopped and said:

"Why, if you are not Gloria Dell!"

"My name is Angela Whitaker," said Angela hopelessly.

"I mean," Horace explained, "Gloria Dell, the heroine of my new film 'Beware The Avenging hand.'"

"Oh," cried Angela, "are you on the films? I have tried everywhere, but nobody will have me because I have had no experience."

"Alas!" cried Horace, "but that has been my experience too. But see, here is my manuscript. Read it and tell me what you think of it, and when it is put on I promise you that you shall be Gloria Dell. Take it and read it and let me know what you think."

That evening she let him know that she thought it wonderful, and there and then they set to work and rehearsed the part of Gloria, against the day when



the film should be produced and she in it should play the lead. They rehearsed it in the bungalow court and in the quiet lanes beyond the studios of Hollywood. They rehearsed it everywhere. They got it perfect. Or as perfect as Gloria Dell could ever be.

"You must get your grandpa to put in a word for us at the studios," said Horace.

"Oh but grandpa has no power whatever, or he would have got me into the movies before now," said Angela. "Grandpa is only an actor, you know."

"Well then," said Horace, "we must think of another way."

He got out his postal lessons and read them afresh and there was one section in them that gave him new hopes and a wonderful idea. "The title of your story is the great thing," said Lesson 57. "Get a good title and keep it before the director's eyes. If you've got a good title and you insist on the director seeing it again and again, he'll buy it in the end. The story doesn't matter."

"Ah!" said Horace, and that very afternoon he made a call at the Lasky studio and demanded to see Mr. De Mille. Mr. De Mille, he was told, was engaged, but this did not daunt the great Horace.

"Take him this card," he said to the page. And on a piece of plain pasteboard he scribbled a message and passed it to the page. A moment later, espying a second page he sent a second message, and then a third which a janitor took in for him. "Give this to the boss," said Horace.

"The Boss" sat at his desk. There came in page number one and laid a card on his desk, immediately departing. The great director took up the card and read: "Beware The Aveng-

ing Hand!" Page number two came in and left a card, and "Beware The Avenging Hand!" said this one also. And then came the janitor. The director merely glanced at the third card and the mere glance was sufficient to tell him that here was the same grim message again.

"Look here," he said to the janitor, "who gave you this?"

"Feller at the door," said the janitor. "Don't know who he is."

"Was he—all right?"

"Well," said the janitor, "he did look a bit—you know."

"Good Lord!" thought the director, "I wonder if I should inform the police?"

That evening Horace Pringle told Angela of what had happened.

"Our film has been brought to the great man's notice," he announced. "One or two more introductions like this and he will want to know what the Avenging Hand is all about. And that is just the next step from buying it. Angela, within a week we shall be on the movies and famous! Now let's think carefully of a corker of a way to make him sit right up and take notice."

Meanwhile, back in Centreville, the rearward was becoming anxious. Films came and films went at "The Sparkler," but of that great film which was to be "featuring Miss Angela Whitaker" there was not even a whisper of news. The manager of "The Sparkler" knew nothing about it. He took the film journals regularly every week but he was unable to inform Centreville that Miss Angela Whitaker was making anything of a sensation in Hollywood. For far as he could say, Miss Angela Whitaker was quite unknown.

Grandmother Whitaker, Grandpa Joel's wife, wanted to cry; and Aunt Margaret, his daughter, wanted to swear, only unfortunately she had been respectably brought up by grandpa. And as for poor Lem Lefferts, who had all along thought that one day he would marry Angela. . .

"Something's not right about this business," Lem declared. "If she was a film star we should have heard about it before now. There's some of this Clutching Hand game about it. Something's GOT her!"

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried grandma, "whatever shall we do."

"I know what we ought to do," said Lem; "we all ought to pack up here and go out to Hollywood and RESCUE her!"

"But we've no money," said Aunt Margaret.

And then came a letter from Angela herself, a letter with a vague but startling conclusion.

"I don't suppose I shall ever get on the films," she said, "although a gentleman who is interested in 'The Avenging Hand' is very kind to me. But—you should see what is happening to grandpa. He is changed beyond recognition. You wouldn't know him. He is not the same man that left Centreville a few weeks ago. . ."

Aunt Margaret looked up with a shudder from the letter and glanced round on them all.

"I knew it all the time," sobbed grandmother. "He's dead. That's Angela's way of breaking it gently. She'll tell us the truth in the next letter. All she dare tell us now is that we shouldn't recognise him, that he is so changed. Oh, what, what shall we do now. . ."



Ill luck dogged Angela's footsteps in her search for stardom. Casting directors took her name and address, but they one and all left her out of their "calls."





*Angela featured in only one movie—a news-reel of the wedding of Lem Jefferts, the famous film star.*

"This settles one thing, anyway," said Lem, who was present at the reading. "I shall mortgage my house and the little shop and on the money I get from it we'll go to Hollywood at once and bring her back to Centreville."

And he did it. And they did.

Lem, still hopeful that perhaps Angela had been holding back the truth from them as a glorious surprise and that really she was bursting forth into the glory of stardom, persisted in asking various strangers in the vicinity of Los Angeles station if they knew where Miss Angela Whitaker's bungalow was, but nobody seemed to have heard of her. And when at last they got to Hollywood and the vicinity of the very bungalow court, and a hearse was seen to drive down the boulevard poor grandmamma's mind was mace up.

"We are too late!" she cried. "They have buried him!"

And even as she spoke a messenger boy passed them with a great bunch of flowers in his hand.

"Look!" cried Aunt Margaret. "If we follow that boy we shall get to the place."

They followed the boy to the very door of the bungalow, but when it was opened not Angela but a jolly man of tremendous girth was seen to take the flowers.

"That's Walter Hiers," said the

screen-wise Lem. "Perhaps if we ask him—"

They asked him.

"The Whitakers' bungalow," said Walter. "Yes, it's the third along there. No, there's been no funeral there. Grandpa? Oh, he's doing wonders. He's on the movies, you know."

"Oh, is he!" said Aunt Margaret ominously.

They walked away and up the steps to the Whitaker bungalow.

"Come right in," said Aunt Margaret. "I don't see we have to knock at our own door!"

They went in, and immediately the voice of Angela was heard. She was—she was sitting out on the back porch with—with a man. Lem ran to the door and looked down on them and listened.

"At last," Horace Pringle was saying. "I have you in my power. You are doomed. You are mine. What, my proud beauty, have you to say to that?"

"What have I to say to that," breathed Angela, looking up into his eyes. "Only this, my sheik—it is lovely to be in your power! Take me away to your lonely desert and let me be your queen for ever. You have won me. I am yours indeed!"

"Oh, great heaven!" cried Lem, and

blindly he turned and staggered out of the house and away down the boulevard. It was long after dusk before he recovered himself sufficiently to return, and then—

Cecil B. De Mille was sitting in his sanctum interviewing grandpa and blotting the signature which the old man had put on his latest contract. The figure on the contract had staggered the old man considerably, although he was now too business-like to admit it. He rubbed his hands cheerfully together and rose.

"Wait," said the famous director. And when Grandpa was seated again: "I have been thinking about this new part of yours. Now if you could have a young wife, a cyclonic woman who dominates the whole household, a veritable amazon, the effect would be a hundred per cent. improved. The difficulty is to find just the right type. I cannot call to mind—"

Before he could proceed further there was a sound of violence in the outer office, cries of dismay from typists and others of the staff, and then the door of the sanctum burst open and in flounced Aunt Margaret. She cast one scornful glance round the room and then pounced on poor Joel.

"Out you come, father," she said—"out of this movie hell if I have to drag you by the scruff of your neck. Angela told me where to find you. If I—"

Suddenly De Mille sprang from his chair and took her by the arm.

"You are the very woman I want!" he cried.

"What!" she cried. "Sir! Then it is right—all this I have heard about the terrible movie business. Nay, it is worse!"

But at last she was persuaded to listen to reason, and before she had time to collect her scattered thoughts she discovered herself putting her signature to a contract, the figure on which represented the entire earnings of many a Centreville leading light for a whole year. "And just for a week's work!" she gasped. Grandmother came in.

"I had to hurry so to catch up to you," she complained.

"Why!" cried De Mille. "If this old lady isn't the very type I am requiring for the grandmother part in this very film!"

And so grandmother put her name to something, too.

That night a dinner was being held at Pola Negri's house in honour of the great director, and Joel, grandmother, Aunt Margaret and Angela were invited to accompany him. Angela needed no pressing, for though she was yet not accepted of the motion picture industry, she had very particular reasons—shared by the eminent Horace Pringle—for desiring to be present. The dinner was timed to commence at seven-thirty. The fatal hour, arranged with Horace, was eight. . . .

(Continued on page 62.)



# Pets of the Pettied

A dog's life has its compensations when it's a movie star's dog.



*Ethel Shannon and a pet leopard cub.*

If there's delight in love it is to see  
The heart that others bleed for me."

There were no movie stars when Congreve wrote these oft-quoted lines, or one would be tempted to think that it was from photos similar to those on this page that he gained his inspiration. For Screenland's pets are favoured creatures, and full many an adoring fan would die happy if he could receive from his divinity a glance half as kind as those she lavishes on her four-footed friends.

There is a popular fallacy that the only pet a film star likes to keep is something fluffy and silly. A Persian kitten, for instance, or a lap-dog of the most miserable, snuffling and expensive variety; the kind of little brute that just asks for a sly kick from the toe of a masculine boot. As a matter of fact there are only a few stars whose tastes run in that direction. Hollywood's list of pets include white rats, elephants, and even a crocodile, the property of a well-known member of the male community, and practically every star, male or female, owns a horse, the most famous one of course, being Tom Mix's Tony.

Ruth Roland numbers amongst her pets a blue jay, a monkey and horses and dogs galore. She is continually finding some homeless creature and inflicting it on a long-suffering household. A bird with a broken wing, a lame dog or a stray kitten can all find houseroom in the Ruth Roland bungalow.

But dogs—real dogs—are the popular choice. Dainty Margery Dawe owns a bull terrier, who, she assures me, is as

mild of temper as he is fierce of aspect, and Viola Dana has a pekingese. To show that she really knows a dog when she sees it, she is also the proud possessor of a very fine chow. Her sister Shirley believes in having a pet you can really see, so she specialises in—elephants! Although she does not actually own any of these great beasts, she is on excellent terms with several who have appeared in films with her. She considers them the most intelligent animals in the world. In this belief she is fully supported by Madge Bellamy.

The young affections of Eileen Sedgwick are bestowed on a baby donkey. He is a cute, long-legged, little chap, but he doesn't seem nearly sensible enough of the honour done him when an adoring Eileen puts her arms about his furry neck and whispers sweet nothings into a long brown ear.

*Gladys Hulette with a lovely collic.*



*Viola Dana finds dogs good company and devotes much time to her pets.*

That is the sad part about it. It is so often on the unappreciative that these favours are showered. If I were to go to Miss Sedgwick she wouldn't dream of putting her two arms round my neck and whispering sweet nothings in my ear. Yet, I daresay I am no worse an ass than the cute little, long-legged fellow that she so palpably delights in hugging.

'Tis ever the way. Beauty loves the Beast and the Beast is indifferent to Beauty's charms. Film fans the world over throw their hearts at Beauty's feet and she cares not one jot.

A dog's life, after all, is not such a bad one!

E. E. B.

*Alice Brady owns a laughing parrot. in "Anna Ascends."*







Above: Syd Walker as "Old Bill," 1914 edition. Right: The same worthy in the reign of King John.



Take one tired soldier unwilling to have his portrait drawn, and one artist determined upon drawing it; add one tinned lobster, and one copy of someone-or-other's History of England in one volume. Mix well together, season with humour to everybody's taste (Bairnsfather and Bentley brand is the real stuff) and the result will be a film that is going to make the world laugh.

I had this recipe straight from "Old Bill" himself, so you may be sure it's a good one. Having been the principal ingredient, he ought to know. He called

Right: "Bill" in sanctimonious mood and Puritan clothes. Below: In a Georgian reincarnation.



According to Syd Walker.

to say "Au revoir," the day before he left for America, and he wasn't wearing his muffler, nor his "walrus," nor his curl. Furthermore he introduced himself as Syd Walker and not he but I said "Ullo." He doesn't commonly affect "Old Bill's" google-eyed expression, but thirteen weeks in character had left their mark and an occasional sidelong glance, half shrewd, half cherubic, and a certain rotundity of form and feature proclaimed him unmistakably "Old Bill's" latest screen interpreter to anyone who has seen the film.

"Private William Busby," he said, "Commonly called 'Old Bill'? Yes, I can tell you something about him. I learned a lot of things about him during the thirteen weeks I played him. And 'Bill' learned a lot about English history that isn't in the text books, and isn't likely to be. In fact he *made* history."

"Not for the first time, perhaps," I interposed.

"Perhaps you're right," was the reply, given with a grin. "You see, Bill got the lobster for letting himself be sketched; the history book he 'found.' He devoured the two together and the result was just what you might expect. Only everybody's nightmares aren't filmed.

Below: Shakespeare, his seven stenographers and Mrs. Shakespeare (on extreme right) heartily approve "Old Bill's" amendments.



"It was my first attempt at film acting, and I must say I found it thoroughly interesting. We had a different crowd for every episode, so as to get fresh atmosphere into each period. I can't say I felt so very nervous, except when I first saw myself."

He confessed to having made the highly original remark of "Is that me? Good Heavens!" at first sight of his screen semblance, and also confessed that they had to run it through twice because he hadn't seen himself the first time.

*Old Bill Through the Ages*, which is a really funny burlesque of history, shows our friend in many guises and disguises. Commencing as "William the Conqueror," he pervades and perverts many interesting historical events according to his own fancy. We see him as an Elizabethan Courtier, as a Gay Cavalier and a glum Roundhead, he finally goes to America as a bootlegger.

"I'm off to America in person tomorrow," observed Syd Walker. "Not bootlegging, though."

Touching his screen incarnations he declared he liked the King John episode best. In this sequence he mesmerises the monarch and thus makes him do his duty.

Pure chance brought Syd Walker into the Movies. Not that he has ever disliked them. On the contrary, he is a regular old kinema hunter, especially when there are any Theodore Roberts films about.

"He is a great actor," Walker re-

Right and below: Syd Walker as "William the Conqueror," A Cavalier, and an Elizabethan Courtier in "Old Bill Through the Ages."



*Signing the Magna Charta.*

marked. "I like the way he builds up his characters by a succession of little expressive gestures and mannerisms. He can express volumes by just wrinkling up his eyes, or raising his brows. I hope to meet him personally one day."

"And, of course I'm going to renew acquaintance with Chaplin, whom I haven't seen since I put him through his paces when he first came to Karno's."

For Walker also commenced in that All-British training school for screen comedians. His avowed business, until now, has been vaudeville and he's had twenty years of it, though he's a com-



"Bill,"  
"Bert" and  
"Alf."



paratively young man. His parents were Shakespearean players, with a capital S, and he told me how they lived and breathed the Bard on and off the boards, disowning Syd when he became, first a circus clown, then a Karno clown and finally a revue and music hall star.

"Karno's was fine training," he said. "I was there some years, and I faintly remember Chaplin when he joined us. I know I rehearsed him, but he was just another small-part boy to me then. I knew Syd better, we were great friends."

(Continued on page 58).



# The Unforgiving Minute!

Shirley  
Mason.

Where, oh where, would movie plots  
be without it?

Clattering hoofs along the long, white stretch of road! A frenzied rider and a tired horse, spurred on to a last desperate effort! The audience grip their seats in an agony of breathless suspense. Will he do it? Will he reach the heroine in time to save her from the awful fate that threatens? A flash back shows how nearly too late he is. Already the fair lady is facing the wrong end of a revolver, or hanging by her hands over the edge of a rugged cliff, or lying bound and gagged in the path of an express train. Or participating in one, at any rate, of the hundred and one adventures that are the common lot of film heroines in the mass. The audience know, from past experience, that our hero will not be too late—they never are! But does the episode prove less thrilling for that? Not a bit of it! Those who watch are as stirred by it as they have always been, though they have seen it in its multitudinous forms in practically every film since films began.

It set their hearts a-beating in *The Orphans of the Storm* and their fluttering fears for "Henriette's" safety must surely have exceeded those of "Danton" himself, riding to the rescue

An uncomfortable minute for Lionel Barrymore in "Unseeing Eyes."



The moment before the arc fell in  
"Souls For Sale."

For they had seen, though he had not, Lillian's head already laid upon the block with the glittering blade of death a few short feet above her. A minute at the most and La Guillotine would claim its own. If "Danton" should be too late! Of course he *isn't*, but the knowledge of her ultimate safety cannot dim the splendid thrill of that moment of delicious suspense.

It is so seldom, indeed, that a would-be rescuer does arrive too late, that it came as rather a shock to most people who saw *Enemies of Women*, when the Duchesse failed to save the life of her only son. The first incidents happened according to the recognised screen laws. "Duchesse" received the usual last minute message that her son was to fight a duel with the man she loved. There followed the well-known chase (in a carriage and pair this time) with of course, flash-backs to the duelling ground. The man and boy measure paces (heroine urges the driver to greater haste); they wheel and







Just before the last-minute rescue in  
"The Green Goddess."

face each other ("Duchesse" seen, a shade more frantic, still urging on the horses); they slowly, very slowly, raise their pistols (by this time she has alighted, and is scrambling up the long and rugged slope that leads to the duelling ground). The audience are thoroughly worked up. They wait in thrilled expectancy for the last minute intervention of the "Duchesse." But even as she is panting up the slope the tragedy occurs. Though no shot has been fired the boy suddenly crumples up. He has died from heart failure—and for once somebody in a film has arrived too late.

Serial suspense. Will it be her turn next?



Does any enthusiastic film fan want to see his favourite film heroine cruelly done to death before his eyes? She may endure every danger that can threaten humanity—can be *almost* shot, *almost* hung, *almost* drowned, blown-up, or in any other way imperilled and the audience will find a keen enjoyment in watching the unfortunate girl's misadventures. But—she must come up smiling in the end. It is the Unwritten Law of Screenland, and sensible directors with an eye on the box office value of a film, respect it and give the public nothing worse than a little general misunderstanding at the end of their minute of suspense.

A favourite incident of this sort is the Lost Train Episode. John Smith, let us say, loses his train by a minute, and returns home to find his wife in the arms of The Other Man. What a world of complications, misunderstanding and remorse follows, with, of course, the final scene of mutual forgiveness. And all because John Smith was a minute too late for his train. It doesn't concern us what he did with that minute—he may have stopped to buy a paper, or to light his pipe—there are dozens of things he may have done. The fact remains that he wasted a minute—and gave a very good excuse for a film to be made.

Sixty seconds! How they can make or mar a life on the screen. Sixty seconds too early—sixty seconds too late. Sixty seconds between pursuer and pursued; sixty seconds between Death and its marked victim; sixty seconds between the rescuer and the one to be rescued. Old situations every one, but how an audience loves 'em! No matter how often they are used (or abused) picturegoers will continue to thrill—to the Episode of the Unforgiving Minute. E.E.B.

Left: A moment of horror. Is it fatal?

Below: Alma Rubens arrives a minute too late to avert the catastrophe.





# Three Famous Virginians

Stars of stage and screen in a favourite role.

He was not more than six feet. But in his eye, in his face, in his step, in the whole man, there dominated a something potent to be felt by man or woman. His tiger limberness and his beauty were rich with unabated youth."

Ever since Owen Wister penned this description of the hero into his world-famous western story, "The Virginian," every actor wanted to play the part across the footlights and every film star remotely answering the description has yearned to have some friendly producer say, "Here, we've picked you to do the Virginian."

Like most famous characters, the Virginian has stalked through the pages of a magazine, strolled between the covers of a book, swaggered across the stage and flickered on the screen. Wister's hero has had all this varied career and is still as alive as when the author caught the first dim sight of him on the horizon of his imagination. He first reached a flesh and blood existence more than twenty years ago when Kirke La Shelle re-wrote the

novel into play form and staged it at the old Manhattan Theatre in New York with Dustin Farnum in the title role. The play was so great a success that a second company was established. The search for another Virginian ended in the selection of an actor who was making quite a hit on the stage in western roles about that time. His name was William S. Hart.

"The Virginian" travelled the country for years—everybody saw it, most everybody twice and the favourite topic of the day was—who was the ideal Virginian, Farnum or Hart? Both were such favourites that the question was never answered.

And when an enterprising producer first undertook to film "The Virginian" ten years ago, Farnum was engaged for the part in what was one of his first five-reel photoplays.

Then the producer for Preferred had a problem on his hands to pick out the 1923 player to fit the famous story. Many still believed that Hart and Farnum were ideal, forgetting that years and years have elapsed since they first filled the part, and that each year has carried them further away from the age of Wister's hero.

In the author's own words, the Virginian was twenty-seven years old. To-day Dustin Farnum is forty-nine and while Hart's exact age is undetermined it is known to be close to if not exceeding that of Farnum. Their names have become so closely linked with the character that many people still erroneously imagine them in the part, and it is this false impression of the Virginian that the producer was determined to destroy. In spite of the fact that fans identify him with a completely different role, Kenneth Harlan was chosen for the part. Harlan fulfils the author's description, he is twenty-seven years old and having played it in four different stage companies he is completely familiarised with the part. Many screen celebrities have been so interested to know how he would meet it before the camera that the studio entertained many of filmdom's great to watch him work. They soon saw the Harlan of dress suit parts vanishing for good in favour of the Harlan adapted to rugged roles. He cultivated the Virginian's easy swagger, his calculating calm, and cool determination. He became a completely new Kenneth and so perfectly adapted to outdoor parts that it was decided that Kenneth was too good to be just a featured player. So since *The Virginian*, he has become a fully-fledged star

Top: W. S. Hart.  
Left: Tom Forman  
(director), Florence  
Vidor and Ken-  
neth Harlan on  
location whilst  
filming "The  
Virginian."

Above: Dustin Farnum, who first played "The Virginian" on the stage and was also the first film exponent of the role. Right: Kenneth Harlan, who stars in the current photoplay version.



Reading downwards: Three characteristic poses of the beautiful golden-haired star. Bottom right: Agnes Ayres with Jack Holt in "Held By the Enemy."

# The Achievements of Agnes

She has accomplished quite a lot though she's still in her early twenties.

Agnes is different . . . different in manner, different in appearance, different in outlook. If you met her socially, you wouldn't recognise her as a motion picture star. You'd say, "What a lovely girl! What a sad, interesting face. What is her history? What does she do?" Then someone would tell you that it was Agnes Ayres, the famous Paramount Star . . . and all your ideas of the Starring Manner would come tumbling to the ground.

But you are not likely to meet her socially. Agnes shuns Society—calls it the "Halfway World." She could have frittered away her life among all the best families of Chicago, but she doesn't believe in that sort of thing. To her it is weak, the way

of least resistance. And she doesn't care about shining, anyway.

Yes, Agnes is different. She is shy, nervous and sensitive. Criticism, though she welcomes it, hurts her very deeply. She has none of the self-possession that is generally associated with stardom, and no delusions about herself or the quality of her work. No one knows better than Agnes herself when she has done a good piece of work. On the other hand no one is more severely self-critical or more disappointed when her parts give her no opportunity for serious acting. She hates it when the star is her beauty and not herself, when she is being photographed merely because she screens well and not because she alone can interpret a certain role. And yet it must be difficult for directors. That beauty of hers is a sore temptation, for it is different, too. Agnes will not recognise this. She tells everyone that her first job came to her because she so closely resembled Alice Joyce. But you have only to look at the expressive originality of her face to know that even the explanation of that first job must be different, too!

Smooth, broad forehead . . . lips proud yet sensitive . . . straight, forceful little nose . . . the loveliest chin on the screen . . . eyes—well, I can't describe them—they are sea-blue and deep as the sea . . . masses of golden hair, for all that it photographs dark . . . that's the glittering Lady of *The Sheik*.

I found Agnes amongst her rose trees. I had read somewhere that she







Top: She made a charming bride in "The Furrace." Above: Agnes at home with her pets.

Above: A love scene with Casson Ferguson. Right: In "The Lane That Had No Turning."

loved flowers, but I had never imagined such a beautiful garden as this. Roses everywhere . . . the white walls of her Hollywood bungalow . . . the blue of the Californian sky . . . and Agnes herself, basket in hand, coming to meet me between rows of glowing colour . . . it did not need the eye of an artist to appreciate the picture.

She greeted me with genuine pleasure. "This is really kind of you," she said. "I love it when my friends come to see me."

"You have a beautiful garden, Miss Ayres," I remarked.

She caught up my words with enthusiasm. "Yes, isn't it," she answered. "Some of my roses are very rare specimens, and I'm afraid I'm enormously vain about them. I couldn't ever live without a garden. Until quite recently I've always led an out-

door life. I was born just outside Carbondale in a little brown cottage with a lovely garden full of roses. Somehow the scent of those roses seems to have got into my life. I was only four when my father, who was a druggist, died, and we moved from the old home. But I can remember it as clearly as though I had seen it yesterday. And roses still mean to me all that is beautiful and all that is sincere in the world."

As she was speaking she led the way towards the house, and presently I found myself in her blue-and-orange drawing room. I was aware of a faint perfume in the air. "What a delicious scent!" I said. I couldn't help it. It really was delicious.

Agnes seemed pleased. "I'm so glad you like it. It is a blossom scent which I have made specially for me. I am very fond of perfumes myself, but I

always prefer White Lilac and various light flower odours. The heavy Oriental scents never seem quite suitable to me. I think they submerge any personality but a very striking one. Barbara La Marr can use them, but I can't. You must have something exotic in your make-up if you can hope to carry them off."

I looked at her wonderingly. It seemed to me it would have to be a very strong scent indeed to submerge the personality of Agnes Ayres. Still, the Lilac was like her . . . somehow with Agnes you always "say it with flowers." "As a matter of fact," she added, a little shyly, as if afraid I would laugh at her revelation, "I use perfume to a considerable extent in playing my parts. I think out beforehand the kind of scent that my heroine would be likely to use—a light French perfume for a heroine of the ice-cream soda variety, and a drowsy Eastern scent for a heroine of the more voluptuous type. I find it helps me to catch the spirit of the character. To me the sense of smell is more important than any of the other four. It is the carrier of all memories."

"That's why you love your roses I expect?"

"Yes. Roses mean Carbondale to me, and the next period of my life which I spent on my uncle's farm is always brought back to me by the fragrant scent of hay. How I loved those days! The fat cattle, the friendly horses who used to rub their velvet noses against my cheeks, the dogs and birds . . . I just loved it all!"

"Did you ever think in those days of motion picture career?" I enquired.







Ah! I wondered!  
 "Where have you been working last?" he asked me suddenly.  
 "I stammered and lost my words hopelessly. I was going to tell him that I was not a professional and never wanted to be, but he gave me no time to explain myself. 'I can offer you an extra part,' he said, 'if you'll be on the set to-morrow. You're a good camera type and we're shooting some big scenes on *The Masked Wrestler* right now.'"

"And you were?" I asked.  
 "I was," said Agnes. "I did it really for a joke but somehow the life took hold of me and I've been on the set ever since."

"Not I!" said Agnes with a laugh. "I was very earnest then, and read a great many serious books. My ambition was to be a lawyer. Don't laugh!" she added hastily.

"Shouldn't dream of it," I said untruthfully.

"Yes, I really thought that the Bar was the right place for me. I had even gone so far as to arrange to take classes at a law school close by my home, and would have begun to attend them in a few weeks' time of my leaving High School if a certain casting director at the Essanay Studios hadn't turned the whole of my life upside down. Heaven knows what would have become of me as a lawyer. Sometimes I think that my intuitions were right, and that I could have made a bigger success at the job than I have made on the screen."

I looked at her furtively, but she was obviously sincere in what she was saying. There is no hypocrisy about Agnes. That is her great charm. Silence fell for a moment between us.

"My brother," she went on presently, "was a mechanic in the Essanay Studios at that time, and he often used to invite my mother and me to come and look over the plant. Kinema studios in those days were as much curiosities as a one-horse shay on Fifth Avenue would be now. The industry was crude and very young. I think that was why I had never considered it seriously as a career for myself, although acting had interested me ever since I was a tiny child and had played my own romances in my uncle's barn. I had been to the studio many times before, but it was in this critical week before the beginning of my law career that the blow—if you call it a blow—fell. One afternoon, while we were on a set, the Essanay casting director happened to come by, and my brother introduced me to him. He eyed me in a very curious way. Of course he was thinking how much I resembled Alice Joyce, but I had no idea of that at the time."



"Did you stay long with Essanay?"

"Oh, I became a regular member of their stock company and played all sorts of character parts from a white-haired mother to a boarding school-



Oval: In "Bought and Paid For." Above: As a Russian bride, a white and silver costume Agnes wore at a big Charity Pageant. Right: As "Diana" in "The Sheik."





Her  
exquisite  
profile.

girl with pigtails! I even did a 'vamp' or two! I think those days were the happiest of my life. I liked the hustle and movement of the studio, and I had all sorts of ambitions and dreamed all sorts of dreams. My chief friend was Gloria Swanson who was doing much the same sort of thing that I was—extra bits, small parts, and anything that happened to come along.

Reading downwards:  
Circle: The latest photo  
of Agnes Ayres. Left:  
Agnes and a Billiken  
—no wonder he's  
smiling! and  
Right: She looks  
as charming in  
short skirts as  
she does in  
long ones.



I then told her that several million people knew quite well that she had left Vitagraph for free-lance work, in the course of which she had made *Go and Get It* for Marshall Neilan, and *Held By The Enemy* for Lasky, and that this in turn led on to a contract for leading parts with Paramount in the West. We knew she had made a brilliant start with *Forbidden Fruit*, and had followed it up with successes such as the heroine in *The Love Special* and *Too Much Speed* with Wallace Reid. Nor had we forgotten that she scintillated as brightly as any other star in *The Affairs of Anatol* which seemed to have found a place for every player of note in the Paramount Studios.

"Then came *Bought and Paid For*, *The Ordeal*, *The Furnace*, *The Lane That Had No Turning*."

"And *The Sheik*," I broke in.

"Oh yes, *The Sheik*," said Agnes. "Thanks to Valentino *The Sheik* has made me almost famous. All sorts of people all the world over have seen me in it because they wanted to see Rudy's famous smile. He's been my best publicity agent," she added with a laugh.

"And of course you're still working for Paramount?"

"Yes, and likely to be. I have made *Borderland* for them, and *Clarence*—which was one of Wally Reid's last pictures, not yet shown I think in England, and later still *The Heart Raider*. I had an interesting part which I didn't really like as the out-cast woman in *The Ten Commandments*."

(Continued on page 53).







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*THE CREAM OF  
FASCINATION*



# A Home Loving Hero

Warner Baxter is happiest when he is at home.

apologetically. "It's the truth. If I hadn't wished with all my heart and soul to be an actor I'm sure I never should have been able to face the foot-lights. I was always in and out of amateur theatricals when I was a boy, and at one show a vaudeville star saw me and promised to bear me in mind and give me a chance some time."

"And, I suppose," I interrupted, "forgot all about it soon afterwards."

"Oh, no!" replied Baxter. "Her partner fell ill suddenly, and she wired me from Louisville, Kentucky, to come along and replace him. Did I go? My, yes! I took the night train, and learned two new songs on the way. When I arrived I was in such a state of 'nerves' I could hardly speak. I thought it was stage fright, but it wasn't because it disappeared once I was on the stage."

Since then he has never been out of an engagement. Comedy drama is his strong point, though ordinary "heroes" come his way pretty often too. He was leading man for many stock companies all over America until at last he landed in Los where he became a stage villain.

He liked Los Angeles, so did his wife (they were both in the same play); they have been there ever since. And so fond of home are both, that Winifred Bryson Warner has refused several tempting chances which would have separated her from it.

Baxter has appeared in several Realart pictures, opposite Madge Bellamy, Constance Binney, and others.

With  
Ethel Clayton in "If I were Queen."

His first star film was called *Blow Your Own Horn*, but he doesn't. He will expatiate upon his theories—he has a respectable collection of them on all subjects, from homes to highbrows, but on the subject of Warner Baxter and his achievements he is extremely diffident. Extra large-sized though he be, Warner declares he is really timid, but nobody believes him. He also declares that he always begins his day Coué fashion by repeating to himself a string of sentences on the subject of shyness, and that these help him to overcome it to a certain degree.

Looking at his cheerful face and twinkly dark eyes it is hard to visualise Warner Baxter's timidity.

"Call it nervousness," he said, half-



Top Left: Warner is rather proud of his achievements as head-cook and bottle-washer. The open-air stove is his own invention. Above: He can use his fists with the best of them. Left: A seat before the huge open fireplace is this movie man's Mecca.



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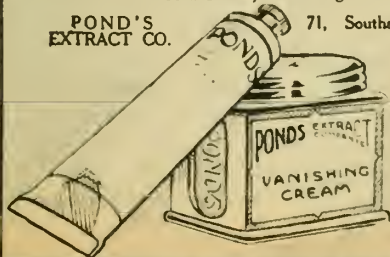
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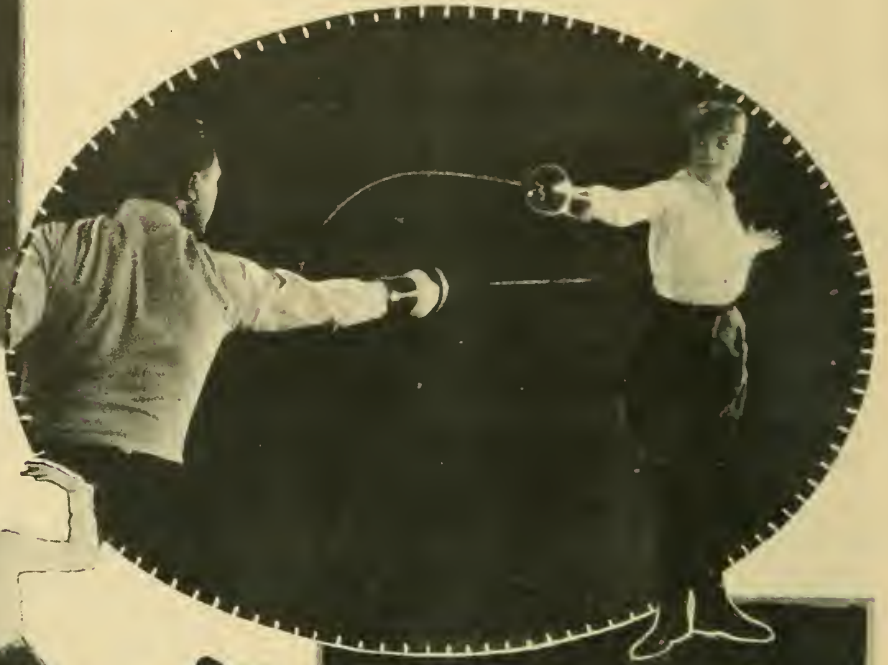
# Pond's Vanishing Cream



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Constance Talmadge is a good-natured, jolly individual, and a good sport, but she's a decidedly dangerous maid with the foils.

The youngest of the Talmadge sisters donned boy's attire in her first costume picture. A dress rapier went with the clothes, and so, of course, she had to learn to use it. With her fencing-master, Constance spent many a morning much as these pictures show her. They kept the buttons on the foils, which was just as well, otherwise, when she really "gets down to it," as in the bottom left illustration, there might be bloodshed. But the "scrap" always ended in an exchange of smiles and a handclasp in orthodox fashion.





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*A woman  
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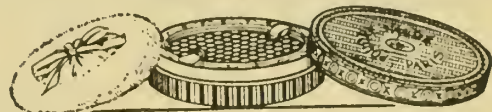


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## KINEMA CAROLS



## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

One day down Piccadilly way,  
I took a gentle stroll,  
When suddenly I spied a man  
I simply couldn't thole,  
He walked along with such an air  
As though he owned the place;  
My fingers absolutely burned  
To smack his ugly face.

Then out of Swan and Edgar's came  
A maiden tall and fair,  
She had a sweet angelic face,  
With pretty golden hair;  
She turned and saw the ugly chap  
Who had digusted me,  
A look of terror filled her eyes,  
She turned as if to flee.

But ere she reached her taxi, he  
Had caught her by the waist,  
And in his great big brawny arms  
Her little form encased.  
Then I saw red, my blood was up,  
Thought I, I'll make him suffer,  
But as I punched him, someone yelled  
"We're making films, you duffer."

A. F. W. (Tunbridge Wells).

## A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in "James," but not in  
"Knight,"  
My second's in "Haidee," but not in  
"Wright,"  
My third is in "Malcolm," and also in  
"Cherry,"  
My fourth is in "Katherine," but not  
in "Perry,"  
My fifth is in "Gloria," but not in  
"Swanson,"  
My sixth is in "Edith," but not in  
"Johnson,"  
My seventh's in "Priscilla," but not in  
"Dean,"  
My eighth is in "Doris," but not in  
"Keane,"  
My ninth is in "Dorothy," and also in  
"Dalton,"

My tenth is in "Gladys," but not in  
"Walton."

My eleventh's in "Frank," but not in  
"Mills,"

My twelfth is in "Milton," but not in  
"Sills."

My whole is a favourite child star of  
mine.

He's such a sweet kid, and his acting  
is fine.

ANSWER—Jackie Coogan.

B. S. (I. O. W.).

## A WISH.

If I could meet a fairy  
Who'd grant me just one wish,  
I'd ask if I might visit  
The home of Lillian Gish.

To gaze upon her beauty  
And give my eyes a feast—  
If I could only speak to  
The star of *Way Down East*!

But as this never can be  
The only chance I ween,  
Is just to jump at chances  
To see her on the screen.

GISHITE (West Drayton).

## HERBERT RAWLINSON.

Dark blue eyes that twinkle  
With humour quick and keen,  
There's not a man I like so well  
Upon the silver screen.  
He's big, but kind and gentle—  
Not bullying or rough—  
Of this handsome British hero  
We don't see half enough.

G.M.D. (Fulham).

## FELIX FOREVER!

I'm sick of every lovesick girl  
Who'd spend her last good fiver,  
For just a word with Conway Tearle,  
Or Ramon, Dick and Ivor.

I'm tired of all the mush they write  
In motion picture papers—  
The stars who set the world alight  
By cutting silly capers.

I don't believe them when they say  
They're tired of Fame and Glory,  
I won't believe—though others may—  
That old and threadbare story.

I'm bored with every mortal one  
Who feels so awful good,  
She's going to be a mild young nun—  
I wish the whole lot would.

I hate the mawkish sentiment,  
The whole darn lot are rich in—  
The artless studies they present  
Of "Venus in the kitchen."

My favourite's fame has spread afar.  
Though not in picture pages  
Dear Felix is the only star  
Who really earns his wages.

ANOTHER CAT (Wigan).

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93. Long Acre, W.C.2.]

## Prolonging the Agony.

In *The Young Rajah* Rudolph Valentino fixes his marriage for November 4th. Almost immediately after he has a vision in which he sees himself being murdered. In his vision the calendar on his desk shows the date to be February 3rd. Later, reference is made to the fatal November 1st, and still later Rudolph tells his future father-in-law that he has seen himself being murdered on the day before his wedding. How does he manage to be murdered on three separate days?

H. B. (Wolverhampton).

## If He Did, He Kept It Dark.

In *The Right That Failed*, the hero, Bert Lytell, enters his hotel in plus fours. He sits down with the heroine, at a tea-table, and when he gets up after tea he is wearing white flannels. Did he change under the table during tea?

D. P. (Birmingham).

## Perhaps it Changed with the Tide.

When Lillian Hall-Davis leaves "Dr. Davis's" house in *Should a Doctor Tell*, she is seen wearing a large lace collar to her dress, trimmed with a narrow black bow. She makes her way to the beach, where she falls asleep on some rocks. When she wakes up, to find herself cut off by the tide, she is wearing an entirely different collar and the bow has disappeared. Surely the shock didn't do all this?

I. M.N. (Goodmayes).

## A Tell-tale Stamp.

The period of *The Old Homestead*, judging by the crinolines and other costumes, is the sixties or seventies. There is a close-up of a brown paper parcel, just arrived by post. The American postage stamp is quite plainly seen to be one which every collector knows was not issued till 1908.

D M. (Bristol).

## Goodness Only Knows—

Towards the end of *Above All Law*, the "Prince" is seen wearing ordinary Western evening dress and turban. On being informed of the "Princess's" escape with "Langham" he immediately follows in pursuit. When he is almost on them he is seen to be wearing native dress. When did he change?

H. W. (Dorseton).

## History Unmasked.

In *This England* we see "Mary Queen of Scots" being beheaded. History tells us that the executioner was always masked. How was it the one in the picture was not?

C. C. (London).





# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH

When is a black cat unlucky? Ask Conway Tearle, who declares he is not superstitious and he will shake his head dubiously. For on the first day of the production of *The White Moth*, a black cat walked across the set. Two days later things began to happen. Conway Tearle sprained his wrist when he knocked Ben Lyon out in a fight scene. Barbara La Marr's wired dance gown caught fire when the star inadvertently got too near an electric switch. The wires fused and the light gauze material flared up at once.

Maurice Tourneur, who is producing, burned his hands putting out the flames. Then Barbara sprained her knee repeating her dance, and Josie Sedgwick caught 'flu. Ben Lyon had to light a match for a scene, and the whole box flamed up and burned his fingers. Finally something went wrong with the camera, the film buckled and was spoiled, necessitating two long scenes being retaken. Everyone is on the lookout for that cat now.

Malcolm McGregor has been chosen to co-star with May McAvoy in William de Mille's new production *The Inside Story*.

A young lady to watch carefully is Norma Shearer. She's a Canadian and has not been in filmland very long, but she is, unless we are mistaken, one of the stars of the near future. At the moment, she is playing in *The Goof*, with Ben Alexander, Lloyd Hamilton (Ham), Mary Carr, and Sam De Grasse.

Buster Keaton's newest is titled *Sherlock Junior*, it took three people to write it, Jean Havez, Joc Mitchell and Clyde Bruchman and after Buster had edited their joint efforts he declared it was good for at least ten smiles.

Charles Chaplin has a new leading lady in his Western comedy, a beautiful Californian girl called Lita Grey. She is a brunette, and would pass for a Spanish girl, with her vivid colouring and lithe grace. Lita certainly has Spanish blood, for her ancestors came to South California from Sunny Spain. She worked with Chaplin in *The Kid*, but as she herself remarks, "Not so as anyone would notice it." However, someone did, none other than Chaplin himself, hence the selection.

Trust Charlie to do something original always. When *A Woman of Paris* had its premier in New York, Chaplin arranged to broadcast from the New Jersey station. Everyone wondered what he would do and whether a "silent" comedian could be funny by Radio. However Chaplin began by telling the world that besides being a bit of comedian on the screen he was a bit of a musician. "I can play any instrument of the orchestra," he declared. "Just listen." Then, one by one, he signalled the various members of a Jazz band specially engaged for the occasion and made each man do his bit, prefacing each by a few introductory words. Then the versatile (?) comedian once more addressed his invisible audience. "Now I'll play them

all at once," he said, and the orchestra broke into the newest fox-trot tunc, and the listeners-in realised that Chaplin is always Chaplin.

Dorothy Mackail is too good for sob-stuff, really. But the fans seem to like her in these sentimental domestic stories and her newest is concerned with the problems of a girl-wife alone in the world except for her baby, and of course, penniless. It is called *What Shall I Do?* and Johnny Harron is the leading man.

What next will they do with Jackie Coogan? He is back from his holiday and at work on a story very much on the lines of *Robinson Crusoe*. As the only survivor of an Australian schooner, he is going to be shipwrecked in the South Seas and is to have some surprising adventures with the dusky denizens of these parts.

Bessie Love runs Lillian Gish very closely as the screen's most persecuted heroine. Her newest film is called *Torment*, and it is obvious who suffers. It is a Maurice Tourneur production and has plenty of thrills, what with scenes from the Russian Revolution, and the Japanese earthquake.

Marion Davies is the first movie star to speak to England from America by Radio. She broadcasted a message in connection with the first showing of *Yolanda* this side. This picturesque romance boasts of a very pretty love-story and sumptuous Urban settings.



# Jack Courtney

Composer of the famous "UKULELE VAMP" Fox-trot)



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Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) JACK COURTNEY.

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"Picturegoer," May, 1924.

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There was a Russian party in Mae Murray's "Fashion Row" film but they didn't screen this incident.

Everybody in Ince Studios can talk of nothing else these days but the funny, old railway engines which are being used in *The Last Frontier*. They are historic, for they belong to the Southern Pacific Railway, and are the first which ever drew passenger coaches in the West. In the 'sixties, when the first trans-continental railway was made they were the last used in modernity but to-day they are just curiosities.

They are very small, compared with the iron monsters of to-day, and have a most curious funnel arrangement which looks like an inverted bell. Its use is to create a draught and carry off the smoke. The engines are of the old "wood-burner" type. Practically the whole of the construction of that first railway track is shown in the film.

Dolores Cassinelli is at work again at Glendale Studios in a society picture called *Lend Me Your Husband*.

It is announced that *How to Educate a Wife*, a film version of an Elinor Glyn work to be released this side at the end of this month created a record, for it is only a couple of months since production was, commenced in California. It was directed by Monte Bell, one of Chaplin's assistant producers, and stars Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, Louize Fazenda and Creighton Hale.

Eleanor Boardman is to have the leading role in a new King Vidor production. Its title at present is *Mary the Third*, but this will probably be changed as it suggests a costume romance, which *Mary the Third* is positively not.

D. W. Griffith is going to Rome to confer with a syndicate of bankers about producing a series of pictures there. The syndicate declares that a Griffith film made in Italy with Italian players would do much towards the betterment of the picture industry there.

Some beautiful colour effects are a feature of *Cytherea* which George Fitzmaurice is directing. In the prologue, which shows the Goddess of Love emerging from a shell in the midst of a storm at sea, misty-multi-coloured tints are seen, as the sunshine strikes the water when the storm-clouds disperse.

THEN, in the later sequences of the film, which is an adaptation of a Joseph Hergesheimer story, natural colour photography is used. The colour scheme for the last scenes is still a secret. *Cytherea* is the name given to the Goddess of Love by the ancient Ionians. The Greeks called her Aphrodite and the Romans Venus.

Viola Dana declared that she wished she hadn't come one day whilst she was filming *Along Came Ruth*. For the day's episode consisted of scenes in a rather dilapidated pawnshop which had to be metamorphosed into an up-to-the-minute business house. And "Ruth" (Viola) had to do all the changing whilst the cameras recorded the fact. Viola swept, dusted, cleaned windows and moved furniture until her hands were quite blistered, and the rest of her so sore that she vowed she'd never do it again. For Viola is very small and not over strong despite her gymnastics.



Though not so cynical as *A Woman of Paris*, Lubitsch's *Marriage Circle*, which has arrived this side, it is fully as sophisticated and follows much the same technique. It would seem that films are at last growing out of the stereotyped conventions which have hampered them for so long. This year, though young, can boast of nearly half-a-dozen really worth-while productions.

A welcome addition to Dean's large family of dolls and toys is Baby Peggy, a new film doll, which is fashioned in the image of the popular baby star. Like her living name-sake, this Baby Peggy is cute and cuddlesome with big eyes, an ever-present smile and a head of dark, closely-bobbed real hair. She can be had in three sizes, at 5/6, 7/6, and 10/6 respectively, and the 10/6 variety, which is eyeing us saucily from her box at the moment is certainly well worth the money. She has clothes that take off, wears bracelets and a necklace of beads and should delight any small girl and many big ones.

It is surprising to note the improvement a permanent wave makes in a head of bobbed or shingled hair. The soft waves add a new charm to the face, and Nestlé's New Process Permanent Wave can be safely dubbed the best thing of its kind ever invented. It is scientifically perfect, and is the final touch needed to make the most of a very becoming fashion of wearing the hair. Write for full particulars of this fascinating process, asking for Booklet F 77 to C. Nestlé and Co., Ltd., 48, South Molton Street, W.1.



Will Rogers plays cameraman.



The first is neglect. As the nail grows the skin stretches until it splits and forms hangnails (as in photograph at right). The second cause is cutting. This makes fresh cuticle grow in coarse, uneven bumps. (Photograph at left.) Don't do this!



## HANGNAILS and COARSE RAGGED CUTICLE make you ashamed of your hands

### The right way to correct them

The first cause of ragged coarse cuticle is neglect. As the nail grows the skin stretches and pulls out until it cracks and splits and forms ugly hangnails.

The second is cutting the cuticle. You cannot fail to wound a most sensitive place—the nail root. It lies only one-twelfth of an inch below the skin. Then, to protect the hurt, the fresh cuticle grows back so rapidly that it is coarse and lumpy.

However, there is a simple method that gives a rim of smooth even cuticle safely and quickly.

**Directions:** Dip the end of the Cutex orange stick wrapped with cotton wool in the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. Then work gently around the base of each nail. Rinse the fingers in clear water and wipe them with a soft towel. All the surplus cuticle wipes away, leaving the nail rim smooth and even.

Finish with one of the splendid Cutex Polishes—Powder—Cake—Paste, or the new Cutex Liquid Polish for an extra high lustre.

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## Picturegoers Guide



Barbara La Marr and John Gilbert in "St. Elmo Murray."

**Ann Boleyn** (F. B. O.; May 19).

Emile Jannings and Henny Porten in a German-made historical chronicle of Tudor times, Lubitsch directed. Excellent entertainment on account of its fine setting, acting, and crowd work.

**The Broadway Dancer** (Fox; May 1).

Novelettish, but well-made romance about a dancer's adventures in the South Sea Isles. Shirley Mason stars, with Frank Glendon, Francis McDonald, Charles A. Sellon, Conville and Fred Lancaster in support.

**Bucking the Barrier** (Fox; May 5).

For unsophisticated fans only. This story of adventure in Alaska and London is unreal and the characters unconvincing. Dustin Farnum heads a cast which includes Arline Pretty, Leon Bary, Hayford Hobbs, Colvin Chase, and Sidney Dalbrook.

**Captain Fly-by-Night** (Phillips; May 12).

Johnnie Walker, in a humorous and thrilling adventure story of old Californian days, by the author of *Zorro* Shannon Day opposite, also Francis McDonald, Victory Bateman, Charles Stevens, James McEldan, and Fred Kelsey. Good entertainment.

**Channing of the North West Mounted** (Pathé; May 20).

Eugene O'Brien, Norma Shearer, William Desmond, and Gladden James, in a North-West Mounted Police story, with a good dramatic climax and some excellent snow scenes.

**The Colleen Bawn** (Stoll; May 19).

A sound British film version of the famous old Irish melodrama, with some really beautiful Irish backgrounds, and a good cast, which includes Henry Victor, Colett Brettel, Gladys Jennings, Stewart Rome, Dave O'Toole, Marie Ault, Clive Currie, Marguerite Leigh, and Aubrey Fitzgerald.

**The Dangerous Hour** (Wardour; May 12).

Stunt stuff, with Eddie Polo appearing as himself (a star on location), very well directed and full of daring thrills. Katherine Bennett, George Williams, and Jack Carlyle head the supporting cast. Good entertainment.

**The Day of Faith** (Goldwyn; May 26).

The story of a new creed and what happened to those who carried out its teaching. Excellent production and acting by Eleanor Boardman, Wallace McDonald, Ford Sterling, Winter Hall, Raymond Griffith, Tyrone Power, Ruby Lafayette, Jane Mercer, Edward Martindel, and Charles Conklin.

**Don't Get Excited** (Fox; May 26).

William Russell as a novelist who plays detective in order to save a girl from mysterious enemies. Carmel Myers opposite, also Tom Wilson, Kate Price, Hardee Kirkland, and Robert Klein. Mainly for thrill-chasers.

**Fights Through the Ages** (Regent; May 1).

One-reelers featuring Gerald Ames, and showing all sorts of combat, from quarterstaff to modern duelling. The titles are: *Hereward the Wake* (May 1), *Robin Hood's Men* (May 15), and *In Tudor Days* (May 29).

**Film Favourites** (Ideal-Hepworth; May 1).

Impersonations of screen favourites and burlesques of the serial and serious "drammer," by the one and only Florence Turner. Exceptionally good fun and really brilliant imitations. Excellent; don't miss it.

**First Love** (Realart-Gaumont; May 26).

Good characterisation in this story of a girl's love for a worthless man, and excellent acting by Constance Binney, Warner Baxter, George Webb, George Fernandez, Fanny Midegeley, and Dorothy Gordon. Romantic fare.

**The Go-Getter** (Paramount; May 26).

A fairly bright story of a man who meant to make good and adopted rush tactics to accomplish his desire. T. Roy Barnes and Seena Owen star, with William Norris, Louis Wolheim, and Tom Lewis also in the cast.

**Her Dangerous Path** (Pathé; May 17).

Edna Murphy in a good serial with quite a novel idea and all the usual sensations.

**Held to Answer** (Jury; May 12).

The story of a jealous woman's revenge, stereotyped but well acted by



House Peters, John Sainpolis, Evelyn Brent, James Morrison, Lydia Knott, Bull Montana, Gale Henry and Charles Mailes. Fair entertainment.

**Her Reputation** (*Ass. First National*; May 12).

How a newspaper ruined a young girl's reputation. Melodramatic, but well acted, with a wealth of spectacular thrills May McAvoy heads a cast which includes Lloyd Hughes, Casson Ferguson, Eric Mayne, Winter Hall, George Larkin, Jane Wray, Eugenie Besserer, James Corrigan, and Louise Lester.

**Hollywood** (*Paramount*; May 26).

Amusing satire on the screenstruck. Thirty famous stars and about fifty directors and other celebrities of film land make a thoroughly interesting background for the cast of the story, which comprises Hope Drown, G. K. Arthur, Ruby Lafayette, and Luke Cosgrave. Good entertainment.

**The Huntress** (*Ass. First National*; May 5).

Colleen Moore as an Indian maid who went husband-hunting and caught a fine specimen. Lloyd Hughes opposite, also Walter Long, Russell Simpson, Snitz Edwards Lila Leslie, Lalo Encinas, and Big Tree. Good comedy-drama.

**Itching Palms** (*Wardour*; May 19).

A queer but quite entertaining medley of burlesque, drama, and comedy, with the latter element predominant, featuring Tom Wilson and Virginia Fox, with Gertrude Claire, Victor Potel, Hershal Mayall Robert Walker, Tom Lingham and Richard Cummings in support.

**Jealous Husbands** (*Ass. First National*; May 26).

A modern version of "Two Little Vagabonds," with Ben Alexander and Don Marion as the two boys, and Jane Novak, Earle Williams, George Siegmann, Bull Montana, J. Gunis Davis and Emily Fitzroy heading the grown-up cast. Good entertainment.

**The Love Bandit** (*Vitagraph*; May 26).

Love in a lumber camp, also many adventures and thrills. Doris Kenyon and Victor Sutherland head the cast, which includes Cecil Spooner, Lorenza Valentine, Jules Cowles, Helen Keller, Christian Frank and Dorothy Walters. Good entertainment.

(Continued on page 56).



Mary Carr in "Loyal Lives"



## The Price They Pay For prettier teeth is simply combating film

WHEN you see pearly teeth—teeth which add so much to beauty—please remember this.

They come from combating dingy film which hides the lustre of most teeth. Millions now employ the method. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how much it means.

The method is at your call. This offers you a ten-day test. Send the coupon for it.

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Teeth are clouded by a film—that viscous film you feel. Under old brushing methods, much of it clings and stays. Soon it becomes discoloured, then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose lustre.

Film is the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay.

So one great problem in modern dental science has been to fight that film.

After long research, two effective ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created and you may apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

To-day careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

### Many new effects

Pepsodent brings many new effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Watch its results for a few days. They will amaze and delight you.

### Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will gain a new conception of what clean teeth mean. And you will never return to methods of the past. Cut out coupon now.

TRADE MARK  
**Pepsodent**

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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**"WHAT MEN REALLY WANT"** (by a man). A book of valuable, intimate advice every modern girl should have. In plain wrapper, Post Free 1s. from Linden-Spencer (Dept. E), 7, Wighton Road, London, S.E.20.

**64-PAGE BOOK ABOUT HERBS** and How to Use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

**READ AMERICA'S MOVIE MAGAZINE.** Send stamp for particulars to the Representative.—Wm. Donnachie, 3, Manse Lane, Greenock.

**PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES,** and **PLOTS** wanted.—Ridley, 61, Leverton Street, London, N.W.

**SINGING AS A CAREER.** Guide necessary for all. Post free 2s. 9d.—Arts Dramatic Press, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London.

**ARE THESE CARDS IN YOUR ALBUM?**—George Robey, Jose Collins, Alice Terry (2 new one-), Clive Brook (new pose), John Stuart, Josephine Earle, Matheson Lang (2 different), Ivor Novello (new portrait), Kenneth Harlan, Nigel Barrie (2 kinds), Owen Nares, Hoot Gibson, Elaine Hammerstein, Reginald Denny, Wesley Barry, Cullen Landis, Frank Mayo, Richard Dix, Mae Busch, Conrad Nagel, Mary Philbin, Leatrice Joy, Charles Hutchison, Edna Best, Madge Stuart, Fay Compton, and Queenie Thomas. These are all new additions to our beautiful sepia glossy series of film stars and real photographs. Price 3d. each or 2s. 6d. dozen post free.—Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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### Loyal Lives (Vitaphone; May 9).

A romance of the American mail service, with Mary Carr in a typical "mother" role, aided and abetted by Brandon Tynan, Wm. Collier, jr., Faire Binney, Charles MacDonald, and Blanche Craig, Blanche Davenport, Mickey Bennett and John Hopkins.

### Luck (Graham-Wilcox; May 5).

Johnny Hines in a fast-action comedy drama in which all sorts of amusing events occur in the life of a wealthy idler. Violet Mersebau, Flora Finch, Polly Moran, Robert Edeson, and Edmund Breese head a strong supporting cast. Excellent entertainment.

### The Man Alone (Pearl; May 26).

Hobart Bosworth in the romance of a rough diamond, who found success easy in everything but love. Good entertainment.

### McGuire of the Mounted (European; May 19).

William Desmond gets his man according to convention, and in the last reel. Louise Lorraine opposite, also Willard Louis, Vera James, P. J. Lockney, Wm. A. Lowery, Peggy Browne, Frank Johnson, and Jack Walker.

### The Miracle Baby (Wardour; May 26).

A drama of the goldfields, familiar, but quite satisfactory, with Harry Carey heading a cast comprising Margaret Landis, Charles J. Le Moyne, Edward Hearn, Hedda Nova, Alfred Allen and Bert Sproutte.

### Modern Marriage (Wardour; May 5).

Triangle drama of love and crime with popular Francis K. Bushman and Beverley Bayne as the centre of attraction. Supporting the stars are Roland Bottomley, Ernest Hilliard, Zita Moulton, Frankie Evans, Arnold Lucy, Pauline Dempsey, and Blanche Craig.

### The Money Habit (Granger; May 19).

Spectacular society drama, very lavishly produced, featuring Clive Brook, Nina Vanna, Warwick Ward, Fred Rains and Annette Benson head the supporting cast. Good entertainment.

### Our Hospitality (Jury; May 19).

Features Buster Keaton, supported by his family, i.e., Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Joseph Keaton, and Buster Junior, also Kitty Bradbury, Joseph Roberts, Ralph Bushman, Craig Ward, Jean Dumas, Monte Collins, Edward Coxen and James Duffy. Excellent costume burlesque of film-fare.

### The Purple Highway (Paramount; May 19).

Madge Kennedy in a charming fantasy about a little drudge whose

Mary McAvoy and  
Lloyd Hughes  
in "Her  
Reputation."



day-dream comes true. Monte Blue, Vincent Coleman, and Pedro de Cordoba, head a good cast.

### Prodigal Daughters (Paramount; May 5).

The sins of society with a capital S. Lavishly produced modern society drama, with a good cast headed by Gloria Swanson, and including Ralph Graves, Vera Reynolds, Theodore Roberts, and Robert Agnew.

### The Ramblin' Kid (European; May 12).

A Westerner which leads you to expect all the old tricks but instead supplies many new ones. Clever racing and storm scenes and a cast which includes Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Harold Goodwin, William Welsh, Chas. St. French, Carol Holloway, G. Raymond Nye, George King and John Judd.

### Rouged Lips (Jury; May 23).

Viola Dana and Tom Moore in the love-story of a chorus girl and a dude. Nola Luxford, Sidney de Gray, Arline Pretty, Francis Powers, Georgie Woodthorpe, and Buwell Hemrick support. Light and bright.

### The Self-Made Wife (European; May 26).

How a too-domesticated wife suddenly bursts forth as Society woman to please her husband. Very well played by Ethel Grey Terry, Crawford Kent, Virginia Ainsworth, Phillips Smalley, Dorothy Cummings, Maurice Murphy, Turner Savage, Honora Beatrice, Tom McGuire, and Mathew Betz. Good "clothes and the woman" stuff.

### Trilby (Ass. First National; May 19).

The latest screen version of Du Maurier's romance. The characters are faithful enough but the story is not well told. Andrée Lafayette is an admirable heroine, and Creighton Hale, Francis McDonald, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Phil McCullough, Wilfred Lucas, Rose Dione, Edward Kimball, Martha Franklin and Gertrude Olmsted also appear. Fair entertainment.

(Continued on page 58).





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TOILET CREAM—it protects, preserves and beautifies.

Icilma Cream is the *daintiest* toilet preparation possible—pleasant to use—pleasant to smell and quickly absorbed.

And what is even more important—Icilma Cream is *sweetly pure* through and through. Only the best materials that money can buy are used in manufacture. It is delightfully foamy, fragrant and absolutely NON GREASY; and contains no starch, no poisons, no lead or zinc, and no harmful ingredients of any kind.

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### The Shadow of the Mosque (Butcher; May 12).

Not a sheik story, but a realistic and romantic tale of an officer's affairs in Mesopotamia, with thrilling fights and realistic Eastern atmosphere. Stewart Rome, Mary Odette and Edmund Trew head the cast. Good entertainment.

### St. Elmo Murray (Fox).

Adapted from Augusta J. Evan Wilson's popular story, and well played by John Gilbert, Warner Baxter, Nigel de Brulier, Barbara La Marr, Bessie Love, Lydia Knott and Will Walling. Good entertainment.

### Thirty Days (Paramount; May 22).

The last film Wallace Reid made, a light comedy about a youth who went to prison to avoid an anarchist. Wanda Hawley opposite, also Cyril Chadwick, Helen Dunbar, Charles Ogle, Herhall Mayall, Carmen Phillips, Kalla Pasha and Robert Brower. Fair entertainment.

### Three Jumps Ahead (Fox; May 12).

Tom Mix and "Tony" in a typical Tom Mix feature containing many thrills and some excellent riding feats. Alma Bennett, J. E. Gerard, Edward Piel, Buster Gardner, Harry Todd, Francis Ford, Virginia Boardman and Margaret Joslin. Good entertainment.

### The Top of New York (Realart-Gaumont; May 1).

Rather a sob-story about a little shop-girl who lives in an attic, a cripple, and an artist. Delightfully played by May MacAvoy, Walter McGrail, Pat Moore, Edward Cecil, Charles Bennett, Mary Jane Irving, Carrie Clark Ward, and Arthur Hoyt.

### To the Last Man (Paramount; May 12).

Richard Dix in a gripping feud story, somewhat bloodthirsty, but beautifully screened in the Arizona cattle country. Support includes Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Robert Edeson, Frank Campeau, Fred Huntley, Winifred Greenwood, and Jean Pallette.

### The Truthful Liar (Realart-Gaumont; May 12).

Wanda Hawley in the emotional role of a young wife who is involved in a raid on a gambling-den and thus com-

mences a career of deception. Casson Ferguson opposite, also Edward Hearn, Charles Stevenson, George Seigmann, Lloyd Whitlock, E. A. Warren and Charles K. French. Good entertainment.

### The Virginian (Walturdaw; May 5).

An excellent adaptation of Owen Wister's story of cattle rustling filmed and some glorious Western back-grounds. Well played by Kenneth Harlan, Florence Vidor, Russell Simpson, Pat O'Malley, Raymond Hatton, Milton Ross, Sam Allen and Fred Gamble.

### Wandering Daughters (Ass. First National; May 19).

Another whack at the frivolities of the modern flapper. The cast is a good one; it includes Marguerite de la Motte, William V. Mong, Mabel Van Buren, Marjorie Daw, Noah Beery, Pat O'Malley, Allen Forrest and Alice Howell. Fair society stuff.

### White Tiger (European; May 5).

Priscilla Dean's last Universal film. A crook drama of course, with a novel story, plenty of thrills and excellent acting by the star. Matt Moore, Wallace Beery and Ray Griffith.

### A Wife's Romance (Jury; May 5).

A well-told story of a wife's sudden craving for adventure, and what happened when her desire was gratified. Clara Kimball Young stars, with Lewis Dayton, Albert Roscoe, Louis Bates Mortimer, Lillian Adrian, Wedgwood Nowell, Arthur Hull and Robert Cauterio supporting. Excellent entertainment.

### Wild Oranges (Goldwyn; May 12).

Very good romantic melodrama with novel characters and beautiful settings. The stars are Virginian Valli, Frank Mayo, Ford Sterling, Nigel de Brulier and Charles A. Post.

### Wings of Pride (Kilners; May 19).

Crook melodrama on the old familiar lines, starring Olive Tell, supported by John O'Brien, Denton Vane, Ida Pardee, J. D. Walsh, Margaret Seddon, Cora D'Orsay and Raye Dean. Fair entertainment.

### Yesterday's Wife (Phillips; May 5).

Irene Rich in a good domestic romance with a very self-sacrificing heroine. Eileen Percy, Josephine Crowell, Lottie Williams. Lewis Dayton, William Scott and Philo McCullough support.



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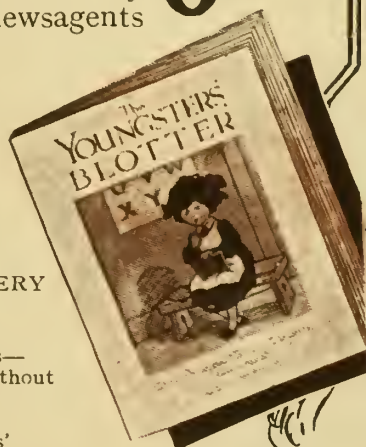
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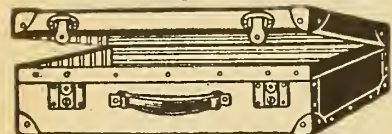


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## THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF AGNES (Continued from page 44).

"You've had a very fortunate career," I remarked—and knew almost before the words were out of my mouth that I had said the wrong thing. For Agnes Ayres, for all her bright eyes and winsome face, does not really look happy. Her face tells of a natural trust somewhere shattered; of a naturally retiring disposition which has been forced to come out into the open and face all sorts of trials and difficulties. I remembered then the constant epithets of 'wooden,' and 'brainless' that had been hurled at her from time to time. I remembered the sharp criticism so often levelled at her work, and realised how much these things had hurt her. Agnes Ayres has had to fight every inch of the way to stardom, and she is not a fighter by nature. She responds readily to atmosphere and treatment and, with her, good work cannot be done under adverse conditions or in a spirit of criticism.

I remembered what one director had told me about Agnes' work before the camera. "If you shout at her," he said, "she breaks down, and if you swear at her I honestly believe that

she'd quit the studio. We took a close-up of her once and it was all going splendidly, when suddenly Miss Ayres went to pieces. She said that some antagonistic force was against her; that someone behind the camera was discussing her and pulling her acting to bits.

She just wouldn't go on. It would have been no use if she had, for her face reflects disappointment and depression as clearly as though she had voiced it. But treat her with understanding and sympathy and she will work for you like an angel."

"Everyone has a right to the secrets of her life," she says, "and for myself I believe in keeping them secret. They are not interesting to others. They cannot be improved by talking. Their only use is in leading through experience to sincerity in portrayal. I'm glad that my career has been a hard one because it gives me a bigger chance of succeeding in the end. They have prevented me from growing narrow, and from looking out on the world merely through the studio window. So I suppose it is luck in a way."

Yes. Agnes is different. . . .

## THE SEVEN AGES OF OLD BILL (Continued from page 37.)

Strange, though, how the small-part boy has progressed. To-day he is the screen-genius, and I'm looking forward very much to shaking hands with him."

Syd Walker writes all his own "funny stuff," his humour is direct and forceful without being knockabout, and he has very wisely been allowed to follow out his own ideas on the screen. He was appearing at the Metropolitan, London, in one of his own song-scenas when he was offered the part of "Old Bill."

"I suppose," he said, "that my make-up made me look like him. I was wearing a moustache something like 'Old Bill's,' and that, and the fact that I had er'graduated from Karno's influenced the producer's choice."

It was a good choice, anyhow. Screen comedians are, alas, so few and far between, and this one is a real find.

"Alf' and 'Bert' are well in the film, too," he continued. "Come to think of it, there are plenty of B's. 'Bill,' Bruce Bairnsfather, Bentley, 'Bert' and others. But no Army language, because of the army of lip-readers."

Like most comedians, Syd Walker is altogether serious at times. We dissected comedy, from slapstick to satire very thoroughly.

"It isn't only knockabout that people want," he said. "Though of course everyone likes a good laugh. But it is the fun with a hint of pathos behind it that folks remember. And that is the kind I shall have in my own productions. Domestic comedies they will be.

It'll be more difficult than my own stage work because there the voice and the words help so. Not to speak of the audience. But comedy gestures that are sure-fire on the stage would be wild exaggerations and distortions in a studio. I soon learned that."

The main object of his visit to America is to visit as many studios as possible, studying technique, trick photography, and the latest thing in "gadgets" and possibly collecting an American director. Then he is coming back to make his own comedy films this side. For he can have his own company as soon as he pleases. He means to write his own stories, but not to direct them.

"In my studio," he concluded, "I shall always have an audience when I'm 'on the floor.' I remember how bucked I felt the first time I heard one of the boys working the lights chuckle over something I did. I used to strive, half unconsciously, I suppose, for more of those laughs, and when I got them I felt I was really making good."

I volunteered immediately for a post in the laughing chorus, but the matter is still in abeyance.

By this time Syd Walker's address is no longer Walker, London. He's in the heart of Movieland, and he's probably achieved his desire and shaken hands with Chaplin. It seems a long way to go for a handshake, but to one who has traversed centuries in a few weeks a few thousand miles more or less must be a mere detail.

JOSIE P. LEDERER.



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Doll's House in lovely photogravure. The description you will also find there reads like a tale out of the Arabian Nights. Every reader of "The Picturegoer" should make a point of getting the IDEAL HOME containing this beautiful souvenir of a great work of art. GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

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## THE MANUSCRIPT GIRL

(Continued from page 21.)

And the manuscript girl had to write in the whole scene as it had happened.

When Viola Dana sustained some deep scratches on her face driving a motor car into a ditch—all part of a scene in her new film *The Good Bad Girl*—she dived into her First Aid box and returned to the scene of action in a few moments with her face swathed in bandages ready to continue work.

"But," protested Oscar Apfel, her director, "the scenario doesn't call for you to appear decked up like that!"

"I know," replied Viola, quite undaunted, "but I can't see why not. Surely it's natural that I should don a few yards of bandages after this"—and she pointed to the overturned car in the ditch.

So, instead of work on the film being held up while the scratches healed, it was actually improved by the plucky little actress working in her lint and plaster. The manuscript girl, of course, had some extra work to do recording the change.

There are some scenes which cannot possibly be made just as they are written. Nobody can tell exactly how a house will burn; how a ship will sink; how an aeroplane will crash; or precisely how a motor car will act when it meets an express train head on at full speed. And it is during the making of such thrill scenes that the manuscript girl works her very hardest. She must describe the scenes exactly as they occur and must have such pen agility that not a detail is omitted.

When the "Sarah Jane," an old river steamer which plays an important part in the story, came to the rescue of the anguished populace the script had also to be annotated with great haste, for the crew naturally was forced to rescue the marooned villagers with regard to their respective danger though, of course, keeping to the actual scenario as far as possible.

In a fire scene in Gaumont's *Lights o' London*, Nigel Barrie was supposed

to run up the blazing staircase of a slum tenement house and hammer on the door of a room at the top thus giving the alarm to those within the room.

The fire spread beyond expectations, however, and by the time Barrie arrived on the staircase the flames were shoulder high. In the next few moments the whole set became a blazing furnace and the rafters above commenced to crash down. Then the stairs sagged and Barrie was forced to jump back down the stairs for his life. He had only just landed clear of the set when the whole staircase collapsed in a shower of sparks. The cameras obtained a most effective length of film though it differed somewhat from the scenario requirements, but the manuscript girl recorded the difference.

Again in *The Midnight Alarm* the crash between the runaway motor car and the express train gave the girl with the pen a busy time. And after each screening of a riot scene in *Scaramouche* the manuscript girl had aching fingers for an hour or so, although it is said there is hardly another director can handle crowds and make them obey like Rex Ingram.

Whenever animals play an important part in films the manuscript girl works at top speed. Even the owner or keeper cannot guarantee that the animal in question—cat, dog, lion, monkey or whatever it may be—will act according to schedule. It may take it into its head to perform some extra stunts of its own invention which, if they add to the picture, are left in.

In the recent picture *The Leopardess* the player of the title role acted beyond her reputation and attacked Montague Love with far more spirit than the scenario demanded. It was some little time before the animal's keeper, using unusually stern measures, could save the actor from being mauled to death. The whole of the leopardess's attack was caught by the cameras while the manuscript girl, although terrified for the actor's safety, heroically recorded the scene.

## HOLLYWOOD (Continued from p. 34)

At a quarter to eight Horace set out for the home of Pola Negri. It was dark, and he was furtive. It was indeed, too dark for him to notice an even more furtive figure that crept in the shadows behind him.

At two minutes to eight, unseen by the rest of the company Angela deftly slipped a card under the great director's plate and waited for the startling developments that must surely follow.

When the plate was removed the card was seen and the great man took it up in some surprise. He needed to look at it but once to appreciate its message. "Beware The Avenging Hand!" it said, and as he read the words De Mille dropped back like a limp rag into his chair.

This was the cue. At this moment the window flung back and into the room dashed Horace Pringle, a gun in each hand, and yelling like a maniac—"Beware the Avenging Hand!!!" He sprang down the room towards De Mille, but before the amazing incident could work to its logical conclusion in through the window came the furtive shadow who had followed on Horace's heels. The gun was dragged from Horace's hand and Horace himself was tossed out through the window. Then the shadow sprang to Angela's side.

"Come home with me at once!" Len commanded.

"Not likely," said De Mille. "Why, you're the very type I'm wanting for my next great super."

And so in Centreville, only yesterday, at the dear old "Sparkler" it was released to send the town delirious with joy. Centreville's own famous ones come home, per shadow, to the old town where they knew and were known by every one. The star was Lemuel Lefferts, idol of a million fans, supported by Joel, Margaret and Grandmother Whitaker. Success, Centreville had never known anything like it.

But—what of Angela?

Well, she featured in something else. There was a news reel after the big film, and one of its incidents was a scene at the Los Angeles wedding of the great star Lemuel Lefferts to Miss Whitaker, of Centreville, granddaughter of the well-known Joel.

To-day Whitaker Lodge is one of the showplaces of Hollywood. Whitaker Lodge and the Lefferts twins. . . Mary and Doug, they call them. Every morning Joel, Grandma, Margaret and Lem go off in their cars to the studio, while Angela stays at home with the twins.

Yesterday a messenger came out from one of the studios to engage the twins for a special part in a picture. His name was Horace Fringle. "We could find room for the parrot too," he said. "Take them all," laughed Angela, "and then the whole family, except myself, will be in the pictures."

"Ah, well" said Horace with a sigh, "you are lucky, after all, not to have to work in the studios."

And Angela agreed.



Hoot Gibson and his horse in "The Rambling Kid."





May McAvoy &amp; Lloyd Hughes

# Let George Do It!

M. G. P. (Westgate).—Am passing your carol to the "Carols" Editor with a recommendation to mercy. (1) Larry Semon born West Point, Michigan, 1889. (2) His latest comedy is *Lightning Love*.

J. P. (Brighton).—The name of the girl you mention doesn't appear in the cast of *The Isle of Lost Ships*, so somebody loses that bet.

D. and K. (Bowes Park).—It's not always easy to live up to a reputation like mine. I wonder if halos ever wear out? (1) See other answers on these pages for information about Rudy. (2) Mario Navarro had a crowd part in *Scaramouche*.

ALEC-SMITTEN ADA (N. 13).—(1) You may call me by the delightful and euphonious name that distinguishes me from my more ordinary fellow men. (2) Alec Fraser is about thirty years old, and has dark hair and eyes. He has played with the Hayden-Coffins, and in several musical comedies. He has also appeared at the London Hippodrome and has been filmed in Stoll Productions.

T. W. (Sheffield).—Letter forwarded.

FELIX (Brighton).—Letter forwarded. (1) Pauline Frederick came out of retirement to make one film for Vitagraph, *Let Not Man Put Asunder*. Rumour hath it that she has now re-retired.

INTERESTED (Cromer).—(1) Carol Dempster was born January 6th, 1902. Work it out. (2) Her next film is D. W. Griffith's *America*.

MADGE (Kettering).—(1) Norman Kerry's latest release is *The Acquittal*. (2) Still thy fluttering heart—he's not married. He lives with his mother and sisters in Hollywood. (3) Write to Rudy and Ivor c/o this office.

NANCY (Margate).—Your notepaper is a thing of beauty. (1) As far as I know Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper are not engaged. (2) Constance Natalie and Norma Talmadge are sisters. Constance was born April 19th, 1900.

M. R. D. (Kensington).—(1) *The Thief of Bagdad* will probably have a special showing in the West End very shortly. (2) Back numbers can be obtained from

our Publishing Dept., 85, Long Acre. (3) Lon Chaney did not climb over the real Notre Dame in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

D. I. H. (Willesden Green).—Your carol is very good save for two trifling faults—it lacks rhyme and metre. Have another try.

MAY (Darlington).—Have forwarded your letters.

Don't worry your head over Pictureplay Problems. We employ a man to worry for you. His name is George, and he is a Human Encyclopædia for film facts and figures. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

J. E. T. (Balham).—Try Jury's, 19-21, Tower Street, W.C., for the name of the Tango in *The Four Horsemen*.

PEPSKI (Cricklewood).—Russianski I presumeski? (1) The little boy in *Woman to Woman* was a little girl (this isn't as Irish as it sounds!) (2) The Lee Kiddies are touring America in a vaudeville sketch. (3) Marjorie Benson is about 5 ft. 5 ins. in height.

RONALD (Kensington).—Pleased to meet-cher, Ronald. Ethel Grey Terry and Edward Horton starred in *Too Much Business*. Tully Marshall has a good part too. (2) Edward Horton and Margaret Landis in *The Ladder Imp*. (3) Betty Balfour is about 20. (4) The address of The British National Film League is 91, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.1.

VALENTINO-ITE.—Wants to know what a "strong, silent man" is. Read your Ethel M. Dell, "Valentinoite," and find out for yourself. (2) An art plate of Valentino and his wife appeared in August, 1923 issue. (3) Valentino's next film, after *Monsieur Beaucaire*, is as yet untitled.



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CECIL (Leicester).—(1) Interview with Gloria in May, 1921 PICTUREGOER. (2) I feel for you, my poor boy, but cheer up. You'll get over it in time.

DOROTHY (London).—Many thanks for the nice things you say about PICTUREGOER. You're evidently a young lady of discrimination. (2) I'm afraid you won't see many more Wally Reid pictures unless there are some re-issues. (3) It was Pola Negri you saw in *Bella Donna*, and Barbara La Marr in *The Eternal City*. Pauline Frederick appeared in the first version of these two films.

GERRY (Brighton).—Only just discovered PICTUREGOER Gerry? Where have you been? (1) Art plate of Richard Barthelmess in July, 1923 issue. (2) Dick is married to Mary Hay, who played with him in *Way Down East*. He has a baby daughter Mary.

MARGE (Southend-on-Sea).—Yes, Job was a bad-tempered chap compared with me. (1) I'll tackle the Editor for an art plate of Ralph Graves one day when he's looking particularly bright and benevolent. If you write to Ralph. c/o L.A.A. Club, Los Angeles, California, he might be induced to send you a photo of himself.

DOLORES (Redhill).—Sorry to blight your young affections, but he is married.

R. J. P. (Nuneaton).—Sorry your faults won't do because Comedies don't count.

ROBIN (Cricklewood).—Yes, it's that printer again!

FREDDIE (Manchester).—Letter forwarded on arrival. (1) Pearl White's reel name is Pearl White. (2) You can get photos of her from the PICTUREGOER Salon, 88, Long Acre. Send for a postcard list.

EILEEN (Cheshire).—Have passed on your "brain-wave" to the Carols Editor, with my heartfelt sympathy. (1) Alberta and Kathleen Vaughan aren't sisters. (2) Stewart Rome's address is 10, Chisholm Road, Richmond.

IOLE (Brightlingsea).—Thanks for your kindly championship. I'm glad someone doesn't look upon me as a bearded centenarian. (1) George O'Hara was once an office boy in a newspaper office. His biggest work on the films has been done in *Fighting Blood* series. He was chosen to star in these because, besides being a good actor, he is a good fighter. (2) Margaret Leahy has not made another film since *The Three Ages*. She is in England just now. (3) Claire Windsor is "Faith" in *One Clear Call*. (4) Carol has been handed on.

R. R. P. (Oxford).—Don't apologise. That's what I'm here for. (1) "Matheson"



*A fine character make-up. Norma Talmadge as the old lady in "Secrets."*

is pronounced with a short accented "a" and the "th" soft as in 'thing.' Mary Brough's surname is pronounced "Bruff."

VIOLET (Dorking).—Your letter forwarded so you may now transfer your attentions from me to the postman.

S. G. (Devon).—Tell me your favourite's name, and I'll try to get you an art plate. Back numbers of PICTUREGOER are obtainable from our Publishing Dept. 1/3 post free.

M. G. P. (Westgate-on-Sea).—April showers may bring forth May flowers. They also seem to be productive of Spring poets, if "Carols" be a sign. Have forwarded yours with my blessing. (1) Larry Semon was born 1889 at West Point, Michigan. (2) He is about 5 ft. 6 ins. in height, but I haven't been over him with a tape measure. (3) No casts given now.

J. E. W. (Finland).—Glad somebody has a good word for British Films. (1) Betty Compson has red-gold hair and is about 5 ft. 4 in. in height. (2) She isn't married. (3) Her latest films are *The Stranger* and *Miami*.

Joy (Bishops Stortford).—(1) My modest and retiring disposition forbids me to give you a full and flowery description of my own particular brand of beauty. I can only assure you that I am young, handsome and clever. The rest I'll leave to your imagination. (2) Rudolph Valentino was born May 6th,

1895. (2) His favourite dance is the tango from *The Four Horsemen*. (3) Ivor Novello is about 30 years old. He isn't married yet. (4) Rudy and Ivor will probably send you signed photos, if you ask nicely, but my strong heart is quite unmelted by your pleas.

ROSE (Hampstead).—Letter forwarded on arrival.

BEELAH (London).—(1) Alma Taylor isn't married. (2) Agnes Ayres' part in *The Ten Commandments* was cut right out of the version shown this side. (3) Rod la Rocque is not related to either Rudolph Valentino or Monte Blue. His has been mainly a screen career. He has played in *The Garter Girl*, *Jazzmania*, and *The French Doll*, but his role as "Don McTavish" in *The Ten Commandments* is the biggest thing he has done so far.

M. B. (Zululand).—You certainly have been asleep if you've only just found PICTUREGOER. I feel for you in your loss of the past years. (1) *Pictures* is no longer in existence, but you can get back numbers of it or THE PICTUREGOER, from our Publishing Dept., Arne Street, W.C.2. Write again when you like, you're refreshingly uninquisitive.

NIGELLA (Gillingham).—Don't be so sure about never becoming a film fan. I've heard these rash boasts before—and, anyway, you seem more than half-way there already. (1) Write to William Haines, c/o Goldwyn Studios, Hollywood, California. Or you might obtain a photo from the Goldwyn Co., Gt. Newport St., London, W.C. (2) His next film is *True as Steel*.

N. PARKER (Borrowash).—Don't apologise. Everybody calls me "George." (1) Mary Jane Irving was born in British Columbia, 1914. No art plate of her so far. (2) Some of her films are: *The White Lie*, *Wildfire*, *Cordelia*, *The Magnificent*, *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*.

BARBARA (Balham).—In accordance with your request. I have been "a dear," and your letter to Charles Ray has gone Californiawards. (1) Robert Browers was the "grandfather," and Ernest Torrence "Emilio, the clown," in *Singed Wings*.

B. F. (Glasgow).—(1) PICTUREGOER isn't published in volume form. (2) Art plate of Ivor Novello in Feb. 1923 issue. (3) *Kick-in* hasn't been Trade Shown yet, so it won't be released for many moons.

JOAN (Trowbridge).—(1) No, Harold Lloyd isn't dead. The rumour was probably given rise to by an accident that occurred to him the other day. Whilst waiting for a set to be completed at the

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studio, Harold inadvertently sat down on the spur of the moment. He is now reported out of danger. (2) Constance Talmadge isn't married now. (3) Have forwarded your letter, so calm yourself, my child. (4) I write to you, so why shouldn't Rudolph?

A JONESITE (Highgate).—(1) *A Foot-light Ranger* was released on the 28th of last month. (2) Buck Jones' little daughter is six years old.

RAVING-MAD-OVER RUDOLPH (1) Art plate of Mrs. Valentino and her popular husband in August, 1923 issue. I note that Rudolph's smile is "wonderful," his eyes "glorious," his teeth "beautiful,"—the whole effect "the most fascinating in the world," and the information leaves me cold. But if it relieves you to say all that, go right ahead and don't mind me!

ESTELLE MARIE (Eastbourne).—Welcome to the ranks of the curious, Estelle. (1) The story of *Orphans of the Storm*, with illustrations, appeared in Feb. 1923 PICTUREGOER. (2) Monte Blue's own name is Monte Blue. (3) An interview appeared in April, 1922 issue (4) All back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., Arne St., W.C.2., price 1/3 post free.

KIDLET (Guernsey).—Letters forwarded. (1) Gloria Swanson and Herbert Sornborn obtained a divorce some time ago. (2) Violet Hopson was married before she became Mrs. Walter West. (3) Chrissie White is married to Henry Edwards.

J. M. (Brussels).—I shouldn't like your death on my conscience, so I hasten to relieve your curiosity. (1) Art plate of Rudolph with his wife appeared in August, 1923 PICTUREGOER. (2) His latest film is *Monsieur Beaucaire*, made with Famous Lasky after the signing of the truce.

FIRST OFFENDER (Tunbridge Wells).—You're dismissed with a warning. (1) Nothing about *Jane Eyre* in PICTUREGOER. (2) *Vanity Fair* was released December 10th last.

OWEN'S ADMIRER (Glasgow).—Glad you like PICTUREGOER, but I don't join you in wishing it a weekly. Once a month is quite often enough for the encyclopædic brain to work.

L. G. (London).—Frank Hayes died just recent. But if you write Goldwyn Films, you might be able to get a picture of him.

FROGGY-BOY (Cookham Dean).—(1) Pola Negri was born January 3rd, 1899. (2) Count Domskey. (3) She is now wedded to her art.

S. E. (Beverley).—Have forwarded your letter, so you may sleep sound o' nights, now, and please don't dub me a cynic again. I am a large hearted, philanthropical chap who does this sort of thing for sheer love of humanity.

A GRIFFITHS ADMIRER (Beccles).—Ask F. B. O., Soho Square, London, for particulars of the musical accompaniments of *Way Down East*.

INQUISITIVE (Highgate).—My photo doesn't grace my pages of the PICTUREGOER because I am a man of peace. I prefer to hide my fatal beauty behind six columns of cold print rather than wreak havoc in the youthful heart of the flapper. (1) J. W. Kerrigan played in *Thundering Dawn*. (2) Matheson Lang is married to Hutna Britten, and Conway Tearle to Adell Rowland. (3) Conway and Godfrey Tearle are half-brothers. (4) Elsie Ferguson, not Alma Rubens in *Peter Ibbetson*.

TWINKLE (Kensington).—You seem to have been twinkling on my horizon rather considerably of late. (1) Douglas Fairbanks' address is Pickfair Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) A 14d. stamp will be enough. (3) Enclose about 2/- for a photo. (4) You'll probably get a reply. (5) Release date of *The Thief of Bagdad* not fixed yet.

MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY (Nuneaton).—Congratulations. You must have worked almost as hard as I do. (1) Rudolph has returned to Famous Lasky to make two more films. (2) Margaret Leahy isn't making films now. She is back in England.

B. W. (Blackburn).—Is an awful warning to fickle film fans. He is actually so lost to shame that he parades his rank disloyalty before the world. He wants to exchange three signed photos of Charles Ray, Elsie Ferguson, and Jewel Carmen, for those of three other stars. Now B. W. what have you got to say for yourself?

ROSES (South Africa).—(1) Wants to know "how you manage to get on the films?" The answer is you don't, Roses, in nine cases out of ten. Take my advice and steer clear of them. (2) Don't risk sending your autograph album over here—it might get lost. Write to the stars and ask for their signatures, and then you can stick them into the book.

F. P. (Hastings).—Thank you for those few kindly words.

BLANCHE (London).—Sure, 'tis from the ould countree ye're hailin', thin, though your posthal address gives it the lie? Bedad, an' I've forwarded your letter and—hang it, how do you talk Irish, anyway?

R. H. J. (Johannesburg).—After being "PICTUREGOER Answer Man" for so long, I'm prepared for anything. (1) Not my photo, obtainable from "Picturegoer Salon." That's my worthy predecessor, a noble man who has since retired. (2) Katherine MacDonald in *The Woman God Forgot*.

MAUREEN (Costorphie).—(1) You can get Postal Exchange Coupons from practically any Post Office, and these can be sent to any foreign country. (2) *The*

*Sheik of Araby* is a film starring Violet Heming. No connection with *The Sheik* as Rudolph Valentino portrayed him.

DISGRACE (Clapham).—My hatter will certainly benefit if this sort of thing goes on. You're the third poetess this month who has been inspired to carol on my behalf. (1) An art plate of Reginald Denny with his wife and little girl, appeared in December, 1922, PICTUREGOER. (2) Marion Mack starred in *Mary of the Movies*.

INDIA (Surrey).—Wants to tell the world that "after having, with an unbiassed and open mind viewed every well-known English and American actor, she gives the palm for perfection in acting, appeal and manliness to Richard Barthelmess." The world is told, "India."

NAZI (Doncaster).—It hurts me to the quick to read that you think me conceited. I always try to bear my exceptional gifts and talents with becoming modesty.

TIZI (Birmingham).—Glad to make your acquaintance, Tizi. (1) Art plate with Herbert Rawlinson in February, 1922 PICTUREGOER, and an interview in May, 1923 issue. (2) Not married now. (3) His latest film is *Dancing Cheats*, a Universal film with Alice Lake. Another recent one is *Stolen Secrets*.

UNO.—(1) You might obtain stills from *The Merry-Go-Round* from European Films, Ltd., 167, Wardour St., W.C. (2) Address Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry, c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (3) Betty Blythe hasn't any children. Thanks for your good wishes. Same to you and many of 'em.

MATHESONIANS (Bedford).—Belong to the "Anti-Rudolph" Gang, and think Matheson Lang the prince of screen stars. (1) Interview with Matheson in May, 1923 PICTUREGOER, and an art plate in February, 1924 issue. (2) The Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, publishes postcards of your favourite. (3) Carlyle Blackwell's latest release is *The Beloved Vagabond*. At present he's at work on a film with an Indian atmosphere. (4) Bill Farnum has no intention of deserting the screen.



William N. Bailey and Mary Maclaren in "The Uninvited Guest."





# What Do You Think?

## YOUR VIEWS

AND OURS  
Kinema topics of general interest are dealt with on this page each month. All "Picturegoer" readers who wish to participate in our debates are invited to write to "The Thinker," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SPRING having definitely arrived, the Spring poets are well on the job. Harken unto *Irene-the-Onjanoo* (*Wimbledon*). "I wonder if you can tell me

*A Lament.*

why the vamp on the screen has a wicked eye; a head of hair that is raven black, and a "slinky" gown cut low at the back? The Vamps that I've met in this world so fair have goo-goo eyes and a baby stare. They look as innocent as can be (but they always grab my Sheik from me . . .). Now if they'd worn a daring gown and slithered around like the Movie dame, I soon could have guessed when they'd 'come to Town,' and I might have a shot at their own little game. But how is a poor little maid to guess that a vamp exists in a frilly dress? So all ye vamps please copy the screen, and then I'll not be quite so green!"

"WE must have stories and we must have stars, and what Gerald Ames thinks photographers and exhibitors would do without them, I don't know." Thus, *Together They Stand—Long Thoughts* (*Yorks*). "So

long as we have hearts and bodies and are not entirely composed of brain like the Tomtoddlies in 'Waterbabies,' we shall continue to worship our favourites. But only when they act in adequate stories. I would group stories, actors, and producers together because no two out of these

three can make good without the third being up to standard. Second should come photographers, and third exhibitors. So I don't see eye to eye with Gerald Ames regarding stars."

"THIS complaint has whiskers as fine as those of Moses in *The Ten Commandments*," moans *Not-a-Musician* (*London*), "but you know what the last straw did, don't you? *Music and the Movies*. Whilst *The Prodigal Son* was being

shown at a certain Kinema, right in the midst of a magnificent scene between 'Oscar' and his father, the orchestra played 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Did you ever? And the following film, which was a Buck Jones Westerner ran its course to the soothing (?) strains of the Minuet from 'The Gondoliers,' repeated *ad lib* especially in the fight scenes. I felt I wanted to have a fight with the musical director. There's so much music to choose from, why on earth do these people choose the most unsuitable themes they can find?"

A LONDON reader has something to say upon the subject of stories, as follows: "I used to think the story was the thing in movies, but since seeing *A Is the Story the Woman of Paris Thing?* and *Name the Man*, I am sure it isn't. Chaplin's film interests because it tells a story, so hackneyed

that every fan knows it by heart, in such a way that one is never bored for a moment. Not the story, but the way in which it is told, then, is the watchword of the movie of tomorrow. For Chaplin's film held my rapt attention throughout because it used not one of the familiar screen conventions. On the contrary *Name the Man* used many, including the good old movie storm when the heroine is driven from home. It's not a good story by any means, but, this, too, held me because of the characters, who were, somehow, human, despite the extraordinary things they did. So that I've come to the conclusion that not the story, but the manner of the telling is the big thing in a film. What do other readers think?"—*Nemo* (*London*).

"RE German Films and British Screens I should like to record a thought." Thus *G.B.H.B.* (*East Dereham*). "That film-acting has

become an art is a *Let 'Em All Come!* universally recognised fact, and art is for the

betterment and enjoyment of all nations. Therefore no one country can monopolise it. We do not despise German music, why should we pretend to despise their films producers and artists. Let other countries besides England and America join in by all means, the result of such competition will mean the advancement of the art of the Kinema. We aren't fighting another war with Germany or any other land and we don't want to—the aim of the true producer is not what is going to MAKE, but the universal enjoyment he is going to give."

"SAY Mr. Thinker, what do you think about the posters of various famous film stars they plaster up outside of Kinemas?" writes *C.A.B.S.*

*Down with the Posters!* (*Edinburgh*). "They are shown

in nerve-shattering or heartbreaking scenes and I think it's a howling shame. Seldom or never is anything like those posters seen on the film itself, thank Heaven. For the faces are atrocious, so is the colouring. They should not be allowed, for they do not improve the appearance of the Kinema and they cast horrible slurs upon the lovely stars they misrepresent. I don't object to the photographs, for these are always worth looking at, but I think the crude poster has had its day and should be scrapped."

THE THINKER.



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Claire Windsor





### THE LOVERS

*In "Monsieur Beaucaire," Bebe Daniels and Rudolph Valentino play a pair of Royal lovers parted for some five reels of resplendent movie costume-drama. They have altered Booth Tarkington's story quite a little.*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Their Planets and Yours

by FLORENCE TURNER

JUNE is a month that boasts of two interesting signs; Gemini (the twins), and Cancer (the crab).

Mythologically, the Gemini twins are Castor and Pollux, a pair perpetually opposing each other. Something of a similar nature is to be found in Gemini subjects—i.e., those born between the first and twenty-second of the month. On and after this day the forces of Cancer come into play, and this sign and the moon rule the rest of the month.

June subjects are, on the whole, a restless crowd, fond of having many irons in the fire at one and the same time. They are enterprising and apt to start things with a fine burst of enthusiasm, only to drop them them half-way through. Those born early in the month suffer from a sort of mental Jekyll-and-Hyde-ishness, which makes them incomprehensible sometimes.

In those whose birthdays occur late in the month we find a noticeable difference in temperament between the men and the women. Only Cancerian subjects evince such marked distinctions. Both sexes are tenacious, and have excellent business capacities; both, too, are fond of a gamble, and will take a chance in either play or earnest readily.

But whereas the men of Cancer are shy, silent and disinclined to reveal themselves easily, the women are absolutely the reverse. They like to be the centre of attraction on each and every occasion, and are talkative and witty, and adepts at keeping themselves in the limelight.

It is a noticeable fact that but few women born in June become celebrities. That is not because of any lack of talent or personality, but because of a decided lack of

perseverance.

June 28.—People born on this date come under the sign of Cancer which is dominated by Luna (the moon). To the men, this combination gives an odd mingling of the shallow and the profound. They are given to regular views, and opposed to changes, often restraining others from branching out into new ventures. Fond of home, too, though inclined to domineer when in it. Tact belongs to them, also, and an unfailing courtesy arising from a desire to be perfectly fair to everybody, but only when properly approached.

A woman born on June 28 will always be vivacious, original and excellent company. She will possess the power of creating the exact impression she wishes. She will have great faith in her own judgment, and a certain distrust of those around her which will wear off as she grows into middle age. Fond of admiration, too, though a

little apt to fuss over trifles.

Other traits of character belonging to those born towards the end of this month are a certain inconstancy in love affairs owing to a disability to find those capable of appreciating them at their true worth. For they sometimes allow themselves and their affections to be won by people who deliberately play upon their sensitiveness, and then, when this is manifest, want nothing more to do with them. They should marry those born in March, November, January, June and October.

Comparatively few screen stars come into the June birthday list. Amongst them however, are: Robert Cain, June 4; Blanche Sweet, June 8; Ralph Graves, June 9; Sessue Hayakawa, June 10; Kate Lester, June 12; Mahlon Hamilton, June 15; Marguerite de la Motte, June 22; Zena Keefe, June 26; Robert Ellis, William Courtleigh, and Lois Wilson, June 28.



VIOLA DANA, June 28.



CLIVE BROOK, June 1.



ROBERT WARWICK, June 2



# The Superlative

Florenz Ziegfeld, who spends most of his time selecting pretty girls to swell the ranks of the famous "Ziegfeld Follies," has chosen six blonde beauties as Screenland's loveliest.

carry yourself correctly and with poise and surety. Merely pretty faces are not enough.

You've got to have fairly specified proportions, and you **MUST** have shapely limbs.

Makes it a bit difficult, *n'est-ce pas?*

There has been, ever and anon, much controversy and argument as to which or who among the screen stars are the most beautiful. Fan has contended against fan, press agent has vied with press agent and critic with critic.

Every now and again some buxom blonde or blooming brunette has been heralded and set up as the screen's *most* beautiful woman. Mary Pickford . . . Mabel Normand . . . Pola Negri . . . Andrée Lafayette . . . each and every one of them has, in her turn, received this precious ointment of flattery and attention.

But, after all, when you come to think of it, every one of them can't be the most beautiful. There's no such thing as so many superlatives. There must be a few among the 'glittering

If you were to go to Heaven and St. Peter were to let you in you would know that you had been a good gal. You would know that you were among the eternally elect.

If you were to go to the New Amsterdam Theatre Building in New York City, if you were fortunate enough to be passed through the little wooden gate that bars the Czar of Charm from the rest of the world and if the Czar of Charm, *i.e.*, Flo Ziegfeld, were to tell you to report to him on the stage of the theatre the day following, and if, when you reported, along with some fifty or sixty other candidates, you were to be watched by Mr. Ziegfeld from the darkened auditorium while, in knickers and a blouse, you walked and danced and smiled and bowed, you were then requested to join the First Family of the Follies, you would **KNOW** that you were beautiful.

For Mr. Ziegfeld has standards. Set standards. He is probably harder to get by than St. Peter, who is notoriously difficult to please.

In the first place, if you wear make-up when you go in to see Mr. Ziegfeld, you are more apt than not to be taboo. You can't have dyed hair. You can't be overweight. You can't look as if you had been up all night the night before. You've got to have originality.

*Before she became a movie star Mae Murray was one of "Ziegfeld's Follies."*

You've got to have individuality and distinction. If bobbed hair suits you, you should have sense enough to know it and also to have had it bobbed. If bobbed hair doesn't suit you, you've got to have sense enough to know that, too. You've got to have self-confidence so that you can

*Ruby de Reymer, who graduated from the same school.*

gals' more beautiful than any of the others, and who are we, you or I or any of us, to say, when Flo Ziegfeld is within reach to give his final and authoritative opinion?

Mary Miles Minter comes early in the list.





# SIX OF GLADYS HALL

I went to him and asked him for this opinion. I told him that I had long since given up trying to determine who was the most glorious among so many hours and I begged him to tell me, once and for all, who among the cinemartists

parable Venuses and now we shall see whether you agree with him or no: Avonne Taylor, Mary Miles Minter, Ruby de Remer, Justine Johnstone, Marion Davies, Mae Murray.

Pressed for specific reasons as to why he considers these six girls more beautiful than any of their screen sisters, Mr. Ziegfeld maintains that he has no specific reason for his selections, ever. He declares that he does not necessarily cater to his own personal choices or opinions, but that when he decides upon girls for the beauty ranks, he sees them through the



Avonne Taylor who has only just entered movieland



Justine Johnstone was also once a "Folly."



Ziegfeld considers Marion Davies one of the screen's great beauties.

eyes of the General Public; that he has been so long the Bureaucrat of Beauty, has for so many years picked the prettiest peaches to dangle before the bedazzled eyes of the Public, he has come to see with sort of a composite eye, recognising by instinct the girls who possess the highest percentage of charms for the greatest percentage of people.

Mr. Ziegfeld sought youth for his Follies—and glorified it! He paid the highest salaries any producer had ever paid for chorus girls—but his chorus girls are not chorus girls; they are an institution. Happy is the girl who can say she is or was once a member of the Ziegfeld Follies. It is the social register of beauty.

For when she has reached, finally, the presence of the great arbiter of beauty, she will find that every feature, every mannerism is carefully observed. She will be asked, probably, to take off her hat; if her hair is unattractive, her chances are ruined. Mr. Ziegfeld will observe her eyes, her mouth—he likes the short upper lip—and a Cupid's bow mouth. He will notice her carriage, her walk, the way she sits in her chair. In fact, lucky is the girl whose charms

are sufficient to receive the O.K. of Florenz Ziegfeld.

Many picture stars got their start in just that way, for picture producers are impressed by a girl's Ziegfeld training.

Mae Murray, of course, and Marion Davies are the most noted stars who found their stardom via the Follies. And the long list of other celebrities of the screen who began in the same way includes Martha Mansfield, Renée Adorée, Kathryn Perry, Justine Johnstone, Mary Eaton, Shannon Day—one hundred per cent. beauties, all of them.

And, incidentally, there is a little hope in this list for the brunette beauty.

However, brunettes should not be discouraged. Although Ziegfeld selects all blondes, it is a well-known fact that the brunette type screens best. The Pola Negri hair and eyes—black—have a kick to them that no blonde hair or blue eyes could impart.

The screen likes brunettes.

Mr. Ziegfeld likes blondes.

And there you are!

At any rate, you now have Mr. Ziegfeld's tastes in screen beauty, than which you can go no higher though you are at liberty to differ from him. What do you think of the ultimatum?

are the most beautiful of all?

In the first place he picked ALL BLONDES!

I trust that this will not cause an orgy of golden-glint rinses and henna packs, etcetera, for Mr. Ziegfeld notwithstanding, I feel that there is something to be said for the darker sisters.

However, here are the six girls among all the stars in Screenland whom Mr. Ziegfeld selected as the Incom-



t has been remarked somewhere (or if it hasn't it ought to have been), that the devotion of the lioness to her cubs is as nothing to the devotion of the film fan to his or her idol. Flappers who have hitherto thought of nothing more serious than powder puffs and chocolate creams, work themselves into a fine frenzy over the perfect profile of Novello; friendships have been severed by a disagreement on the superior charms of Ramon and Rudolph, and even certain members of the sterner sex pen rhapsodies to the picture papers anent the eyes, hair and lips of their divinity.

If I were to ask why this thing should be — why one particular individual should excite the infatuated admiration of so many—a veritable storm would rise in protest. Talent, beauty and charm must have due homage shown them, indignant fandom would reply. And in their thousands they would continue to worship at the popular altar of the moment.

The looker-on—he whose cold heart thrills not to Sheiks and their beautiful captives—can only watch and wonder. Wonder what would have happened if Dame Fortune had seen fit to turn the footsteps of these stars into other paths than those they tread so gaily now. There are so many of them who would never have come to the screen in the ordinary course of events. And some of the vocations that were their first choice are very widely different from their present work.

One would never have suspected Agnes Ayres of having aspirations towards the Bar, yet she started working very seriously towards that end. Agnes in a lawyer's gown would doubtless be an attractive sight, but somehow

It's only a little word, but it opens up avenues of fascinating possibilities. Many famous film stars might never have had their names in electrics had their first choice of a career been their final choice.



*Herbert Rawlinson went to Canada to be a farmer's boy. But he has never repented changing his occupation.*

I cannot imagine queues of fans waiting outside the Law Courts to see her drive away in her car; throwing her flowers from the spectators' gallery; and begging for her autograph after the day's session. That is, of course, unless she had made her name as a film star first.

Nor can I fancy Rudolph Valentino, if he had followed his first inclinations and become a landscape gardener, wielding a spade whilst surrounded by a group of infatuated and adoring girls. It is probable that he would have gone his way quite unsensationally. He could have walked unnoticed and uncommented on, down any street in New York; could have entered a bus or train without being mobbed; and nobody who saw him abroad would have rushed home to write to the



*Above: May McAvoy's first choice of a career was teaching children. Left: Carmel Myers commenced conquering the world as a journalist; now-a-days she conquers hearts as a screen "vamp." Right: The early leanings of Bessie Love were also towards school-teaching, but she made a wise move when she entered movieland.*





Editor of PICTUREGOER about it, with comments on his glorious eyes and fascinating smile. This may be a treasonable thing to say, but, film fans, deny it if ye can.

Alice Joyce never would have been a screen star if a friend hadn't introduced her to the Kalem Company. She started work as a telephone girl, and though she was then just as beautiful and as talented as she is now, it has never been recorded that the youths of New York, who saw her walking to work in the early mornings, went home with her indelible image graven on their hearts. Of course, she may have had requests galore, from business men whom she furnished with wrong numbers, for a signed photo of herself, but if she did, Alice doesn't talk about it.

Rex Ingram is another who might have been lost to Screenland if he had continued his career as a cartoonist, and his

*Lois Wilson was a model school ma'am, but we'd have all been sorry if she hadn't changed her vocation.*



*Bobby Agnew worked in a factory in New York before movies claimed him.*

And others, equally famous and sought after these days might still have been pursuing their obscure ways if—. But "if" is a big little word, and can alter the course of a life.

Some people might say that these stars have "arrived," via the screen, because it was inevitable that they should do so. Because it is the only type of work that they are suited for, and because the splendid looks and talents that are theirs could not go unnoticed for long. With all due respect to them, and with all due admiration, I cannot think this. Agnes Ayres, I believe, gave promise of being an excellent lawyer; Barbara La Marr, and Carmel Myers, who both started life as journalists, have some very good work to their credit, and Lois Wilson was a model schoolmistress. But the rose-tipped fingers of romance entered their lives and transported them to almost another world. There are thousands of little, unknown crowd workers, talented, some of them, and beautiful as any star, who would give much for just one golden opportunity to prove their own abilities. But it seems, from a study of the screen, that the opportunities will not come to those who start out in life with the serious intention of finding Fame in Movie-land. Film success comes, contrarily, to the schoolmistresses, the embryo lawyers, the landscape gardeners of this life. And, as nothing succeeds like success, film fans flock to worship on its altars.

Onlookers can only watch—and wonder!  
E. E. BARRETT.

*Matheson Lang once contemplated missionary work of different kind to his present mission in life.*

wife Alice Terry was in a film cutting room before her feet found the rose (and thorn) strewn path that leads to film glory. Betty Compson was an unknown violinist in a music hall orchestra, before Fate brought her before the Kleig lights; Lois Wilson was a school mistress; Bobby Agnew worked in a New York factory; Matheson Lang comes of a clerical family, and in his boyhood dreamed dreams of becoming a missionary. It is a far cry from the church to the screen, but Matheson managed to break away from the family traditions, and after a long stage career, he seems to have settled down seriously to film work. Herbert Rawlinson left his home town, Brighton, when he was quite a boy, and went to Canada with an uncle to study farming, but there is little of the farmer about him now.







Florence Vidor and Monte Blue in  
"The Marriage Circle."

have just been working out some figures. I have made the discovery that last year I saw between four and five million feet of film. So far this year I have only seen just over a million feet. Anyone who thinks it is nice to be a film critic should ponder on what these figures mean. Especially should they realise that nine out of every ten films are the same film—the same plot, the same situations, the same "happy" ending; all nice enough in their way, of course, but out



The death of Kean.

one seriously, refusing to be upset by anything, coolly sweeping aside Monte Blue's protestations of innocence with the remark, "I believe you. But no one else will. I am proud to have the assistance of a man of your standing to help me to get rid of my wife."

It is no use attempting to tell the story of *The Marriage Circle*. It is a series of trivial incidents, each one cleverly designed to help on the main situation, each one developing logically from the one before and leading inevitably to the next. The skill with which the intricate scenario has been planned and worked out is one of the cleverest things in the film. Apart from anything else *The Marriage Circle* would have deserved a place in Our Honours List for the brilliance of the acting. Do you remember Monte Blue as "Danton" in *Orphans of the Storm*. Anything more widely different than his work in this film it would be hard to imagine. For in *The Marriage Circle* behold Monte Blue as a skilful and subtle comedian! As for Adolphe Menjou, he stands apart. Is there anyone else—except Chaplin—who can express so much by the lift of an eyebrow, the



Ivan Mosjoukine,  
C. Denenbourg and  
Nathalie Lissenko.

of those five million feet of film perhaps a paltry hundred thousand or so will contain anything original and show any advance in technique and idea.

When you see *The Marriage Circle* you will understand why I give it pride of place in this record of noteworthy films. Ernst Lubitsch, the producer of

a single word of explanation by husband or wife would clear up everything and brings the film to a sudden end? *The Marriage Circle* is simply this old plot made to live for the first time. Lubitsch has woven Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor and Creighton Hale into a side-splitting

## Our Honours List

The good things of the month are three.

*Ann Boleyn*, and *Rosita*, must have enjoyed himself when he made this film. You know the usual "eternal triangle" drama, in which everything depends on a series of misunderstandings? Haven't you felt many a time how artificial it all is? How

series of complications that simply refuse to be cleared up. It is no use anyone explaining: the more they explain the worse things become—just like real life. And over it all presides the smiling, cynical figure of Adolphe Menjou—as brilliantly clever as he was in *A Woman of Paris*—refusing to take any-



twist of a mouth, or the mere shrug of the shoulders? There is a rumour that some time ago Lubitsch expressed the opinion that Marie Prevost—who began her screen life as a bathing girl—was the finest actress in America. Without going so far as to endorse that, she certainly proves in this film that she is an accomplished comedienne.

Lastly, notice the clever way in which the film has been produced. Like *A Woman of Paris*, the story has been told in a series of "snapshots," and every shot has a meaning, every shot is taken from the angle that best expresses that meaning.

If you want an hour's uninterrupted amusement go to see *The Marriage Circle*. And I should be extremely interested if any reader of PICTUREGOER who does not like it would write to me and tell me why.

*Kean* is a film that no lover of the screen should miss. Produced in France, with Ivan Mosjoukine in the title role, it sketches the character, rather than tells the story of Edmund Kean, the famous actor.

In *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* you saw an attempt to portray an entire state of mind on the screen. In *Kean* you will see an attempt to portray thought on the screen done in an entirely different way. The one scene in which the orgy in the inn is depicted, with the mad whirl of the hornpipe getting faster and faster, more chaotic and more insane, portrays what is passing in "Kean's" mind more clearly than any words could do.

Mosjoukine, who is a Russian—and surely only a master of the ballet could move with his incomparable grace?—has added a masterpiece to the screen's gallery of perfect characterisations. His acting is superb. Only secondary

Adolphe Menjou and Marie Prevost in  
"The Marriage Circle."



to his work is the delightful study by Nicolas Koline of the old prompter at Drury Lane, Kean's faithful friend and admirer. *Kean* will make you laugh—and in the end it will make you cry. All through you will be gripped by the power of the acting, and the tragedy of the story. Don't miss *Kean*.

In last month's PICTUREGOER you saw from the pictures what to expect in *Siegfried*. Here is a picture produced by that master of screen artistry, Fritz Lang. Here is pictorial beauty, screen magic, and one of the finest mediæval legends ever conceived. Here is a dragon that breathes fire and smoke, dwarfs turned to stone, whirling pictures of the Northern Lights, grim castles and wondrous forests. *Siegfried* is an epic of the screen. And it contains the most wonderful piece of photography ever seen on the silver sheet—the amazing representation of "Kriemhild's" dream. There is a breadth and a sweep about this film that raises it above all ordinary standards. And yet—from beginning to end—it is all studio-made. Fritz Lang is a firm believer in the ability of the camera and the architect to counterfeit nature, and even to improve on her. When you see the Springtime scenes in *Siegfried*—the beauty of which almost make you hold your breath—you will agree that Lang has justified his theory. He could not find a forest big enough, so he built one—in the studio! So as to ensure that the

Left: "*Siegfried*," in the forest.  
Below: *The Cathedral of Burgundia*.

Spring flowers should bloom in superlative beauty he planted them himself—in the Studio! But you would never have known if I had not told you. Nothing could be more natural than the finished effect. *Siegfried* is a masterpiece by a master producer. You have never seen anything like *Siegfried*. There has never been anything like it before.

THE PICTUREGOER CRITIC.



# Their Daily Dozen

Perfect beauty is as much a matter of poise and active grace as of loveliness of feature. Movie maidens know this and spend part of every day in the gymnasium.



*Blanche Mehaffey, Beth Darlington and Marie Mosquini astride the studio horse.*



*Left: How Ena Gregory keeps fit.*



*Ruth Roland does this every day*



*Below: Blanche Mehaffey.*



"Beauty is but skin deep," sighs the sage, in a moment of philosophical wisdom. "Woman's charms are fleeting!" groan the miserable (and incidentally plain) ones of the earth. But modern Eve snaps her fingers in the faces of the wiseacres, and attacks her physical jerks with renewed confidence and vigour. For she has built her beauty on a solid foundation of good health, and the future holds no fears for her as it does for her less sensible sister who shuns athletics as she would the plague.

Hollywood girls are all believers in regular daily exercises, and a good many of the stars have their private gymnasiums, in which they spend at least half an hour every day. Witness the result, as portrayed on these pages, and then ask yourselves whether it's worth the trouble. Viola Dana thinks it is. She believes that to look young and pretty one must feel young, and to feel young one must be buoyant and glowing with health, so she repairs to her gymnasium every morning early, and emerges looking as fit as she feels.

"I recommend everybody who wants to retain her youthful and fresh appearance, to spend part of the day doing some vigorous bodily exercise," is what the small star says. "I'm rather keen on the medicine ball myself, but anything will serve; a game of





Above and below: Jobyna Ralston keeps supple by means of these simple exercises.



tennis or a long wall (people are far too lazy about walking in these days of cars); rowing is excellent, too, for developing the muscles and helping to circulate the blood properly. If girls would only make up their minds to keep on with this sort of thing, after they leave school, they would find that at the dreaded age of forty their charms, instead of fading or vanishing completely, would be strengthened and improved."

Viola is a speaking testimonial to her own recipe for beauty; but she is not the only one who has found this the golden way to loveliness. Gloria Swanson upholds her in everything she says, but she has one or two pet exercises not mentioned by Viola. "Toe-twiddling" is one of them. I don't know whether this is quite technical but it is the best descriptive term for the process. When she wakes up in the morning Gloria immediately throws off all the bedclothes and lies flat on her back. Then she commences to stretch her feet

Below:

"I recommend a bathing suit as the ideal wear for physical jerks," says Ruth Roland. "But see that it is neither too loose nor too tight."



until they are in a tiptoes position, bringing them back to point straight at the ceiling. She does this twenty times in quick succession, because she says it helps to keep the ankles supple, and at the same time she takes deep breathing exercises. So the next time you are admiring the contour of her dainty ankles, remember how this simple little exercise has helped her, and mak up your mind that you, too, can have limbs rivalling those of the Ziegfeld Follies if you are not too lazy to follow Gloria's methods.

Ruth Roland finds it very necessary to keep fit, or the strenuous life she leads would prove too much for her. She pins all her faith to Swedish Drill, and could be seen any morning at about seven (if she allowed visitors at such a time) going through a whole course of vigorous training, preparatory to meeting Death, Danger and Intrigue, in fifteen episodes of serial thrills. She always dons a bathing suit at this time, because it allows for freedom of movement, and very often after she has finished she runs down to her private bathing pool, for a cooling plunge. Ruth's idea of a bathing suit, though, is not the Mack Sennett version of that garment. Just a close fitting little suit, as you see it in the picture, innocent alike of frills and ribbons—that's the kind of garment in which she arrays herself for the business of keeping fit and fair.

Dumb-bells and Indian clubs are used with results pleasing to the eye,

Below: The dying swan movement. Jobyna Ralston specialises in this.



by scores of Hollywood beauties, and practically every studio owns a "horse" on which stars and even extras practise assiduously during their spare moments. Christie Comedy and Mack Sennett girls, particularly, devote much of their time to physical culture, and there is quite a friendly rivalry amongst them when they are all anxious to master an especially difficult exercise. Of course, they nearly all ride horseback, and just one or two of them profess to a keen interest in boxing—only their pugilistic bouts have one important addition to the rules. It reads: "No hard hitting allowed!"

After all, you see, it is harder work being a professional beauty than some folk would imagine. For beauty is a gift that must be kept continually bright and well cared for, or it will fade away and no amount of coaxing will bring it back.





Hi! Hi!

The Gangs  
All Here!

They are the most natural children on the screen, and their work is really play to them.

Right: Meet "Our Gang," Mickey Daniels, Joe Cobb, Jack Davis, Jackie Condon, Mary Kornman, Farina, and Sunshine Sammy.



Right: Master Allan Hoskins, better known as "Little Farina."



studio school.

"Our Gang" came into being when Hal Roach first decided to put Sunshine Sammy into comedies by himself. Sammy had appeared in many Harold Lloyd features and was a popular favourite, hence the idea of giving him a whole company of children and animals as supporting players. Collecting a Zoo was not really difficult, since no wild animals were wanted. Only domestic creatures, like dogs, cats, goats, horses, parrots, etc., were eligible and "Dinah," the mule was one of the first applicants for a job. "Bill," the bulldog is the next eldest, the newcomers after them were so numerous that nobody has kept count of which came first or which came last.

As to the kiddies, Mickey Daniels, who was a protégée of Harold Lloyd's used to play with Sammy in and out of studio hours. A born actor, his freckled visage and wide grin had been seen in several films. Mickey was the mascot of the Rock Springs baseball team in Wyoming when he was only five-and-a-half, so he was quite used to public appearances.

Studios moments like this are rare. They're not reading the Alger books any way!

Hal Roach calls them "Our Rascals"; the two "Macs" i.e., Bob McGowan, and Tom McNamara, who take turns in directing them, speak of them as "The Bunch." The gang christened itself "The Gang," Sunshine Sammy says so, and he ought to know as he was the first member.

Anyway these kiddies keep things lively on the Hal Roach "lot" excepting when they are at school, of which, strange to say, they are decidedly fond. Then, and then only are they quiet; but not excessively so. Still, they're highly intelligent kiddies, and tutoring them is a pleasure, according to the benign lady who teaches their young ideas to shoot. There are very strict rules as to the lives of child screen players in America. Daily teaching of some kind is always insisted upon, hence the



Sunshine Sammy, Jackie Condon, and Mickey Daniels in "One Terrible Day."





Left:  
In "Dogs  
of War."

as Farina. He was introduced by Sunshine Sammy, who declared the nineteen month's old piccaninny was "de funniest yet." His name is Allan Hoskins, but right from the first he has always been taken for a little girl.

He wears his hair long, and he isn't a bit particular about his attire—doesn't care if it's breeks or petticoats. In fact he'd personally prefer to discard both, and has been known to do so on more than one occasion.

These, with "Fatty" Joe Cobb, are the permanent members of "The Gang." Other kiddies come and go, as they are



"Our Gang" at school in the studio.



Sunshine Sammy gets his  
in "Fire Fighters."

Harold Lloyd met him, liked the boy, and wrote special parts into *Dr. Jack* and *Safety Last* for him. But he was already an unofficial member of the Gang before he'd finished *Dr. Jack*. So was Jackie Davis, Mildred Davis's small brother who would cheerfully have brought his bed and slept in the studios instead of at home, upon the slightest encouragement.

Jackie Condon, the three-year-old with the mop of fair hair happened along next. He just naturally tagged after the others much as he does in the comedies, he doesn't say much—just sticks around.

Little Mary Kornman was brought along by her dad, Gene Kornman, who is Harold Lloyd's "still" camera-man. The first "Our Gang" features were devoid of feminine interest, but they wanted a little girl for *The Champen* and Mary was soon adopted by the boys as one of themselves.

Last, and least in size, though not in importance, is the coloured baby known

required. Nearly a hundred acted as "atmosphere" when *The Big Show* was made, but the Gang proudly chants "We are Seven" and considers itself complete.

Most of the comedies evolve naturally from the children themselves. They are given their costumes and told to play with them and the rest comes with only a very few suggestions from the directors.



They had a perfectly gorgeous time in "Dogs of War."



# Love, Lava and Lillian

By Josie P. Lederer

You'll find all three in "The White Sister."

Lillian Gish changed her director and her company and went away from America to make *The White Sister*, but her screen sufferings remain unabated still. Her trials and tribulations as the heroine of this movie are absolutely heartrending.

After a brief half-reel of happiness, as the petted daughter of an Italian aristocrat, her father is killed whilst hunting and the poor little soul's sorrows begin. And they have no ending, though she finds something like peace for a while in a beautiful white hospital in a little town hard by Vesuvius.

Quite early in the film "Angela" is defrauded of her name and position by her malevolent half-sister, and of her soldier lover by a none too well-staged African expedition. In despair, she becomes a nun, a "White Sister," incidentally providing some thoroughly interesting views of the ceremonies attending the taking of her final vows. After which the hero, who was not dead, but imprisoned in the desert, escapes, and returns home just too late. There is real drama in the unexpected meeting of the unhappy lovers in the hospital to which he has come seeking news of his brother. The message is brought to him by "Angela" herself, ignorant, of course of his identity. Then the poor heroine suffers further anguish when she refuses to ask for a Papal dispensation so that she can go to her lover.

At this point the spectator's feelings are harrowed unto breaking point.

*The sinful sister repents.*

and even the lava in Vesuvius rises to protest. Contrary to expectations it does not engulf everybody in its relentless flow, though it and a burst reservoir realistically destroy the village. The soldier hero dies bravely, after helping others to escape; the sinful sister also dies (but con-



Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish.

fesses first) and the film ends with an impressive open-air mass and a final glimpse of the heroine's tear-filled eyes contemplating her lover's bier.

It is an interesting movie, though a bit "slow" at times, for it was made entirely in Italy and boasts of some fine photography and scenery. There are views of Naples, and some shots of an

*A tense moment.*



Lillian Gish as "Angela."



Italian garden that is a poem, with its terrace and tall cypresses; an imposing chateau, many picturesque streets, and actual pictures in colour of Vesuvius in action.



# In Father's Footsteps

Enter the second generation of screen players.

Left: Myrtle's Steadman's son Lincoln. Oval: Hobart Bosworth with George, his five-year-old son. Below: Ralph Bushman, son of Francis X. Bushman; and (right) Constance Talmadge with Buster Keaton's eldest son.

the camera and responded so intelligently to the director's instructions that he achieved the distinction of having his name entered upon the Studio register and is thus certain of a "call" soon.

In *Our Hospitality*, Buster Keaton's eldest son made his first bow to film fans. He didn't cry once on the "sets," but he *did* cry, and very loudly and long too, when he saw himself. But Papa Keaton was pleased, so it is possible that the baby will overcome his screen-shyness and be persuaded to appear again.

Keaton Kid Komedies would make a snappy series in case the serious fun-maker decides to take to directing some day.

Handsome Ralph Bushman, whose father, Francis X. Bushman was one of the best beloved screen idols of a few years ago, has, only recently entered a film studio. He seems to have inherited much of his father's talent, judging by his work, and not a little of the famous Bushman fascination. He is

It seems very early days to talk about the second generation of film stars, for the Kinema is such a youthful Art compared with the others. But already they are upon us, these sons and daughters of screen-idols and they are cheerfully following the trails their parents blazed. After all, what more natural than that they should?

The most notable example, of course, is "Young Doug" as someone dubbed the clever youth whose first film role was that of the star in *Stephen Steps Out*. Like Fairbanks senior, the son is athletic to the *nth* degree and stunts are second nature to him. He is a fresh-faced boy, who looks older than his fourteen years. Thus far he has made only one film appearance, but he will assuredly be seen and heard of again.

Then we have Lincoln Steadman. Undeterred by having one famous stage and screen star in the family in the person of his mother, popular Myrtle Steadman, he has taken to the screen himself now, and has put in successful appearances in *The Old Swimmin' Hole*, *The Wanters*, and *Black Oxen*.

Hobart Bosworth's son has not yet done anything very startling. But then he has only just been allowed to try. He is only five, a golden-haired laddie with eyes exactly like his father's, and is absolutely on fire to emulate Bosworth senior's screen performances. He was allowed a brief appearance before

over six foot tall, athletic, and simply crazy about screen work. His biggest role to date is in *The Man Life Passed By*.

Thus far, it seems that sons only inherit the flair for screen work, very few daughters of stars having seriously inclined towards it. But the next ten years will assuredly find the second generation getting well into the spotlight.

J. L.

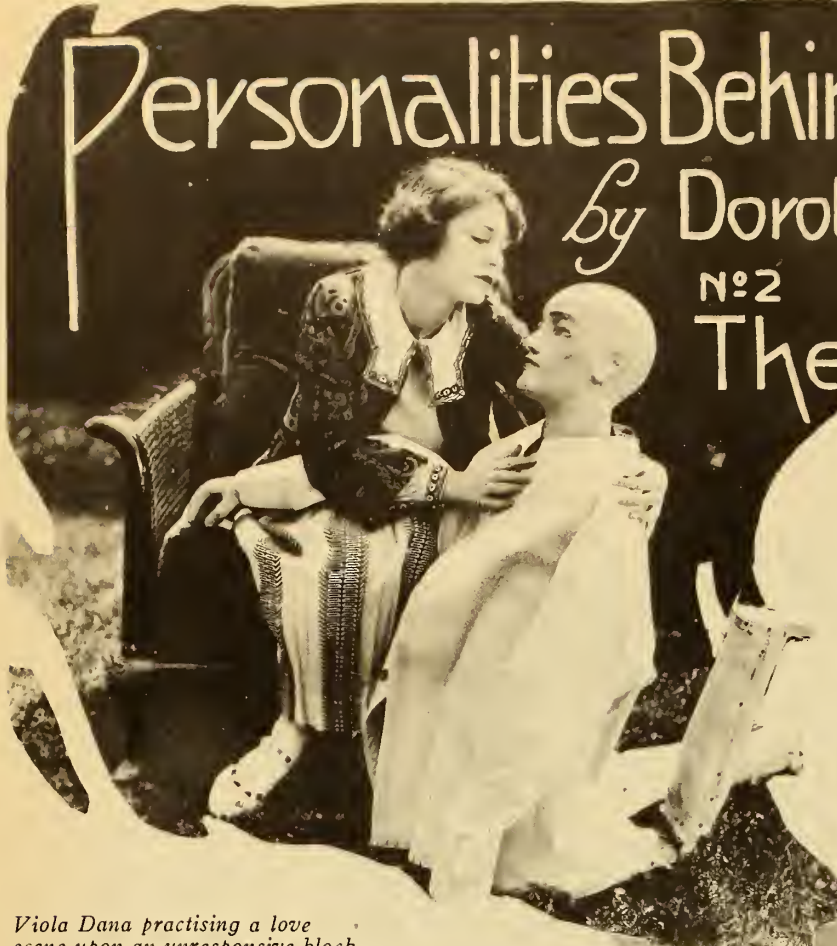




# Personalities Behind the Screen

By Dorothy Owston Booth

## Nº 2 The Dummy



*Viola Dana practising a love scene upon an unresponsive block of wood and plaster.*

MOST picturegoers know that dummies are used in the production of motion pictures although many directors and publicity agents prefer that patrons of their films shall believe otherwise.

Among screen producers at the present time there is a cult of realism. This is all very well and good. Picturegoers in the main do not care to feel that they are being cheated. They do not care to be asked to believe that an obviously studio-built, cardboard-and-gold-paint structure is the Casino at Monte Carlo, for instance; or that a few feet of salt-covered studio floor with an elegant back cloth is a snow field in the Rockies!

Although wonderful sets are being made daily in the studios, directors insist on taking their casts to the exact locales whenever practicable and possible, and so the movies grow "better and better!"

But, at the same time, every averagely intelligent picturegoer knows that there are things which even the most enterprising producer simply must fake. He may be able to afford to take his principals from California to Mexico, Egypt or the South of France; from New York to San Francisco, China or the South Sea Islands; or from a London studio to the North of Scotland, Holland or the Italian Riviera. He may have a sufficiently elastic studio purse to enable him to thus "hitch his wagon to the star" of realism so far as settings are concerned, but he must bow to the superior strength of the goddess Fake when the lives of his players are in question.

Often, no doubt, you have watched the silver sheet with bated breath while the villain of the film, hurled by the hero, crashes over the side of the precipice to meet his fate on the jagged rocks below. Or, in a farcical comedy, you have seen the india-rubber comedian dragged along behind a racing motor car, thrown from the top of a skyscraper, rolled

One denizen of the film studio who is never tired or temperamental.

helter-skelter down flights of steps, or flattened out under the wheels of a steam wagon or a train!

In each instance, however, you quite rightly comfort yourself with the knowledge that it is no human body which endures such trials. It is just the poor studio dummy, you know.

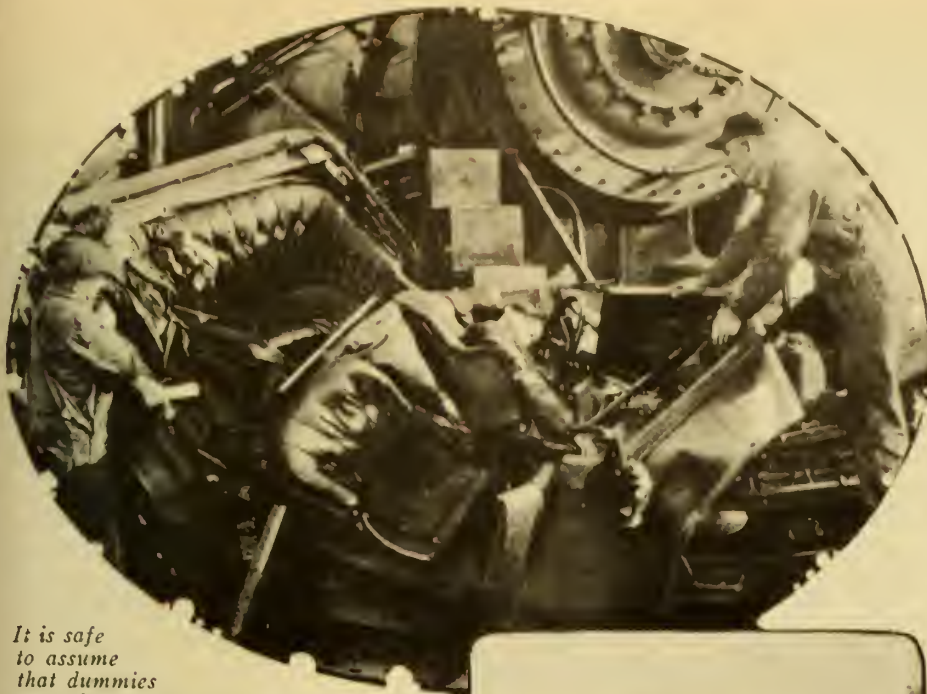
Though screen stars readily perform almost incredible feats and refuse to allow "doubles" to run risks which they themselves will not take there are times when they must accept the services of the dummy.

That long-suffering individual changes its character more frequently than does the notoriously variable English weather. Wearing different

*Charles Ray with a studio product*







*It is safe to assume that dummies are substituted for the real players in everything but "close-ups" when such scenes as these are filmed.*

clothes and many changes of make-up it "doubles" in turn for heroine, villain or hero, not to mention representations of innumerable minor characters of good or evil repute as the story may require.

Naturally, the features, make-up and 'habilaments of the dummy must coincide in every tiny detail with the appearance of the player for whom it is to suffer disaster. The property man must evolve a perfectly identical "double" so that the detection shall not be detected in close-ups.

The serial, and the melodrama, are the dummy's Mecca, of course, in spite of the fact that there are now so many daredevil actors and actresses who insist on carrying out even the most thrilling stunts devised by scenario writers under the influence of nightmares! In the serial it is often necessary to prepare several dummies of identical appearance in order that the intrepid players may be run over, burned, electrocuted or battered by aeroplane, railway or motor smash in each subsequent episode.

The scenario of a drama sometimes demands that one or more characters meet a violent death, and, in many cases, it is safe to assume that, though the flesh and blood player may appear a moment before and a moment after the crash—whatever form it may take—it is the dummy that suffers the actual "death."

This dummy, therefore, that "doubles" for movie actors in scenes of real danger shares the triumphs and applause with which the finished film is greeted. There is another kind of dummy, however, which never graces the silver sheet. It endures the blinding glare of the entire complement of Kliegs and Cooper Hewitts and it may



*Frank Mayo and a dumb friend at sea.*

be within range of the cameras for an hour or so at a time, yet it finds no place in the completed production.

This is the "lighting" dummy. Like its cousin, the "danger" dummy, it is an exact replica of a movie star, but is a far more aristocratic and exclusive being. It does not change its identity hourly. If it commences life by "doubling" for Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino or Elsie Ferguson, the chances are that it will continue thus as long as its human counterpart requires its services.

The work of this dummy is to relieve the star in question from the wearying, nerve-racking waits caused by the necessary lighting adjustments. Especially in spectacular films,

or those in which lighting plays an important part in the pictorial effect, these waits can be interminably long and infinitely more fatiguing than the acting itself. It is a matter of almost everyday occurrence in a studio for the action to be held up for an hour while the electricians and cameramen adjust lights and positions until the exact desired artistic effect has been gained.

Dummies are therefore always prepared exactly like those whom they represent so that the lighting practised on them will register in the same way when the scene is screened. As every material and every colour registers in a different manner on the silver sheet the clothing of the dummies must duplicate the actual costumes for the scene.

There is a good story going the rounds of how a press representative entered the studio a few months back while Elsie Ferguson was making *Outcast*, her last Paramount picture. In the shadowy dimness just off a set where all was in a bustle preparing for the next scene he encountered, as he thought, Miss Ferguson resting in an armchair.

Delighted to thus easily find his quarry he launched forth into the questions he had prepared to ask the famous star, and was amazed to hear a burst of silvery laughter behind him as he paused for a reply.

The real Elsie Ferguson was delighted to hear her dummy being interviewed!

*Elsie Ferguson and her studio understudy.*





# Stars who Took the Wrong Turning

But they "got there" all the same.

Oval: Priscilla Dean has been stifled with melodrama, whereas she is a serious, dramatic actress of infinite possibilities.

Left: Tom Meighan's characterisations give pleasure but his best work has not yet been done.



Probably they'd laugh at you if you accused them—these Stars who took the wrong turning—laugh, and shrug their shoulders, and point to their acres, their million dollars, and their fan mail; but in their secret hearts they would know that you are right. Acknowledge it? No! Why should they? On what grounds could Charles Spencer Chaplin, the World's Comedian, accuse himself of having taken the wrong road to fame? Why should Mary Pickford, the World's Sweetheart, reproach herself with the sort of career that she has chosen? Or Doug. worry his head with the way in which his million dollars and his popularity have been earned? They have been earned—that is the main thing. If these famous Stars have taken the wrong turning, the path they have chosen has been paved with gold all the way, and lined with applauding throngs.

But the looker-on sees most of the game. While the Star is measuring his latest picture by its size and cost the shrewd picturegoer is measuring it by quite another standard—the standard of some old film, half-forgotten by its maker, into which the Star put all the enthusiasm and genius of his early career.

True, our Stars are treading a path that has meant wealth and happiness for them, and countless pleasant hours for millions the world over. For all that they might have trod a path that would have led to immortality. They are great now; they might have been



Left:  
Chaplin  
—tragedian?  
Right:  
Gloria and  
gowns are  
synonyms  
with which  
every film  
fan is  
familiar.



much greater. It would have meant denying something, refusing themselves many dramatic pleasures, turning down tempting offers, maybe; it would have been a stony path, but it would have led to the development of all that was best in them, all the secret ideals and ambitions that they have had to quell, and all the glimpses of beauty that have been the hidden poetry of their lives. It doesn't much matter with the lesser stars which turning they take, but there are a few whose history is the world's; and while



rejoicing in the history they have made we wish they would begin again and make that history different.

The real Charles Spencer Chaplin is a tragedian. We love Charlie the Comedian, but what we revere most is the comedian whom Charlie the Producer has made. And he has made him what he is because he understands not only the laughter of life, but its tears. Throughout his comedies it is plain to the discerning that his whole inclination is towards the serious and the pathetic things of life. Comedy is second nature to him; tragedy is his soul. The moments that you enjoy most in a Chaplin film are the moments of strong comedy—the moments you remember are his moments of disillusionment and disappointment. *The Kid* stands out from all Chaplin's films because its keynote is the sympathy that lies next door to pathos, because it is a human document in which the graver moments prevail. I dare to prophesy that Chaplin could make us cry even more quickly than he can make us laugh. His great ambition is to play *Hamlet*. If and when he does the screen will have gained its tragic masterpiece.

Mary Pickford in an amazing gallery of charming child studies has drawn two pictures that really live—that of "Dearest" in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and of "Unity" the orphan in *Stella Maris*. In these two roles Mary has risen above her popularity. She has deliberately thrown away her charm of manner, her fresh youthfulness, and the fun that has captivated bored audiences from the days when her first *Tess* appeared on the screen. Mary has to an uncanny extent the gift of catching the emotions of the drab, the downtrodden, and the weary. She is at her best when the sparkle has died out of her. If she ever chooses to make an *Old Nest* or *Over The Hill*,

Lon Chaney really acted in "The Miracle Man"

(right) his "Hunchback" was more a triumph of make-up rather than of anything else.

and powder her fair hair white, all the existing screen mothers might as well go out of business at once. For she is the eternal mother of the screen.

Douglas Fairbanks and Norma Talmadge make a false step every time they don costume. By doing so they lose the personality which is their chief asset. Compare Norma's superlative



Top right: Norma Talmadge in "Ashes of Vengeance." Above Norma and Jack Mulhall in "Within the Law."



acting in *The Sign on the Door* with her colourless poses in *Ashes Of Vengeance*. Think of the Fairbanks of *Mysteries of New York* in which he was all fire and youth and impetuosity, and compare it with his feats in *The Three Musketeers* in which he was stifled by his unaccustomed dress. Doug. is always invigorating. Norma is always a joy to see; but it is as representative of all that is best in modern American life that they have won their way into our hearts. Tricked out in the trappings of a Court they are very pleasant strangers.

Another child of comedy who would have done great things as a serious actress is Mabel Normand. She has the most finished movement and gesture on the screen to-day. She can tell with a finger what any other actress would need six sub-titles to explain. When you watch her serious work in *Suzanna* (Continued on page 62).





**ROBERT FRAZER**

*One of the most popular leading men of to-day. He appeared in several Mae Murray films, notably "Fascination," in which his spirited characterisation of a Toreador challenged comparison with Valentino's.*





**ANNA Q. NILSSON**

*Has her own particular place in the affections of the film fans who follow her faithfully from company to company, for Anna seldom makes more than two films in the same studio.*



**CHARLES JONES**

*His admirers will not admit the "Charles," preferring the sobriquet of "Buck," with which they first associated him. He is primarily a cowboy star but does not disdain a dramatic rôle now and then.*





**EDITH ALLEN**

*Became famous for her excellent work in two rôles in "Scaramouche." Then she changed her name to Hedda Lind, but she has since thought better of it and will play her next emotional lead under her baptismal name.*



**JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT**

*Without the white wig and rich brocades of his "Chevalier de Vaudrey" bravery Joseph is revealed as an olive-skinned, serious youth. You will see him opposite Norma Talmadge shortly.*



# Beauty in Black



Above: Corinne Griffith's Opera gown of dense black velvet accentuates her fair, pale beauty. Its lines are peculiarly becoming and its train strikes a novel note.



Myrtle Stedman's evening attire is relieved by a tiny vest composed of glittering diamonds and a diamond buckle. She carries a silver tissue scarf.



Above: Dinner dress of black satin and lace worn by Gloria Swanson.



Left: Nita Naldi's sheath-like gown has sleeves of black net edged with black fox fur, and beaded and fringed with dull gold.



Right: Black taffeta forms Norma Shearer's attractive evening attire. Narrow pipings of gold cloth finish the edges of the tight bodice and the skirt, and a large bow of gold cloth gives a bustle-like effect at the back.



# Anita Stewart is Fastidious

by  
VINCENT  
DE SOLA

A character  
analysis of the  
popular film star.

In spite of Miss Anita Stewart's obvious youth, her name to most of us conjures up those earlier days of the films, the days before mammoth productions, the days of Vitagraph Comedies, the days before a thousand directors stars, writers, and motion picture camp followers, who have since become famous, were even heard of by the film public.

Her appeal was then very definitely that of a pretty girl who played pretty parts convincingly. There was about her a touch of the girl of the magazine cover, and a good deal of the heroine of the popular story. Both in type and spirit she was peculiarly American. There was not the slightest hint of the "exotic," or even the theatrical, in her pictured personality. She attained great popularity in a period when the heroine's role was, by an iron-bound rule, nothing more than a certain stereotyped and vapid sweetness.

Now she returns to us, to appear in a new era of film production, before a new audience, vastly more critical and exacting.

And in this inquiry, it is interesting to study Miss Anita Stewart's features to determine just what the appeal to her personality will be in modern film material under modern direction. I myself do not venture to predict, but

leave conclusions to my readers.

Predominant in this face is a peculiar delicacy, which embraces much personal sensitiveness. Such a person would be fastidious, loving luxury and grace, and fearing contact with anything violent, disordered, or vulgar. It is the face of a person excellent in all matters involving tiny

details or precise attention, whose reactions, though slight, are infinite, and who perceives the *minutiae* of life rather than its epic spirit.

Miss Stewart shows clearly a strain of optimism, but this is checked, oddly enough, by facial indications which lead me to conclude that she is subject to a certain private sense of doubt or fear. Possibly it is that her sensitiveness, her capacity for the minute, has come into harsh contact with things crude or monumental, and thus destroyed in her a complete confidence.

But the brow is careful and practical, and the contours of the lower part of the face bespeak a definite persistence—one of her strongest qualities—in spite of a streak of feminine inconsistency which now and then upsets her aim. I would not say that she had great dramatic gifts, though grace and some sense of comedy combine to furnish her with sufficient playing ability.

She is intuitive, yet a trifle credulous. As if fearing this quality in herself, she appears to have attempted to confine her beliefs and opinions within the strict limitations of a code. This, however, is purely deduction on my part.

She is affectionate. Her sympathies, though not widespread, are appealed to at once, by anything concerned with suffering or sorrow. She is not in any way callous in fact—and yet, well, there is in this face the signs of a certain coldness, a very slender feeling of fellowship, unlike, say, the wider human aspect of Miss Pickford's sympathies.

In this quality I find the most dominant contradiction of Anita Stewart's features, and perhaps their most interesting character-note. For there is plenty of emotion in the face in spite of the qualities I have indicated.

"She  
loves luxury,  
and absolutely  
dreads coming  
into contact  
with vul-  
garity."



# The Woman With Four Faces

by  
John Fleming



Elizabeth West stood a moment at her window on the sixth floor of the Hotel Superbe, looking down to the moon-lit, empty street below. She drew wide the curtain and closed it rapidly. Twice she repeated this unexpected manœuvre and then came an answering signal from the street. A man appeared round the corner of a bush across the way and waved a handkerchief. Elizabeth lifted the sash.

A narrow white ledge ran round the Superbe at the sixth floor. It looked, perhaps, unsafe for a fly, but it was Elizabeth West's plan to walk along it now. All her life she had taken risks. She took risks now, great risks. She did not care. It was part of the game. Part of the wildly exhilarating game at which she was one of the most expert players in all the world. Had it been another kind of game she might well have been world-famous. As it was, in a way she was at least world-notorious. That is, men whose business it was to know of such artists knew Elizabeth as one of the cleverest.

She climbed to the ledge and began her perilous adventure. Half a dozen yards away was a window, the window of a room in another suite, the suite next to her own. She paused a moment here, but instead of raising the sash and entering the room she went along, passed the next one and the next and did not stop until she had come to the

sixth window. She deemed it better to start from the other end and work homeward, so that with ever fresh step from the beginning of her enterprise she was nearer to her sure refuge. She came to the sixth window and this she raised and entered.

It was a room similar in all respects to that one of her own suite which she had so recently left. Over in the far wall, skilfully disguised as an old master, was the wall-safe. A clever

master on the wall; from each she brought something worth the bringing away in her grip. It totalled perhaps fifty thousand dollars—perhaps more; the actual value could not be decided hastily now, but must await the verdict of Joe, down at the "Dive," Joe who was a past master of such valuing.

She dropped back into her own room and stood a moment regaining her breath. Then again she manipulated the curtains and got her answering signal from below. All was well! Leaning far out she dropped the grip to the lawn, six floors beneath, and was satisfied to see her confederate creep from his hiding place, gain possession of the spoils and vanish. Then she turned back to cover her tracks.

## CAST:

Elizabeth West	-	BETTY COMPSON
Richard Templer	-	RICHARD DIX
Judge Westcott	-	GEORGE FAWCETT
Jim Hartigan	-	THEODORE VON ELTZ
Judson Osgood	-	JOSEPH KILGOUR

idea, but that in every suite in the Superbe was a wall-safe disguised as an old master. It did not take her long to have it open and its contents transferred to the little grip she carried. Then she overturned a chair or two, dragged out a drawer or two and scattered the contents broadcast for the sake of appearances, and departed. She departed by the way she had come—through the window.

The fifth suite next, and the fourth—the third, and back to her own. In each she had hasty dealings with the old

The window she left open, forced from the outside. The wall-safe behind her own particular old master was conveniently empty. A few drawers she ransacked, turned a few chairs on end, and then, pleased with these little flourishes, she undressed, went to bed, and pretended to sleep.

It was perhaps three o'clock in the morning before the alarm was given. The gentleman in Suite 37 had been indulging in a little celebration with some of the "boys" uptown, and the celebration had delayed him long. The east was paling to dawn when at length he crept up the grand staircase to the sixth floor (the elevator at that hour not



*Jim Hartigan's "mother," pleaded to see her erring "son" with such effect that the governor of the jail would have given her almost anything he possessed into the bargain.*



working) and admitted himself to his suite. A couple of minutes later his hoarse shout was arousing the bell-boys and making even the manager stir in his sleep. "Robbers!" he cried, as loudly as his tired voice would allow. "Thieves! Stop thief!" Despite the fact that there was no thief to be seen.

In little more than a minute or two all the sixth floor (and some of the others) was gathered in that corridor. The manager was purple in the face and incoherent in speech. He apologised and he swore and he sent the bell boy for the house detective and the house detective for the police and generally got in the way and made himself a nuisance to all. He took particulars and he took names and then he lost his pencil, much to everyone's relief.

It appeared that seven people had been robbed, beginning with the festive gentleman in Suite 37 and ending with Miss Elizabeth West in 43. Miss West, protesting against this abomination appeared at the door of her suite in a mauve dressing gown that made quite a number of the surprised onlookers there forget the importance of the burglary. When the police arrived there were several things that the manager had to repeat to them two or three times.

"The room was all right when I turned in at eleven o'clock," she said. "And look at it now."

They did. They looked, too, at all the other rooms on the unhappy line; and the more they looked the more they scratched their heads and were puzzled. A search was made, but no trace of the loot could be discovered.

"There's a smart hand in at this," said one of the detectives.

He went from room to room, inspecting everything closely, the babbling manager at his heels. And then, having inspected the disordered rooms, he turned his attention to their occupiers and finally came to an ominous stop in front of the occupier of 43, Miss Elizabeth West.

"What you say your name is?" he demanded.

"Elizabeth West," she replied. "Why?"

"It wasn't never Bessie North, by any chance, was it?"

"Bessie North?" She flashed an indignant glance at him. "I have already told you my name. What is the meaning of this cross-examination?"

"In 'Frisco, in '17?" the detective went on.

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

The detective laughed.

"Come, Bessie!" he said. "You can't bluff me. I'd got over bein' bluffed before you was born. Why, I knew you the minute I got the light on you. I never make a mistake about a face—specially a pretty one like yours. Hop inside and get dressed and come along with me."

"You mean—"

"'Course I do. You're arrested, Bessie. Surest thing."

And she was.

Ten minutes later she had been driven away from the Superbe in a taxi-cab, and all her bewildered fellow guests could do was to sit up talking about it till breakfast time.

When she was brought up before Judge Westcott it was admitted by a good many people besides the spry detective that she was a good deal cleverer than she looked at the first glance; and some said that perhaps the spry detective was not quite so clever as he looked at the first glance, or as he imagined himself to be. For instance, it is always wise, when catching a thief to catch a little evidence along with him. In the present case the detective had caught nothing but the thief. He had caught no proof that she was one, even if he had plenty of proof that she had been one, once upon a time. The consequence was that within fifteen minutes Miss Elizabeth West was discharged for lack of evidence. Very

nice for Miss West. But the detective was rather pink about the cheeks.

"A pretty girl," ventured Richard Templer, leaning across the judge's desk between cases.

Templer was the district attorney, and the best the town had had in a generation. Even the defendants respected him. Now the judge turned to him with more consideration than he gave to some district attorneys.

"Yes," he said, "but she's more than that."

Templer looked at him.

"She's a clever girl," the judge went on. "There's flashes of cleverness in her work sometimes that make you think she's got something akin to genius. That girl's got a million-dollar mind. But she won't go straight."

He shuffled a few papers on his desk and turned to Templer once more.

"Have you got a line on that drug gang yet?" he asked.

"It's about that I came to see you now," said Templer. "I've got things moving at last. I've got to know one or two things. In the first place, I've found out that the control of this drug industry is in the hands of a very small gang indeed—five men, to be exact, with Judson Osgood at their head. In order to make the game water-tight they've each put a signature to an agreement, which Osgood holds, to prevent any breakaway on the part of a possible traitor. The agreement incriminates them all, you see, and they've got to hold together. Very well. If I can get possession of this paper the gang is automatically broken up and the drug traffic shut down."

"I see. And what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to issue a search warrant."

"Osgood's house?"

"Yes."

"H'm . . ." For many moments the judge was thoughtful; and then at last he shook his head.

"It wouldn't do," he said. "There's powerful interests behind Osgood and only the surest proof would succeed. If he doesn't keep the thing at his house and the search falls flat we'll have a nest of hornets round our ears. Is there no other way you can go about it?"

"Yes," said Templer, "there's one way."

"Well?"

"And I am resolved to take it. It is the only way. I shall relinquish my attorneyship and take up the hunt myself."

"H'm. Well . . . You know your own business best, my dear boy. If anybody can pull it off, you can. But it'll be a hard fight. You'd need someone on the inside to pull the ropes for you. And that—well—h'm . . ."

"Yes," said Templer. "I know."

A little later one of the strangest interviews of Templer's life was taking



place. It was with no other person than Miss Elizabeth, the pretty little lady against whom the whole majesty of the law could not rake up sufficient evidence on the matter of the sixth floor robbery at the Superbe.

She glanced at his card laughingly and shook her head.

"I've got nothing to say," she said, "that I didn't say in court. I'm afraid you're wasting your time."

"I hope not," said Templer, looking at her keenly. "Indeed I have not come about that business at all."

"What—"

"I will tell you," And briefly he outlined to her his conversation with Judge Westcott on the morning of the trial.

"Interesting," she commented when he had finished. "To shut down the drug traffic—yes. But I don't see my connection with it."

"I hope you have no connection with it," said Westcott. "But I heard your record in court the other day, and I—I have taken an interest in you. I think you could do worthier work than you have been doing. Judge Westcott thinks so too. He says you've got a million-dollar mind—if . . . if you'd only go straight. I've been wondering if perhaps you've never had a chance. I'm—willing to give you a chance. Come in with me and help me close down this drug traffic. You'll know ropes that I could never guess at, and between us—"

"Say, Mr. Templer," began Elizabeth; and then firmly she shook her head. "Not likely," she said. "I don't want my fingers burning just yet, thank you."

"Wait," said Templer. "Will you do one thing—will you come out and pay a call with me, right now? It won't waste ten minutes of your time and you'll never regret it."

"Where's this?"

"I'd rather not say. But will you come? I've heard you called a sporting girl. Are you sporting enough to do this, to go you know not where, with me?"

Elizabeth laughed.

"If you've heard me called that, I guess it's right," she said. "Come on, then; let's be moving."

He led her to his car—and together they sped away down the avenue. Three minutes later they stopped outside a great and forbidding-looking building and he took her inside. Another ten minutes and they were back in the car and she was shaking his hand.

"Mr. Templer," she said, "I'm with you. Tell me just where you want me to bite, and I bite."

"I thought you'd come in with me when you'd been—there," he said.

She glanced back with a shudder.

"It was—horrible," she murmured.

For "there" was a hospital for the victims of the grim drug traffic.

Elizabeth West was known as a "goer," as one who did not let the grass grow. From the moment she

came into the fight on Templer's side she was not idle for a second. First, she decided, they wanted a man to crack the safe of Judson Osgood and extract the incriminating document, and as the best safe-cracker in the country—Jim Hartigan—was in jail at the moment, the first thing to be done was to get Jim Hartigan out of jail.

"But," gasped Templer, "that just can't be done."

"That just can be done," said Elizabeth firmly, "and I'm going to do it. Listen. I shall go down to the jail disguised as Jim's mother and give him our plan. I'm a queen at disguise. The boys call me the Woman with Four Faces. All right. Next Monday we have an aeroplane, with ladder trailing, pass over the prison yard. I give Jim the word and he's ready. He gets the ladder and we get Jim. And once we get Jim we get this paper of Osgood's. Now don't talk—you'll make me forget things. Pass me that bag over there and sit down and watch me become Jim Hartigan's mother in front of your very eyes." And she acted almost as swiftly as she talked.

Jim Hartigan's "mother" armed with a permit, visited her "son" in his cell. She gave him the word and he was ready. The aeroplane with the trailing ladder passed over the prison on the following Monday and a moment later the prison was a prisoner short. The Governor and the Press might storm, but that did not get Jim Hartigan back. That night in a place well known to the pair of them, Jim and Elizabeth met.

"Lord! the feeling it gives a feller to be out again!" he cried as he took her hand. "Come, Bessie, gimme a kiss."

And at her refusal he frowned.

"What's the game?" he asked. "If it ain't that ye love me, why do you go to all this trouble to get me out."

"Give me your police whistle," Elizabeth said.

"Love you!" smiled Elizabeth. "No Jim, you're making a mistake there. It's business, this time." And she explained to him the plan she had made with Templer and the purpose for which Jim had been rescued from the jail.

"I don't think so," said Jim, when she had finished. "No, I do *not* think so. Why, it was Templer had me put away, if ye want to know, and sooner than come in this on his side . . . I'll tell you this, Bess, my girl—if there's anything I can do to put a spoke in his wheel I'll do it. Get that? You can tell him so, if you like. No, thanks. No little Jim Hartigan. Good night."

And this was the end of that.

"As far away as ever," Templer sighed, when she told him the result of the interview.

But "Not so," laughed Elizabeth. "For do you know what I've done? I've put on another face and got engaged by Osgood as his confidential secretary! I told him I was the daughter of an old crook pal of his in 'Frisco, and he stood for it. I also told him I'd got to know that you were after his document, and though that's put him wise to some extent it helped us too, for when I told him he cast a scared glance at a certain little part of his study wall and tipped me off as to where he keeps the goods. I start to-morrow, and if you'll be in the shrubbery at Osgood's back door to-morrow night at eleven, the game's ours, or I know nothing about it."

Marvelling at the speed at which this amazing girl worked, Templer set to work and made his arrangements. At a little before eleven on the following night he had his men stationed round Osgood's house with strict orders to watch everyone entering or leaving. Then he took up his place in the shrubbery and waited.

On the chiming of the hour, Elizabeth slipped out to his side.





"The coast is clear," she whispered. "Osgood has gone to bed and there is nobody else about. If you'll give me a hand I'll have the paper out of the safe in three minutes."

She led the way indoors and straight through to the study. Without wasting time in talk she swung back a panel and disclosed the hiding place of the drug gang's document. Then, with Templer holding the light she set to work. In less than the promised three minutes a little door had fallen out and the paper was before their eyes.

"Now—" she began.

And then a voice spoke suddenly out of the blackness behind them:

"Put 'em up!"

They turned and saw Jim Hartigan before them, gun in hand. This was no time for argument. They put up their hands.

"What," asked Elizabeth calmly, "do you propose to do?"

But what Jim proposed to do, apart from take possession of the paper. which he immediately did, they never knew, for at that moment the door swung open and Osgood himself appeared. Jim fell back and covered the gang boss as well with his revolver.

"What the—" cried Osgood.

"Say," said Jim, "can it. There ain't no time for talk. Yer see this paper? All them jewels in the safe there for it? Yes or no—quick!"

"I reckon you're right," said Osgood. "There's no time for talk. Give me the paper and the jewels are yours."

The exchange was made and Jim turned to the door.

"Well, so long, folks," he said with a grin.

And then for the third time the door opened and Jim Hartigan found himself in the grip of the detectives. Templer had placed on guard outside. The fight was sharp and, for Jim, hopeless. Inside a minute he was handcuffed and safe.

"You give him in charge?" asked Templer.

"Who are you?" Osgood demanded.

"The man in charge of these detectives."

"All right, yes. I give him in charge."

The detectives marched Jim off the premises and then Osgood again turned to Templer.

"Well, good night," he said.

And as he could not very well remain without giving away the purpose of his visit Templer said good-night in his turn and went away.

When they were alone Osgood turned to Elizabeth.

"Well?" he said. "I thought you were undressed and in bed."

Elizabeth was silent.

"What are you doing downstairs at this hour—dressed?" he demanded.

Still Elizabeth was silent.

"Very well, my girl, I've a way to make you speak." He went to the door and gave a low call and then to his side a Japanese servant came running.

"The worthy Elizabeth has lost her tongue," he said crisply. "Find it for her."

"Yes, sir."

The Japanese stood a moment in front of Elizabeth, grinning; then suddenly he pounced. Whatever his merits

as a servant, at ju-jitsu he was an expert, and there was no torture known to the science to which Elizabeth was not subjected. Osgood stood by smiling, waiting, confident that soon she must confess the bluff she had put up and tell him all. And then, suddenly, with a low moan, she collapsed.

"She'll come round in a moment," said Osgood, stooping over her.

And come round she did, sooner than either of them had expected—immediately. Her slim hand shot up and dragged the revolver from Osgood's hip pocket. She sprang to her feet and drew back, covering them.

"Put your hands up!" she said quickly.

And from between the set teeth of Osgood a low hiss came.

"Bluffed!"

Elizabeth retreated to the window and pushing it open called:

"Mr. Templer!"

It was a chance, and it came off, for Templer, unable so near to success to accept defeat, had been waiting within call on the hope that he would be summoned by Elizabeth again. Now he sprang into the room.

"Quick!" said Elizabeth. "He has the paper in his side pocket there."

Templer got it and tucked it safely away "Now give me your police whistle," Elizabeth said.

"Yes."

"I'll go to the window here and blow it."

And very soon, for the second time that night, the police marched a valuable haul out of the residence of Mr. Judson Osgood, of the Avenue.

A week later two diverse ceremonies occurred in the heart of the city.

The first was of somewhat an unusual nature. It was the public thanking by Judge Westcott of Elizabeth for her wonderful share in the closing down of the drug traffic and the rounding up of its gang leaders.

The other chiefly concerned Elizabeth and Richard Templer. It was of not quite so unusual a nature.

When Richard first proposed marriage Elizabeth protested that she was precluded from such happiness because of her past, but her lover would not listen.

"We are going to forget the past," he told her. "You have redeemed yourself in the eyes of the world, and to me you are the only woman."

"A deceitful woman!" persisted Elizabeth. "I was called the Woman with Four Faces and I lived up to the description."

"You are the Woman with one face," said Richard decisively. "And it is the sweetest, dearest face in all the world. A face that I must kiss without delay."

If Elizabeth made any reply it was inaudible.



"We are going to forget the past," he told her.



# The Misfortunes of Nigel

One was a blessing in disguise.

Most of them sounded quite funny, the way he told of them, in his deep voice with its organ tones. And his own ringing laughter led the rest at every climax. Nigel was the guest of honour at an intimate luncheon the day after his arrival in London and he gave everybody *carte blanche* to fire off as many questions as they wished. So that naturally the first one was "Tell us about yourself." He did.

He narrated the story of his first visit to London, how, as a wide-eyed country lad he watched the changing of the Guard and inadvertently found himself parading in front of the big drum.

"I left England in search of health," he said. "I had the misfortune to lose my voice and I went to Death Valley, California, via a New England town and regained it there."

The way he described his work in the mines evoked smiles, I think he meant it too, but long hours under a glaring sun can't have been funny at the time.

Then he told us about one of his early films made from a novel called "Jordan as a Hard Road," and how he had to preach an *extempore* sermon for certain scenes in it.

"Al Jennings, the reformed outlaw and bandit was amongst my audience," related Nigel, "and so I did my best and had most of the women weeping at the finish. Red-haired Al came over and congratulated me afterwards in terms more forcible than polite."

It appears that because he looks so ascetic and has such an impressive personality De Brulier is always cast for a Churchman of sorts.

"It's very hard lines," he complained, "but I suppose it will always be the same. When I was "Jokanaan" in *Salome*, I had a most uncomfortable time in the dungeon. As a matter of fact, most of the time I was three parts frozen. The dungeon episode was made on a really cold February morning (we do have cold spells in California), and the cell was quite unheated, because of the lighting effects. If you remember, a beam of light shone down straight upon me, and the cell was half filled with smoke to allow the ray to be photographed properly. I remember Pavlova came to the Studio that morning and I was so cold I could hardly find my voice."

"It was shortly after *Salome's* release," he continued, looking a little wistfully at the waiter who had carefully removed his scarcely-touched

Right: Nigel De Brulier in "Three Weeks." Below: As "Frollo" in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame;" a snapshot taken in London the day after his arrival; and as "Jokanaan" in "Salome."



With Gertrude Olmsted in "Ben Hur."

third course. "I realised that I could always earn my keep as a living skeleton if all else failed."

De Brulier expatiated largely upon the wonders of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* sets. "I don't think one realised their full glory in celluloid," he said. He was very enthusiastic over Chaney's work too, as "Frollo," he had many scenes with Lon. He described the manner of taking the crowd scenes, which were so effective on the screen, and how after the charge by soldiery, the huge square was strewn with dummy "bodies" and left over-night in case retakes were wanted.

Strolling there by himself, De Brulier discovered that the wind had blown some sparks upon the set and started a small fire which would have been disastrous had it not been checked.

(Continued on page 55.)



# Energetic Ethel



She actually keeps a diary, so we'll allow she deserves to be called energetic

*Ethel in her private bathing pool.*

"You'll find Miss Shannon in the garden," I was informed, on enquiring for her at her Hollywood bungalow. "Go straight down the path."

I went as straight as possible down a path that proved deliciously uncertain of its own ultimate destination, past a quaint box hedge and beds riotous with many coloured flowers. The day was warm, to say the least of it, and I began to think envious thoughts of people who are the lucky possessors of old-world gardens in which to laze and dream away the golden hours. Somewhere amongst the flowers I pictured Miss Shannon, reclining at ease in a gently-swaying hammock.

"Hello!" said a warm, rather sweet voice, in my ear. "Are you looking for me? I'm Miss Shannon."

I turned quickly and found myself looking into a pair of large and very merry blue eyes. My vision of the fair



*Above: She is also an enthusiastic gardener.*



*Above: The bridal scene from "Maytime." Left: Ethel Shannon and Harrison Ford as the old couple in "Maytime."*

Ethel lazing beneath the trees vanished instantly. The reality that faced me was somehow very different from the Ethel I had imagined, and it was only by the piquant curve of the scarlet lips and the masses of red-gold hair that formed a fiery halo about her lovely oval face, that I recognised the *Maytime* girl. She extended an earthy hand—the other held a trowel—and apologised for its soiled condition. Then she laughed up at me.

"I've just finished," she announced. "Come up to the bungalow and have some tea with me."

Five minutes later we were both sipping tea in grateful silence. Presently my hostess put down her cup and sighed resignedly.

"And now, I suppose, you want me to tell you the story of my young life," she said.

I looked guilty and waited.

She reached out a hand for a biscuit and nibbled it reflectively.

"Well, I was born in Denver twenty-two years ago. I went on the stage when I was quite a little girl, and toured with E. H. Southerne and Maude Adams. Nothing very eventful about it—just mainly work, though I suppose I had my small successes. The first really big thing that happened to me was when, at the age of eighteen I decided to quit the stage and go into pictures. It was then that I first started to keep a diary. Yes," she smiled, in answer to my unspoken question, "I really did keep one and though my friends teased me frightfully about it I haven't missed an entry since the day I began it. I think that's a record."

I agreed, with unconcealed admiration and dubbed her *Energetic Ethel* on the spot.



"I went to the Charles Ray studio first," she went on, "and spent a week there as an extra girl. My great ambition was to become a leading lady, and I just clung on to that for all I was worth. The other girls made fun of me for aiming so high, but I was so determined to 'get there' that I simply couldn't fail." She clasped her hands at the back of her head, and her blue eyes looked very thoughtful.





Above: A portrait study of Ethel Shannon. Right: With Harrison Ford and Clara Bow in "Maytime." Below: As the heroine in the same photoplay at the ages of twelve and eighteen. Ethel manages to look quite a head taller in her long skirts than she does in her short ones.



"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star," I murmured sententiously. "That's my motto, anyway," she said, "even if it is a hackneyed one. Well, three days after I left the Ray Studios I got work as an extra at Metro studios, and three hours later I found myself leading lady for Bert Lytell in *It's Easy to Make Money*. Of course that was a chance in a hundred and after that picture was made I spent a whole year doing just extra work and small parts. Then I was lucky enough to attract the attention of Mr. Schulberg, head of Preferred Pictures. He gave me a fairly important role in *The Hero*, and another small but rather exacting part in *The Girl Who Came Back*. *Daughters of the Rich* was my first featured film for him, but of course my real chance came in—"

"*Maytime*," I interrupted. "I know—I've seen it. You're wonderful in it, Miss Shannon. That scene where you play a white-haired old lady and your own twelve year old granddaughter is a marvellous study in contrasts."

"It's just mainly a matter of make-up, and of course, one must study types and be adaptable," explained Ethel modestly.

"Character work," she added, "always appeals to me."

"It was during the filming of *Maytime* that you married Mr. Cary wasn't it?" I asked.

She nodded and smiled reminiscently. "But your marriage doesn't mean that you'll be quitting the screen now?"

"Mercy, no. Bob wouldn't be so mean as to expect it. Besides, I've signed a contract with Preferred Pictures, and I've got lots more films to make before it expires." She stopped suddenly, as a shrill whistle smote upon our ears. In an instant her face lit up, and she was out of her chair, eyes dancing, and her mouth curved in a bewitching smile.

"That's Bob," she said. "Excuse me—"

The next minute I was alone. From the other end of the verandah where a rhododendron bush made a discreet and effective screen, came the sound of a gruff masculine voice, and a ripple of girlish laughter.

I deemed it wise to take my departure—along the opposite path!





Leslie Henson, Jack Denton and Flora Le Breton in "Tons of Money."

#### Just for a Change.

"Although I suppose I am what is described as an emotional actor," said Henry Victor the other day, "I welcome a role in lighter vein when it comes my way. Which is not very often. But in *His Grace Gives Notice*, upon which I've just been working I had some real comedy and I thoroughly enjoyed it." *His Grace Gives Notice* is an adaptation of a Lady Troubridge novel and has a good cast which includes Mary Brough, Nora Swinburne and Bransby Williams, Junr.

#### Sessue on the Stage.

There is every likelihood of a revival of "Typhoon," the drama from the Hungarian in which the late Laurence Irving scored his greatest success. It was also Sessue Hayakawa's greatest stage success in America and he will, of course, play "Tokerao," this side. He has been seen in a film version, which was made by Lasky's some years ago, with Sessue as the star and Gladys Brockwell supporting him. Both Hayakawa and his wife are passionately fond of the theatre and they have seen most of the good plays in London since their arrival.

#### "Mrs. May Again."

Sidney Fairbrother tells me she is playing in a series of six two-reel comedies featuring our old friend, "Mrs. May." How irresistibly funny Sidney Fairbrother can be when she chooses! She does the simplest things, but her expressions are so comical that an amused ripple of laughter commences the moment she appears on the screen. These comedies are Quality Plays, and mark the re-entry of this producing company, which has been idle for some months.

#### A New Partnership.

It will be a refreshing change to see stalwart Stewart Rome and petite Betty Balfour in the same film, but you

## British Studio Gossip



A scene from Sessue Hayakawa's new film.

will have to wait until next November for the privilege. The title of the screenplay is *Reveill  *, and at the time of writing it is being cut and titled. Production was delayed because Betty Balfour and others concerned had to go to Court several days. Betty had not been breaking any laws, but she



Above:  
Ivor Novello in  
"The Rat." Right:  
Filming scenes at  
Chamonix for "The  
Unwanted," which stars  
Lillian Hall-Davis.





had to give evidence. Stewart Rome is working with Fay Compton now, in *The Eleventh Commandment*.

#### A Fine Cast.

Besides Marjorie Daw and Alice Joyce, the two American importations, Graham Cutts had a long list of British stars at work on *The Passionate Adventure*. Clive Brook played hero, Walter Tennyson materially assisted, and Lillian Hall-Davis and Mary Brough had outstanding roles. Marjorie Daw was the last of the principals to report for work when the film was started. She had not been well since her arrival and had to take a rest. "That seems a funny thing to do," she said to me. "Taking a rest first and working afterwards is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance." She likes London, like all good Americans. Marjorie sports a wedding ring these days, she is Mrs. Eddie Sutherland.

#### Quite Grown Up.

She looks just the same as when she played heroine to Douglas Fairbanks, but she has developed amazingly as an actress, playing emotional rôles with great sincerity and charm. She has plenty of opportunity to display her acting powers in *The Passionate Adventure*. Marjorie Daw was full of Valia, Henry Victor and Matheson Lang in "Slaves of Destiny."

with the best of them." But Victor doesn't want to be a bully, or a villain. He has been known to complain that even when he's the hero he always has to use his fists. "Not that I want to be a Valentino," he said, dolefully. "But I do want a sympathetic role now and again." He peeled off a fine cauliflower ear and flung it into a corner.

#### His Disguise.

"That's the end of that," he remarked. "It was rather a good ear, don't you think so?" I agreed. Victor prided himself on the fact that for his part in *The Passionate Adventure*



Queenie Thomas with Teddy Jones in "The Alley of Golden Hearts."



A snapshot of Clive Brook taken at Naples.

ture (which by the way) had evoked the remarks quoted in the preceding paragraph), he had to resort to a false nose, padded shoulder to suggest a slouch, and the ear to make himself look like an "ugly customer." His part was quite a short one, but he figures in the East End scenes and means quite a lot to the plot



#### A Correction.

By a typographical slip, Harry Wright, the well-known stage and film comedian was referred to as Harry Martin in the last studio gossip. The error was "spotted" too late for correction, but several lynx-eyed readers recognised Harry Wright and pointed out the fact.

Nigel Barrie and Betty Faire in "Claude Duval."

high spirits the day I saw her. "I always feel particularly frivolous when anything sad is going to be screened. And contrariwise I feel as miserable as can be the days the producer wants light-hearted 'shots.'" But as she can turn her emotions on and off at a very few moments' notice once she is beneath the lights, it doesn't matter so much (except to herself) what Marjorie's real feelings are. She never fails to register the correct emotion on the screen.

#### Poor Fellow!

Victor MacLaglen is very much upset. Somebody told him he ought to make a speciality of being a bully on the screen. "You're such a big chap," said this unsought-for-adviser. "And you have an aggressive air. You can look sinister





# The History of Ben Hur

As a novel and as a play "Ben Hur" is famous all over the world.

"Ben Hur," the "tale of the Christ" written by General Lew Wallace forty-three years ago, has without doubt had the biggest sale of any novel in the history of the world's literature. Its production in play form more than doubled the previous enormous sales of the novel in the short period of two years and it is likely that the motion picture version will stimulate the sales of the novel to an even greater extent. "Ben Hur" was not dramatised until 1899. Its record of sales in the United States at that time was 640,000 copies.

Francis X.  
Bushman as  
"Messala."



As there were no copyright arrangements with Europe the novel was printed in pirated editions in many countries on that continent and probably had been read by more than a 1,000,000 persons there.

For nine years before the play was produced Klaw and Erlanger had sought to induce General Wallace to permit its dramatisation, but his religious scruples caused him to withhold his consent. Finally, they were overcome and in 1899 William Young was commissioned with the great task of making a play from the long and complicated novel. This he did with such success that the play has rivalled the novel in popularity and has added several million dollars to the author's income and to his estate.

The sales of the novel had dropped in the nineteen years that elapsed between its publication and its presentation on the stage. In June, 1913, eight months after the play made its big hit in New York, one Chicago distributing concern placed an order for a million copies, the largest edition of any novel printed anywhere in any language at that time. It has been translated into all of the principal languages of the world.



They have  
finally decided to "Let George Do It."

The first performance of the stage version took place at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on November 29, 1899 with a cast which embraced Edward Morgan as "Ben Hur," and William S. Hart as "Messala," and many others. The play ran for 194 performances in New York. During the first three years of its life it played but eight cities. This was partly due to the fact that the production was so big that a larger stage was required for the chariot race than most theatres were physically equipped with.

The play has been seen by some 20,000,000 persons and that the gross receipts have totalled \$10,000,000. It was revived in New York in 1916 and produced at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. It has been presented in Canada, Australia and Great Britain as well as in every American city the theatre of which could accommodate the production. In England, King Edward and the then Prince of Wales, now King George V, saw it. The last production of "Ben Hur" was in the spring of 1920 when it opened in Philadelphia and went on tour. The demand for the book has been strong since the production of the play; the screen version will again put new life into its veins, for it will introduce the famous story to new nations and new peoples as well as to new generations of readers. Klaw and Erlanger's American production of "Ben Hur" cost 71,000 dollars before the curtain went up. Goldwyns paid close to the million dollar mark for the picture rights to the novel alone, and spent half that much again before photography started.



Top oval: Gertrude Olmstead, who plays "Esther." Above: George Walsh has secured the much-coveted role of "Ben Hur."



# Only Twenty-Seven

Some stars are born, some are made, some achieve greatness by the sterling value of their work, some have greatness thrust upon them; but John Gilbert cannot help being great; he is one of those stars who shine through anything and light up the darkest corners of drama with their brilliance. No one has done anything for him. They have even tried to keep him down. But he simply won't be kept down; John Gilbert is a rising star.

I first saw John Gilbert three or four years ago when I was sitting in a picture theatre listlessly watching a film whose plot and treatment must have been familiar to the first producer who made the first film. I was bored; hopelessly and entirely bored. I was almost in the state of mind when for

John Gilbert has several claims to fame. Besides successfully producing fifty-seven varieties of home-grown face fringes since 1920, he has produced films with equal success, though he's still three years under thirty!



*He was Mary Pickford's leading man in "Heart of the Hills."*

looked back from that day. He isn't the sort who looks back. Genius—like murder—will out.

When the Editor of PICTUREGOER ordered me to interview John I went to the task with more than interest. I went with something akin to eagerness. I wanted to find out what was the secret of that flaming vitality and that sense of "Here at last we have a Man" which colours every film in which he appears.

John is always working—or at least that is the impression he gives—so, I went to the studio to find him. But for once he was having a day off, between shots of *Cameo Kirby* which he was

*Above:  
John Gilbert  
and a movie  
mother.  
Below:  
With  
Billie  
Dove in  
"The  
Madness  
of Youth."*



*As "Cameo Kirby" in the film of that name he sported sideburns and a small moustache.*

two pins I would have gone to the manager of that theatre and demanded my money back!

Suddenly I sat up with a jerk. For a moment I was convinced that I had been mistaken after all, and that I was seeing a worth-while film. An actor had nonchalantly strolled on to the scene—an actor whose face and name were alike unknown to me. But in that moment life had come into the film. Acting—real acting—had taken the place of the well-drilled puppets that had almost sent me to sleep.

The impression did not last. It was a bad film. Nothing on earth could have really saved it. But until the final fade-out I sat entranced with the personality and vibrant force of that unknown actor. And at the end I went home in the sure knowledge that I had been present at the birth of a new star.

I was right. John Gilbert has never







Above: A dramatic moment from "The Exiles," a film that gave him a part after his own heart.

Below: His best effort in whiskers, "Dantes" and the Abbé in a dungeon scene in "Monte Cristo."



Above: With Barbara La Marr in "Arabian Love."

making at the time for Fox. I was not to be outdone. Woe betide a star once the Editor of this magazine sets an interviewer on his trail! Nothing short of the death of either the interviewer or the star can prevent that interview taking place; and they ought to have known better at the studio than to refuse to give me John's address on the grounds that he was "resting and growing a beard and did not want to be disturbed."

What did I care for beards? As a matter of fact it merely made me keener than ever. The prospect of seeing John Gilbert—that astonishing Barrymore profile—covered with a semi-grown beard was distinctly intriguing. And I knew his address anyhow. So I

merely murmured something about it being good growing weather, and wandered into the Lasky studio to see Leatrice Joy about it.

"Is your husband really growing a beard?" I asked.

"Well, nearly," she giggled.

"One either grows a beard or one doesn't," I said severely.

"Not at all," replied Leatrice, "sometimes one does like Jack and grow two—one on each side. Side whiskers in fact."

"Do you think I can see him if I run up to Laurel Canyon?" I asked.

"Sure," she answered, "that is, you can see all of him that is not covered with whiskers. You'd better take my limousine. I shan't be wanting it until night."

"Me for the limousine," I replied promptly and I rolled luxuriously up to the door of the lovely bungalow set in the heart of fragrant pinewoods above Los Angeles.

John was smoking on the verandah. I caught him before he had time to pretend that he was the butler and say that Mr. Gilbert was out! You see I recognised him. It was a good job Leatrice had told me about those side whiskers!

"Your wife sent me . . ." I began.

"Isn't she lovely?" he replied quite irrelevantly.

"To see your side whiskers," I finished. I felt he deserved that one.

"Touché!" laughed John. "I surrender. Sit down and fire away. By the way nobody seems to worry when Fairbanks grows a moustache or when Barrymore shaves one off. Why shouldn't I grow whiskers if I want to?"

"The correct answer seems to be that you wanted to do it and you have done it," I said.

John passed a caressing hand over the struggling adornments. "Coming on nicely, aren't they?" he murmured. "Well, I suppose you want to know the usual details about me."

"You might as well tell me," I said, "but I warn you that after I have extracted a brief history of your life and career from you, you are going to talk to me seriously. You are going to discuss with me your ideas of films and art and . . ."

"My parents were British," John broke in with suspicious alacrity, "and Englishmen don't like to talk about themselves."

"For the purposes of this interview we will only remember that you were born in Logan, Utah."

"Right," he laughed. "Well, I belong to a profession that has no false shame. I was raised in it since I was a small boy. Even in my school days I played juvenile roles with my parents, and as soon as I graduated I went on the road with a prominent stock company."

"Playing juvenile lead, I suppose?"

"Yes and that disgusted me with the whole profession. I have always had an ambition to play heavy dramatic





parts or character roles and the stage never seemed to give me a chance. I threw it up eight years ago and went into films where I thought I should have much more scope."

"And have you?"

"I guess I have. All the scope there is, and then some. I've acted and directed and co-directed and written continuities and adapted scenarios and cut films. Maybe I'll photograph them before I've done!"

"Which came first?"

"The acting. My first movie job was to play brother to Bill Hart in a picture called *The Apostle of Vengeance*. After that I played bits in pictures with half the stars in Hollywood."

"Such as?" I asked.

"Well, Mary Pickford, for a beginning. I was in *Heart of the Hills*."

"A good beginning," I said.

"Good enough," answered John. "I learned a lot in those days. I learned for one thing how much could be gained by studying the work of the really great screen actors and actresses. I used to go to movie theatres night after night to watch Jack Barrymore.



Above: A very romantic interlude in "*A Californian Romance*" in which John's leading lady was Estelle Taylor. Left: He had an effective way of putting villains out of action in "*The Love Gamblers*." Below: John Gilbert as "Dantes" in the early reels of "*Monte Cristo*."



I did it originally because someone had told me that I had his profile. I stayed on because I found that I could learn more from him and his little tricks and subtleties than from any actor on the screen. I used him as a kind of college education and I've never regretted it."

"What put you on the track of directing?"

"Well, it was always one of my dreams, but no one would give me a chance for a while. It was only after these years of experience in various companies that I landed with Maurice Tourneur and told him all about my ambitions. He gave me my head. I tried my hand at the continuity of *The White Circle*, co-directing with Tourneur and playing the leading part in it, and got the job of assistant-director as a reward."

"Weren't you responsible for *The Last of the Mohicans*?"

"Sure, under Mr. Tourneur's superintendence. And *Deep Waters* and *The Great Redeemer*, and some more."

"But you left him?" I suggested.

John made a face. "I did," he admitted ruefully, "and it was the silliest thing I ever did in my life. I went East with a fat contract to direct a privately-managed star. The manager of the privately-managed star tried to manage me as well. It wouldn't do so the contract went up in smoke—a good deal of smoke—and I came back West with my last dollar in my pocket."





"Rotten luck," I murmured.

John's eyes twinkled. They have a way of doing that pretty often. "Not so bad after all," he confessed. "You see, Leatrice was in Hollywood, and that was a fairly important fact in my life by this time."

"Had you known each other long?"

"Years," he answered. "We had up-staged each other through three or four pictures. We were both with Louise Glaum in *Shackled*, and again in film with Warren Kerrigan, and later for Lasky in *Ladies Must Live*. And through all these we looked down our noses at each other. However, Mr. Tourneur saved me. We met again in his studio and—er—lunched together. And that day we looked at each other more and down our noses less—and that was the beginning of it."

I made various interested noises and waited for John to resume. He did.

"If you really want to talk to me about my career," he said, "you had better leave Leatrice out of it. She's altogether too disconcerting. I guess you want to know how I got with Fox—and if you don't I'm going to tell you just the same. It was my work in *Shame*, Emmett Flynn's big Oriental spectacle, that first brought me to the notice of the great William. They say

He affected sideburns in "*Cameo Kirby*."

thought of advertisement and publicity."

"It made me as an actor. I got fewer fan letters out of *Monte Cristo* than out of any little programme picture I ever made. That I considered a compliment to my acting, for I find that the real fans don't like their stars to submerge their own personality in the part they are playing. They like them to stroll easily through a film and just look picturesque. What I really meant was that *Monte Cristo* gave me my first real opportunity for character work. I had always wanted to play it; even when I was a boy I had a burning desire to put those four distinct delineations of Edmond Dantes into the flesh, and when the time came I was



Above: John Gilbert. Left: Cracking a crib in "*The Madness of Youth*."



lucky to have a director like Emmett Flynn who was willing to develop the part on my own lines."

"Yes, I have always heard that he was a sympathetic director. I remember his *Yankee At The Court of King Arthur*."

"He is a director in a thousand. He does not try to force his own renderings on you. With other producers I make a point, after much bitter experience, of never reading the scrip of a film. I found that when I read it and formed my own opinions and ideas of the characters before the work started, I got at cross purposes with the director who had his own ideas cut and dried, and didn't think anything of mine. Emmett Flynn is not like that.

(Continued on page 60.)

With Billie Dove in "*Just off Broadway*."



I made a hit in it. At anyrate, when Fox saw it run through in his New York Offices he decided to put me on his starring list with a very generous three year contract."

"And then," I said, "you made *Monte Cristo*."

"*Monte Cristo*," said John, "made me. And that's that. Now let's talk about something else."

I considered the point. "We will talk," I replied, "about *Monte Cristo*. How did it make you? I know my John Gilbert by now. You've something back of that statement that isn't just a





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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION



Lenore  
Ulric as  
"Tiger  
Rose."



...e wears her frilly gown with great charm.



Above: Two scenes from "Tiger Rose."

### Lenore Ulric duplicates her stage success in celluloid.

In private life her name is Lenore Ulric—but it is as "Tiger Rose" that she is best known to fame.

As the heroine of the popular play of that name she first captured the hearts of Broadway audiences, a few years ago, and the two of them have become immutably one in the minds of all those who saw her then. It is as difficult to think of "Tiger Rose," without Lenore Ulric, as it is to visualise Lenore and not to think, at the same time, of "Tiger Rose."

Of course, she has made other stage successes. She has played colourful roles of practically every nationality, characters ranging from "Kiki," the pert little chorus girl, to the langorously lovely "Luana," in *The Bird of Paradise*. But all these are merely evidences of her histrionic talents. "Tiger Rose" is different; she is not merely Lenore Ulric pretending to be "Tiger Rose"—she is "Rose" and "Rose" is she, sparkling with personality from her slender feet to the top of her shapely head, with it dark, fluffy masses of hair.

Perhaps the knowledge of this made her accept David Belasco's offer to appear in the film version of the play.

Anyway, she consented to go to Hollywood, although she owns to no great love for screen work, as a rule. Once there she went literally through fire and water for the film; for Lenore is nothing if not thorough in her work, and amazingly full of energy and vitality.

The company went first to a distant mountain location, where Lenore climbed rugged precipices and was called upon to endure hardships only hinted at in the stage version. Here scenes were taken of the death of "Rose's" father, and her own rescue from a watery grave by "Sergeant Devlin" (Forrest Stanley).

Here, too, the script called for "Rose" to perform perilous feats on horseback—and Lenore frankly owns that there is nothing she fears more. But it had to be done.

When most of the company were quite worn out, and even Lenore's cheerful smile was growing a trifle tired, they went back to Hollywood, and the rest of the scenes were shot in an atmosphere of comparative civilisation. The big storm scene was a studio effect, but it was a very genuinely wet one for all that, as most of the characters can testify. They had to go out in it every now and then, to get realistically drenched through.

Altogether it was a strenuous film for all concerned in it, and though Lenore is glad to think that she made *Tiger Rose* a screen, as well as stage, success, she couldn't help sighing with relief when the camera cranked in front of her for the last time, and she was free.

It was Home, then, for her—in other words, Broadway, New York, as fast as the train would take her. For she is never happy for long away from it, or from the stage which remains her first and last love. And Broadway means the stage to Lenore.





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Above: Al Christie who has been making comedies since the early days of the movies.

# Directors I Have Met

NO 11 by Elizabeth Loneragan

## Al Christie

sive—far from it—simply trying to crowd a week's work into a few short hours and then off to England. He is the globe trotter of producers but when he is in the States, he prefers Hollywood.

That is where I found him after a couple of attempts to reach him. "I am very fond of England," Mr. Christie said, "and greatly enjoy my frequent visits there. It seems as if either my brother Charles or I am over there all the time. Sometimes these are holiday trips but

more often business is mixed with pleasure. Just now it seems probable that I may produce comedies on English soil in the near future. I have been offered a Studio and with such excellent help, I feel certain that I could turn out some good two-reel comedies with American players in the leads and English support. By the way, I wish you would make it plain that the Bathing Girl is a thing of the past so far as Christie is concerned. We introduced the craze, had many imitators and then withdrew before the famous type was out of style."

"Who were some of your famous bathing beauties?" we asked.

"The list is a long and interesting one. We had Betty Compson, Colleen Moore, Clarine Seymour, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mrs. Tom Mix (Victoria Forde) Alice Lake and a dozen others who have risen to fame and fortune since they first played on the Christie 'lot.' To-day I will gladly offer a reward of £20 to anyone who can discover a bathing beauty in the place! We were the first to say that the Bathing Girl was dead and I am firmly convinced that we yelled it so loud that we killed her completely."

Al Christie is proud that he is the exponent of short reel comedies. He has no desire to produce longer pictures or those of a different type. Two reels is long enough, he contends, and his aim is to please those who like short snappy comedies.

Below: Al Christie (in bow of boat) directing indoor nautical stuff. The girl on the tower is Dorothy Devore.



Above: Filming "Any Old Port," featuring Neal Burns.



Above: On location filming desert scenes for "That Son of a Sheik."

When this series was started, one of the English cousins who was destined to be included, was Al Christie, one of the best-known producers and directors, whose pictures are shown all over the world and who enjoys an unusual record in their distribution.

Unfortunately, Mr. Christie does not care much for New York, viewing it as a necessary evil between Los Angeles and London and spending only a very short time in the largest of American cities. His visits are crowded with appointments and interviews and it is next to impossible to see the genial head of Christie films. Not that he is exclu-





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### VICTORIOUS VICTOR.

Dear Victor MacLaglen, perchance you will gaze,  
On these lines which I venture to pen in your praise;  
I want you to know that of all stars who shine  
I crown you the King, dearest hero of mine!  
I've seen you in tatters, a tramp lone and sad;  
I've seen you in rags most decidedly "glad!"  
But, rich man or poor man, I love you the same—  
So gaily and gallantly "playing the game."  
Some others may write better verses to you,  
But *no one* admires you as much as I do.

IRENE (Wimbledon).

### NORMAN KERRY.

Of all the handsome heroes I have watched upon the screen,  
I think that six-foot Norman is the handsomest I've seen,  
And if I hear his name is billed, for many miles I'll go  
To see his most enchanting smile—because I love him so!

F. O. (Calcutta).

### IF.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can say, all through a movie programme,  
You've never wished yourself upon the screen,  
If you can look at pretty Mary Pickford  
And never even feel the least bit green,  
If you can sleep o' nights and rest serenely  
After you've witnessed Rudolph in *The Sheik*,  
If you can see the villain die repenting

And never feel *your* conscience give a tweak.  
If you can watch Mae Marsh's great performance  
In *The White Rose*—nor shed a single tear—  
If you can look at modern "spooky" pictures  
And own you haven't felt a thrill of fear.  
If, just to have your movie hero save you  
You would not go through storm and flood and fire,  
If you can do all this, you'll be a wonder,  
And, what is more, my friend—you'll be a liar!

SISI (Glasgow).

### STEWART ROME.

The wiseacres tell me "See Naples and die."  
"That gloomy advice I'm not taking," say I,  
For the screen has a far better counsel to give,  
And 'tis cheaper to follow—viz.: "See Rome and live!"

M. G. (Leamington Spa).

### A BRICKBAT.

And is this—Pola? She who charmed  
Us all in other pictures,  
And by her acting quite disarmed  
The critics' usual strictures?  
Is this the girl who made us thrill  
To all her moods and passions?  
Is she henceforth to simply fill  
A role for frills and fashions?  
Oh, woodman, woodman spare that tree.  
And don't be so exacting!  
Oh, Paramount let Pola be  
Allowed to do some acting!  
Her beauty, passion, charm, caprice  
Are wholly wasted on a  
Deplorably directed piece  
Of mush like *Bella Donna*!

BARDOLPH (Manchester).

### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

#### Give It Up.

In *The Purple Phial*, featuring Shirley Mason, the hero and heroine escape through the torpedo tubes of the "Octopus" submarine. They enter feet first and are fired out head first. How did they turn round?

D. D. (Gorleston).

#### Methuselah Again!

"Richard" (Herbert Rawlinson) in *Railroaded* leaves a note for his father which is read by "Joan." When she has read it she screws it up, but when, later, she takes it to his father, there is not a crease in it.

K. N. (Islington).

#### Another Old Friend.

Pearl White in *Plunder*, Episode 9, falls into a morass and is smothered with mud. Later, when she gets out and is riding away on her horse, her blouse is seen to be spotlessly clean, without a single stain.

L. T. (Leigh).

#### Father Time Took the Wrong Turning.

In *Little Lord Fauntleroy* "Dearest" receives a letter from the "Earl of Dorincourt," dated 1886. Later, when a false claimant turns up, Dick the bootblack brings a paper to Mr. Hobb's shop, and shows him a photo of the mother of the impostor. The date on the paper is 1885.

R. J. A. (Bath).

#### Maybe Dot Carried One.

"Dot" (Clara Bow) in *Down to the Sea in Ships*, is a stowaway, on board the whaling ship, and she disguises herself as a boy. She is discovered, and later, when the vessel anchors near an island, she is seen in a blouse and skirt, although she is the only girl on board ship. Do rough sailors carry articles of lady's apparel with them on perilous sea trips?

L. S. (Regent's Park).

#### Where Did They Come From?

When John Bowers, in *The Bonded Woman*, lowered the raft into the sea, it was empty. But when he jumped into the sea and climbed aboard, a lantern and some blankets were there.

L. P. P. (Maidstone).

#### She Hasn't Told Us.

Betty Compson, as "Kenia" in *The White Flower* pursues a native in a boat. When she grasps the edge of the craft he strikes her knuckles with his paddle to make her leave go. Her hands are noticeably bruised and lacerated, yet in the very next scene they are quite flawless and unbandaged. How did she manage this quick healing?

D. C. (Purley).





# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH

The latest amalgamation in Movie-land is that of Metro, Goldwyn and Louis B. Mayer producing companies, which formally became one early last month. The idea is to eliminate waste and save in the cost of distribution. Metro owns a huge chain of theatres in America, Goldwyn's have a large number too; it is on the cards that future Metro productions will be made in Goldwyn studios.

Patsy Ruth Miller is now a star. She is working at Vitagraph studios in *My Man*.

Houdini is still touring with his lecture on "Fraud Mediums and Miracle Mongers," and it looks like keeping him busy well into 1925. He is travelling all over the States and sometimes has some exciting evenings. At Cleveland, a body of Spiritualists gave him a severe heckling, but he triumphantly replied to all their remarks—only his lecture took 2½ hours instead of the scheduled one and a half.

Work is not yet finished on *The Sea Hawk*, the Rafael Sabatini story Frank Lloyd is making. Last week they made the Slave Market sequence, wherein "The Hawk" is compelled to outbid all his rivals for the

wicked half-brother who betrayed him. They had a huge crowd of extras, and quite five hundred Moors, slaves, soldiers and prisoners made the *Sea Hawk* "lot" their permanent quarters for the week. Besides the exterior and interiors of the market, four streets in Algiers were erected so that the players simply walked from one "set" to another for the various scenes and no time was wasted once the cameras started grinding. They are only waiting for a storm now to finish the film, the director having decided that an artificial one will not do.

Cecil De Mille's next is entitled *Feet of Clay*, and so far the only members of cast chosen are Rod La Rocque and Estelle Taylor.

Italian film fans are lamenting the loss of their favourite hero, Amleto Novelli, who died very suddenly last month. Novelli, who was fairly popular in England, too, was only forty-two, and was the first well-known Italian stage-star who went into films seriously. He was in *Quo Vadis?* as "Vinicio," and since then has appeared in no end of productions, mainly modern stories. His last was *The Pirate*, made the end of last year, which has only recently been trade shown here.

It is doubtful whether Eric Von Stroheim will direct *The Merry Widow* after all. They have cast Mae Murray for the title role, so that it looks as if Bob Leonard would be the director.

Fred Niblo has written a screen story especially for his wife, Enid Bennett. It is called *The Red Lily* and Ramon Navarro is to co-star with Enid.

Quite as interesting as a film studio is the Hollywood Laboratory, which has just been purchased by Thomas H. Ince. It was completed about a year ago, and is the most modern laboratory in the country. The idea of its proprietor was to take over all the laboratory work for the independent producers in the South from "stills" to art titles. Its work included the titles for *Rosita*, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, and *A Woman of Paris*. The laboratory has its own secret processes for the making of transparency titles and art backgrounds.

Having found free-lancing a lucrative occupation, Conway Tearle is now putting all his money into a film company. Title, the Conway Tearle, Incorporated, with the actor and his wife, Adele Rowland as directors. Everybody wishes him luck.





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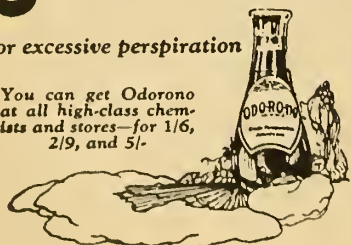
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Aileen Pringle (left) would easily pass for Elinor Glyn's younger sister.



The idea of Adolphe Menjou bestirring himself sufficiently to indulge in a fight seems odd after watching his work in *A Woman of Paris* and *The Marriage Circle*. For he seems a beautiful example of masterly inactivity on the screen. But he and Percy Marmont put up a most thrilling encounter in *The Marriage Cheat*. They fought on the edge of a high cliff at Laguna Beach, and the place was so muddy that Marmont nearly skidded over the top twice.

The script called for a fight in the darkness, preceding a heavy storm which was to burst just about when the fistic encounter was well started. Preparations were made to stage a spectacular rain-storm specially for the occasion, but nature very kindly stepped in and saved them the trouble. Marmont and Menjou fought for nearly an hour, and in dead earnest and as both are pretty good with their fists they soon drew blood. A ring on Marmont's hand cut Menjou's cheek, and a punch from that worthy that landed harder than originally intended made Percy's nose bleed.

Yet another movie about movies is going to be made. This time it is a story of Hollywood life by E. Phillips Oppenheim, which Stuart Blackton is producing. The first scenes will be made in the Club Petroushka, the most popular inn in Los Angeles, and, of course, the usual habits will be screened. Most of the stars lunch or dine there at least once a week.

Pat O'Malley's third daughter hasn't been christened yet, and he is being snowed under with suggested names for her. Pat must possess a weakness for Irish names, since his eldest girl, age six, is Eileen, and his second is called Sheila Patricia.

A whole company of children will be needed by Universal Studios for *Gulliver's Travels*, and the casting director is already inundated with candidates. A troupe of midgets has been engaged, but many more than these will be wanted, besides a giant or two. The director has his eye on John Aasen, Harold Lloyd's giant from *Why Worry?*

Malcolm McGregor has been playing in a William De Mille production opposite May McAvoy. It is a mystery drama called *The Bedroom Window* and has fewer fights than usual in it for Malcolm. There are rumours that May McAvoy is to be in the next Lubitsch production.

Work on Priscilla Dean's first independent production has commenced. The company is working at Thomas H. Ince's studio under the direction of Jerome Storm, and Allan Forrest is the leading man and Stuart Holmes the villain. The film is called *The Siren of Seville* which sounds exactly right for a Priscilla Dean movie.

Every famous film star in London on July 19 will be at the Kinematograph Garden Party, in the Royal Botanic Gardens. The sideshows and other attractions will be ingenious and numerous. Needless to say, PICTUREGOER will be there. Look out for further particulars next month.

Another new film company is Mae Marsh Productions, which has just been formed in Albany. Mae herself has gone to Germany to play "Arabella" in a movie of that name in Berlin. And an English company will be working there in the summer, for Herbert Wilcox plans to make *Decameron Nights* in the Decca Studios where the wonder films *Siegfried* and *Kriemhild's Revenge* were made.



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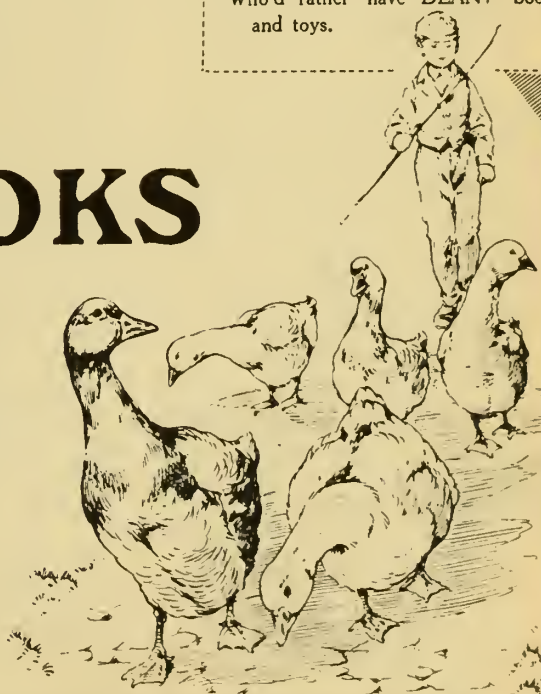
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"The Nibelungs" in the making. An interesting picture taken at the Decla Studios. Fritz Lang is the figure with outstretched arm near the camera, and "Siegfried" is seen taking his ease in a deck chair.

Plenty of boys played stowaway to go to sea, but now one girl used this means of getting into the movies. Paramount's were making a sea picture starring Jacqueline Logan which necessitated taking scenes on a yacht in San Pedro Harbour. One morning the leading man found a pretty girl hidden away in a lifeboat. "Halloa, what do you want?" said he.

"Please, I want to be a movie star," said the girl, who was straightaway taken before a court composed of the Director and the other members of the cast working that day. In her defence the prisoner stated that her name was Mildred Lane, a San Pedro girl, and that, hearing a film was to be made on board the yacht, she had hidden herself there the previous night so as to meet a real director and ask for an opportunity to act in pictures. The director laughed, but allowed her to stay "to watch." Eventually he let her make one fleeting appearance and took her name and address back to New York with him. And Mildred is impatiently waiting to hear from him again.

Little Katherine Lee makes a welcome return to the screen in *The Mountebank*, with Ernest Torrence. She plays "Evadne." Katherine is the eldest of the "Baby Grands."

Cleopatra, Cæsar, Shakespeare, Solomon, Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth, all in one movie. Also many other household celebrities. If you have read "The Houseboat on the Styx," by James Kendrick Bangs, you will remember that all these worthies flit through that most entertaining fantasy. It is to be screened now by Emmett Flynn, and

remembering what he made of *The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, we anticipate something good.

Pretty Margaret Livingstone, who was leading lady in *The Leather Pushers* series, has just signed a star contract. She comes from Salt Lake City, and has put in several years of hard work as "extra" and "small part lady." She had a good part in *Wondering Husbands* with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, wherein her characterisation of "the-I-don't-care-girl" won praise from everybody. It was a sensational role and Margaret declared she had to get into perfect trim before attempting it, else she would have hurt herself.

Ruth Roland is working at F.B.O. studios on a picture titled *Dollar Down*. This is the first production of a new company, Co-Artists Ltd., which has just been formed with Ruth at the head of the organisation. Tod Browning who directed so many of Priscilla Dean's Universal features is directing *Dollar Down*.

Great crowds assembled when Tom Terriss was shooting aerial stunt scenes for *The Bandolera* in Cuba. A French "ace" was engaged to duplicate some wonderfully thrilling aerial fights in which he took part during the War, and all eyes were turned heavenwards for miles around. Pictures were taken from other aeroplanes, from "blimps" and from the ground.

William Duncan and Edith Johnson have gone to Idaho in search of a little snow. They are making a serial called *The Free Trader*.



## THE MISFORTUNES OF NIGEL

(Continued from page 35.)

"I remember taking a friend and his wife to see the Nave of the Cathedral set," he continued, "and the lady strolling ahead of us down an aisle. We came upon her, white and speechless. Much alarmed I asked what was the matter. She just pointed, with a shaking hand. In a rather dark corner, rows and rows of what looked like dead bodies were hanging by their necks.

"No wonder she wanted to go home. But they were only our dummies, which had got slightly wet and been hung literally by the necks upon hooks in that out of the way part of the set to dry out. I did not take any more people round that day."

He said he left England the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and that London had changed a bit since then. De Brulier is a tall, exceedingly dignified fellow with brown hair worn rather long, and the strange deep-set eyes of a mystic. But he looks years and years younger than he does on the screen.

I wouldn't go so far as to call him a living skeleton, but he certainly is not a fat man. In fact, like Cassius, he "hath a lean and hungry look."

But he's a fine character actor, and his roles are not always Churchmen, though the most popular of them have been connected with the Church in some way.

In his early youth he was leading chorister in the local church (he was born in Gloucestershire), and his ambition was to be an opera-singer in those days. The subsequent loss of his voice was not entirely a misfortune, since it led to his success on the screen. Nigel unblushingly confessed to having appeared in one movie with the frivolous title of *His Pajama Girl*, but refused to go into details.

He spoke of the immense trouble the Los Angeles wig-makers took so as to get a natural appearance.

"My wigs," he said, "are made on lace net, so fine that it blends with the skin and is almost indistinguishable from it. My beard in *The Four Horsemen* was made like that, and my one fear was lest I should get it torn when I put it on and took it off. I had a fine head of silver-grey hair in *Three Weeks*, too; but wigs are not so easily tangled as beards."

He will be in Rome by the time this appears in print, but he had a full fortnight of London before him then. And he said he counted it a misfortune that he couldn't get a seat for "The Mikado," and that he was afraid he'd have to leave without seeing it.

He certainly left without his lunch that day. The poor chap was kept so busy replying to questions that he had no chance to do more than snatch a bite here and there. But this was a misfortune he was too polite to comment upon.

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Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them multiplied effect.

These new methods have brought to multitudes a new dental era. The whiter teeth you see everywhere now is one conspicuous evidence. If you think those whiter teeth look well, if you think cleaner teeth essential, learn now how millions get them.

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This is best done in a very simple way, by merely applying mercolized wax at night, like cold cream, and washing it off in the morning. It absorbs the disfiguring cuticle gradually and harmlessly, leaving a brilliant natural complexion. Of course, this also takes with it all such facial blemishes as red blotches, tan, moth patches, sallowness, liver spots, etc.

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Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed 3-lb. packages. However, this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, and it really works out very cheaply in the end.



Tom Mix and a clever canine in "Stepping Fast."

### Alias the Night Wind (Fox; June 3).

William Russell in a strong story of crime and mystery, with some good night scenes. The cast includes Maude Wayne, Chas. K. French, Wade Boteler, Donald McDonald, H. Milton Ross, Charles Wellesly and Mark Fenton.

### The Blonde Vampire (Pearl; June 30).

A combination of crook drama, love story, and melodrama illustrating the old theory that water will seek its level. Well played by De Sacia Moers, Joseph Smiley, Charles Craig, Miriam Battista, Edwin August, Frank Beamish, Mildred Wayne and Alfred Barrett. Good entertainment.

### Borrowed Husbands (Vitaphone; June 23).

Florence Vidor, Earle Williams, Rockcliff fellowes, Robert Scable, Kathryn Adams, Violet Palmer, Alfred Lincoln, Robert Gordon, and Charlotte Merrian in a comedy drama of matrimonial misunderstandings, with a somewhat casual plot. Fair entertainment.

### Brass Commandments (Fox; June 23).

A capital, if a bit wild and woolly, Westerner, with plenty of incident and a good plot. William Farnum stars, with Tom Santschi, Wanda Hawley, Claire Adams, Charles Anderson, James Gordon and Charles Le Moyne in support.

### Buster Keaton Re-issues (Jury; June 9-30).

Four of Buster's earlier two-reel comedies. *One Week* (June 9), *Convict 13* (June 16), *The Scarecrow* (June 23); and *The High Sign* (June 30). All good gloomchasers.

### The Cabaret Dancer (Napoleon; June 2).

A re-issue of a Mae Murray and Rudolph Valentino feature, interesting mainly to Valentino fans.

### The Call of Motherhood (Stoll; June 2).

An Abel Gance drama about a woman's sin and its punishment, interesting and well acted, though not up to Gance's highest standard. Emmy Lynn stars, and M. Tallier, M. Gemier, and M. Gildes support.

### Canyon of the Fools (Wardour; June 30).

Harry Carey in a Western drama of intrigue well flavoured with romance. Marguerite Clayton plays opposite the star, also Fred Stanton, Joseph Harris, Jack Curtis, Carmen Arselle, Charles J. Le Moyne, Vester Pegg, Murdock McQuarrie and Mignonne Golden. Fair entertainment.

### Colleen of the Pines (Wardour; June 23).

Familiar drama of the great Northwest with Jane Novak as a convincing and self-sacrificing heroine. Good photography and a capable cast comprising Edward Hearn, Alfred Allen, J. Gordon Russell, Charlotte Pierce, Ernest Shield and "Smoke" Turner.

### The Country Kid (F.B.O.; June 9).

A near-great movie of the early Charles Ray brand, with Wes Barry as the eldest of a trio of delightful orphan boys. Moth-eaten plot, but interesting detail work and a capital cast comprising "Spec" O'Donnell, Bruce Guerin, Kate Toncray, Helen Jerome Eddy, George Nichols, Edward Burns and George C. Pearce.

### Dangerous Toys (Pearl; June 9).

William Desmond, Frank Losee and Margaret Clayton in a triangle drama with an unusual twist. Excellent production, scenario and acting.

### The Fire Bride (Pearl; June 23).

Ruth Reneck and Edward Hearn in an emotional romance of the South

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Dorothy Dalton and  
David Powell in "Fogbound."

Seas, with some fine seascapes and island settings. Good entertainment.

**Fogbound** (Paramount; June 30).

Quick-action melodrama of the intense kind with a murder mystery plot and a fine cast which includes Dorothy Dalton, David Powell, Martha Mansfield, Maurice Costello, Jack Richardson, Mrs. Ella Miller, Willard Cooley, William David and Warren Cook. Excellent entertainment.

**The Girl of the Golden West** (Ass. First National; June 16).

A rather long-drawn-out, but generally good screen version of the favourite Belasco play about the '49 Gold Rush. J. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer star, with Rosemary Theby, Wilfred Lucas, Nelson McDowell, Hector V. Sarno, Jed Prouty and Fred Warren. Excellent characterisation and acting.

**The Heart Raider** (Paramount; June 23).

A man-chase treated in frolicsome fashion; very well directed and acted



Carmel Myers and Lew Cody in  
"Law Against Law."

by Agnes Ayres, Mahlon Hamilton, Charles Ruggles Frazer Coulter, Marie Burke and Charles Regal. Light and bright.

**The Heart Specialist** (Realart-Gaumont; June 23).

A pleasing romance about a woman journalist who matched wits with a poisoner. Mary Miles Minter stars, supported by Allen Forrest, Roy Atwell, Jock Matheis, Noah Beery, James Neill and Carmen Phillips.

**The Initiate** (Unity; June 9).

Richard Talmadge in a thoroughly entertainment stunt picture with plenty of thrills and fights.

**In Search of a Thrill** (Jury; June 26).

The heroine finds her thrill in the slums of Paris. Viola Dana stars, with Warner Baxter, Mabel Van Buren, Templar Saxe, Robert Schable, Walter Wills, Rosemary Theby, Billy Elmer, and Leo White. Fairly good comedy drama.

**Law Against Law** (Goldwyn; June 9).

A farcical divorce story taken seriously. Very well produced and acted by Lew Cody, Helene Chadwick, George Walsh, Carmel Myers, Hedda Hopper, Dale Fuller, Kathleen Key, Robert de Vilbiss, Hughie Mack, Victor Potel and Patterson Dial. Fair entertainment.

**Life's Greatest Question** (Stoll; June 16).

Remains unanswered in this movie, which is a conventional North-West Mounted melodrama. Roy Stewart and Louise Lovely star, with Eugene Burr, Harry von Meter and Dorothy Valegra in support.

**The Love Brand** (European; June 16).

Another Roy Stewart feature concerning a society girl's adventures on a cattle ranch. The cast includes



Marie Wells, Margaret Landis, Arthur Hall, Sydney De Grey and Boris Karloff. Good entertainment.

**Lovers in Araby** (Novello-Atlas; June 23).

Miles Mander, Annette Benson, Adrian Brunel and Norman Penrose in a rather scrappy love story photographed in Spain and Morocco, and having some genuine bull-fight incidents which are highly interesting. Fair entertainment.

**Loving Lies** (Allied Artists; June 14).

A very strong sea drama with excellent storm scenes and many thrills. Stars Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent, with Charles Gerrard, Joan Lowell, Ethel Wales and Andrew Waldron in support.

**Making a Man** (Paramount; June 2).

Jack Holt and Eva Novak in a pleasant light drama about a wealthy man's redemption. J. P. Lockney, Bert Woodruff, Frank Nelson and Robert Dudley support the stars. Good light fare.

**Marriage Morals** (Wardour; June 16).

Six reels of matrimonial difficulties with a dream-finale. Played by Tom Moore, Ann Forrest, Harry Morey, Florence Billings, Shannon Day, Micky Bennett, Russell Griffin, Edmund Breese and John Goldsworthy. Amuse yourself by trying to find the moral.

**Maytime** (Walturdaw; June 9).

Rather a sad little story of a broken romance carried through three generations, thus giving the make-up box the most opportunities. Pretty Victorian settings and a good cast comprising Ethel Shannon, Harrison Ford, Clara Bow, Wallace MacDonald, Josef Swickard, Betty Francisco and Robert McKim. Sentimental entertainment.

**The Meanest Man in the World** (Ass. First National; June 9).

A clever light comedy about a good

lawyer determined upon becoming a skinflint. The excellent cast includes Bryant Washburn, Bert Lytell, Blanche Sweet, Lincoln Stedman, Ward Crane, Carl Stockdale, Victor Potel and Forrest Robinson.

**Nazimova Re-issues** (Jury June 9-30).

Comprising *Eye for Eye* (9), *Out of the Fog* (16), *Revelation* (23), and *Toys of Fate* (30). Nazimova and Charles Bryant appear in all four, which contain the star's earliest and best efforts and are very good entertainment.

**The Ne'er-Do-Well** (Paramount; June 9).

Thomas Meighan as the irresponsible hero who made good in Panama whence he had been shanghaied by his own father. Lila Lee opposite, also Gertrude Astor, John Milern, Gus Weinberg, Sid Smith, Jules Cowles and Laurance Wheat. Fair entertainment.

**Pleasure Mad** (Jury; June 2).

A sincere study of mother-love in poverty and in riches and how adversity brought about a family reunion. Well produced and played by Mary Alden, Huntly Gordon, Norma Shearer, Wm. Collier, Jr., Winifred Bigson, Ward Crane, Frederick Truesdell and Joan Standing. Good entertainment.

**Ponjola** (Ass. First National; June 2).

Mystery drama of the South African veldt with Anna Q. Nilsson excellent as the "boy" heroine. James Kirkwood, Tully Marshall, Joseph Kilgour, Bernard Randall, Ruth Clifford, Clare Du Brery, and Claire McDowell support. Good entertainment.

**Prepared to Die** (Wardour; June 9).

Eddie Polo in a comedy drama which gives him more acting and less stunts than usual. Kathleen Meyers plays opposite. Good popular fare.

**The Remittance Woman** (Wardour; June 2).

Improbable Oriental melodrama on the lines of a serial. Well acted by Ethel Clayton, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Marie Carillo, Tom Wilson, Etta Lee, Toyo Fugita and Edward Kimball. Fair entertainment.

**The Rendezvous**

(Goldwyn; June 2).

A tragedy of Siberia, rather on the long side, but splendidly played by Lucille Ricksen, Conrad Nagel, Richard Travers, Kathleen Key, Elmo Lincoln, Sydney Chaplin, Kate Lester, Eugenie Besserer and Lucien Littlefield.



The Fairbanks twins in "The Beauty Shop."

**Shadows of the North** (European; June 30).

Plenty of action in this novel and powerful tale of the Frozen North. William Desmond stars, with Virginia Browne Faire, Fred Kohler, William Welsh, Albert Hart, James O. Barrows and "Rin-Tin-Tin" in support. Good but a bit mechanical.

**Snowdrift** (Fox; June 2).

Buck Jones in a fairly good story of the West with fine snow scenes and a terrific fight finale. Irene Rich opposite, also Bert Sprotte, Gertrude Ryan, Colin Chase, Evelyn Selbie, Annette Jean, S. Raymond Nye, Dorothy Manners and Lee Shumway.

**Sporting Youth** (European; June 30).

Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante in an exciting light drama full of motor-racing thrills. Good entertainment.

**The Steel Trail** (European; June 26).

A thrilling railroad serial starring William Duncan, Edith Johnson and Ralph McCullough.

Hoot Gibson.



Marie Prevost and Harry Myers in "The Marriage Circle."



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**Stepping Fast (Fox; June 2).**

Tom Mix in a sensational medley of chases, killings and vengeance. Stunt fans will like it. In the cast appear Claire Adams, Edward Peel, George Seigmann, Tom S. Guise, Ethel Walls, and Minna Ferny Redmar.

**The Stranger (Fox; June 9).**

Sentiment, scripture and a story of the Texas Rangers, played by Dustin Farnum, Peggy Shaw, Carl Stockdale, Alma Bennett, Jack Rollens, Leon Bary and Frances Halton. Good entertainment.

**Tiger Rose (F.B.O.; June 16).**

A good screen version of the stage play. A North-West Mounted Police story with beautiful settings and a good cast. Lenore Ulric stars, with Forrest Stanley, Joseph Dowling, Andre De Beranger, Sam De Grane, Theodore Von Eltz and Claude Gillingwater supporting.

**The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Realart-Gaumont; June 5?).**

Mary Miles Minter, Antonio Moreno and Ernest Torrence in a human and interesting story of a family feud. Beautiful scenery and good entertainment.

**The Turning Point (Jury; June 19).**

Soava Gallone in a tense problem drama of love and jealousy. An Italian production.

**The Victor (European June 2).**

Humour, romance and two fine ring fights. An excellent boxing romance starring Herbert Rawlinson, supported by Frank Currier, Otis Harlan, Ethel Ralston, Eddie Gribbon, Dorothy Manners and Tom McGuire.

**A Virginia Courtship (Realart-Gaumont; June 9).**

Pleasant and prettily told Southern romance in an old-world setting. Well played by May McAvoy, Casson Ferguson, Alec B. Francis, Kathlyn Williams, Jane Keckley, L. M. Wells, Richard Tucker and Guy Oliver.



Douglas Fairbanks and John Barrymore exchange ideas upon movie subjects.

**The Wanters (Ass. First National; June 23).**

How a pretty maidservant got into high society. Marie Prevost stars, with Gertrude Astor, Robert Ellis, Louise Fazenda, Norma Shearer, Huntly Gordon, Richard Headricks, Hank Man, Harold Goodwin and Lillian Langdon in support.

**Who Am I? (Pioneer; June 9).**

Claire Anderson, Josef Swickard and Niles Welsh in a novelletish story of a schoolgirl with cast-iron nerves. Thrillful fare.

**The Woman With Four Faces (Paramount; June 16).**

A striking crook drama told on novel lines, starring Betty Compson and Richard Dix. Read the story on page 31 of this issue.



Patsy Ruth Miller softens the heart of her camera man, Charles van Eny, by sharing a plate of dainties with him on location.





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Betty Compson	Frank Keenan	Blanche Sweet
Miriam Cooper	Annette Kellerman	Aurele Sydney
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Fay Compton	Elmo Lincoln	Norma Talmadge
Dorothy Dalton	L.Ko Beauties	Natalie Talmadge
Viola Dana	Malvina Longfellow	Conway Tearle
Bebe Daniels	Bessie Love	Manora Thew
Zena Dare	Louise Lovely	Queenie Thomas
Dorothy Davenport	Katherine MacDonald	Madlaine Travers
Marion Davies	Douglas MacLean	Marie Walcamp
Marjorie Daw	Cleo Madison	George Walsh
Priscilla Dean	Christine Maitland	Fannie Ward
Mr. & Mrs. Carter	Molly Malone	Robert Warwick
De Haven	Mae Marsh	Bryant Washburn
Douglas Fairbanks	Vivian Martin	Way Down East
and Mary Pickford	Shirley Mason	(Cast)
Dustin Farnum	Cyril Maude	Ben Webster
Franklyn Farnum	Doris May	Pearl White
William Farnum	Mary Miles Minter	Earle Williams
Geraldine Farrar	Tom Mix	Ben Wilson
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Lillian Braithwaite	Lillian Gish	Dorothy Phillips
Fritzi Brunette	Juanita Hansen	Jack Pickford
Billie Burke	Mildred Harris	Mary Pickford
Langhorne Burton	W. S. Hart	Arline Pretty
June Caprice	Sessue Hayakawa	Edna Purviance
Harry Carey	Carol Holloway	Herbert Rawlinson
Jewel Carmen	Lionelle Howard	Charles Ray
Charles Chaplin	Peggy Hyland	Edith Roberts
Marguerite Clark	Alice Joyce	William Russell
Ethel Clayton	Annette Kellerman	Monroe Salisbury
Ivy Close	Warren Kerrigan	Gertrude Selby
Lew Cody	Jane Lee	Anita Stewart
Miriam Cooper	Katherine Lee	Gloria Swanson
Dorothy Dalton	Elmo Lincoln	Blanche Sweet
Viola Dana	L.Ko Beauties	Norma Talmadge
Dorothy Davenport	Bert Lytell	Marie Walcamp
Priscilla Dean	Thomas Meighan	George Walsh
Douglas Fairbanks	Tom Mix	Robert Warwick
William Farnum	Tom Moore	Pearl White
Elsie Ferguson	Nazimova	Clara K. Young

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Wesley Barry	Kenneth Harlan	Mary Philbin
Madge Bellamy	Violet Hopson	Marie Prevost
Edna Best	Charles Hutchison	George Robey
Constance Binney	Leatrice Joy	Ruth Roland
Monte Blue	Cullen Landis	Stewart Rome
Betty Blythe	Matheson Lang	Gregory Scott
Flora Le Breton	Harold Lloyd	Milton Sills
Clive Brook	Louise Lovely	Lewis Stone
Mae Busch	Katherine MacDonald	Eric Von Stroheim
Georges Carpentier	Percy Marmont	John Stuart
Lon Chaney	Barbara La Marr	Madge Stuart
Jose Collins	Mae Marsh	Constance Talmadge
Betty Compson	Shirley Mason	Norma Talmadge
Fay Compton	Frank Mayo	Conway Tearle
Jackie Coogan	Colleen Moore	Alice Terry
Mildred Davis	Antonio Moreno	Queenie Thomas
Reginald Denny	Mae Murray	Rodolph Valentino
Richard Dix	Conrad Nagel	Niles Welch
Ivy Duke	Owen Nares	Earle Williams
Josephine Earle	Pola Negri	Lois Wilson
Elsie Ferguson	Guy Newall	Claire Windsor
Harrison Ford	Ramon Novarro	

Choose your cards to the value of 2/6 or more from the above lists and get

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(See page 61).



**GOOSEBERRY** (Cheshire).—I'm surprised to hear that you can't spare me even a small portion of your young affections. I thought the heart of a film fan was an elastic affair.

**CESTRIAN** (Sandback).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) Charles Hutchison is the nearest English approach to the Douglas Fairbanks style that I know—and he's gone to America now. (2) *Robin Hood* was filmed in Hollywood. (3) Doug's next picture is *The Thief of Bagdad*. (4) A film scenario is a complicated and difficult affair for a novice to write, and, it is usually arranged by a Film Company's special scenarist. If you have a story that you consider suitable for filming, send a synopsis for consideration first of all.

**MOVIE MAD** (Durham).—Sorry, Movie Mad, to make you madder, but no casts are given in **PICTUREGOER**, now.

**DICK'S ADMIRER** (South Africa).—(1) Address Dick Barthelmess and Lillian and Dorothy Gish, c/o Inspiration Films, 565, Fifth Avenue, New York City. (2) Dick has black hair and brown eyes, and was born on May 9th, 1895. Yes, I've cut more than the usual number of wisdom teeth.

**KRITICK** (Richmond).—You're certainly handy with a brickbat. I hope you never take a dislike to me.

**W. H. A.** (Kensington).—(1) Robert English was born 1876. He served 25 years as a regular soldier in the Army, and is Lieut.-Col., D.S.O., and Croix de Guerre. (2) Has played on the stage in "Husbands Are a Problem." (3) Some of his films are: *Tom Sails* (his first), *Broken Road*, *Four Feathers*, *Hounds of the Baskervilles*, *The Fruitful Vine*, *Dangerous Lies*, *The Lost Leader*, *The Truants*, *The Rotters*, *Stable Companions*, and *The Crimson Circle*.

**R. R.** (Middlesbrough).—Dorothy Phillips and Priscilla Dean played in *Paid in Advance*.

**G. M.** (Lancaster Gate).—Thanks for thanks. Glad you got that photo. (1) I'll do my best to get you an art plate.

**SCOR** (Aberdeen).—Belated thanks for that snap. I shall continue to call you Sunny Jim.

**E. H.** (I. O. W.).—Thanks for the handle you have so kindly attached to my name. This is an unexpected promotion. (1) Joseph Schildkraut was "Chevalier de Vaudray" in *The Orphans of the Storm*. He has done mostly stage work, but he is taking up film work seriously now. His last was *Dust of Desire* with Norma Talmadge. (2) Clive Brook was the hero of *Through Fire and Water*. No, he didn't die in the film. He came up smiling in the end, as they all do.

**I. B. & D. H.** (London).—I believe you're trying to pull my leg. (1) Have forwarded your letter and hope you get a reply. (2) *The Young Rajah* was released January 5th last.

**MOILLY** (Royston).—Have forwarded your letter. One more or less doesn't make much difference in my young life.

**J.M.F.** (Camberley).—(1) Dick Barthelmess, born 1895. (2) Married to Mary Hay. (3) His next release is *Twenty-One*. (4) His principal films are:—*Broken Blossoms*, *Way Down East*, *Scarlet Days*, *The Love Flower*, *Peppy Polly*, *Experience*, *Fury*, and *Tol'ble David*. Thanks for thanks.

**YING** (London).—You needn't apologise for your grammar. It's better than mine, only don't tell anyone I said so. (1) Rod



**La Rocque** is French. (2) He isn't married now. (3) Address him c/o Lasky Studios, 1,520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal. (4) You might get a photo of him from Lasky Film Corp., 166-170, Wardour Street. (5) I think he's almost as obliging as I am, so you ought to get an answer to your letter. (6) Some of his films are:—*Jazzmania*, *The Garter Girl*, *The French Doll*, *The Ten Commandments*, and *Triumph*.

**E.B.** (Glasgow).—The Editorial heart has been touched by your appeal, and a page plate of Ivor will grace our Art Gallery ere long.

Don't worry your head over Pictureplay Problems. We employ a man to worry for you. His name is George, and he is a Human Encyclopædia for film facts and figures. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**BOWERSITE** (Manchester).—Your letter has a sorry tone all through. Be comforted, my child. I forgive you. (1) John Bowers is six foot tall, and he has dark hair and eyes. Born December 25, about thirty years ago. (2) His next film hasn't been decided upon, but if you write him c/o Famous Lasky the letter should find him. (3) I expect he'll let you have a signed photo if you write nicely.

**ENTHUSIAST** (York).—Nothing mythical about me, I'm a very solid reality. Have forwarded your letter to Clive so you ought to have had an answer by the time this appears in print.

**GEORGE WALSH'S UNDERSTUDY** (Hertford).—Your idea of a few questions isn't mine. But I'll forgive you—and answer some of them. (1) George Walsh was born in New York, March 16th, 1892. (2) He left the University at twenty years of age and started screen work when he was about 25. (3) Art plate of him in April, 1922, **PICTUREGOER**. (4) He has a bungalow in Hollywood, Cal. (6) *Ben Hur* is being filmed in Italy.

**A.B.** (Northumberland).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) Tom Meighan's married to Frances Ring. (2) Gloria Swanson used to be Mrs. Herbert Samborn. (3) Mae Murray's latest is *Mademoiselle Midnight*. She's married to Bob Leonard, her director. (4) Kinema Carols and Faults Page is your section of the paper, so go to it.

**DORNBLAZER** (Cheshire).—(1) Guy Newall's first novel "Everybody's Secret," or "Husband Love," as it is now called, will be published by Constable in the early summer. (2) I'll tackle the Editor about that art plate when he's in a particularly benevolent mood.

**MARY** (Folkestone).—Thanks for your kind sympathy. I do sometimes wish someone would drop a lighted cigarette end amongst my correspondence. This, of course, is strictly confidential. (1) You shall have a page article on Norman Kerry in next month's issue. Art plate appeared last April. (2) You haven't read your **PICTUREGOER** very thoroughly. Rudolph Valentino is Italian—for the 'steenth time of telling. (3) The most hopeless task I know, next to becoming a film star, is that of becoming a scenario writer. I don't want to discourage you—I'm only telling you.

**CARNATION** (Dulwich).—Letter to William Russell is now at the tender mercy of the G.P.O.

**GREY EYES** (Derby).—"Thinks the world would be a rotten place if all men were cowboys, like Tom Mix." So does Tom, probably.

**MOVIE LOVER** (Oxon).—Whisky's too expensive for me, but if I take another pull at my toast and water I shall probably find strength enough to read through your four pages of questions. Glad you find me a "little ray of sunshine." (1) Art plate of Owen Nares in December, 1923 **PICTUREGOER**. (2) Tony Moreno is working for Paramount. (3) Ivor's address is 11, Aldwych, Strand, W.C. (4) Try Stoll's Publicity, 49, Greek Street, W.1, for stills from *Young Lochinvar* and *The Royal Oak*. (5) Elmo Lincoln is "Tarzanning" again—this time in *Tarzan and the Golden Lion*.

**ENQUIRER** (Malvern).—I've forwarded your letter to Henry Edwards. Glad you





*Sigrid Holmquist  
always remembers  
to forget her English  
when she comes to signs  
like this.*

had such a nice photo from Stewart Rome. (1) Cecil Humphreys is playing on the stage in a melodrama. (2) Eille Norwood's touring with *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*. (3) Try Stoll's Publicity Dept., for a photo of Peter Dear.

MABS (Middlesbrough).—Pleased to meet her, Mabs. I'm surprised to hear you've only just discovered PICTUREGOER. Our loss was mutual. (1) Jack Mulhall's first wife is dead. He has a little boy. Jack's about 33 years old. (2) Joseph Striker was "Andrew" in *The Wildness of Youth*.

M. and E.G. (Cowes).—I haven't any news of your favourite Roland Myles. He's been away from the screen for quite a while, now, but I'll let you know if I hear any rumour of his return.

MOVIE MAD (Dulwich).—(1) Film heroes never die. "David" very nearly did in *Tol'ble David*, but not quite. (2) Story of *Smilin' Through* hasn't appeared in PICTUREGOER. (3) Norma Talmadge has no children. (4) Earle Schenck is no relation to Joseph ditto. (5) Neither is Richard Talmadge any relation to the Talmadge sisters.

G.L. (Hampstead).—I note that Rudolph Valentino doesn't inspire your young enthusiasm. The poor chap will be cut up about it. (1) Only one of Jeffery Farnol's books has been screened. This is *The Amateur Gentleman*.

B.R. (Cheshire).—(1) Corinne Griffith born 1899; Alice Lake 1897; Dorothy Dalton, September 22nd, 1893; Nita Naldi,

April 4th, 1899. (2) Norma Talmadge isn't likely to retire just yet.

SPRINGBOK (S.A.).—Glad you glad. Now we're both happy. (1) Send about two shillings for a signed photo. An International Exchange Coupon is your best medium for sending this. (2) Mary Dibley played "Rachel Dormblazer" in *The Lure of Crooning Waters*, and Ivy Duke was "Georgette Verlaine."

RUDY'S FRIEND (Orpington).—No relation to the Buff of that ilk, I suppose? (1) I think Alice Terry might let you have a photo if you ask nicely. Write her at Metro Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Lewis Stone's about forty-five. (3) Write to "Picturegoer Salon" for a list of postcards. (4) Virginia Valli played opposite House Peters in *The Storm*.

HELENSBURGH (Scotland).—(1) Yes, Rudolph Valentino played "Armand," with Nazimova in *Camille*.

"NAN" (Finchley).—To the best of my knowledge Roy Royston has never appeared on the screen.

C.P.C. (S. Africa).—(1) To Walter West. (2) No casts, sorry! (3) Nazimova's married to Charles Bryant.

MAISEY (Southborough).—Spare my blushes, Maisey. I know how fatally fascinating my brains, brawn and beauty must be to the susceptible hearts of fandom, but modesty forbids my accepting your own flattering remarks without a mild protest. (1) Niles Welsh was Elaine Hammerstein's screen husband in *Evidence*. (2) Peter was the name of the child in *Woman to Woman*.

RUDYITE (Manchester).—(1) Yes, *The Cabaret Dancer* is fairly old. (2) *The Sheik* was re-issued a month or so back. (3) Gloria Swanson used to be Mrs Herbert Somborn but she isn't married now. (4) The release date of *Monsieur*

*Beaucaire* isn't fixed yet. Glad you like PICTUREGOER. Charles de Roche is working in *The Bugler of Algiers* in the role Rupert Julian, played in the first screening of this story.

ALYS (London).—I'll try my powers of persuasion on the Editor for an interview with Elliott Dexter. You're certainly lucky to have had so many nice photos from him. You'll be able to see him in *Flaming Youth* when it comes your way.

NEW FLAME (Evidently of no fixed abode).—I'd be delighted to print your carol—if I could understand what it's all about. Except for this trifling drawback, it's a very worthy attempt.

THELMA (Sidcup).—Have forwarded your epistle to Matheson.

GEORGINA (Liverpool).—Glad your letter to Ivor brought forth such good results. I've forwarded your letter of gratitude. You'll find Ivor's address in another answer in these pages.

ISABEL (Windsor).—No need to warn me that you're inquisitive. I always take that for granted—and I'm seldom disappointed. (1) John Stuart was born in Edinburgh 25 years ago. He served in France during the war and has had three years screen experience, besides doing stage-work. He is now playing at the Globe Theatre, London, in *Our Betters*. (2) No, he isn't married, so there's no reason why you should find an early grave.

CARROTS (Bristol).—Your blessing has been duly earned. (1) PICTUREGOER has never published a reading of Pearl White's character, by Vincent de Sola.

WINSTON (Harrogate).—Says "I spend many hours with PICTUREGOER, and get lots of pleasure from it." So do I—only mine is a doubtful pleasure. (1) Ruth Clifford—not Constance Talmadge—in *The Dangerous Age*, with Lewis Stone.

SQUIBS (Cambridge).—(1) Betty Balfour is twenty-one. She isn't married. (2) Fay Compton's married to Leon Quartermain. Her latest film is *Claude Duval*. (3) Marie Doro is American. (4) Betty Balfour's latest is *Reveille* with Stewart Rome as her leading man.

V.B. (New Malden).—(1) Marion Davies wore a wig in the beginning of *Little Old New York*. She herself belongs to the bobbed brigade. (2) Her latest release is *Yolanda*.

SANTA TERESITA (Bristol).—I admire your taste in notepaper—also the damsel who adorns the foot of the page. (1) Ernest Torrence is married, but I don't know the lady's name. You say you have written to him, so he will doubtless be able to enlighten you himself. (1) Rudolph hasn't said anything more about re-visiting England. (2) I think if you write nicely he will send you his signature.

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

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## ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN (Continued from page 44).

That is why the best work I have done has been under his command."

"You take your character work very seriously, you know," said I, "that was the chief thing that struck me about your *Monte Cristo*."

"The screen is a hard master," he replied. "If you want to do really good work you simply must take it seriously. Many people imagine that a certain outward resemblance is an artist's chief consideration in playing character parts—that crepe hair and camouflaged features spell success, and that facial expression is also largely a matter of grease paint. An actor who worked on those lines would not be worthy of the name. Had enough?"

"Not a bit of it," I said hastily. "Go right on."

"To my mind the only way to obtain a convincing result is to feel a role before acting it. Almost anyone can register emotion, but to do so at the right moment and in the right proportion presents many difficulties. Just as soon as an actor begins to rely upon outward signs of emotion, he simply becomes a puppet and ceases to be an artiste."

"For instance, no audience would be impressed by the distress of a screen character whose actions portrayed only superficial grief. On the contrary this would merely invite ridicule. Grief, or

any other passion, must come from within to be really convincing. The outward expression must be merely a reflection of something that is really being felt. In other words the successful actor is he who, for the time being, can literally cease to be himself, and enter into the very soul of the character he is impersonating."

"You're too serious Jack," broke in a voice. "You're as highbrow as they make them."

Leatrice had just arrived from the studio, and had been listening to this dramatic lecture unseen and unheard.

"Jack," turned round. "And you're too frivolous, 'Letty,'" he said. "That's why you're only a star while I'm an honest-to-goodness actor."

"Shucks!" said "Letty," "You an actor?" she smiled scornfully. "You're no actor. You're only a hairdresser's model—rather badly done too."

It looked to me as if it was turning into a family row. I picked up my hat and went—as unostentatiously as I could.

I needn't have bothered. They never noticed me. When I got to the gate I turned round. They were on the verandah holding hands—and looking at a particularly fine specimen of a young moon.

Sometimes it's good to be only twenty-seven!

## STARS WHO TOOK THE WRONG TURNING

(Continued from page 23).

you almost weep to think what a dramatic star has been lost to Mack Sennett's gain.

Every picturegoer cherishes a standing grievance against John Barrymore. He makes far too few pictures. But I have another. I want to see him in comedy again. I want to recapture the light, elusive Barrymore of *Nearly A King* and *The Dictator*. The trouble about John is that he can do everything so well that he does not realise he can do fine comedy the best of all.

Priscilla Dean is the most promising raw material of the younger generation of Stars; an artist-producer could carve something very beautiful out of her. Perhaps she has not so much taken a wrong turning as been violently pushed down one. Universal has stifled her with melodrama, whereas the real Priscilla is a serious, dramatic actress of unlimited possibilities. I very firmly believe that Priscilla could set the world on fire were some enlightened producer to give her the chance she has never had.

Lon Chaney could act—once. He acted in *The Miracle Man*. Then he discovered that his make-up could do his acting for him, and since then he has done no other. It is a great thing to be a master of rouge and lip-stick, and to have earned the name of "The Man with a Thousand Faces," but Lon

Chaney has ceased to be the master of his make-up. It has become the master of Lon Chaney.

Rudolph Valentino took the wrong turning when he allowed Paramount to exploit his profile in preference to his dramatic ability. When Rudolph was with Rex Ingram he was undoubtedly an actor—let *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* bear witness—still a little raw, a trifle inexperienced, he was an actor just the same. But the Rudolph of *Beyond the Rocks* is nothing but a lay figure.

A star who has taken the wrong turning and arrived nowhere in consequence, is House Peters. Lumber camps and prairies and the great open spaces are his natural background. Society drawing-rooms are likely to prove his grave.

Pola Negri, smoothed and Paramounted, is a Pola astray. No wonder Lubitsch wept when he saw *Bella Donna*! She took the wrong road when she left Germany behind her.

Bebe Daniels as an emotional actress, Betty Compson as an ingenue, and Matt Moore as a swashbuckling hero are all racing as hard as they can down the road that leads to oblivion.

This has made you think, my Fan, hasn't it? Good! That was my intention and my hope.

E. R. T.



### In Old Cathay.

Amid the fragrance of a myriad blooms the Son of Heaven wooed the lady Tai Chen—more lovely than lotus, sweeter than jasmine. She died and the Emperor cast his crown and sceptre in the dust and went forth to live a beggar. After a thousand years the echo of that love still rings in the songs of China and the perfume of his palace garden is recaptured in

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# What Do You Think?

YOUR  
VIEWS  
AND  
OPI-  
NIONS



I SHOULD like to say a word on the subject of "effects," writes J.E.B. (Broadstairs). Do other readers of THE PICTUREGOER like to have their nerves shattered by realistic representations of cannon, etc. I, personally, much prefer the silent drama without any "noises off," especially when these are badly managed. At one local cinema they have a bomb effect, which they use on every possible occasion, despite the fact that it is so loud it leaves patrons cowering in their seats. They have other noises as well, but the rest of their stock is not at all realistic and often spoils the picture. Since they cannot reproduce faithfully all the noise, why try to do any?"

SEVERAL fans think that re-issues of Wally Reid films would be very much to their taste. Here is a sample epistle. "I am entirely in agreement with

Regarding *Winifreda*, regarding Re-issues. ing Wallace Reid, and think that neither Valentino nor anyone else will ever take his place in our affections. But now that the supply of his new films is so sadly limited I feel sure his admirers would welcome the chance of seeing him again in his earlier ones. I hereby register my opinion very strongly in favour of revivals and hope Paramount Films will oblige."—Josephine (Wands-worth).

I DISAGREE with *Winifreda* (Palmer's Green). I thoroughly disagree with her. It has always been my theory that when a film actor dies his work should never be shown in public again. I consider that a breach of that quality upon which the civilised world prides itself—reverence towards the deceased. Wallace Reid was always one of my favourites, but that does not alter the opinion I have just expressed. I should like to know what other readers think."

"IS anything wrong with my thinking apparatus?" queries Simple Sarah (Peckham). "I make a point of seeing the films mentioned in the Honours List when-

Do You Agree? ever possible but I can't honestly say I enjoyed any of them except *Robin Hood*. I thought them all either morbid, tragic, or cynical, or all three put together and realistic to a degree that depresses. Like most girl fans I enjoy a good cry over a movie occasionally, but I don't care to dwell on the sordidness of things. Films like *A Woman of Paris*, *The Street*, *Caligari*, *Anna Christie*, etc., do this. Life may not be all rose leaves and romance, but neither is it all bitterness and tragedy. All these Acknowledged Best movies are so insistently pessimistic. Am I alone in my views, I wonder, or have any others felt the same?"

"I HAVE been thinking a good deal lately about several things connected with films. More than anything I've been wondering when producers are going to

Concerning realise the importance of plot in a Plots. film. In nine out

of ten pictures the story is absolutely nothing; all one sees is a set of photographic poses. It isn't as though there are no good filmable stories about. There are dozens of them, only producers never seem to find them. Of course, I may be prejudiced. I have recently seen two adaptations of Elinor Glyn's books. Need I say more?"—Thoughtful Theodore (Thanet).

"WHAT do you think of Comedies (?) starring those 'wonderful monkey actors,' who are almost human?" enquires Margaret (Bristol). "Any-thing more dis-likes Simian agreeable and objectionable I have Stars. never seen and hope never to see on the screen again. Darwin may be right, but anyway I have not the slightest wish to see my 'brothers' when I go to the movies. In future I shall give a wide berth to any theatre showing such features."

"REGARDING costume pictures and casting," writes One of Them (Liverpool), "*Bobolinko* (London) has been thinking about *Winifreda's* thoughts and I have been Linked by and I have been Thoughts! thinking about *Bobolinko's*. We

certainly want more costume films, but as to screened novels and the miscasting of these I beg to point out some exceptions. Novels filmed by British producers are very seldom miscast—according to my experience, anyway. Also, Clive Brook is emphatically not 'the only actor of merit in British films.' But comparisons are odious so I'll leave it at that."

"REPLYING to C.A.B.S." writes An Artist (Chester), "I must say I do not agree that Film Posters are atrocious. In fact I think some very clever indeed. One has to make them crude and bright

if they are to make any effect at all. Softly blended colours would be useless when posted up. Of course there are good and bad ones, but on the whole they are striking and good."—THE THINKER.



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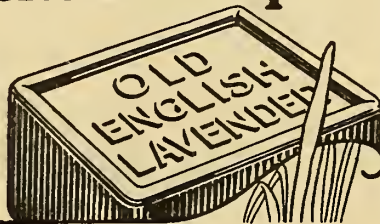
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Margaret Cloud



**IVY DUKE**

*The beautiful British star who is playing "Perdita, the lost one," in the screen version of "Decameron Nights," with Lionel Barrymore, Bernard Goetzke, and a host of other international players.*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL. 8. No. 43. JULY, 1924.

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Many Pickford and certain other stars have a grudge against Marion Davies. They'd gone on for many years being "Honorary Colonels" without anyone knowing about it. Then Marion Davies was made an "Honorary Colonel." Then someone saw *Yolanda*—and all the "Honorary Colonels" were deprived of their rank. Anyway it all happened about the same time.

Since Marie Prevost has deserted the bathing pools for "straight" drama, some suitable reward for her enterprise should be forthcoming. What about The Order of the Bath?

Film producers are awfully fond of going and doing likewise. Somebody produces *The Old Vest*, and immediately everyone decides that "mother-love" films are the only sort worth making. Then somebody makes *The White Rose*. The result is we've had a flood of *White Sisters*, *White Flowers*, *White Silences* and *White Ways*. Curious, is it not? But not half so curious as the fact that they don't realise that what they've been making all along are White Elephants!

If you ask me, Rex Ingram is retiring because he's discovered all the stars there are in America. Now he's going to Africa to be a sculptor and carve people out of stone. Not much of a change. Same job, new material. It used to be wood.



REX INGRAM.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder if you are,  
Up above the world as high  
As your Pressmen certify?

The hero in "mother-love" films is chosen because he is the sort of man only a mother could love.

There are so many "Baby Stars" in Hollywood that I think it ought to be re-christened "The Milky Way."

Gloria Swanson is much annoyed by the report of her death. She says that, to say the least of it, it is exaggerated, and that such a fly in the ointment ought to be nipped in the bud. (Editor: GLORIA SWANSON. That's a mixed metaphor. Me: I know. I mixed it.)



I don't believe for a minute that Joe Martin has taken a course of monkey glands and is going to play juvenile lead in Barbara La Marr's next film.

A famous editor once said that there are only seven stories in the world. Won't there be a lot of lovely films when producers discover the other six?

In the making of *The Ten Commandments* they used umpteen dogs, horses, cattle and sheep: umpty-ump tons of glycerine and greasepaint, and enough safety pins to reach from Hollywood to the Back of Beyond and back again if placed end to end. Incidentally they used a vast quantity of eyewash—but the programme doesn't say anything about that!

I'm all for statistics. Figures are such interesting things, especially in bathing comedies. I've been collecting some myself—statistics I mean. Look here:



CECIL DE MILLE.

There were 289763 shots fired in Western dramas last year. Six of them hit the mark. What happened to the others is a complete mystery.

Seven million yards of calico were used last year to make turbans for Sheiks.

17,001 camels were seen on the skyline.

9,763 burglars were reformed by infants in nightgowns who mistook them for Santa Claus.

10,287 sub-titles were spelled wrongly.

Personally, I don't believe a word of all this.

There is no truth in the rumour that as the result of the success of *The Ten Commandments*, Cecil de Mille has changed his name to Cecil de Millions.

Conway Tearle has had the famous mole removed by electrolysis. A fan was so overcome when next he saw him that he walked up to him and said "Hullo, Mr. Valentino—back again?" The permanent frown on Conway's brow did not lift. The fan looked again. He smiled. "So sorry, Mr. Sills," he said pleasantly. "I can't think how I came to make such a stupid mistake!"



CONWAY TEARLE.



# Screen Stars

How do they spend their hours away from the studios? Does Harold Lloyd "stunt" off the screen, and does Mae Murray dance? Below you will find the answers to these queries.



*Harold Lloyd and his pretty wife, nee Mildred Davis in their motor.*

amusement and entertainment at the Lloyd home, and hardly an evening passes that the two don't turn on the phonograph and practise new dance steps together. Mildred and Harold are beautiful dancers, and naturally prefer each other as partners—during this first year or two, anyway.

Harold's day is a very methodical one. He rises at six when working—which is nearly always, as he takes little time between pictures—goes to the studio motoring or walking the distance of a couple of miles, taking a few minutes only for lunch, and leaving off work around six o'clock. On the set he kids about a good deal with his gang men and fellow actors, as he believes that in this way he gets into the atmosphere and spirit of comedy, and he works half a day sometimes on a gag, at times finally discarding it.

At present the Lloyds are planning a new home, although their present house is a beautiful mansion in the Wilshire District.

"But I want to build out in the hills," explained Lloyd the other day, "where we can have a big swimming pool and tennis court,

**T**railing right along with the guy who wrote, "There's no place like home," is Harold Lloyd, who, even in his bachelor days, used to dwell with his brother, father and sister-in-law in the nice house in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles which Harold's money provided, and who used to prefer staying home to trotting about to cafes and theatres.

The comedian had a luxuriously fitted up study in those days, where he used to work on his stories at nights, and also figure out puzzles and tricks of magic. He is a member of the Magician's Society of America, and you know that you cannot belong to this organisation without being a skilful magician.

He also figures out gags for his pictures in this way at times though usually the gagging is done right on the set as he works.

**H**arold doesn't do much. He and Mildred Davis, his wife, enjoy an occasional evening with friends at home, quietly, an occasional evening dancing at the Biltmore or Ambassador, or they attend the theatre occasionally. Harold swims, plays tennis, and enjoys hiking. He and his dad used to take twenty mile walks on days when Harold didn't work. And he likes fishing, but doesn't care much about hunting.

"I used to get up at four in the morn-

*Harold built this house especially for his wife.*



ing to go fishing and fish all day," explained Harold, "but Mildred doesn't let me do that now.

"Can't see what a fellow ever wants to be out hitting up the high spots for when he's got a home," said Harold, the other day when I rallied him about having always been a stay-at-home. Not that Harold ever criticises anybody, either. He doesn't.

A phonograph and a radio set provide

and plenty of grounds about the place."

"I'm a family girl!" declared Patsy Ruth Miller, the other day. "There are father and mother, and my little brother and Rags, the dog. Brother and I are in the movies, and Rags has had an offer, but I have put my foot down firmly!

"You know father and mother came here in spite of the movies, instead of because of them!"



# At Home

Patsy Ruth paused to grin. "Mother," she went on, "was always asking father, back in St. Louis, to come out to California and visit her relatives, but father wouldn't. He said, 'Nothing doing! I'm afraid my children will want to go into the movies!' But mother finally persuaded him, and we'd barely arrived, when—Splash!—I go into the pictures! It was an awful blow to father.

"I lead a sort of double life, you know. I'm a society butterfly in the hours when I'm not a busy bee in the pictures. When I'm with the society people I forget all about pictures—I don't think that they think I'm much of an actress, anyhow—and when I'm in picture crowds I can talk as picture as anybody—talk about pictures being in their infancy, about my leading man, and all that. I love playing bridge but I couldn't stand a round of bridge parties.

"I'm a member of the Writer's Club in Hollywood, however, and I do enjoy that relationship so much. I love to talk books with those people.

"I get up as early as I have to when I'm working—anywhere from 5.30 to 7 o'clock. But I get up at ten and go without breakfast and eat only a moderate lunch, as I think moderation in food is better than strenuous dieting by fits and starts.

"I manage to get in vocal lessons, though I can see my patient teacher is wondering when I shall come to my senses and give up all the rest of the foolishness that makes up my life for the good sense of a life devoted to music! I did study dancing, too, but had to give it up.

"No, I'm not at all a home-body, though I love my home. I mean I can't cook or sew or do anything like that

Patsy  
Ruth Miller  
and her pet golf  
club. She is  
an adept  
with it.



room and gnashes her teeth at the way she finds things. Of course you drop your clothes on the floor when you go to bed, and it's very annoying not to find them there when you want them, I say. My room looks as though a cyclone had struck it, and you just naturally look around for the dead body.

"It takes a heap of livin' to make the place called home," quoted Mae Murray, "and so I simply won't give you any pictures of my Hollywood house, because Mr. Leonard and I haven't lived there long, and it's only a rented house. But I'll be glad to give you pictures of my real home in New York—Bob's and my home."

Do you think of Mae Murray as leading a life of one gay party after another? You're all wrong. She might be a nun for all the part she takes in gay parties. Even when she does go to a party, she is a demure little figure in the midst of the gaiety. Only those who know her best know her penetrating humour, her quick wit. To the casual acquaintance, she is terrifically serious. And to everybody she is tremendously in earnest about her work.

Even with her girl friends she is puritanical in her conversation and attitude toward life. Her wit and humour, though keen, are kindly and always clean in tone.

GRACE KINGSLEY.



Mae Murray  
in the garden  
of her Hollywood house.

which is useful. I wouldn't know which side to fry an egg on! We have always had plenty of servants, and I never had to worry. But I can run a house well—

used to do it when father and mother went away on trips together. I'm not a bit tidy. You ought to see my room! About once a week mother goes into my





Irene Rich and Bruce Guerin in  
"Brass."

Irene Rich has played in dozens and dozens of pictures. She has had a screen career extending over many years. Yet, in spite of the fact that she has played well in these pictures I challenge you to name any of them—always excepting *Rosita*.

I know what will happen—it happened to me. Someone asked me to name some Irene Rich films. I said "Of course I can. I have seen her dozens and dozens of times."

"Go ahead then," said he . . . but I couldn't go ahead. "She was in—er . . . she was with—er . . . that is to say she was a school-mistress in the backwoods or a confidential friend I think, or a simple neglected wife. . ." and so on, and so on. But the names of the films—no! And neither can you.

Yet there are plenty—*The Strange Boarder* and *Jes' Call Me Jim*, with Will Rogers; *The One Way Trail* with Dustin Farnum; *Just Out of College*, with Jack Pickford; *The Lone Star Ranger* and *Wolves of The Night*, with Bill Farnum; *Brass*, *Stop Thief*, and scores of others.

The way Irene was 'found' is the explanation of her obscurity up to the time when she forced producers to realise her worth. She was a de Mille discovery. He noticed her one day in a crowd scene. "Use that girl," said he, "she's a beautiful type."

Type! It is a word that has proved

She was "a beautiful type," according to De Mille, but "*Rosita*" lifted her into the star class of 1924

the grave of many a budding star. Like Irene, the "type" gets lost in a cloud of colourless, namby-pamby parts, roles that call for no personality, no individuality, nothing except the ability to look like the colourless individual whose "type" she is supposed to be. Once an actress becomes a "type" she is lost—unless a miracle happens.

Even so, they took some time before they found Irene's type. Cecil de Mille had merely

picked her out as a type of beauty. They tried her as a 'vamp' in *The Blue Bonnet* with Billie Rhodes, but after that one experiment she refused ever again to play a role of that sort. They tried her as a woman of fashion in *The Street Called Straight*, but here again Irene struck. "Fashion is a bother," she said, "that is my private opinion. The ridiculous side of wearing stuffy furs in summertime and light garments in winter always makes me laugh. I don't do it except before the camera. Simple things, and sports costumes of all sorts, specially golfing and tennis clothes, are what I really like and wear most in private life."

Indeed, the films she prefers—or did in those early days—were in the Will Rogers manner in which she could wear simple country costumes which were designed more for use than for ornament. However, the powers that be said otherwise. Irene was once cast for a neglected wife, and did it so well that she has never been allowed to do anything else since. *Rosita* was her release from slavery. She played the Queen opposite Holbrook Blinn with the valour born of desperation. It was her first real chance. If she failed now she was doomed to be a neglected wife for the rest of her screen career. But she made good. So good indeed, that Warner Bros. promptly gave her another Queenly part opposite John

With Raymond  
Hatton in  
"Stop Thief."



Above:  
The  
famous  
necklace  
scene in  
"*Rosita*," with  
Irene Rich as the  
Queen and Holbrook  
Blinn as the King.



Barrymore in *Beau Brummel*. There will be no more neglected wives played by Irene Rich! She's a star now from *Flaming Passion* onward.

Irene is a New York girl by birth. She made her debut in the best society, became tired of the artificial and ornamental life and determined to find a career.

She set out for California, determined to work for motion pictures—and she worked for them. Irene's choice of profession was entirely her own idea. There is no stage tradition in her family. None of her relations were great dramatic stars. True, her brother once took part in amateur theatricals—as a Wave—but that is all! No romance; nothing but pluck and ability.

She is one of the most well-known and popular figures in the moving picture world. She has played with

almost every leading actor and actress on the American screen, and knows the inside of almost every studio, and the unusual part of it all is that Irene makes friends wherever she goes and keeps them when she goes away.

They called her "that friendly little Rich girl" on the Goldwyn lot. She is just a simple, warm-hearted girl who is interested in all the little things that make life happy, sympathetic, easy and unaffected. She has a beautiful house in Hollywood, perched on a sunny hillside, surrounded by blossoming orange trees, where she supports her mother and her two young daughters. Her chief delight is in her garden, which she trims and tends with her own hands, and in her immaculate little kitchen: for "If being a motion picture star means sacrificing the little

With Ben Alexander in "Boy of Mine."



Left:  
Two studies  
of Irene Rich.



Irene is a champion swimmer and diver and enjoys a water frolic with her dogs.

homey things of life," she says, "I would sooner give up my career."

She is highly athletic, and her swimming, tennis and riding are essential factors in her life. Irene is an outdoor girl who swims winter and summer alike, and tramps the mountains by the hour whenever she gets a vacation.

Nothing of this sort is ever wasted by a movie actress: in Irene's case it has repaid her a thousandfold.

No one but a genuine outdoor girl could move with that lissom swing, or achieve that effortless yet dignified carriage.

Taken with the fact that her sympathetic and understanding nature is reflected in the way she senses the inner meaning of her roles it is easy to understand why Mary Pickford chose her as the Queen in *Rosita*. Irene fits the part as a glove fits the hand that wears it. Mary, by the way had seen Irene's work before. It was a long time ago, but Mary had not forgotten. Irene was playing an extra girl in *Stella Maris* for three dollars a day. Now she is making a thousand dollars a week.

Her success has not turned her head. She has read aright the lessons of experience. "It has been a hard old grind," she says, "not only to win this place, but to pull through with my little family and keep smiling."

It is with real pride in my own sex that I introduce Irene.

EDYTH ELLAND.





Jaque  
Catelain in  
"Le Marchand De Plaisirs."

**H**ave you ever stood watching a donkey that will not get a move on? I have, many a time. My latest adventure took place in beautiful Toledo. In sunny Spain.

The day was fearfully hot. Like most days in Spain. It reminded me of my recent trip to Algiers, the weather I mean, only the temperature here in Toledo at the moment of writing must be some twenty degrees worse.

I took out a handkerchief the colour of a ripe banana and mopped my brow which was in an indescribable state of perspiration. A charming senorita passing by, smiled, and then giggled foolishly at my annoyance at King Sol. I glared at her. There is nothing that annoys me so much as a charming senorita who giggles over nothing!

Well, to return to this ass. His name I afterwards found out was Pepito, and he was connected (you notice the word) to a delightful little cart in which sat a delicious Spanish maiden holding in her arms a crying infant. The husband, as I surmised, had left his seat beside the girl and was urging the donkey with pulls, pushes and punches to advance.

I walked across willing to lend a helping hand.

"Not necessary, guv'nor," said the owner, scratching his head, "'taint the hanimal's fault, it's that blinking fing hup there," and he pointed vaguely towards the heavens.

"**A**nd now quit the kidding, Senor," said the fellow as he removed his cap. I was amazed. The man revealed before me was Jaque Catelain, the famous Continental screen actor, and leading man in *The Secret Spring*, and so many other successful photoplays.

"May I introduce you to my leading lady, Miss Lois Moran," said Jaque Catelain after we had stopped laughing.

I looked into the smiling eyes of one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. Lois Moran has never before



In a character  
make-up.

Jaque Catelain is a favourite everywhere.

acted for the pictures. As I saw her then she had beautiful black glossy hair and a wonderful olive complexion. Her rough attire, that of a poor circus girl, did not hide but in fact accentuated her startling beauty. In real life she has fair hair and is fourteen years of age. But from what Jaque tells me she is a thrilling discovery.

They had a lot of trouble with that animal that day. So much that eventually, a pony was substituted for that obstinate ass, who thus lost his chance of becoming a film star.



Above: A scene from "The Chamber of Horrors." Left: A cubist make-up in "L'Inhumaine."



Late that same day, after dinner, we sat in low comfortable chairs in the picturesque gardens of the old hotel more inclined to dream than talk. Puffing meditatively at a cigarette, Jaque Catelain, declared to be the handsomest man on the Continental screen, told me the history of his life. Lois Moran and I, eating oranges and nuts, listened quietly as Jaque Catelain recounted in that soft, peculiarly entrancing voice of his, in perfect English, his struggles, failures and triumphs.

"I was born in 1897 at Saint Germain-en-Laye, near Paris.

Until 1910 I studied painting and drawing, but one day seeing Nijinsky at the theatre I wanted to become a dancer. My parents, however, would not consent and so I had to continue my painting. In 1917 I joined the heavy artillery and went to the front. At the





Above: With his laboratory assistants in "L'Inhumaine."

end of my service the time came when I had to decide between being an artist or an artiste, and decided on the latter. It was then that I met Marcel l'Herbier the famous film producer who was then unknown."

Jaque Catelain snatched another pillow from under the feet of "Cairo," his dog, who was attempting to chew it to rags and placed it behind his head. "Cairo" leapt, caught hold of the pillow, resulting in Jaque bumping his head against the wooden part of his chair, and disappeared with the cushion between his teeth. It was no good trying to chase "Cairo" and so Catelain continued his story.

"My first film was *The Torrent*, which was also Marcel l'Herbier's first production: this was followed by *Rose France* in 1918, then *Le Bercail* in 1919 made at the Gaumont Studios, Paris. In the beginning of 1920 I played the leading part in *The Carnival of Truth*.

As soon as Jaque Catelain had finished *The Carnival of Truth*, Marcel l'Herbier came to him and said that he wanted him to take his biggest part the title role in *l'Homme du Large*.

"You are a painter, rather elegant, can dance the shimmy well, your appearance is distinguished and you are graceful. Therefore I would like you to take this role which is that of a vulgar Breton sailor's son, dirty, with a vicious nature," said the producer in all seriousness. And this proved to be Jaque Catelain's greatest picture and brought him to the fore of France's film actors. His acting in this picture

Right, reading downwards:  
As Riquette, the clown in  
"The Chamber of Horrors."  
Filming in the grounds of the  
Alhambra, Granada (Eldorado),  
and "Riquette" in costume in  
"The Chamber of Horrors."



Jaque  
Catelain black-shirted à la Facisti.

was and still is a revelation.

This was followed by *Prométhée Banker*, and *El Dorado*, the latter arousing the greatest enthusiasm all over the Continent. Firstly, it was said to be the finest French production made to date, and secondly it revealed the undoubted genius and talents of Jaque Catelain. The scenes of this remarkable photoplay were laid in Spain and some particularly fine photography is seen; some of the scenes taken at the Alhambra at Grenada are outstanding and resemble old Spanish paintings.

Jaque Catelain's next triumph was in *Don Juan and Faust*, which I understand may be seen in London shortly.

Then the popular screen star took a short rest. In private life Jaque Catelain is a remarkable personality. Something of a dreamer he is a wonderful painter and a brilliant pianist. In the evening at his handsome apartment in the Avenue de la Motte Picquet, in Paris, as an attraction after dinner he shows his guests his latest productions and provides the musical accompaniment himself, on the piano. Among







Left: He has a most expressive face and large dark eyes which are mirrors of emotion.



his many friends, Billie, in other words Lois Moran, and Cairo, his dog, an ardent picturegoer, figure at the top of the list.

He recounted to me an amusing story regarding "Cairo." "As I told you, 'Cairo' is an enthusiastic frequenter of kinemas. He is also an admirable critic and after the first reel of the picture if he does not like it he just gets up and struts off. He is not happy unless I take him to the studio or kinema and all he does at home is to sprawl on the divan and stare with sleepy eyes at the portraits of film stars and the Sessue Hayakawa doll that stand on the top shelf of the bookcase."



Above:  
On location  
with Lois Moran  
near Toledo, Spain.

Two years ago Jaque Catelain started out as both producer and actor. The very first picture he attempted was a tremendous success and was shown in practically every theatre in Paris. It was edited by Famous Players and was called "*Le Marchand de Plaisirs*," Jaque Catelain besides directing the film played a difficult dual role.

The scenes of *Le Marchand de Plaisirs* were laid in the beautiful surroundings of Le Touquet, near Paris Plage, and were photographed among the sand dunes and in the handsome forest.

On one occasion while the weather was bad Jaque Catelain and two other artistes who had loaned the kinema theatre in the Casino, forgetting to discard their weird make-up and attire were refused admission by the same director who had welcomed their entrance on the night previous when they then wore faultless evening dress. In vain did Jaque Catelain try to convince the officials of his identity but they were not having any. It was only after a lot of argument that the artistes were allowed to enter the Casino, but only on the condition that they should pass through the kitchen and make as little noise as possible!

Jaque Catelain's next great adventure was *The Chamber of Horrors*, the scenes of which are laid in Spain. The story tells of Spanish circus life, and marks Lois Moran's first screen appearance. *The Chamber of Horrors* is a powerful story of a poor clown's love for the beautiful girl who, like himself, is on view in the hideous exhibition of the monsters of the caravan that provides the best fun of the fair.

Jaque Catelain's latest release in England is *The Secret Spring* (Konigsmark) which will be released very shortly. Although this is by no means his best production it gives a good idea of the brilliant future that awaits this young producer and artiste—for already, in his twenties, he has achieved what others have failed to do at thrice his age.

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.

Above:  
With  
Huguette  
Duflos  
in "*The  
Secret  
Spring*."  
Below:  
In "*Don  
Juan  
& Faust*,"  
a pic-  
turesque  
costume-  
lay, with  
Eve  
Francis.



Corinne is just that. Feminine fans have been known to dismiss her acting as colourless, though they must concede her beauty. But everywhere, even in blasé Hollywood, men find in her their ideal.

"suppose," said her maid, "that you have come with those dress designs from Madame—"

It sounded to me like Polony—with a sneeze in the middle; anyway, I haven't the faintest notion how to spell it.

"Oh no," I said modestly, "not from Madame—"—repeating the sneeze part of it as nearly as possible.

"Oh, then you have come from Madame Blank"—mentioning the most exclusive establishment in America.

Surely I didn't look as grand as that! All the same it cheered me up. I have been taken in my time for anything from a Pinkerton sleuth to an eating-house proprietor travelling incognito, but I had not as yet been promoted to those rare and inaccessible sartorial regions represented in Europe by such magic names as Paquin and Worth. I was coming on!

I would have explained to the maid, but she didn't look in the least as if she would believe me if I did. She threw open the door of her mistress's room and announced me and the name of my establishment with a flourish.

I had a glimpse of rose-coloured walls, of a gleaming tea-table and masses of flowers, silken hangings and chiffon and velvet in all shades of lilac, rose and gold. In the middle of it all was a little person rather like a wild rose herself. Corinne Griffith—named as one of the three most beautiful women on the American screen. Corinne Griffith—whose dress designs from Madame Blank were not in my despatch case!

She sat in a deep armchair in some pale coloured negligée, a pile of manuscripts lay round her on the floor, and she was intently studying several sheets

Right: In "It Isn't Being Done This Season." Below: Filming a scene from "The Whisper Market."



Corinne Griffith



of paper which she held in her hand.

"Now there's a sketch here," she began without looking up. . . I broke in hurriedly. "I'm sorry, Miss Griffith, but I am not from Madame Blank and I know nothing about sketches."

She flung back her short golden hair and looked at me. I only had one thought at that moment—that her eyes were blue like the sea. She smiled a real welcome—and I can't remember having any more thoughts for several minutes.

For that is the peculiar charm of Corinne Griffith. She has a personality that dazzles you—a personality that peeps through that blue and gold and rose-coloured beauty, evading and inviting. She makes you think of Spring mornings.

"I'm so glad you are not from Madame Blank's," she greeted me. "My head is whirling with dress designs. I seem to have been at it ever since I came from the studio hours ago. How stupid of my maid to muddle you up. She knew I was expecting you. Besides," she added roguishly, "she might have seen that notebook peeping out of your own pocket."

"Or the ink on my first finger," I answered. "But you needn't apologise. I assure you she flattered me!"

"I'm sorry that you don't know anything about dresses," Corinne went on, ringing the bell for tea, "I'm afraid they are rather a passion of mine, though some days they get on my nerves when I've been planning them and dreaming about them for too long on end."

"I gather this is one of the days," I smiled.

"Yes, I've been busy over the sketches for my next production, and they've been going wrong and—well they worry me."







I know this sounds all muddled—but that's the effect Corinne has on a mere man! Anyway its true.

"Do you know," said Corinne, suddenly, "that I'm as old as the hills?"

"Oh—er . . . that is . . . well . . . are you *really*?" I replied. Clumsy idiot! I registered a stern vow to kick

Left: With Conway Tearle in "Lilies of the Field."



Above: Corinne Griffith and Myrtle Stedman in "Six Days."

"So you are your own wardrobe mistress?" I remarked.

"Yes, and many other people's as well. Woe to the producer who tries to interfere with my frocks!"

Happy the producer, I rather thought, who had the chance of working with Corinne on any terms, for she has beauty and something more. Talent



She makes a charming fashion model.

—and something more. Youth and fascination—and still something more. And that "something more" is — understanding. I ruminated on these things as the maid brought in the tea. I watched Corinne's fingers flickering among the silver and porcelain, and wondered why it was that you forget in her presence a dramatic genius which would make any other actress vain, a beauty which is quite unusual even among a profession of beautiful women, and are conscious only of Corinne herself.



As a dancer in a Vitagraph film.

myself severely when I got home.

"Yes I am *really*. I've been in pictures for years and years. Quite four," she added.

"And what were you doing all these —er—years and years ago before you went on the screen?"

"Growing up," promptly replied Corinne. "In a convent. And out of it. Mostly out of it. With everything I wanted—money and presents . . . and the most wonderful father in the world."

Her lip quivered a little as she went on, "He died when I was seventeen and my mother and I found that he had not been nearly as wealthy as we had supposed. My father had kept the state of his affairs from us, fearing to spoil our pleasures. But after that I resolved to work and give up social life and luxuries. I determined to look after mother's affairs and my own."

"And so you went on the screen?"

"Well not at once. It isn't so easy you know to break into the movies. I had always hankered after it secretly and used to slip away to picture houses whenever I had the chance. But wanting to be a leading lady isn't quite the same thing as being one, is it?"



New York moving picture world was agog with this new star that had just hit them from the West.

"The Love Doctor," I murmured—"leading lady for Earle Williams, ingenue lead in comedy - drama, leading lady for Harry Morey and several others, and then a three years' starring contract. Isn't that about right?"

"Sure," said Corinne. "If you want to know anything about yourself that you've forgotten, ask a newspaper man.

And as you know

so much perhaps you can tell me the pictures I've played in since?"

"Well at random, *The Broadway Bubble*, *The Climbers*, with Percy Marmont, *The Tower of Jewels*, *A Virgin's Sacrifice*, *The Single Track*, *Island Wives*—"

"Oh stop! I grant you your knowledge without any further demonstration."

But I refused to be quelled. "And dozens more," I said firmly.

"Hundreds," said Corinne calmly. "So there!"

"I must confess," I remarked, "that I was glad when you left Vitagraph. Somehow you never seemed to get parts big enough for you. No actress of real talent ever really seems to get the right opportunities in programme pictures. They have to move so fast to pack the action in five reels that they don't leave time for personality to show itself."

"Personality!" she said. "Well, anyhow, the public must be getting tired of my poor little personality now. It has had the whole of *Six Days* to itself, and then *Black Oxen*. I liked that. It was a great part for me."

"The prize part of the year," I interrupted. "Half the young actresses of America were clamouring for it. I think we were all glad when you got it, Miss Griffith."

"That's nice of you," she said really earnestly. "Sometimes I get rather depressed with hearing that I'm con-

I gave the matter my serious consideration. "That depends," I said.

Corinne laughed. "On what?" she asked.

"That again depends," said I.

"Well, with me it depended on a Mardi Gras Ball in New Orleans at which I had been chosen as the Queen of Beauty."

"You came, were seen, and conquered?" I asked.

"Well, that's putting it rather nicely, but something of the kind did happen. I found myself playing small parts at the Vitagraph Studios in Hollywood, and there I worked for a year, studying very seriously all that a screen actress should know of movement, expression, and particularly of the art of dress."

I looked a little surprised. "I'm rather ashamed to own it," I said, "but somehow I imagined that you were one of the bright, particular stars of Vitagraph's New York Studios."

"That's not really surprising," answered Corinne. "I never did any films that mattered in California, and at the end of the year I gave up film work and went home to be with my mother who was ill at the time. You don't believe I could tear myself away from it? Well, to tell you the truth, nor did I, and I couldn't keep away for long. All my friends at Vitagraph, Mary Anderson, William Duncan, and the rest, told me I should come back and—well, I did."

She paused and considered the tip of her shining slipper. I paused too, and looked at her covertly, and remembered the days not so long ago when the

Reading downwards: Studies of Corinne at home, as a kiddie in "Moral Fibre," and a beautiful studio portrait.







As "Madam Zattiany" in "Black Oxen."

pleasure. She is still young enough and simple enough to be glad, and a little surprised, when she gives pleasure to others with her acting. She turned the conversation. "I hope you like Alice Joyce?" she asked . . . irrelevantly it seemed to me. "She's my great pal, you know."

I assured her of my ardent respect for Miss Joyce.

"She's so natural," she said. "All the big actresses are natural I think. And how I do admire them for it."

"You're considered a natural actress yourself," I reassured her.



Corinne Griffith at eighteen months was already a beauty.



Corinne spends a leisure hour with a book.

sidered to be nothing but a dressmaker's model, and am engaged for parts merely because I can look nice and wear my clothes well."

"Miss Griffith," I said firmly, "you are a coming star—and everybody knows it. What's more we should like you to know that we do know it. And that's that!"

Corinne blushed a little with real

With Percy Marmont in "What's Your Reputation Worth?"



"I'm a natural dancer. I think I must have been born dancing."

"Where?" I asked slyly.

"Texarkana, a town on the borders of Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. Hence its name."

"There now, and I thought it was a kind of hair-oil!" I said ruefully. I am still imagining the crushing retort that would have been my fate if that moment the maid had not appeared at the door, and with a repetition of the Polony-sneeze that had greeted my arrival ushered in the genuine article—the gentleman from the place I don't know how to spell.

I got—while the going was good.

I see I have headed this article "A Man's Woman," and Corinne is just that. I might just as well have called it "The Rainbow Girl," for wherever Corinne is there also is colour. Even the hard black and white of a picture on the screen seems to grow soft and bright at her coming. You are somehow aware, even through the camera's eye, of her burnished hair, her strange sea-blue eyes which turn golden with the changing colours round her. And of the many-hued fabrics which she loves to have about her. I might have called it simply, with Edward MacDowell, "To a Wild Rose." It suggests her frailty, her delicate youth, and the "morning" look of her. But somehow I prefer "A Man's Woman." It seems to catch the whole essence of Corinne. I remember once writing about her somewhere "Corinne is girlhood incarnate. . . the beauty that comes to us in dreams, a sort of fairy beauty that is never wholly visible, never quite obtainable. . . In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Love, and it is such a face of Corinne's that leads him on . . . her daring, and yet her frailty intrigue him . . . he wants to capture that elusive Will-o'-the-Wisp spirit, and then guard and shelter it . . . an everlasting challenge . . . a wild-rose thorn in the flesh of man."

A man's woman! Let us leave it at that.



# A Day in My Life

by

## IVOR NOVELLO



*Above: The piano is a favourite companion.*

Eight o'clock—asleep.

Nine o'clock—asleep.

9.30. The telephone rings in the next room—my housekeeper politely consigns the caller to the nether-world—I am not asleep, but she thinks I am.

9.45. I ring for tea.

9.46. I get it—I read the papers, flying at once to the theatrical news—I read my letters. Between 10 and 11 I spend my time between the bathroom and the telephone.

11—12.30. Appointments — dictate letters to secretary who usually arrives as I go out—she is sacked and re-instated.

12.30. Play the piano—perhaps correct proofs for publication.

1.15. Lunch—usually in. Lunch laid for three—seven arrive. This is true and invariable, and what is more the guests are always invited by me but forgotten—my housekeeper adjusts her halo and relays the table.

2.25. A hectic rush to a matinee—any matinee even if I've seen it before. A blissful afternoon, I enjoy anything—particularly a good cry.

5. Back to tea—groups of people in each room—all invited by me—but who cannot possibly be allowed to meet—



*Above: Ivor at work*

*Below: His flat overlooks London.*



*Right: Ivor and his car, and a new studio portrait of the popular star by Francis Bruguiere.*

all have come to tea. A difficult half hour as I have to quickly change my expression as I enter each room and have tea—I'm loathing the sight of it by now. They go—or stay—it all depends on them—I can do nothing. N.B. Tea has been known to have been made 27 times in one day.

7. I lie down for a half-an-hour—prostrate—longing for Death—but I get tea instead at 7.30.

The car has arrived to take me to the theatre. (This is pure swank in case there are some film fans around the stage door as the theatre is within two minutes' walk). I go to the theatre.

How I love that part of the day! It's worth all the rest put together. That doesn't follow that the audience and I agree, but then you can't look a gift horse in the mouth. At the time of writing I'm playing the hero, if one can call him a hero—of "The Rat," which I hope to turn into screenplay later on.

After the theatre if I'm not feeling done in I go and dance somewhere—this means dressing which is a bore after a long and strenuous evening—but usually I go with one or two friends up on the balcony at Ciro's for a light supper. Watching the dancers below is just as much fun as dancing oneself and covering four square inches of floor in an hour and a half—and so to bed.

But if sleep isn't too insistent then some music—perhaps the gramophone—some wonderful Florence Austral records—she's my favourite singer in the world.

And so to sleep, sleep which needs no coaxing.

This is a day of rest for me.

There are days of rush which simply beggar description.





# The Truth About Film Fame

## CHRISSIE WHITE

The life of a film star is not as romantic as it appears to the uninitiated. Here—under a British favourite tells you how to benefit by her experience.



Above: Chrissie White aged 11, when she commenced her film career. Left: Her latest photo.

The type of girl who is vain-glorious and foolish enough to believe that Fame awaits her as soon as she has set foot inside the magic portals of a film studio, is getting startlingly prevalent. There was a time when eighty per cent. of young womanhood was stage struck, but the lure of the screen, the elusive mystery of the "stars" and the unknown elements of production, has caught an amazing number of victims in its embrace, and the screen struck girl is even more in evidence nowadays than her stage struck sister.

Viewed from the plush chair of the picture house, I suppose screen-life *does* look fascinating and romantic to the uninitiated. True, it has its fascination for all who are genuinely interested in their work, but there is, I assure you, precious little "romance" attached to the life of an ordinary film player.

Fame (and its faithful twin-sister Wealth) may await you if you are lucky enough to find a producer who will give you an opportunity of proving your worth . . . or it may not. It would be a slight on the intelligence of the men behind the screen, if I asserted that new talent is not sought for in the film studios. It is. But it is very rarely discovered, and this not because it does not exist, potentially, but because the real art of acting for the films is a difficult one, only eventually mastered by perseverance and many years' apprenticeship.

Girls who know nothing about it, except from the plush-chair point of view, continually betray a colossal ignorance of the fact that film acting



is an art. Famous film-stars are perpetually receiving letters from this type of girl, and the gist of the letters is always more or less the same. "I think you are a splendid actress, and I admire you very much, but I am sure that *I could do as well, and be as successful, if only someone would give me a chance.*" The italics are mine, but I have emphasised the eternal theme of these letters because I want to persuade the writers of them that they are making a mistake . . . a very big mistake.

In very rare instances, "unknowns" have stepped from the gloom of their

In "*Her Dearest Possession.*"



Below: With Alma Taylor in "*Tillie the Tomboy.*"





obscurity into the dazzling light of recognition, through the medium of one film performance. But one cannot judge the pros and cons of any situation by "rare instances." Nearly all our now-famous film actresses have given years of their youth to the study and application of their art. And there are still, in the British studios, large numbers of really competent artistes who are always glad to play small parts for a reasonable monetary return, and who never waste any of their precious time dreaming of the day when they will become Stars. They know there is not room for them. In every film that is made hundreds of players are engaged, but only one woman and one man can be given the "star" parts, and to every star player there is a little army of lesser ones. It is the everlasting law of cause and effect—demand and supply.

To the girl who has a real and earnest desire to act for the screen, for acting's sake, I would offer no discouragement. I give her only the gentle advice born of experience. Information is better than ignorance, though maybe not so dream-laden. Once your feet have trodden the Road to Disillusionment there is nothing left to learn . . . only many things to remember, and then to try and forget! But healthy-minded, sane girls might be saved Disillusionment if they would be advised by those who are in a position to help them.

The actual position of film-land, as far as the aspirant goes, is this:

She is welcomed, by the honest and ever-seeking Producer, if she has brains as well as beauty, a good wardrobe, a good temper and an ability to work early or late, as requested. But she cannot, at any rate for many months, make a living at film acting. There

*Below: As the young stepmother in "Wild Heather."*



*Chrissie White and Henry Edwards in "Mr. Ernest Bliss."*



are, at the most, a dozen film studios in England simultaneously turning out picture plays, and in slack times (which are frequent) there are not so many.

The new recruit, however beautiful or ambitious she may be, is of no actual use in a film. But she can, if she is fortunate, get what is known as "crowd work." Assuming that she is fortunate, and is called to appear in, say, a ball-room scene in a film which is being made, she will get one—or at the most two-days' work out of this scene. She will need to have an up-to-date and pretty evening gown (film companies do not supply dresses for "crowds" unless

*Left: Chrissie with her husband, Henry Edwards. Below: At the wheel of her favourite motor.*



they are working on costume plays). For her services she will probably get one guinea per day. Sometimes the pay is less than this . . . often as low as seven and sixpence.

Having once appeared in that scene, she is placed outside the ranks until that film is completed . . . for modern producers will not "double" players. There are too many critics on the lookout for tricks of this sort. And, as it takes anything from three to six months to complete a picture-play, in the studios, she may judge for herself the monetary reward of the job. Even if she be superlatively lucky, and gets into touch with all the producing companies, she still cannot hope to make more than a couple of guineas per week at "crowd work."

*(Continued on page 62).*

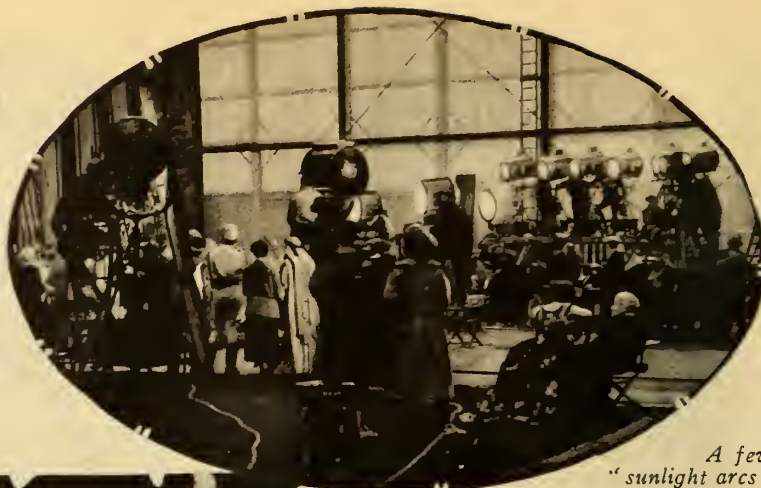


## BY DOROTHY OWSTON BOOTH

### NO. 3 THE ELECTRICIANS

They are the Genii of the Lamps in Studioland.

wenty years have elapsed since the first movie studio was built. It was a movie studio in very truth! A small hut-known to the Edison Company for whom it was built as "Black Maria"—it was mounted on a platform in conjunction with which an arrangement of wheels and pivots enabled the studio to be taken out on location, and, more important still, to be swung round to follow the sun in its diurnal movement. By this means the producer was able to utilise every scrap of the



*A few "sunlight arcs" in action whilst a scene from "Hollywood" is being taken.*

The days when directors stood around in the studios fuming and raging at the waywardness of King Sol are over; for electricity has provided an indoor sun which can be relied upon to shed a steady radiance for as long as required.

The shirt-sleeved men who control the lights are the wizards of screenland. They are the genii who preside over the "Land of the Indoor Sun." In a few moments they can transform a gloomy, roofed-in studio on a day of desolate mid-winter rain into a scene of blazing sunshine. And not only can they thus produce the glare of noon-day sun with complete realism, but they can turn on also, at will, moonlight, sunset, twilight, the haze of dawn or the diffused light of a dull, cloudy day.

Of the several different kinds of lights with which the film electricians have to deal, the most imposing are the Sunlight arcs. As their name implies these lamps are the very nearest thing in artificiality to actual sunlight, having the lighting power of three hundred million candles. In spite of the fact that these lamps weigh about seven hundred pounds they can be easily moved into any position in the studio for some are mounted on to wheels while others are suspended by cables from the network of girders beneath the roof.

The men in charge of the potted sunshine arcs control their monster lamps automatically and can adjust them so that the light is thrown from any angle or height. A mirror twenty-four inches in diameter acts as a reflector behind each arc intensifying and concentrating the illumination.

The electricians are busiest with their arcs, of course, when exterior scenes are screened in the studio instead of out on location. So perfectly do their arc lights simulate the sunshine of the great out-doors that it is quite impossible even in an only moderately-well photographed film to differentiate between the scenes that are indoor "exteriors" and those that were screened in the actual locale.



*Above: Frank Mayo submits to a series of tests for the purpose of obtaining relief for sufferers from "Kleig-eyes." Left: The result of the experiments was the "Creco Broad" lamp which helps "Kleig-eyes." Carmelita Geraghty is the girl beside it.*

daylight then as essential to movie photography as it is to the amateur photographer for his snapshots.

But that studio was in use twenty years ago, and two decades have proved more than sufficient for a virile infant art to develop through a precocious childhood to maturity. And, as a patent "body-builder" may be largely responsible for the robust development of an adolescent so electricity has contributed to the rapid growth of the motion picture industry.





Perhaps you wonder why directors should go to the expense and trouble of reproducing exteriors within the confines of the studios. The reason is that the expense of taking a large company out to a location involving much travelling and lengthy provisioning—to say nothing of the wages bill for wasted days when weather conditions make it impossible for the cameras to operate—is greater than that of bringing the location to the company. Now that the

*Below: A Kleig light is used for a "close-up" like this.*



electricians have so perfected their artificial suns it is unnecessary for any but exceptional settings to be filmed away from the studios.

Where, however, merely a few members of the cast are concerned some producers still prefer to "get the atmosphere" by journeying to the locations even if these be half the world away. On such occasions, and whenever any location work is undertaken, the electricians accompany the expedition. A set of arc lights and an installation of Kleigs and Cooper-Hewitts complete with their own generating plant are housed in an enormous lorry. These artificial suns are used to augment the rays of the "Monarch of the Skies" and to understudy him should he be sulking behind clouds.

The outdoor scenes in Marion Davies *Little Old New York* were all taken in the studio where a miniature village was specially built for this purpose. In order to illuminate the whole setting with noonday sunshine forty arc lights were used. If you are anything of a mathematician you can work out the candle power which



*Banks of overhead lights in use for a dance hall scene. Note the single "sunlight" on the left.*

beamed on Marion as she crossed the quaint old New York Squares! And when you realise that a hundred and fifty amperes of electrical current is required to operate each sunlight are you can figure how much electricity the men behind those lights handled while these scenes were made!

Do you remember the wonderful garden scenes in "Peter Ibbetson"? These, with their glorious sunshine and silvery moonlight were all screened by the aid of the electricians in the Paramount Studios. Can you still visualise the faint grey river mist which enveloped the dreary Limehouse depicted in *Broken Blossoms*? This illusion was effected by the skilful manipulation of dimmed lights and smoke. And, when you see Gloria Swanson's future release  
(Continued on page 62.)

*Jean Acker, Claire McDowell, and Herbert Rawlinson and four "Kleigs," making an interior "flash."*





**EARLE WILLIAMS**

*Holder of the screen's long-term-contract championship. Earle played for fourteen years with Vitagraph, his first company. He left them for a while, but returned to make "Borrowed Husbands."*





**LILLIAN GISH**

*Whose arrival in London with "Romola," her new film, was so much-heralded that the shy little lady took fright, and announced her intention of going straight home to America.*



**JOBYNA RALSTON**

*Originally one of George M. Cohan's "Two Little Girls in Blue" on the stage, she entered screenland in a Max Linder comedy. She is Harold Lloyd's leading lady in "Safety Last" and "Girl Shy."*





### MILTON SILLS

*One of the last to succumb to the lure of the costume play. Milt is better known for his Western and boxing characterisations, but in "The Hawk" he plays a dashing pirate, complete with beard, as you see.*





**ALEC B. FRANCIS.**

*An Englishman unequalled in the delineation of sympathetic screen-roles. His latest films are "Three Wise Fools," and "Beau Brummel," and the B in his name stands for Budd.*





Dorothy Dore.



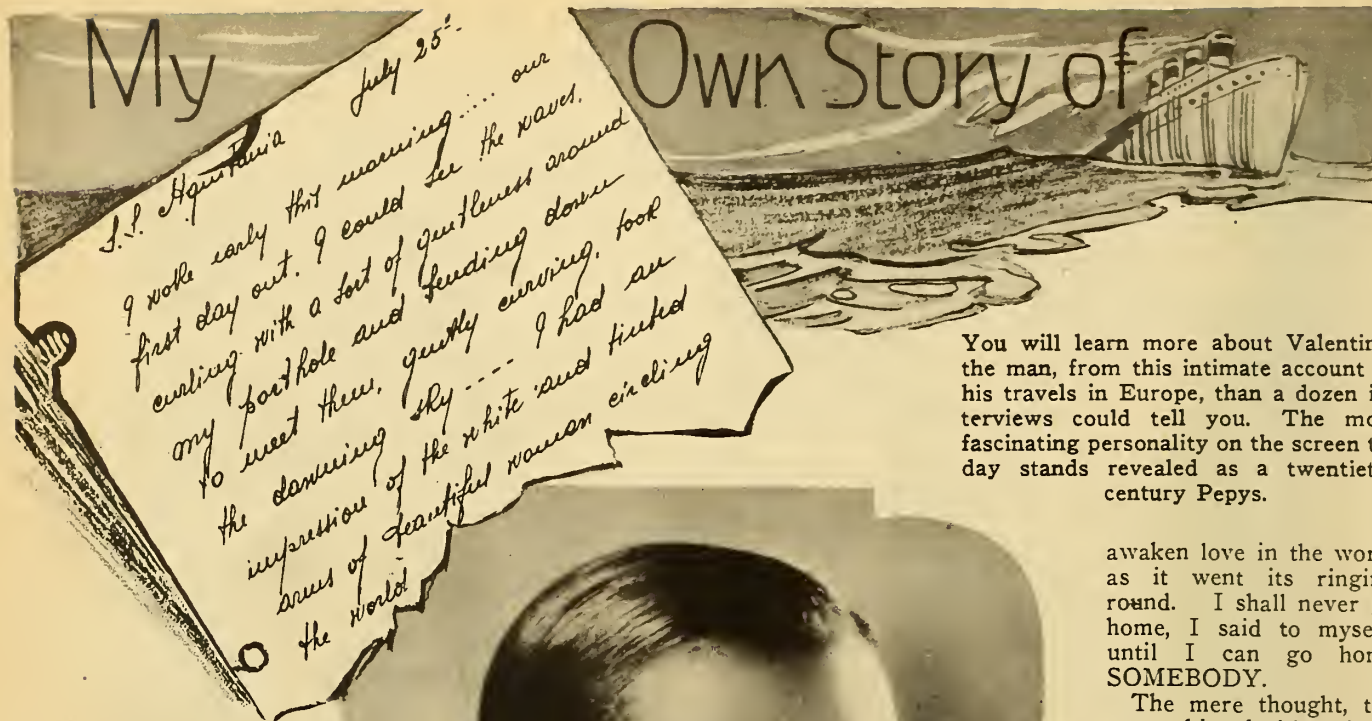
Thelma Hill and Elsie Tarron.

# Screen Fashion Plate



Styles for the seaside, movie and otherwise, posed by (Above) Elsie Tarron of "The Follies"; (Left): Lila Lee and (Right) Marcelline Day.





You will learn more about Valentino, the man, from this intimate account of his travels in Europe, than a dozen interviews could tell you. The most fascinating personality on the screen to-day stands revealed as a twentieth-century Pepys.

June.

HIS will be, in a measure, the rambling record of a dream. A dream come true. From day to day, from night to night, here and there, I am going to write down my impressions. I am going to put down on paper the things I think, the things I do, the people I meet, all the sensations, pleasurable and profitable, that are mine from the moment I pack my first trunk to leave America's friendly shore, until the moment I unpack it again, when I shall have returned once more.

It is a great thing, I think privately to myself, to have a dream come true. For dreams are scarce these days, and realisations even scarcer. They say that only poets and fools dare dream . . . that is why I attempt to write poetry . . . !

I am going abroad.

I am going "back home." Home to the old country. Home to my people. And this means more to me than it would to a great many people. It isn't merely a casual return to the old town to say, "How are you? How have you all been?" No, it is much more than this to me. . .

Ten years ago I came to America poor, friendless, unknown and penniless. I didn't know what I was going to do. I didn't know what was to become of me. No one met me when I landed at the pier. No one even knew that I was coming, and if they had known, it wouldn't have made

the least difference in the world to a living soul. They would only have thought, if they had thought at all, "Oh another poor Italian boy coming to America!" Nothing could be more uninteresting. Another young Italian coming to the shores of Liberty to make his fortune . . . if he could.

But I wanted more than mere fortune. My ambitions vaulted high above the earth and fastened themselves to the immemorial stars. I wanted Fame. I wanted LOVE. I wanted my name to ring around the world. And I wanted that name to

awaken love in the world as it went its ringing round. I shall never go home, I said to myself, until I can go home **SOMEBODY**.

The mere thought, the poor, thin, fruitless hope of such a thing thrilled me to the very core. To have left as I left, poor and unknown, a Nobody. To go back . . . supposing and supposing I *should* go back . . . rich, famous, successful . . . What a desire! What a dream!

I write all this down now to make myself realise that, after all, dreams do come true, can come true. Sometimes, very secretly, I pinch myself a little, in the good old-fashioned way, to be sure that it isn't *all* a dream. Sometimes I am afraid I will awake again, a lonely, friendless boy, shivering on the borderland of a strange and alien land.

A thing you have planned for as long a while as I had planned this trip I am to take does acquire the colour of dreams after awhile. It is hard to believe that it is coming true.

The very day I landed in America, I had the vision of some day going back as now I *am* going back.

When Natacha and I were married in Mexico, we planned to go then, right after we got back to the East. We even had a passport issued and then the various difficulties that surrounded us prevented that.

We are like two children, Natacha and I . . . We sit about and look at one another, and one of us says: "When we get to London, we will do this!" and then the other cuts in with: "When we get to Paris, we will do

Rudolph Valentino photographed a week before he sailed.



# My Trip Abroad *by* RUDOLPH VALENTINO

this!" And then I say, breathlessly, "And when we get to Italy . . . ah, when we get to Italy, I will show you this and that . . . and that . . . I will show you the sunny street where I played hop scotch as a little boy . . . I will show you the very room I was born in . . . you will see where my father is buried and where my dear mother lies beside him . . . you will meet my brother and my sister . . . and the girls and boys I grew up with . . . Under the full Italian moon I will regain my childhood . . . my boyish dreams . . . all the dear and distant Past that has led me to this bright and happy Present."

And then Natacha recalls me to the facts of packing and arranging for our passports and shopping and saying good-byes and all the attendant fuss and flurry of a long voyage.

July.

To-morrow I shall go to see about the passports . . .



Above: Valentino writing in his diary on board the S.S. Aquitania.

I haven't done any shopping. I decided to get most of my clothes in London, which has also been a long-deferred dream of mine. And besides, I don't mind admitting it in a private diary, the clothes are cheaper there! Even a movie star must grapple with that fact! Natacha, of course, has Paris in mind when she thinks of clothes!

I am so excited about it all I can't settle down to anything. I don't know that I have any definite sensations now that it is all so near, now that we are to sail in the *Aquitania* in the morning. I am almost dazed. And I am deadly tired. I begin to realise that I have been through a very great deal in the past months, in the past years . . . and now I am tired. I want to

rest. Natacha says to me, "Aren't you thrilled, Rudy?" and I say, almost stupidly, "I don't know . . . I don't think I feel anything . . . I don't know . . ." And Natacha laughs at me, but tenderly . . . she understands. Women are creatures of understanding. . .

I pack and unpack my last valise. The only new things I have bought are new cameras, so that I may make a picture record of our trip. Natacha tells me that I really should use a small No. 1 Brownie instead of the expensive Graflexes and other intricate cameras I have treated myself to. She says that I always take two or three pictures on the same film. I am a Futurist when it comes to camera work, she tells me. But I am happy doing it. I think I take very excellent photographs. But I shouldn't care to be my own cameraman.

*Last day out.*  
Hours piled upon hours of sheer beauty and rest . . . Now and then some little thing of irritation to prove to me that I am not apart from the world of material troubles. Just as we prophesied, or as Natacha prophesied, to give her the credit. I was ~~terribly~~ severely criticized for replying to myself . . . Some sort of a laugh was got up on shipboard and I was asked to dance.

Left: A page of Rudy's script.

To-morrow we sail. Everything is arranged. We were only ten minutes in the passport office. The man who took my photograph said,

"This is a great pleasure, Mr. Valentino. I hope I prove to be a satisfactory cameraman." I have looked better in pictures than I looked in that one, but it was satisfactory enough for me.





Mr. & Mrs. Rudolph Valentino  
(Natacha Rambova) photo-  
graphed on board the S.S.  
Aquitania.

I haven't been able to eat for three days. I can smell the salt in my lungs. I can see, when I close my eyes, the shores of Italy. I can breathe in the London fog . . . and it is like strong wine to me.

I have always longed to see London. Perhaps more than any other place in Europe. London is history to me.

So many people invited us to dine with them the last night, but I begged to be excused. I told Natacha that I would insult any hostess, because I wouldn't be able to swallow so much as the first course.

To-morrow we sail!

#### *The Next Day.*

Well, we are on our way!

We sailed this morning, at ten o'clock.

I didn't sleep for more than an hour or two the night before. I would drop

off to sleep, then wake up with a start, thinking, "To-morrow we sail! To-morrow I am going home!" and then I would drop off again for a few moments, only to wake up again with the same stirring thought. Natacha slept as little as I did. We lay awake and whispered excited, fragmentary things for most of the night.

At the dock I found a great crowd of people, waiting to see us off. We walked through the crowd with difficulty, but it was a difficulty I loved, because it was the most real and beautiful part of the dream I have put down. Ten years ago, on that same dock, I wended a solitary, lonely, slightly frightened, and quite friendless way. No one cared. This time, with my wife by my side, and my wife's aunt, Mrs. Werner, on my other side, I

passed between a throng of friends, some whom I had never seen before, but all of whom had seen me, and were there because they loved me and wanted to wish me well.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic of the crowd was Patrolman McIntyre, traffic cop at the dock. The patrolman is always on duty at Pier No. 54, and he came forward at once when he saw us leave our car. The last thing I recognised on shore as the great ship stirred and moved out was the patrolman waving a great handkerchief with the most lusty enthusiasm.

Fans were there, too, as I have said. Nice girls and boys, men and women, waving and shouting farewells, some of them with tears in their eyes . . . I confess here that I, too, had tears in mine . . .

Of course, I wasn't really sad, as we left . . . I knew that it was only a trip . . . only for a little while . . . that soon I was coming back . . . but about every leave-taking, no matter how brief, there is an atmosphere of gentle melancholy . . . there is a trace of tears in the very words, "Good-bye! Farewell!" no matter how brightly and optimistically they may be of triumph . . . as I looked back at the statue skyline of New York, with its towering towers of triumph . . . as I looked back at the Statue of Liberty dissolving into mist . . . the skyline of New York, where I had gained the goal of dreams . . . as I thought of the many friends, some seen, many unseen, a rising tide of gratitude and affection dimmed my eyes with tears of happiness . . . I thought of the day when I should come back again as a voyager dreams of coming home . . .

I realised then that I was a citizen of the world. That a man's country is where his friends are. And my friends, I feel, are everywhere. In Italy. In England. In France. And most of them in America.

I love all countries and all peoples, as I want all countries and all peoples to love me. But it is in America that my Golden Opportunity came to me. It is America who gave me the world.

As soon as we could see New York no longer, as soon as the white trails of huge and frothy lace left in the giant wake of the great steamer had widened and spread like a hiding veil behind us, Natacha and Auntie and I went into our suite of rooms. We have a beautiful suite, and we found them filled with flowers. Flowers everywhere, with cards and little messages. Baskets of fruit. Gifts. Cards. Cards from those we knew and cards from those we did not know. I wish that I could thank them all, personally, touching their hands. But I thank them in my heart.

It took us most of the day to read the messages, cards, letters and telegrams we found in our stateroom, and then we realised how tired we really were.

We decided that we would spend most of the time going over in our own rooms. Now and then we would take a walk on deck, but meals we would eat alone. We needed the rest. After all, apart from going home, that is what I was taking the trip for . . .



I have just come in, now, from a walk around the deck, before going to bed. The moon rode very high in the heavens and Natacha and I walked briskly, around and around, pausing for a few moments to hang over the rail and watch the rushing of the waters far below.

To-morrow we shall be nearer . . . nearer London . . . nearer home . . .

### *The Next Day.*

I woke early this morning . . . our first day out. I could see the waves, curling with a sort of gentleness around my porthole and bending down to meet them, gently curving, too, the dawning sky . . . I had an impression of the white and tinted arms of beautiful women circling the world. . . I mentally wrote a poem to the impres-

I would doubtless be criticised if I kept to my plan of remaining in my stateroom throughout the journey, but I told her that I would have to take that chance. I am tired and I have come this journey to rest.

Sometimes I think that the only thing the



*Rudy photographed on deck just before landing.*



*The anticipatory smile with which the Valentinos greeted the coast of Ireland.*

sions that were being borne in upon me by the trackless world we were traveling through. . . All of my recent difficulties and entanglements, personal and professional, seemed very far away in that morning hour. They didn't seem to matter just then. I knew, vaguely, that they would come back again, that the passing questions of what I was to do and when I was to do it would bear in upon me, claiming attention, soon again, but for the moment I was held in the delicious arms of poetry and peace.

We breakfasted in the stateroom, Auntie, Natacha and I. Natacha said that

Public does not understand about an artist of any sort is his, or her, need of rest. The People seem to think that we are indefatigable; that we need never be alone, never draw into ourselves to store up new energy to give them, if we can, new delights.

After breakfast this morning, Natacha and I took a brief walk around the deck and while doing so met George Arliss and Mrs. Arliss. I was delighted. I have long been an admirer of Mr. Arliss, and now that I have had the pleasant talk with him I had this morning, my admiration is

even warmer.

He and Mrs. Arliss are doing just as Natacha and I are doing—keeping to themselves. He told us that he was very tired after his long season and that he opens again in London in a few months' time and must have the rest. He agreed with Natacha that we would doubtless be unkindly talked about, probably as being "upstage," but that he expected that . . .

We lunched together quietly in our stateroom and took a long nap afterwards. I made out a list of the things I especially wanted to see in London and Natacha did the same for Paris. . . Auntie said we were like two children going to the Zoo, or something like that. . .

Mr. and Mrs. Arliss dined with us in our stateroom that evening. We talked pictures and the future of pictures, and compared experiences. After dinner, we strolled again on deck and Natacha teased me about two young girls who were walking with their father, I imagine, and who contrived in the most ingenious ways to meet us at every turn of the deck. "Any minute, Rudy," she said, "they are going to stop you and ask for a picture." But they didn't.

The moon was gorgeous, riding high in the heavens. The water seemed as black as night.

*(Another instalment next month).*



# Treat 'em Rough!

by

Marie Prevost.

MARIE  
PREVOST

omen only like very attentive men if they happen to be the object of the attentions.

But if there is one type of man who annoys a woman it is the man who is constantly dancing attention upon all women. Of course there are certain courtesies that all well-bred men observe, but there is quite a distinct line where casualness ends and interest begins.

To a discerning woman the over-attentive man can easily become obnoxious. No woman (unless she is a flagrant "gold digger") likes to be put under obligations to a man in whom she has no interest and the over-attentive man embarrasses her by doing so. The man who is innately well-bred does not shower expensive or personal gifts on a woman unless there is a bond between them, and thereby saves himself the humiliation of having them returned and the woman the embarrassment of having to do it.

On the other hand there isn't a woman in the world who isn't pleased at receiving carefully chosen gifts at certain times. The elusive perfume she likes always makes an acceptable gift and carries with it the implied compliment of the man's having noticed and approved her own choice of perfume. Of course chocolates are about the most impersonal things there are, and there have never been so many delightful ways of offering it as there are now.

Books are equally as impersonal and yet books, when exchanged between lovers of good reading, often-times further a delightful acquaintanceship and in such a subtle way that it cannot but please. But, of course, a man must use his discretion in sending books and should know something about a woman's tastes in reading before choosing a gift.

However, a man does not have to worry about a girl's tastes in literature when there are so many other things to choose from. If she is at all domestic, there are any number of things suitable for little remembrances, such as charming vases or pictures. One of the most delightful gifts I ever received was a quaint little ginger jar, and the fact that it was inexpensive made it all the more acceptable as a gift.

As a rule, European men are more attentive than Americans. Their attentiveness is more a matter of deference than gift-giving. I admit that in the big things of life they do not quite measure up to the American man, who would be much more willing to sacrifice for the woman they cared for than would the average Continental.

There's a difference of course, between thoughtfulness, and exaggerated attentiveness. Most girls prefer thoughtfulness in small things to more material remembrances.

But, give me the man who would rush into a flaming building if I were trapped in there, or leap into a raging sea to save me from a watery grave and I'll not complain if he doesn't send me flowers twice a day.

Some women think too much of trifles, and fall for the man who will lay a rose by their dinner plate and murmur soft nothings into their ears as he helps them on or off with the evening wrap. But I prefer the real

ne-man, and so, I believe, deep down in their hearts, do all women. They may stoutly protest that this is not the case, since civilisation has progressed so far beyond the stone ages. when a man did his wooing with a club. But woman is a primitive creature, at heart despite modern trappings. So "Treat 'Em Rough but not too rough" would be my watchword if I were a man



Marie Prevost with Adolphe Menjou in "The Marriage Circle"



# A Man of Understanding

## by VINCENT DE SOLA

"Many likeable qualities are to be found in this face," says De Sola, "Modesty, generosity, kindness, intuition and diplomacy."

It is easy to see that Antonio Moreno, if not the most popular of the screen's leading men, is one of the most likeable. The simplicity of the nature and its inherent kindness speak their presence through every feature.

The mouth and nose and even the eyes tell of the generous spirit of this character, and its warm-hearted impulses. The forehead is well formed, and the thinking powers should be excellent. But there are signs that these have not been developed as highly as they easily could be, and that the individual has relied upon his ability to win friends through natural charm rather than to attain his aim by conscious mental force.

The head is virile, and intensely masculine, yet this is a nature that understands women to a greater degree than the average "man's man." A certain desire for feminine conquest is hinted at by eyes and lips, but the face is not a sensual one, and its large emotional fund is controlled by a somewhat coldly reasoning brain. The straight nose and brows, and the surface indications of the lips tell me that in this character we would find nothing malicious or vindictive. He is capable of large sacrifice, though in smaller matters affecting his personal comfort, he might be inclined to have a slightly "spoiled" attitude.

The head shows he is, for instance, capable of swift and vigorous concentration, yet employs this faculty only in a moment of great need. I note some mathematical tendency, an instinct, at least, for order and precision.

The forehead and the intellect generally seem more decisive in character than the jaw, or acting part of the mental machine. Although the face shows courage and force of

*Antonio Moreno understands women far better than the ordinary man, according to this character-reading.*

character, he is inclined somewhat to propitiate hostile forces rather than challenge them. He would be one who would conceive more than he could carry out, simply because of an inability to over-ride anyone of whom he was fond, or estrange those whose good opinion he wished to keep.

There is some pride present in the face, and signs that, though far from garrulous, he is one who could tell a story well and even wittily. His humour is all his own. So much is this true that in spite of a geniality which would extend to everyone, the

things that would touch him most he would enjoy privately. He can laugh alone, without sharing his amusement with others, or requiring others for that amusement.

In spite of the simplicity of the character, I note one faint contradiction; a touch of bitterness about the mouth. Perhaps this is a mere restraining factor, and denotes the presence of memory holding in check the tendency to over-idealise.

His tastes, I deduce, would be for very simple things, and he is of a more easily contented disposition than most of the people of the screen.

They seem to show in their faces a certain restlessness, a feverish intensity, that has driven them to success, and yet not ceased even then.

Moreno has in his face no signs of affectation. He is, however, somewhat temperamental in the true sense of that abused word. He would never be "temperamental" in public, that is, never exhibit the unreasonable caprice which the word implies. But in his private life he would be inclined to accent small details into grievances and brood unnecessarily over nothing, only to emerge smiling and completely forgetful of both cause and result.

There is a very delicate sympathy present. Not only is the ability to feel for another marked in the face, but also the knowledge of means of consolation. He is a born diplomat. Without scheming or thought, he can, by an almost artless gift, put others at their ease. But his part must be that of the onlooker, the person only vaguely concerned. He cannot quite conquer his own prejudices if he himself is concerned.





# British Studio Gossip

I ran into Joan Morgan the other day at Wembley, looking dainty and delightful in a white knitted silk suit, which she told me came from Wanamakers, U.S.A. She is glad to be

a Berlin company in Paris and London. "We had a lovely week in Paris," she told me. "They had taken one of those smart Cafés



Rolf Leslie and Rene Wakefield in "The Old Man in the Corner."



Above: Knighton Small, Henry Victor, and Mary Brough in "His Grace Give Notice." Left: Lillian Hall-Davis and Francis Lister in "The Unwanted."



at home again and is taking a rest down at Shoreham, though she comes to town for a few days now and again. "Some of the thrills in the Amusement Park," she observed, "are like those I saw at Coney Island which is New York's playground. I'd just like you, or anyone English to see Coney Island! The biggest thrill I had on my visit there was at a movie show. But *what* a movie show! It was like a real 'tough' café, you didn't pay to go in, but once inside you order coffee, or anything else that was to be had, and watch the movie which was very tame, and the audience was very wild indeed. I was glad a ship's officer was there, else there might have been some rough stuff, but I certainly never expected to find anything so primitive within ten miles of New York." Joan told me also about her experiences with American pressmen, one of whom devoted a whole page of his Sunday paper to Joan's opinion of Americans as compared to Britishers as husbands and lovers.

## Betty in Paris.

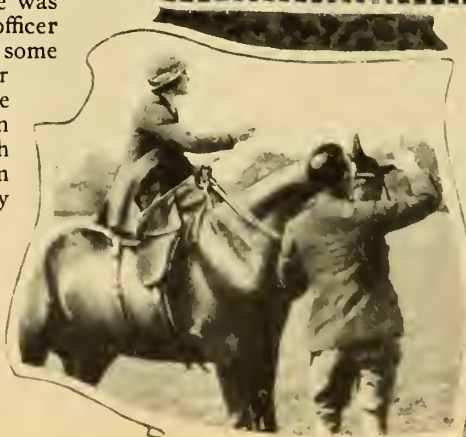
Betty Ross Clarke, who is playing in "Bachelor Husbands" at the Royalty, has been making a film for

in the Bois de Boulogne, and we worked right through one night there. The next day saw us at La Bourget, where scenes were shot in the flying ground there. I had an exciting ride in a plane with an aviator who insisted on stunts all the while. But I was most interested in the big passenger planes arriving there from London, Switzerland and various other places. Racing scenes filled the rest of the week, Longchamps was most tantalizing because we were filming all day, but just out of sight of the actual races. So I promised myself a

Below: Esme Biddle and Joyce Dearsley in "Chappy—That's All."



Left: George Cooper directing "The Eleventh Commandment."



proper day at the races when I had finished work.

## And Back Again.

"I was so glad to get back to London, I think one of the nice things about London is the comfortable, cheery look of it, after other cities. I spent my first day 'off' at Kempton Park, and I was lucky enough to pick the Jubilee winner. The last filming we did was in Piccadilly Circus, The Mall, and Trafalgar Square. We made one scene in the



Mall just as the Trooping of the Colours was in full swing, which particularly delighted the director. We players were quite sorry to part company. We were a Cosmopolitan crowd, for the director was a German of Spanish descent, the manager Austrian, the camera man French, and the principals in the company half British and half German. Lewis Dayton, Madge Stuart and I became fast friends."



Isobel Elsom and James Carew in "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton."

#### George Cooper in Action.

They were taking intimate little scenes for *The Eleventh Commandment* the day I visited Gaumont Studios. It was a very warm afternoon and everyone was busy, but there was hardly a sound anywhere the whole time until the cameras commenced. George Cooper must be one of the original Domes of Silence I think. He never spoke above a whisper and though rehearsals were many and thorough, they were apparently soundless. "You won't get much 'copy' out of George" observed my guide to me, as we stood behind a bank of lights. But I found him very well worth watching. In the first place he evidently believes in getting well down to his work. Whilst the "set," a room in a country house, was being altered a little, he sat so far down in a large red arm-chair that only an upstanding lock of hair was visible over the back of it. And judging by the agitated behaviour of said lock, I imagine its owner was doing deep-breathing exercises. Louise Hampton and Dawson Milward then played a



Above: Betty Balfour and Ralph Forbes in "Reveille." Left: Queenie Thomas who is to appear in Charles Cochran's next revue.

short scene, wherein the lady shed many tears. Cooper knelt in front of them whilst this was rehearsed, going through most of the action himself in this lowly position.

#### The Higher Drama.

Strange though it may appear, this man who made *Claude Duval*, which simply bristles with action, declares he doesn't hold with action in films, believing more in quiet, forceful dramas, in which the mental attitude of the characters meant most. In *The Eleventh Commandment*, he has a powerful story and three of the tallest men in film-land. Stewart Rome who plays the soldier-hero, Charles Quartermaine the villain, and Dawson Milward the heroine's father, are six footers all, whilst the ladies are all petite. George Cooper was talking to Charles Quartermaine when I left, instructing him very fully in the ways of a villain on the screen, for though he's a well-known actor, he was to do his first bad movie deed that day.



# Concerning Alice Calhoun

She was a film fan at five and a leading lady at fifteen.



Above:  
Alice and her  
mother. Left:  
Alice Calhoun.



Alice in  
"Closed  
Doors."



Alice is beautiful—but, more than that, she is sincere. I can pay no higher compliment to one who has spent a considerable portion of her life in an atmosphere of Klieg lights and artificialities.

The first fact concerning Alice Calhoun has been shouted at me persistently for a number of years by countless photos and camera poses of the little star. But it was left for me to discover the latter for myself when I met her off the screen for the first time, down at the Vitagraph Studios.

Lou Tellegen, Norman Kerry and Alice Calhoun in "Between Friends."

From the very first moment we were introduced I knew I was going to like Alice. She did not greet me effusively, but the firm friendly handshake she gave me, and the smile that accompanied it warmed my heart to her right away. And her "I'm glad to meet you!" spoken in a sweet, well-modulated voice, with the slightest hint of an American accent, had a really genuine ring to it.

She was on her way to her dressing room when a kindly Fate threw me in her path, and she invited me to come along and talk to her while she got ready for the work of the day. So, in her cool blue and white room, I watched Alice the girl transform herself into Alice the screen star, and heard, at the same time, the story of her life.

SHE claims that she really began her screen career at the age of five, for it was then that she became a film fan.

"I firmly believe," she told me, "that being a fan has been the means of making me a film star. One can only learn to act for the screen from the screen. Even when I was very young I must have realised that, for I used to spend hours, sometimes, analysing and criticising the work of the players, and doing my best to interpret their parts myself. My mother helped me a lot, and the result was that when I was fifteen I was able to secure some minor engagements."

"I thought you were seventeen, when you first started," I said. She laughed guiltily.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I practised a little harmless deception on the studios where I applied for work," she





confessed. "I put up my hair, and at the same time added two years to my age. You see, I thought people might think I was too young if I said I was only fifteen—and I didn't want to play 'kiddy' parts."

"I was very lucky, though. I didn't have to wait so very long before I got the chance to co-star with Charles Richman in *Everybody's Business*. Then I joined Vitagraph. And after I had worked for them for some time my dream of being a star came true. Mother was as pleased about it as I was, for she had helped me more than anybody else in my work, and she knew how my heart was set on it."

You were billed in England as 'The Screen's Most Natural Star,' I told her.

"That's what I always aim to be—natural. Mother was always impressing on me never to overact or get theatrical or stiff in my movements, and certainly we saw some dreadful examples of 'what not to do' in some of those early film plays—though some of them were very good indeed, considering how new the art of filming was then."

She stopped to examine herself critically in the glass.

"I suppose you want a list of my films?" she asked, smiling at me through the looking-glass. "Well—" she ticked them off on her fingers—"There was *Little Wild Cat*—I played a bad girl in that, and enjoyed it. Then there are:—*The Matrimonial Web*, *Peggy Puts It Over*, *Closed Doors*, *The Charming Deceiver*, *Princess Jones*, *Rainbow*, *Flowing Gold*, *Masters of Men*, *The Little Minister* and lots more—I can't think of them all now. I believe my next film to be shown in England will be *The Code of the Wilderness*."

I must explain here that Alice's version of *The Little Minister* has never been shown in England because

another company bought the prior rights over there.

She told me, when I asked her about her choice of hobbies, that she liked all outdoor sports.

Just then Miss Calhoun's dresser appeared in the doorway.

"They're ready for you on the set, Miss Calhoun," she said.

Alice rose and turned to me.

"I'm sorry to have to run away like this," she said. "But I always try not to keep them waiting if I can possibly help it. Perhaps I'll see you again some



time, if you're this way?" She smiled and gave me her hand, and the next moment I was alone.

As I left the Studio a fellow journalist stopped me.

"What did you think of Alice?" he asked me.

For a moment I was silent, searching for an appropriate word.

"She's a—she's a nice girl," I said at last—and meant it. J.T.



Reading downwards: Alice Calhoun as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister." In a Cinderella role. Circle: Her clear-cut profile; and a grown-up study of the talented Vitagraph star.



NO. 2

# DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN

Two characteristic portraits of the well-known Doctor—  
Author—  
Director.

Daniel Carson Goodman is married to Alma Rubens (below) the beautiful film star whom he often directed, notably in "Enemies of Women" and "Week End Husbands."

Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman graduated into American life with a number of foreign degrees attached to his name, from Heidelberg and other European Universities. He started out to be a doctor, wrote short stories in his odd times, became interested in Moving Pictures, first as scenario writer, then as director and producer and is now Managing Director of all the Cosmopolitan interests. An enviable record for a young man who has attained the top rank in the picture industry in so short a time. Up to his promotion to his present position, Dr. Goodman wrote his own stories and had a unique system of his own, which he declares is based upon visualisation. A synopsis means nothing more than a stage play and the secret of success in writing is the manner in which the story is told. You must be able to visualise the situations, they must be true to life otherwise the screen production will bring out all the imperfections that might be smoothed over in a story or novel.

Dr. Goodman was the author of a sensational book, "Hagar Revelry" which was banned and consequently was widely advertised and read! This was written soon after he returned from his studies in Europe in 1909. Whether it was the story that owes him his success or not, it was his first step into picture writing. David W. Griffith read it and was attracted by the medical knowledge which it revealed and engaged Goodman to attend to the scientific end of his picture *The Escape* which attracted almost as much attention as "Hagar" herself! At this time, Goodman was leading a double life, for he was practicing medicine but a year or two later he gave it up entirely in order to devote himself to the new work of scenario writing and later directed also.

"The thing that impressed me most about London," he said, "was the way it had changed since my last visit, some ten years before. The War has evidently made many changes in conditions as well as in the point of view. I found the people much more conservative than in former years, and, in consequence, enjoyed myself much more. I thought the theatres and other sort of entertainments had improved and everyone seemed much more friendly than on the occasion of my other visit. I consider England an ideal spot for picture making and hope to go over again soon and make some pictures."





# The Law Forbids

BY JOHN FLEMING

The judge had his doubts.

There seemed to be so many ways in which this young couple, Rhoda and Paul Remsen, should be perfectly happy, and not the least of the causes for happiness was their baby Peggy, that the judge, being wise and very interested in human beings, hesitated to grant the young wife's petition for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. Only misunderstanding and stubbornness was what the judge saw.

Therefore he refused to grant the petition. Believing that they could in time be brought to realise just how much they really meant to each other, he decreed that they should live apart for the period of one year, at the end of which time they might re-open their divorce proceedings. As for the child, she should live with the mother for the first six months of this period and with the father for the second six months.

And the end of it was that Paul Remsen stayed on in the big city house which had been their home, while his wife went back to the home of her parents in distant Dorchester, taking little Peggy with her.

Before leaving Rhoda had sent a telegram to her father announcing her arrival. She did not say outright that

she and Paul had made a failure of their marriage, but she contrived to at least suggest something of the sort, that the shock of having to break the brutal news herself might not be so great.

## CHARACTERS.

Peggy - - -	BABY PEGGY
Paul Remsen - -	ROBERT ELLIS
Rhoda Remsen -	ELINOR FAIR
Inez Ramont	WINIFRED BRYSON
The Judge - -	JOSEPH DOWLING

*Narrated by permission from the European film of the same title.*

But the ways of country telegrams are strange, and this particular one shared the fate of many. The postmaster read it. The postmaster's wife read it. And many gossips who gathered daily at the post office—which was also the store—were acquainted with the nature of its contents. It took very little time for the gossips to get busy and the truth to get round Dorchester.

But a worse fate still awaited the telegram. Half a mile out on the road to the home of Rhoda's father the messenger boy's bicycle developed a puncture, and no slight affair either. "This," said the messenger boy, "is a

go!" and he hailed Joe Robbins, who drove he grocer's cart.

"This telegram has got to be give to the ol' boy down by Willow Farm," he said, "and my ol' bus has gone back on me. See to it, Job."

And Job saw to it. He put it in a safe place under the wagon seat, where, out of sight and out of mind, it remained for many weeks, until, indeed, the urgency of it was past.

Rhoda, however, knew nothing of this. She knew only that the path of a country telegram is stony ground; and when she found, on arrival at Dorchester, a telegram addressed to her father, she collected it herself and tucked it away in her handbag, thinking it the telegram she herself had sent, and knowing not the least surprise at the thought that she had arrived before it had been delivered.

Once in her old home, Rhoda began to wonder. Like the judge, she began to have her doubts. Little tender memories of happy times gone by began to creep into her consciousness, and before she was aware of it she found herself hoping that he would ask her to come back, eagerly waiting for a word from her husband, Paul.

But no word came. The days went by and no word came, and Rhoda



"You mus' come home to Mummy and me," she lisped, taking her father's hands and pulling him towards the door.



found her impatience growing and the old memories beginning to fade. Paul did not want her. Did nobody want her? And she began to look about, as Paul back in the city, was beginning to look about. And, as in such cases always happens, both began to find separate paths of diversion open to them.

For Rhoda there was the driver of Dorchester's solitary taxi, who had tried to honour her with his name in the days before Paul Remsen came to the little village and won her. And for Paul there was—Inez Lamont.

And so the village tongues wagged and the city tongues wagged, and everybody was satisfied they knew just what was what. The divorce in the autumn, the marriage of Paul and Inez Lamont; the marriage of Rhoda and the man who drove the Dorchester taxi.

Wag! wag! went the tongues and the days went by; and through them little Peggy gambolled, making friends and enemies on grandfather's farm, romping in the sunshine, looking about, taking notice and wondering when Daddy would come home.

One of her enemies was the great hissing gander, who stuck his head out of the most unlikely places. One of her greatest friends was Alexander. Alexander was a rooster and Peggy dressed him one day in little overalls and together they pursued the wicked gander to its lair.

And meantime the tongues went wag! wag! wag!

Inez Lamont was an actress. She

heard the talk that was going the round and she came to the conclusion that Paul Remsen was fair game. And one day she called to see him—strictly on business, of course, for Paul was one of the rising playwrights. "I want you to write a play for me," she said.

But Paul protested that he had no heart for his work. "Write plays!" he cried. "I have written nothing since . . ." And he broke off and looked away from her.

"Of course, Paul," said Inez Lamont, "I have heard about your trouble. People talk, you know, and things get to one's ears. But you should not let trouble get you down. Make capital of yours. Now I have an idea. Write the story of your own trouble into a play and I will put it on. It will come from the heart. There will be life in it. It will be your masterpiece."

Paul was inclined to stand out against this idea, but Inez, exercising all the wiles of womanhood, "comforting" him in his loneliness, at length prevailed. She gave him an outline of the drama as it was to be, and she suggested that it should end un conventionally by having the "other woman" in it to prove to be a better woman than the wife, instead of the usual, hackneyed reconciliation, the man finding his true happiness with this "other woman." And as she laid this suggestion before him Inez Lamont looked archly at Paul. The latter

objected to this last development entirely; but it soon became apparent that the actress's suggestion was less of a suggestion than a command. She it was who was commissioning the play; she it was who was to play the lead in it; and therefore the thing must be built to her requirements. She insisted.

"Very well," said Paul.

"Besides," murmured Inez tenderly, "there is truth in its lesson."

One day, some little time before the play's production, Rhoda discovered the telegram which she had tucked away in her handbag on her arrival at Dorchester. In a moment of idle curiosity she opened it and was startled to find that it was not the telegram she had despatched to her father from the city. Instead of her own message she read:

"Implore Rhoda forgive me and return at once. Cannot live without her.—Paul."

At once remorse seized her. Summoning the local taxi she hurried to the station to take the first train to her husband. But the gossips in the city were more skilled than their rustic cousins. They did their work better.

"Look," said the taxi driver, when she alighted at the station gates. "Seen this?"

And he thrust before her eyes a copy of a famous theatrical journal, oft creased at a certain paragraph.

"Report has it," ran the paragraph, "that Paul Remsen, the well-known playwright, intends to marry Miss Inez Lamont, the famous actress, as soon as his forthcoming divorce petition is granted. Miss Lamont is shortly to star in Paul Remsen's latest drama, 'The Other Woman.'"

"Well?" said the taxi-driver, when Rhoda had finally read the paragraph for the third time.

"Drive me back home," she said bitterly.

"Sure," said he.

It was two days later that little Peggy came to her mother with the fatal question.

"Mummy," she said, "when is Daddy coming home?"

Rhoda's eyes filled with tears.

"Mummy doesn't know," she replied.

"Then when shall we go to Daddy?"

"Perhaps—perhaps we shan't go to Daddy," said Rhoda.

Little Peggy saw the tears in her mother's eyes, and, young as she was, was yet old enough to see that in some way her father's absence was the cause of her mother's unhappiness. As further questioning brought no more satisfaction she retired into a corner with her toys to do some serious childish thinking. To her baby mind there seemed but one thing for it; if father would not come of his own free will, she must go to the big town and bring him. Then mummy could be happy and not cry any more. . .



Accordingly, she prepared Alexander, the rooster, and without a word to anybody, she set forth. A journey? Rather it was a long series of adventures—something that left the tales of Whittington and Red Riding Hood cold things that could never again bring interest; something like the grandest things in all her picture books come doubly true at last. The wonder is that either Peggy or Alexander came out of them to tell the tale; but come out of them they did, and triumphantly. They arrived together, safe and sound, at the big city, and finally at the beautiful house where she and mummy used to live and where Daddy lived now. Arrived there—but. . .

"You mus' come home to Mummy an' me," she lisped, taking her father's hands and pulling him towards the door.

"But, dearie," said Paul, and he felt a catch at his throat as he uttered the words, "I can't."

"Yes, oo can. W'y?"

"Because—just because I can't, dearie, that's all."

And in spite of all her pleadings Peggy found that indeed her father was not to return with her to Dorchester. Utterly miserable she sat upon a chair and wept, hugging Alexander close to her.

Paul was at first nonplussed by the turn events had taken. He knew a desire to take the child in his arms and return with her to his wife; but he recalled the telegram he had sent to her home imploring her to return, taking all the blame on himself, asking for forgiveness, and he remembered that that telegram had gone unanswered to this day. No, he decided, under all the circumstances the first move should come from his wife now. He questioned Baby Peggy about her journey, what had inspired it and if her mother had sent her.

"No," said the child, "me came myself."

And so Paul, in obedience to the order of the court, immediately dispatched a telegram to his wife at Dorchester, informing her that Peggy was with him in the city, and that, as the first six months of the year were not yet up, she was entitled to claim her.

This time no puncture assailed the bicycle of the local mercury. The telegram was delivered. And once more the driver of the solitary taxi found himself engaged to drive the light of his days to Dorchester station.

"And back again?" he asked.

"Not this time," said Rhoda. "I mean—not yet. Perhaps. . . later. I—I am going to fetch baby Peggy back from the city. That's all."

"Sure," said he.

Arrived in the city, Rhoda did not immediately go to her old home, knowing that at least her child would be in safe keeping, but to the office of the

judge who had heard her petition in the autumn. To this wise and kindly old man she explained this latest development and from him sought advice as to her immediate procedure.

"They say he wants to marry this actress, Inez Lamont," she said, the tears springing to her eyes as she uttered the words.

"They say," smiled the old judge. "Who says?"

She took the oft-folded page of the famous theatrical journal from her handbag and handed it to him.

"They say," she repeated.

He read the paragraph and handed the page back to her.

"They do," he said, "they do indeed. That is the way they make their living. No molehill is too small for them to make into a mountain. I am afraid that if we all took notice of what gets into print there would be very little of this world's work done. Everybody would be fighting."

"Then you think—?"

"Ah, my dear, I don't say what I think. But I do advise you to pay no attention to tittle-tattle of this kind. And now tell me—you really want to return to your husband?"

"If he wants me."

"Of course. Well, I will tell

A minor sensation was caused by the announcement that, owing to a sudden illness of the actor engaged to play the principal male role, the part would be taken by the author himself, who had stepped into the breach at the eleventh hour. A second sensation was caused, immediately after the rise of the curtain, by a loud and cheery cock-crow from somewhere behind the scenes. People tittered and some discomfiture was noticed on the stage. Rhoda gripped the judge's hand.

"That—that was Alexander!" she whispered.

"You don't say so!" said the astounded judge. "And who, pray, might Alexander be?"

"Peggy's rooster! She—she must be behind the scenes!"

"Well, well, so much the better for the little surprise meeting we are planning for after the last act, eh?"

But a third surprise was yet to come. As the play unfolded, Rhoda—and the old judge too—was astounded to see that this latest effort of Paul Remsen's was nothing less than his own matrimonial tragedy dramatised.

"By Gad!" the judge exclaimed.

"That—that is us!" whispered Rhoda. "See that actress is impersonating *me*! That actor in the part of the judge is supposed to be you! There is the old home in Dorchester, though



you what I would suggest. I am invited to the first night of your husband's new play to-night. Come with me as my guest and after the show I will go behind and see what he has to say. If you wish, you need not see him yourself until after I have done so. Now, will you do this?"

Rhoda promised and accordingly when the curtain rose on the first act at the first night, she and the judge occupied two of the most prominent seats in the stalls.

*Baby Peggy pointed out Alexander with great pride for the benefit of her friend the Judge.*



they call it Greenville, and—yes! That quarrel is the very quarrel that brought affairs between Paul and me to a crisis. Word for word it is the same. The tragedy that Paul has written is our tragedy."

The judge hastily looked down his programme. "Inez Lamont," he said, "is playing the part of the 'other woman,'" he whispered. "She is the star. It is her play. Does he intend that here—in the play—she shall win? It is incredible that he should stage the thing in that way. And yet it is equally incredible that Inez Lamont, from all I hear of her, would accept a part in which she had to play a defeated woman."

"Can it be," said Rhoda, "that Paul intends this for me—that it is the answer in advance to my pleadings? Can it be that here in this form is his final No?"

"Wait," replied the old judge. "We can only wait. The third act is yet to come."

The third act. . .

This it was that was intended to provide the sensation of the evening, that daring finale in which the "other woman" glorified, was seen to triumph. Never before on the stage had this solution of the problem of the eternal triangle been offered to the public. The "bad" woman was to prove the better—the good woman in the end. This, it was believed, would be good for a week of Press talk. It was the "stunt" on which the fortunes of the play were to be built.

The orchestral strains died swiftly away, the curtain rose, the actor who was opening the scene spoke his few lines and strutted across the stage to admit the "judge."

In the wings, Paul Remsen patted the tiny shoulder of Baby Peggy.

"You'll be good?" he said.

"'Es, Daddy."

"And keep Alexander quiet?"

"'Es, Daddy."

"I think you'd better sit over there on that basket. You'll be able to see all that goes on from there. Daddy will soon come back to you."

Across in the opposite wings Inez Lamont was opening her fan, preparatory to achieving her big entrance.

"All 'ight, Daddy."

Baby Peggy tucked Alexander under her tiny arm and crept back to where was the basket that was to be her grandstand. But as she climbed up there was to the rooster a perceptible slackening of the grip which held him in bondage. He essayed a fluttering of the wings, and found that they fluttered very well. He hopped, and was free.

Baby Peggy, aghast, managed to achieve a piping whisper.

"Alexander!"

Meanwhile, the great Inez Lamont was "on."

Stately as a queen, she stepped across the stage and coyly arranged some flowers in a great copper vase. Then she turned, gently toyed with her fan, admired for a moment her dainty feet, and looked up to greet—

Alexander!

Yes, Alexander, too, was "on." And after him, clutching frantically, Baby Peggy.

Inez Lamont was furious, but too skilled an actress to show it. Her native wit stayed her passion. This, the big scene of her new play must not be ruined thus at this critical period. The unexpected situation must be dealt with firmly and at once, but the dealing must appear part of the play.

"How many times have I told you child," she said in her calm drawl, "that this bird must not come into the drawing room. Take it away at once."



"Shan't!" said Peggy. And there was a titter in the gallery.

"Peggy!" cried the great Lamont.

"I don't like you!" said Peggy. "Alexander is a nicer bird!"

Roars of laughter greeted this "line," and Lamont speedily appreciated that she was up against something here that would call for all the wit and skill she possessed. "Play up to this until we can get her off the stage," she whispered into the wings. And so the play as it was written began to vary.

"You nasty!" screamed Baby Peggy. "You don't let Daddy go back to my Mummy!" And here applause burst forth in a distant corner of the theatre.

It was a most remarkable situation, but at all costs the play must be saved. Paul and the woman acting the part of the "wife" made the most of it, and the others played up to them. In the end the "other woman" flounced indignantly off the stage; Paul took Peggy and Alexander in his arms and comforted the child; and the wife skillfully improvised lines to make it all seem part of the play. Peggy, naturally said the things which came to her, but they fitted the situation, and none in the audience was the wiser. The turn the play had taken proved logical and the audience was pleased. And in the end there came the reconciliation.

"Oo will al'ys stay wiv Mummy?" said Baby Peggy.

"Al'ys!" said Paul.

And on this note, amidst a burst of cheering, the curtain fell.

"That," said the judge, when the last cheer had died away, "is enough for me. I'm not going round alone, Mrs. Remsen. You must come round with me, after all. This is too good an opportunity to miss. Fancy has got to be turned into fact. And besides—I want to be introduced to Alexander."

Rhoda Remsen turned away for a moment. Hurt pride and wounded vanity fought a swift battle with the instincts of a tender heart.

Then her eyes filled with happy tears and she laid her hand upon the arm of her kindly counsellor.

"Quickly, then, before I change my mind," she exclaimed.

And so they went behind together and fancy was turned into fact, as the judge had hinted. For the second time that night and on the same stage, Baby Peggy brought mother and father together.

"Can you ever forgive me, darling?" whispered Paul, after the first ecstatic embrace, his cheek close to hers.

"I forgave you long ago," she breathed, "else I had not trusted you with our darling."

Meanwhile "Our Darling" was conducting a somewhat bewildered judge between piles of scenery and twisted coils of electric cables to the dark and dusty corner behind the stage where Alexander usually elected to take refuge. The bird, however, was not to be seen. "Alexander," said the judge gravely, "is evidently seeking new worlds to conquer." Which remark was entirely beyond Baby Peggy's comprehension.

As for Inez Lamont she again flounced indignantly off a stage, but a greater stage than the stage of her theatre. It was the stage of the lives of the Remsens.

And, as if he understood the situation perfectly, Alexander celebrated the general happiness of the rest of the "cast" by crowing three times very loudly, at the top of his voice.





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# EASTERN FOAM VANISHING CREAM

**THE CREAM OF FASCINATION**



# Helene of Hollywood

Her second name is Chadwick.

Helene of Hollywood was Helene of Chadwick before the screen claimed her. For it was in the town of that name, in the state of New York, that the little star was born. Lest you should think that Helene took her second name from the place of her birth, I hasten to undeceive you. It was quite the other way about, and the place was named after her great-grandfather, Lord Chadwick, who built the town and started the silk mills for which it is famous in America. So you see, Helene was quite an important young person, even in those early days.

Her mother was a gifted singer before her marriage, and it is probably from her that Helene inherits her histrionic talents, for her father's family were none of them connected with the profession. Her childhood was a very happy one—until her father's death cast the first shadow on her hitherto carefree life. After that she decided that it was time she began to think and work for herself, so for a short time she attended a business college.

But she hated the work, and was pretty soon engaged in a very different pursuit, for which her beautiful and expressive face fitted her admirably. She began to pose for artists, and soon became one of the most photographed girls in America. And it was this, and the fact that she was a devotee to outdoor sports, that helped her to obtain her first part in pictures.

In 1916, Donald Mackenzie

made a film called *The Challenge* for Pathé, and he needed a really pretty girl who could ride and do rough Western stuff. He saw a Harrison Fisher drawing of Helene, and knew at once that she was the girl he needed for the part.

After that it was Hollywood for Helene. She stayed with Pathé for two years, then she spent a



Above and below: Two charming studies of a charming star.



Above: Snapped between scenes. Below: With Richard Dix in "The Glorious Fool."



short time free-lancing, and after that she signed a five-years contract with Goldwyn. Some of the films in which you may have seen her include *Godless Men*, *Scratch My Back*, *The Cup of Fury*, and *Brothers Under Their Skins*.

It has been estimated that she was married on the screen over fifty times—and the male stars with whom she has shared these marital adventures number the screen's most handsome men. Her most recent release is *Law Against Love*, a Goldwyn picture, and another film of hers that will shortly be shown is *Her Own Free Will*.





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A little Ven-Yusa rubbed lightly into your skin every day will free you from complexion worries. This dainty crème-de-luxe gives your skin an "oxygen bath."

Ven-Yusa clears, softens and invigorates the tissues in a marked manner. It also imparts freshness and beauty to the most jaded complexion.

*Beautifully-refined and delicately-perfumed*, Ven-Yusa has a subtle charm and fragrance all its own. It is impossible to obtain a more perfect greaseless cream.

## VEN-YUSA

The Toilet Crème-de-Luxe.

Ven-Yusa is sold in dainty opal jars with aluminium screw lids. Ask for "Ven-Yusa Scented," "Ven-Yusa Unscented," or "Ven-Yusa Rose." 1/3 per jar, of all chemists, hairdressers and perfumers.

## FREE— A REAL CAMERA

Here is the opportunity—the Hawk-Eye—a film pack camera made by the Eastman Kodak Co., which takes photographs  $3\frac{1}{4}$  by  $2\frac{1}{4}$ . It is loaded in daylight, and any film can be taken out in a dark room and developed separately without disturbing the others. It is a camera without price as it cannot be bought.

All you have to do is to save 100 wrappers of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Each tablet is wrapped with an outside printed wrapper and an inside plain wrapper, and they count as two. 50 tablets of soap, therefore will contain the necessary 100 wrappers from

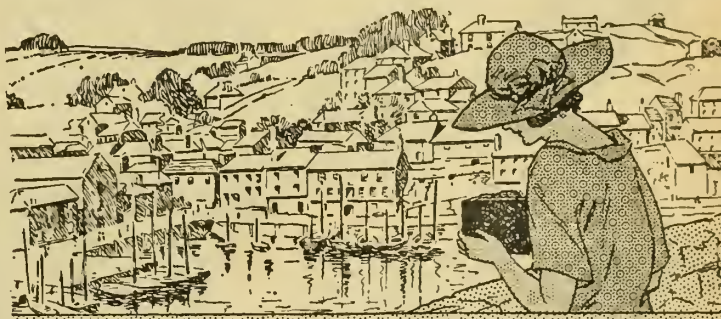
# WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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Send them to Camera Dept. 126,

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SOUTHWARK, LONDON, S.E.1.

Hawk-Eye owners are also eligible for the monthly competitions run by the Kodak Magazine. For further particulars see the Kodak Magazine, copies of which can be obtained from any Kodak dealer.



## Wright's Coal Tar Soap Photographic Competition 100 CASH PRIZES

First Prize - - £5 5 0    Second Prize - - £3 3 0  
Third Prize - - £2 2 0    97 Prizes of £1 1 0 each

No wrappers required to compete.

1. The competition is restricted to those who have received Hawk-Eye Cameras from the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
2. Contact prints only are eligible. Prints may be mounted or unmounted, but the outside size of any mount must not exceed 8 in. by 6 in.
3. Competitors may send in as many entries as they like but the subject and the full name and address of each competitor must be written on the back of each picture.
4. Every picture entered must have been taken on Kodak  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. Film Pack by the competitor, though he or she need not have done the developing, printing or mounting.
5. Entries must be addressed to Photo Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, and must arrive not later than August 30th, 1924.

The result will be advertised in the Daily Mail and Daily Chronicle on September 30th.

6. The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap reserve to themselves the right of purchasing the copyright of any of the photographs sent for £2 2 0 each.

7. Kodak Limited will act as judges to the competition and their decision must be accepted as final.

8. Competitors may choose any of the following subjects and the prizes will be awarded to the pictures that best illustrate the spirit of the title; photographic excellence or technical quality will not count—it is the picture that will win the prize.

### SUBJECTS:

Children at play. Pets.  
A day with a Hawk-Eye.  
Sports and Pastimes.  
Boy Scouts or Girl Guides.  
Outdoors in Spring. Nature Study.



# Big Brother

Norman Kerry believes in helping his fellows.



Norman Kerry.

Firm clean-cut features, black hair and deep-set hazel eyes, warranted to work havoc in the susceptible hearts of any film fan over ten and under ninety. Six foot two of concentrated good-nature! That's Norman!

Wherever he goes, he seems to bring that atmosphere of good-humour along with him. You have only to be in the room with him for five minutes to feel its subtle influence. And that is why they call him "Big Brother" in Hollywood.

All his life he seems to have been playing that part to one or other of his struggling fellow actors, and there are many now-famous film stars who owe their start to the good offices of Norman Kerry. He helped Dick Barthelmess to get his first job, and he started Rudolph Valentino, Ward Crane, Ricardo Cordez, and scores of others along the road to fame. And only a very few of these have turned out badly, so it goes to show that he has discrimination to back up his brotherly instincts.



Norman Kerry as the officer in "Merry-Go-Round."



With Patsy Ruth Miller in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

In between his fraternal activities Norman has made no mean place for himself, in the firmament wherein so many film stars twinkle for a little while and disappear. Briefly his history is this.

Born in Rochester, New York, his boyhood was spent principally in dodging school. However, he thrived on it, and later went to college, whence he graduated brilliantly. He was offered an appointment with the Annapolis Naval Academy, but he did not accept, for the wanderlust was in his blood and he was determined to travel. So he joined his father in the leather trade, and was thus enabled to take business trips all over the world.

His entry into films reads like a fairy tale. He was walking down a street in Los Angeles when a pretty girl suddenly stopped in front of him, looked hard at him, and said:

"Gee, you're just the leading man I'm looking for." It was Constance Talmadge, and in spite of the fact that he had had no acting experience, she engaged him for the part. After that he played with Douglas Fairbanks in *Manhattan Madness*, and then he joined Art Acord, whom he had previously met during his travels, and spent some months with him filming in a wild and lonely part of Utah. He has supported some of the screen's most beautiful women—Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Mary Philbin, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ann Q. Nilsson and Bessie Barriscale amongst others.

But after the war—in which he did his bit for Canada even before U.S.A. came into the scrimmage—he got his real chance. And his two recent releases, *Merry-Go-Round* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* show that Constance Talmadge knew what she was doing when she introduced him to the silver sheet.

E.E.B.





## Put Your Child To Bed With Fairy Protection

HAPPY the child who's put to bed in the comforting glow of the Night Light. Happy its dreams, untroubled its slumbers.

The Night Light affords comfort, protection and assurance in the dark watches of the night.

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PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE Co. Ltd.,  
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.11.



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Your Chemist stocks them.

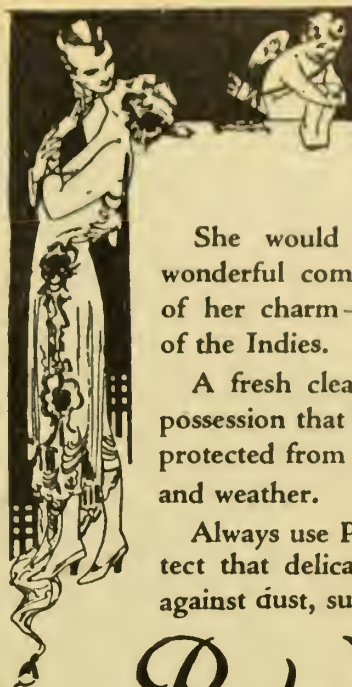
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*"My face is  
my fortune  
Sir" she said*

She would not exchange her wonderful complexion—the secret of her charm—for all the wealth of the Indies.

A fresh clear skin is a precious possession that should be jealously protected from the attacks of time and weather.

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## Poudre Nildé

in the sifter box

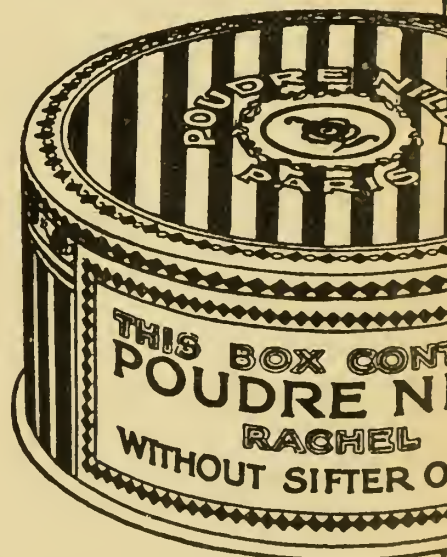


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sifter or  
puff  
1/6



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If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to:  
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# Kinema Carols



## THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

Leslie loved a lovely lady,  
He declared she was a star—  
I agreed when once I saw her.  
"There you are then, there you are!"  
Leslie cried with happy fervour,  
Scrapping for a homeward car.

Leslie lost no time in showing  
His devotion deep and keen,  
To the Palace in the High Street  
He would go at 8.15.  
But his love went unrequited—  
"She," alas, was on the screen!

Day by day he felt his spirits  
Sinking just a little lower  
Till one day he passed a bookstall—  
Yelled, "Although I do not know her,  
I will do what 'George' advises—  
Write her c/o PICTUREGOER!"

F. S. H. (Hastings).

## THE DRAWBACK.

Of all the stars who brightly shine  
There's none like Valentino,  
We ladies think him just divine—  
The darling of the screen—o,  
For he can play a manly part  
In any sort of beano;  
He is the darling of my heart  
Dear Rudolph Valentino.

Of all the days within the week  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes between  
A Friday and a Sunday.  
For then I go and sit me down  
Inside a hall palatial  
Where I can watch his every frown—  
And other movements facial.

One day he'll be a lordly Sheik—  
Another day a Rajah

A Matador th' ensuing week  
Complete with Spanish charger.  
Oh! he can ride and row and dance  
Or fight with seventeen—o.  
He is my hero of Romance,  
Dear Rudolph Valentino.

I love him as an errant knight,  
I love him in his rare pranks,  
I claim he has eclipsed quite  
The agile Duggy Fairbanks.  
I love him as no other maid  
Has ever done, I ween—o,  
But—here's a line I'm loth to write—  
There's Mrs. Valentino!

A. F. D. (Hertford).

## TO BARBARA.

A lovely vision of voluptuous grace  
With slumbrous eyes, inviting lips and  
face.  
If someone asked me "Who's your  
favourite star,"  
Unhesitant I'd answer "Miss La  
Marr!"

M. P. (Harrogate).

## JACKIE.

I've seen Baby Marie Osborne,  
And found her very sweet;  
I've seen winsome Baby Peggy—  
She looks nice enough to eat!

I have laughed at Sunshine Sammy  
And Jane and Katherine Lee,  
And Dinky Dean's amusing pranks  
Have captivated me.

But though I've seen so many  
Child stars upon the screen,  
The best of all is Jackie—  
You know the kid I mean.

JACKIE'S ADMIRER (Surbiton).

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2]

### "Grounds" for Complaint.

In *A Couple of Down and Outs*, "Molly Roake" gives "Danny Greath" a meal. While he is eating she makes some coffee. That is to say, she puts the coffee into a jug, pours boiling water on to it, and then pours it straight into his cup without allowing time for it to settle. P.C. (Woodford Green).

### The Water Wasn't Wet.

The gardener in *Boys Will be Boys*, jumps into some water, and rescues his charge, a little girl, from drowning. He then carries her home but he does not leave any wet footprints, or drip any water on the doorstep!

M.E.C. (Bedford).

### Song of the Shirt.

In *Catch My Smoke*, Tom Mix is kicked down a mountain side. When he reaches the bottom his shirt is very crumpled and soiled, but a few minutes after it is smooth and clean. How did he manage it? W.E.W. (Cambridge).

### When Two Rights make a Wrong.

Conway Tearle in *Ashes of Vengeance*, takes off Courtenay Foote's boots. Apparently he takes them both off the same foot, for he starts and finishes with the right one.

J.W. (Broadstairs).

### Where Did It Come From?

The heroine in *Conquering the Woman*, opens a porthole in the cabin of a yacht. Water immediately pours in, although the porthole is above sea level.

H.S. (Twickenham).

### Old Faithful Again.

In *The Eternal City*, "Roma" (Barbara La Marr) pulls a crumpled looking letter from her blouse—a commission for a statue of Diana. But, later, when a close up is shown, it is a nice, clean card, instead of a crumpled sheet of paper.

G.S. (St. John's Wood).

### The Green Grass Grew all Round.

In *John Peel*, the hero and heroine are seen standing against some rocks. The villain points them out to the hero's father, and their surroundings have suddenly altered; they are standing in the middle of a grassy plot. The next minute they are again leaning against the rocks.


S.F. (Sheffield).

### Another Hat Trick.

In *The Crusader*, William Russell drops his hat on the river bank. Immediately after he gets into a canoe, and his hat is seen on his head again, although he has not picked it up.

D. L. T. (Holloway).





# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH

Fox's are filming *Dante's Inferno*, which has been done before, though not in America. Italy sent it out many years ago, and it makes spasmodic appearances in England every now and then. The Fox version, though, is to have a modern sequence, with comedy, if you please, and featured roles are given to Ralph Lewis, Gloria Grey, Pauline Starke and William Scott. Howard Gaye is playing "Dante."

Something occurred in Paramount studios recently that was quite without precedent there. Three companies were at work, and though all the stages were full and everybody hard at it, there was not one feminine film player to be seen. Valentino and Oswald Yorke were the only two *Monsieur Beaucaire* players "called" that day, and on two adjoining stages, Richard Dix and an army were enacting scenes of warfare in trench and dug-out. Dix's feature is called *Unguarded Women*, and certainly there wasn't one in sight to guard! Further on, concluding scenes of *The Mountebank*, which stars Ernest Torrence were being shot, and though over two hundred ladies assisted in the circus scenes of that movie, nary a one was on hand that day. And, considering what a lot of stars of the feminine gender Paramount employ, it was a unique occasion for all of them to be absent on the same day. Such a thing isn't likely to happen again.

As usual this time of the year sees a great many film stars on the stage. Clyde Cook is in a sketch, touring American music halls, he might cross the Atlantic and make a comedy or two in London, but has not quite made up his plans. Wallace Beery will be seen in a fantastic play called "Moonshine," the end of this month; and Ethel Clayton will be in New York with a short play in August. Ruth Roland has arranged a series of song recitals as soon as her present feature film is finished. She is also reported engaged to be married. Bryant Washburn and his wife are on tour with a music hall sketch, so is Charles Ray; and Katherine McDonald is said to be looking for a suitable play with which to return to the speaking stage.

Reginald Denny has just finished *Captain Fearless*, and is taking a short rest in camp in the mountains.

Before sailing for Europe to play in Herbert Wilcox's *Decameron Nights*, Lionel Barrymore made two feature films for Chadwick Pictures. The second one will be specially interesting to British fans for Flora Le Breton plays his daughter, with Seena Owen for her film mamma. Flora writes us that her part is a delightful one, giving her plenty of scope for both comedy and tragedy.

Ralph Graves has taken to comedy very kindly under the able guidance of Mark Sennett. He is being featured in a series of two reels, the first of which is called *East of the Water Plug* and is a skit upon Glenn Hunter's *West of the Water Tower*.

Violet Mersereau, who has done very little screenwork of late has just signed on to play second lead in *Her Own Free Will*, an Ethel M. Dell story being screened in the old Biograph Studios. Paul Scardon is directing, with Helene Chadwick and Holmes E. Herbert as the hero and heroine.

For screen purposes only, Hoot Gibson has joined the Fire Brigade and Herb' Rawlinson the Police Force. Hoot did well in his new profession in *Hook and Ladder*, and Herb' is still stopping the traffic in *The Flower of Napoli*.

Rudolph Valentino is at work on a new film at Long Island. It is called *A Sainted Devil*, and Nita Naldi and Helene D'Algy, good Italians both share leading lady honours.

Now that Carpentier is in New York, we are expecting daily the news that some producer or other has signed him up for screen stardom again. Why, not, since Dempsey and Benny Leonard are already at work?





## Perspiration moisture and odour

can be prevented by one application of this rosy-coloured liquid

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Extreme perspiration of one part of the body, such as the underarms, is due to local irregularities of the sweat glands. The underarm perspiration glands are very sensitive and easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make normal evaporation impossible, so that corrective measures are necessary. Soap and water alone are not sufficient.

One application of Odorono gives you complete relief from perspiration moisture and odour for three days—two applications a week keep your underarms always dry and immaculate. Odorono is an antiseptic toilet water, formulated several years ago by a physician for the special purpose of counteracting excessive local perspiration, without affecting the natural healthful perspiration of the rest of the body. It is a clear rosy-coloured liquid and comes to you in a smart little uniquely shaped bottle.

Odorono is delightfully easy to use, and quite harmless. You simply pat it on to the underarm with a piece of soft cloth or cotton wool, or with the tips of the fingers. Odorono is obtainable at all high-class chemists' and drug stores—sizes 1/6, 2/9 and 5/-.

Send to-day for free booklet: "The scientific way to prevent perspiration odour and moisture," which tells you more about the relief of perspiration. Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

# ODO·RO·NO



For excessive perspiration

Betty Ross Clarke and Lewis Dayton.



Betty Ross Clarke, who is playing in a new Samuelson film, *The Cost of Beauty*, had an amusing adventure whilst shooting the final scenes for *A Wild Chase* in London recently. "Wireless plays quite an important part in the story," she writes us, "And one afternoon, Lewis Dayton and I were filming here in the streets in a motor with an aerial attached to the back seat. Every time we pulled up we soon had groups of Radio enthusiasts round us inspecting the aerial and questioning me (Lewis Dayton pretended he couldn't speak English, which was rather smart of him!) about the valves, and what stations we could get, etc., etc. One man solemnly warned me that the wires were too loose, and we were losing electrons (I knew we were losing time all right.) The climax came when one of those big red Seeing-London charabancs drew up beside us and the driver asked if some of the Radio enthusiasts in it might listen in on our set!"

Percy Marmont and Virginia Valli have just finished *K. the Unknown*, a delightful hospital romance by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Fay Tincher returns to the screen in *The Reckless Age*, a Reginald Denny film adapted from an Earl Der Biggers story.

The latest rumoured candidate for the role of "Peter Pan" was Mary Pickford. But Hiram Abrams, president of United Artists Organisation has just denied it. United Artists seem to be the special bait of newspaper reports like these, first one of their "big names" then another are rumoured to be producing either independently, or

for other organisations. Charles Ray was the one before the last. Wonder who'll be the next.

Rex Ingram still talks about retiring, but he still has four pictures to make under his Metro contract so that he can't fulfil that horrid threat yet awhile. For he is not one of those directors who make a picture in twelve weeks. His next will be "The World's Illusion," an anti-war story by a Continental author called Jacob Wasserman. The three others scheduled are "The Goose-Man," F. M. Crawford's "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," and Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

Tom Mix is spending his holidays at sea this summer on his yacht the "Miss Mixit." Tom has been grumbling for some months that he's never had time to even learn a few nautical terms, still less use them, but now he will be able to enjoy a cruise up and down the Californian coast. Of course the family goes along too, there is even a special place on deck for "Tony."

Delirium in various shapes and forms seems to be the rage in films released. In *Between Friends* we have a very convincing peep into the tortured brain of the husband who has condemned his best friend to suicide to avenge an old wrong. Lou Tellegen, who plays this worthy, improves consistently in his work; it is a pity he has not a bit more to do. And two French films shown at the Embassy last month featured the same kind of thing, more or less. In one *That Dirty Dog Morris*, we see a cabaret show through the eyes of a man who has imbibed not wisely but too well, and a curious medley of musical instruments, dancing



feet, eloquent eyes and waving arms appears on the screen. In the other, *Infatuation*, there are some odd dream effects, and much clever trick and double photography. Mosjoukine, Koline, and Nathalie Lissenko, the stars of *Kean*, appear in the last-named, which was written and produced by Mosjoukine.

Conway Tearle and Colleen Moore are sharing stellar honours in *Counterfeit*, a new First National production.

A welcome return to filmland is that of Alla Nazimova who has just signed a contract to appear in one film to be released by First National. She has been on a long vaudeville tour, but has not yet decided to make her return to filmland permanent. "Nazi" was our selection for "Peter Pan," she has the elfishness that is Peter's, but it is highly improbable that she will ever play it.

Warren Kerrigan is working on *Captain Blood*, this much coveted role having fallen to him by general choice of fans, exhibitors and the Vitagraph sales force both sides of the Atlantic. Jean Paige plays "Arabella."

Annette Kellerman has just finished another movie. As yet untitled, it concerns the adventures of Shona, an Irish maid, and has some delightful fairy scenes in which Annette is seen as a mermaid. Scenes were taken actually at the bottom of the sea for this, not in a tank, and these were photographed by means of huge mirrors anchored on rafts in such positions that the sunlight was reflected down into the water. Of course, no one could stay down very long, and two minute scenes were taken and afterwards carefully joined together. As you may guess, perfectly calm, rather shallow spots were chosen as "locations" and there wasn't any work done on stormy days.

Ivor Novello indignantly denies being responsible for the recent craze for highly coloured handkerchiefs twisted around the throat, Apache fashion. But he certainly was one of the first to wear one as the hero of "The Rat," which had a most successful tour, and won golden opinions from London audiences in the West End. He wears a fine selection of the popular neckwear of the moment in various rich hues, besides a fearsome check suit in the second act. The melodrama, of which he is part author, seems very much to the taste of all his "fans," we haven't heard from anybody who didn't like it, whilst letters in praise of Ivor as actor and playwright are very frequent. "The Rat" will be filmed later, by Atlas Biocraft with Ivor, of course, in the title role.

One of the new Metro-Goldwyn stars will be Dorothy Gish, who is just back from Italy where she co-starred with sister Lillian in *Romola*. Dorothy may or may not appear with Richard Barthelmess again for she has been borrowed for a while from Inspiration Films.

Pauline Frederick is at work upon a film being directed by Ernst Lubitsch, which is very good news for picturegoers in general. Lubitsch is undoubtedly one of the greatest living directors, and, remembering how much he contributed to Pola Negri's screen success, we can expect something memorable now he and Pauline are busy together.

H. M. The Queen was pleased to show much interest in Courtauld's display at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley. Theirs is certainly one of the best in the Textile section, and everyone visiting the Exhibition should make a point of having a look at Courtaulds, where "Luvisca" and other fabrics and crepes are so universally popular.

Theodore Roberts, Mahlon Hamilton and Gloria Swanson in "The Shulamite."



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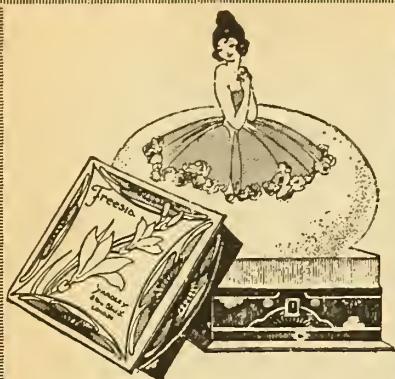


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# Picturegoers' Guide



**Boy of Mine** (Ass. First National; July 7).

A screen version of a Booth Tarkington story, with excellent characterisation, but a slight plot. Ben Alexander stars as the boy, with Irene Rich, Henry B. Walthall, Rockcliffe Fellowes and Laurence Licalze in support.

**Between Friends** (Vitaphone; July 14).

A well staged and acted eternal triangle drama of artist life, produced by Stuart Blackton. Excellent acting and characterisation by Alice Calhoun, Norman Kerry, Anna Q. Nilsson, Stuart Holmes and Henry Barons.

**Buster Keaton Re-issues** (July 7-28).

Four comedies well worth another visit. *Neighbours* (7), with Buster Keaton, Virginia Fox and Joe Roberts; *Hard Luck* (14); *The Haunted House* (21); and *The Goat* (28).

**Cameo Kirby** (Fox; July 21).

John Liberty in a romantic melodrama of the South before the American Civil War. Gertrude Olmsted opposite, also Richard Tucker, Alan Hale, William Walling, Eric Mayne, William E. Lawrence and Richard Tucker. Good entertainment.

**The Clean Up** (European; July 21).

A clever comedy-drama about a young fellow who expected a large inheritance but was cut off with a shilling. Herbert Rawlinson stars, and Claire Adams, Claire Anderson, Herbert Fortier, Margaret Campbell, and Frank Farrington support.

**Cupid Joins the Board** (Pearl, July 14).

Denis Carlin and Vera Smithson in another story about a fortune, set amid fine yachting scenes. A Swedish production.

**The Enchanted Cottage** (Ass. First National; July 14).

An excellent and sincere picturisation of Pinero's play of the same name. The story of a love which transformed and

brought happiness. Dick Barthelmess and May McAvoy share stellar honours, with Ida Waterman, Alfred Hickman, Florence Short, Holmes E. Herbert, Ethel Wright, and Marion Coakley. Don't miss this one.

**The Exciters** (Paramount; July 28).

Undistinguished society stuff which does not give many opportunities to the fine cast, headed by Bebe Daniels and Tony Moreno. Support comprises Diana Allen, Ben McIntosh, Cyril Ring, Bigelow Cooper, Ida Darling, Henry Sedley, Tom Blake and George Bachus.

**Fashion Row** (Jury; July 28).

Mae Murray in a Muscovite melodrama which gives her a dual role. Story of a Russian peasant girl who marries into high society. Earle Fox opposite, also Elmo Lincoln, George Siegmann, Mathilde Brundage, Sidney Franklin, Rosa Rosanova and Craig Biddle. Lavish settings and gowns.

**Flaming Passion** (F. B. O.; July 21).

Adapted from the novel "Lucretia Lombard", this love drama is excellent, despite its title. Monte Blue, Irene Rich, Norma Shearer and Marc McDermott are featured, with Alec B. Francis, John Roche, Lucy Beaumont and Otto Hoffman in support.

**A Game Chicken** (Gaumont; July 21)

Bebe Daniels in a romantic melodrama of Spain and New England. Pat O'Malley opposite, also James Gordon, Martha Mattox, Gertrude Norman, Hugh Thompson, Max Weatherwax and Edwin Stevens. Fair entertainment.

**The Greater Love** (Unity; July 21).

Maciste, the Italian Hercules in a mystery story with surprises and stunts as the chief attractions. Elsie Fuller, Len Rex, Edith Mellor, C. Falkner, S. de Vitale, Victor Sanger and Pierre Colin support. Fair entertainment.



**Half-a-Dollar Bill** (*Jury*; July 21).

An appealing story of a deserted mother and baby adopted by a sea-captain, with William T. Carleton and Anna Q. Nilsson heading a good cast which includes Frank Davis, Mitchell Lewis, Raymond Hatton, Alec B. Francis, George McQuarrie, "Irish" and "Cameo." Good entertainment.

**Harvest of Hate** (*Pearl*; July 28).

Anna Q. Nilsson in a drama of revenge, hate, and faithful love. Fair entertainment.

**The Heart Bandit** (*Jury*; July 31).

Viola Dana and Milton Sills in a good comedy about a girl who tried her hand at breaking the law. Cast also includes Wallace MacDonald, Bertram Grassby, De Witt Jennings and Nelson McDowell.

**Her Face Value** (*Gaumont*; July 7).

The romance of a chorus girl who became a film star. Well directed and capably acted by Wanda Hawley, T. Roy Barnes, Lincoln Plummer, Donald Macdonald, and George Periolat.

**In Days of Olde** (*Graham Wilcox*; July 21).

A costume comedy rather Teutonic in its humour, though made in Austria, starring Liane Haid. Cinderella story, unusual because it is set in medieval times. Fair entertainment.

**Just Off Broadway** (*Fox*; July 3).

John Gilbert in a crook melodrama in which the detective-hero masquerades as a counterfeiter. Marion Nixon opposite, also Trilby Clark, Pierre Gendron and Ben Hendricks, Junr., Vera Lavella, and Theodore Von Eltz. Conventional but convincing.

**The Knock on the Door** (*Wardour*; July 7).

Eddie Polo risking his neck at least twice per reel in a spectacular thrill drama of the Virginia mountains. Supporting the star are Kathleen Myers, James McElhern, Mathilda Brundage, Helen White and Jack Frazer.

**The Law Forbids** (*European*; July 14).

Baby Peggy in a good divorce drama, in which she re-unites a pair of estranged parents. Cast also includes, Eleanor Fair, Joseph Dowling, Bobby Bowes, William E. Lawrence, Eva Thatcher James Corrigan and Ned Sparkes. Story on page 40.



Anna Q. Nilsson and Frank Davis in "Half-a-Dollar Bill."



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**The Love Master** (Ass. First National; July 21).

Starring "Strongheart," the dog, and some magnificent snow scenes. Weak melodramatic story, but a good cast comprising Lillian Rich, Harold Austin, Hal Wilson, Walter Perry, Joseph Barrett, John J. Richardson and "Lady Julie." Fair entertainment.

**Lucky Dick** (Unity; July 28).

Richard Talmadge, G. A. Williams, Dorothy Wood, and G. E. Jennings in a conventional Western comedy drama with excellent acrobatic and stunt work by the star. Good sensational fare.

**The Madness of Love** (Pearl; July).

A story of a feud between two sailors, which is ended by a pair of young lovers, featuring Jean Scott, Charles Craig and Bernard Siegal. Fair sea stuff.

**Mile-a-Minute Romeo** (Fox; July 7).

An excellent Tom Mix Western in which a girl changes her mind just in time to marry the right man. Stunts galore, also very good acting by Mix, Betty Jewel, Charles K. French, Russell Gordon, Duke Lee, James Mason and James Quinn.

**Mine to Keep** (Wardour; July 21).

Bryant Washburn and Mabel Forrest in an interesting story of domestic conflict enlivened by three good stunts. In support appear Wheeler Oakman, Kate Lester, Peaches Jackson, Micky and Pat Moore, Laura La Varnie and Charlotte Stevens. Feminine fans will like this one.

**My Man** (Vitagraph; July 3).

Patsy Ruth Miller, Dustin Farnum, Niles Welch, and Margaret Landis in a modern drama of finance and society. Fair entertainment.

**Nobody's Girl** (Pearl; July 21).

Billie Rhodes in a fairly good smuggling romance enlivened by some aeroplane thrills and fights.

**Nazimova Re-issues** (Jury; July 7-14)

Some of the Russian favourite's first successes. *The Red Lantern* (7) with Nazimova, Noah Beery, and Charles Bryant and *The Brat* (14) with Nazi-

movia and Charles Bryant.

**No More Women** (Allied Artists; July 28).

Light comedy-drama with some good stunts and fights. Matt Moore and Madge Bellamy star, with Kathleen Clifford, Clarence Burton, George Cooper, H. Reeves Smith, and Stanhope Wheatcroft. Good entertainment.

**One Glorious Day** (Paramount; July 28).

Will Rogers in a capital spook comedy in which a wandering spirit enters into a staid professor's body with amusing results. Lila Lee, John Fox, Alan Hale, George Nichol, Emily Rait and Knute Ericson support. Excellent double and trick photography.

**Other Lips** (Kilners; July 7).

Pete Morrison and Dorothy Woods in a Westerner with all the usual trimmings. Fair entertainment.

**The Secret of the Blue Grotto** (Pathé; July 7).

A mystery drama starring Diomira Jacobini, set amid the beautiful island and grotto of Capri, Italy. Cast includes also Enrico Scatizzi, A. Bertone, R. Visca, Cav Scelzo, Madame Cava and U. Bacchetta.

**The Shulamite** (Paramount; July 7).

Gloria Swanson in an effective kinematization of the popular Alice and Claude Askew novel. Mahlon Hamilton, Russell Simpson, Lillian Leighton, Lincoln Steadman, and Thelma Jasper also appear.

**The Silent Partner** (Paramount; July 24).

Leatrice Joy and Owen Moore in a business and society drama in which a wife solves the bread-and-butter problem. Robert Edeson, Robert Schable, Patterson Dial, Lura Anson and E. H. Calvert support. Fair entertainment.

**Skid Proof** (Fox; July 10).

Charles Jones, Earle Metcalfe, Jacqueline Gadsdon and Lena Anson in an excellent automobile story full of thrills.





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Wanda Hawley,  
T. Roy Barnes and  
Donald Macdonald in "Her Face Value."

**Stormy Seas (Regent; July 10).**

An adventure melodrama of the sea, with fine storm and ship wreck scenes and a good cast comprising Helen Holmes, J. P. McGowan, Leslie J. Casey, Harry Dalroy, and Gordon Knapp.

**The Tiger's Claw (Paramount; July 21).**

Jack Holt in a sensational adventure story set in India. The excellent cast includes Eva Novak, George Periolat, Bertram Grassby, Aileen Pringle, Carl Stockdale, Lucien Littlefield and Evelyn Selbie.

**Times Have Changed (Fox; July 28).**

The amusing adventures of a family heirloom. William Russell stars, with Mabel Julienne Scott, Martha Maddox, Gretchen Hartman, Allene Ray, Wade Boteler, and Charles West supporting. Good comedy fare.

**Torment (Ass. First National; July 28).**

A crook drama set in Russia, America, and Japan with the recent Japanese earthquake worked into its climax. Owen Moore and Bessie Love head a strong cast which includes Joseph Kilgour, Morgan Wallace, Maude George and George Cooper.

**Virtuous Liars (Vitagraph; July 21).**

Edith Allen's first star picture. A society story about a wife who posed as a widow. David Powell, Naomi Childers, Maurice Costello, Dagmar Godowsky, Ralph Kellard, Albertina Rasch and Sig. Karamano support. Good entertainment.

**Where Is This West?**

(European; July 7).

A laughable burlesque of the West of ancient days, starring Jack Hoxie, with Mary Philbin, Joseph Girard, Bob McKenzie, Sid Jordan and Bernard Seigel supporting. Fair entertainment.

Alan Hale, Lila Lee and  
John Fox in "One  
Glorious Day."

**The Wild Party (European; July 28).**

Gladys Walton in an amusing comedy about an ambitious typist who turns journalist. Robert Ellis opposite, also Freeman Wood, Sydney De Grey, Lewis Sargent, Esther Ralston, Kate Lester, Jos. W. Girard and Sidney Brady.

**The Woman's Part (Jury; July 10).**

Soava Gallone in an Italian drama about an unmarried mother. Well acted and photographed. Support includes Chappell Dossett, Nicholas Brand and Toto Marjoroni. Heavy dramatic fare.

**The World Aflame (Inter. Cine.; July 10).**

Frank Keenan, Janice Wilson, Joseph McManus and Bert Sprotte in a good capital-and-labour story of post-war unrest.

**You Can't Fool Your Wife (Paramount; July 14).**

Fairly good domestic problem-drama well played by Leatrice Joy, Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi, Pauline Garon, Paul McAllister, Julia Swayne Gordon and Tom Carrigan.





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Not only will all the British film stars be present, but several very well-known American stars will also be there to meet their guests in person.

Be sure to pay an early visit to PICTUREGOER tent, where signed photos and postcards will be auctioned by the stars themselves. Kinema novelties and photographs of all kinds can be purchased there, besides presentation copies of PICTUREGOER. Don't miss PICTUREGOER'S Five-minute Auctions, which will be very good fun for all concerned.

Right: Blanche Sweet will be over in good time for the Party, and Alma Taylor in one of her "Comin' Thro' the Rye" frocks will preside over the theatre where some of the earliest British films will be shown.

Right: Betty Balfour, who will be there as "Squibs."

Below: Marjorie Daw who will also attend.



In other parts of the large gardens Stewart Rome will persuade you to purchase something which has never been on sale before. Alma Taylor will invite you to see some of the earliest of British films; Victor McLaglen and his eight brothers will run an old-time Boxing Booth with the showman with his drum and attractive attire.

Amongst the many other stars who will be present are Hilda Bayley, Chrissie White, Henry Edwards, Malvina Longfellow, Ivy Duke, Gladys Jennings, Rex Davies, Alice Joyce, Clive Brook, John Stuart, Cameron Carr, Betty Ross Clarke, Gertrude McCoy, Peter Dear, Mary Odette, Mary Brough, Gerald Ames, Mary Dibley, Kathleen Vaughan, Norma Whalley, Dorinea Shirley and Fred Wright. It is hoped that Irene Rich, Andrée Lafayette, and Thomas Meighan will also be in London and will be present.

There will be a film studio where you can be filmed and will be able to see yourself on the screen in the miniature theatre a few hours later. There will be a Mannequin parade of special film fashions supplied by the leading West End modistes, and a stall where you can buy from famous film stars Nothing in Particular but Everything in General. A Missing Star Quest will also be held—a well known actor will be disguised so that even the organisers do not know what disguise he is assuming, and the first one identifying him will win a prize.

Tickets are 3/6 if purchased before the day and can be obtained from any Kinema or the Organising Secretary, 27, D'Arblay Street, Wardour Street, London. All the money taken at the Garden Party will be handed over to the Kinematograph Benevolent and Provident Funds.



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Eve Balfour	and Mary Pickford	Lila Lee	Ruth Roland
Theda Bara	Dustin Farnum	Elmo Lincoln	Stewart Rome
Richard Barthelmess	William Farnum	Malvina Longfellow	Monroe Salisbury
Kingsley Benedict	Geraldine Farrar	Bessie Love	Gregory Scott
Enid Bennett	Elsie Ferguson	Louise Lovely	Eileen Sedgwick
Alice Brady	Pauline Frederick	Douglas MacLean	Ernie Shields
Billie Burke	Dorothy Gish	Mae Marsh	Anita Stewart
Alice Calhoun	Lillian Gish and	Shirley Mason	Gloria Swanson
June Caprice	Richard Barthelmess	Cyril Maude	Blanche Sweet
Harry Carey	Ralph Graves	Doris May	Aurele Sydney
Jewel Carmen	Minna Grey	Mary Miles Minter	Constance Talmadge
Francis Carpenter	Harry Gribbon	Tom Mix	Norma Talmadge
Mrs. Vernon Castle	Corinne Griffith	Tom Moore	Natalie Talmadge
Helen Chadwick	Crestington Hale	Antonio Moreno	Conway Tearle
Charles Chaplin	Mildred Harris	Carmel Myers	Manora Thew
Marguerite Clark	W. S. Hart	Frances Nelson	Madlainie Traverse
Ethel Clayton	Martin Harvey	Anna Q. Nilsson	Marie Walcamp
Ruth Clifford	Wanda Hawley	Mabel Normand	George Walsh
Ivy Close	Sessue Hayakawa	Eugene O'Brien	Fannie Ward
Betty Compson	Gwynne Herbert	Baby Marie Osborne	Bryant Washburn
Miriam Cooper	Carol Holloway	Peggy Paterson	Way Down East
Fay Compton	Jack Holt	Anna Pavlova	(Cast)
Dorothy Dalton	Violet Hopson	Eileen Percy	Ben Webster
Viola Dana	Harry Houdini	Olga Petrova	Pearl White
Bebe Daniels	Lionelle Howard	Dorothy Phillips	Earle Williams
Dorothy Davenport	Peggy Hyland	Mary Pickford	Constance Worth
Marjorie Daw	Alice Joyce	Edna Purviance	Bert Wynne

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Theda Bara	Ivy Close	Pauline Frederick	Jack Jarman
Bessie Barriscale	Lew Cody	Neva Gerber	Alice Joyce
Richard Barthelmess	Betty Compson	Helen Gibson	Annette Kellerman
Kingsley Benedict	Miriam Cooper	Dorothy Gish	Madge Kennedy
Enid Bennett	Dorothy Dalton	Lillian Gish	Warren Kerrigan
Alice Brady	Viola Dana	Minna Grey	Jane Lee
Lillian Braithwaite	Dorothy Davenport	Harry Gribbon	Katherine Lee
Gladys Brockwell	Priscilla Dean	Juanita Hansen	Lavender Lee
Fritzi Brunette	Mr. & Mrs. Carter	Mildred Harris	Elmo Lincoln
Billie Burke	De Haven	Neal Hart	L. Ko Beauties
Langhorne Burton	Gaby Deslys	W. S. Hart	Malvina Longfellow
June Caprice	William Desmond	Sessue Hayakawa	Bessie Love
Harry Carey	Mary Dibley	Gale Henry	Louise Lovely
Jewel Carmen	Elinor Fair	Gwynne Herbert	Bert Lytell
Francis Carpenter	Douglas Fairbanks	Carol Holloway	Christine Maitland
Charles Chaplin	Dustin Farnum	Jack Holt	Molly Malone
Marguerite Clark	William Farnum	Violet Hopson	Mae Marsh

Vivian Martin  
 Shirley Mason  
 Thomas Meighan  
 Tom Mix  
 Tom Moore  
 Antonio Moreno  
 Jack Mulhall  
 Carmel Myers  
 Owen Nares  
 Nazimova  
 Anna Q. Nilsson  
 Mabel Normand  
 Eugene O'Brien  
 Mary Odette  
 Peggy Paterson  
 Anna Pavlova  
 Olga Petrova  
 Dorothy Phillips

Jack Pickford  
 Mary Pickford  
 Arline Pretty  
 Edna Purviance  
 Zoe Rae  
 Herbert Rawlinson  
 Albert Ray  
 Charles Ray  
 Edith Roberts  
 Stewart Rome  
 William Russell  
 Monroe Salisbury  
 Gregory Scott  
 Gertrude Selby  
 Ernie Shields  
 Merta Sterling  
 Anita Stewart  
 Valeska Suratt

Gloria Swanson  
 Blanche Sweet  
 Aurele Sydney  
 Norma Talmadge  
 Manora Thew  
 Queenie Thomas  
 Madlainie Traverse  
 Marie Walcamp  
 George Walsh  
 Fannie Ward  
 Robert Warwick  
 Ben Webster  
 Pearl White  
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Agnes Ayres (2)	Corinne Griffith (2)	Baby Peggy
Betty Balfour	Elaine Hammerstein	Eileen Percy
Nigel Barrie (2)	Hope Hampton	House Peters (2)
Wesley Barry	Kenneth Harlan	Mary Philbin
Madge Bellamy	Wanda Hawley	Mary Pickford
Edna Best	Violet Hopson	Marie Prevost
Constance Binney	Charles Hutchison	George Robey
Monte Blue	Justine Johnson	Ruth Roland
Betty Blythe	Leatrice Joy	Stewart Rome
Flora Le Breton	Alice Joyce	Gregory Scott
Clive Brook (2)	Norman Kerry	Milton Sills
Mae Busch	Cullen Landis	Lewis Stone
Georges Carpentier	Matheson Lang (2)	Eric Von Stroheim
Lon Chaney	Harold Lloyd	John Stuart
Ethel Clayton	Louise Lovely	Madge Stuart
Jose Collins	Katherine MacDonald	Blanche Sweet
Betty Compson (2)	Percy Marmont	Constance Talmadge
Fay Compton	Barbara La Marr	Norma Talmadge (2)
Jackie Coogan	Mae Marsh	Conway Tearle
Gladys Cooper	Shirley Mason	Alice Terry (4)
Bebe Daniels	Frank Mayo	Phyllis Neilson
Theresa Davies	Thomas Meighan	Terry
Mildred Davis	Tom Mix	Queenie Thomas
Reginald Denny	Colleen Moore	Rudolph Valentino (5)
Richard Dix	Antonio Moreno	Henry Victor
Ivy Duke (2)	Mae Murray	Niles Welch
Josephine Earle	Conrad Nagel (2)	Pearl White
Elsie Ferguson	Owen Nares	Earle Williams
Harrison Ford	Pola Negri	Lois Wilson
Hoot Gibson	Guy Newall	Claire Windsor
Jack Gilbert	Ramon Novarro (3)	

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## THE ELECTRICIANS

(Continued from page 23.)

*The Humming Bird*, take special notice of the bright sunny scenes in the Paris streets and the dingy, smoke-enwreathed café with thin rays of sunlight struggling through the grimy windows. These wonderfully contrasting scenes will show you the results of keen work on the part of the electricians of the Famous-Lasky Studio under the direction of a most able producer and art director.

Every picturegoer is as familiar with the silver sheet street scenes showing white houses simply flooded with sunshine as he is with the outside of his own dwelling. These sunlit streets of the screen are nearly always the results of co-operation between scenic carpenters and the studio electricians. Indoor scenes—rooms mainly in shadow except for a brilliant beam of sunshine falling through a window on to the heroine's curls—these too are examples of the clever manipulation of the arcs by their operators.

The blinding sun of the Sahara; the chill, clear light of a Siberian dawn; the glow of sunset on a wooded slope; of the silver streaks of moonlight on the sea—are all effects which can be successfully conjured in the studio. For in spite of their weight, size and cumbersomeness the sunlight arcs are operated very simply and can be adjusted to shed a light of varying intensity to suit the requirements of the moment.

Ordinary indoor scenes are usually illuminated only by the Klieg and Cooper-Hewitt lamps. These are not so powerful as the sunlight arcs and each has its specific effect.

The Cooper-Hewitts are series of tubes of light arranged in parallel rows in flat frames. The electricians use these chiefly for scenes in which the light needs to be generally diffused with all high lights and deep shadows eliminated as far as possible. The Kliegs, on the other hand, are operated by the electricians to give a more clear cut effect of light and shadow; to illuminate close-ups; and, in conjunction with the Cooper-Hewitts, for general interior lighting.

The electricians, themselves of course highly skilled mechanics, are reinforced by a number of assistants, for the artificial lights of filmdom can be as temperamental as some of its stars! The delicate mechanism of the powerful lamps, especially of the sunlight arcs, needs perpetual supervision so that the millions of candle-power illuminations shall not fail at a critical moment in the screening of a scene. The mechanics, like human flies, therefore, crawl above the sets among the cables and wires and tenderly doctor their ampere-devouring pets.

Though, of course, the lighting for films is carried out under the direction of the producer, the electrician whose temperamental make-up boasts an artistic sense in addition to his scientific faculty is of valuable aid in the production of artistic photography. The extent to which lighting can make or mar a picture, indeed, is almost incalculable. To few of those who do not know intimately the inside of a movie studio is it given to comprehend the value of lights in giving each film its own distinctive touch and in investing a commonplace story with a beauty all its own.

*Laura La Plante inside the 4 ft. "prop" still camera used in her new film "Young Ideas."*



## THE TRUTH ABOUT FILM FAME

(Continued from page 21.)

One piece of advice is therefore necessary to the girl who wants to avoid the disillusionment. Don't think about screen work unless you have a private income, on which you can exist during the months of probation.

If you are in the happy position of being care-free as far as finance is concerned, the only way to gain any sort of recognition in the studios is to keep on trying. Take crowd work as often as it comes your way. Do the little that is asked of you as though it were your greatest mission in life; listen to commands and obey them. Dress your part correctly each time and be punctual and obliging. The producer who really knows his job always "spots" this kind of player, and often gives her a little part to herself in his next production. From these very tiny parts it is only a step to more important ones, but having gained this rung of the ladder there is no reason for you to suppose that you will go on climbing. Hundreds of players remain at the competent and useful stage. They make a comfortable living and are glad to play any sort of part that is offered them. Real genius will always find recognition, but there is very little genius in the world—and a great deal of competence.

To the girl who has never applied for a trial in a "crowd" I would give one piece of advice. Be modest. Don't assure the producer, in your preliminary letter, that you can "ride, drive, swim, dance"—and turn turtle. It would be more useful if you could assure him that you can "act"; but you cannot say that until you have proved your contention. Say only, therefore, that you want to be given a trial in a crowd scene, that you have a good evening dress, and that you are willing to report for duty at any day or time. Enclose a good photograph of yourself (preferably head and shoulders) with particulars of your height, colouring, and name and address on the back and wait patiently for the result. If it is a disappointing one, try again elsewhere. Go on trying, and when you have succeeded in getting a hearing, remember that there are divers ways to success, but all of them are gained by ambition tempered with modesty, work aided by patience, and courage supported by hope.

### Secrets of Beauty.

Every woman may not know, perhaps, that the famous Adair Ganeshi treatment works wonders, not only with the skin, but with tired eyes, and other summer worries. There is a Lily Lotion for keeping the skin fresh and cool, Sunburn Paste and Eastern Cream, to prevent sunburn, and a special course of treatment for lines beneath the eyes. Readers should write to 92, New Bond Street, W.1, for Mrs. Adair's Beauty Booklet containing many beauty secrets.



SANTA TERESITA (Bristol).—(1) Release date of *Monsieur Beaucaire* hasn't been fixed yet. (2) Winifred Hudnut (Natascha Rambova) is the daughter of Richard Hudnut, the soap and perfumery man. (3) No photo of me—not on your life.

G.S. (Scotland) has taken PICTUREGOER for nearly two years without once having let her curiosity get the better of her. I'm sorry for all the hard things I've said about Scotch people, G.S. I take it all back. Evidently, even the wild highlander has some spark of human kindness hidden beneath his rough exterior. I've forwarded your letter to Corinne Griffith.

TAPEMEASURE AND COTTONREEL (Oxford).—Glad you like PICTUREGOER. Here are a few answers to a few of your few questions. (1) Norma is the eldest of the Talmadge sisters and Natalie the youngest. (2) Pola Negri is Polish and was born in Warsaw. (3) No, Rudolph isn't a Mormon. Natascha Rambova, his wife, is also Winifred Hudnut. So that explains away the two of them.

JOYCE (Golders Green).—Rudolph's book of poems "Day Dreams" seems to be still in the clouds. At any rate it hasn't appeared this side yet.

NELL (Middlesbro').—Glad you've had such a nice photo from your favourite Eugene. I note with surprise and delight your total lack of curiosity. Write again whenever you like, my child.

BRIDGET (Cranleigh).—So you're Irish are you? Well don't let that disturb you—it isn't your fault. (1) Rudolph Valentino's first wife was Jean Acker. His present wife is Winifred Hudnut. (Have I ever mentioned this before?) (2) Rudolph was a landscape gardener before the screen claimed him. (3) *The Orphans of the Storm* is an adaptation of the play *The Two Orphans*. (4) Douglas Fairbanks usually does the stunts in his pictures himself. Write again, Colleen, and be as Irish as you like.

H.F.T. (France).—(1) Wheeler Oakman played opposite Priscilla Dean in *The Virgin of Stamboul*. (2) *The Cheat* is the only film in which Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa have played together. Sessue's latest are *The Great Prince Shan*, in which his wife, Tsuro Aoki, and Ivy Duke play opposite him, and *The Yu Sen's Devotion*.

STANLEY (?).—I'll see about an art plate of Milton Sills. His latest releases are *A Lady of Quality* and *Flaming Youth*. You have a nice taste in heroes and villains. Quite a connoisseur, aren't you?

SWITZERLAND (Lausanne).—(1) Look out for an art plate of Ivor soon. (2) Your "Carols" have been passed along with the usual recommendation to mercy.

GARETH'S ADMIRER (Natal).—(1) Wyndham Standing played with Norma and Natalie Talmadge in *The Isle of Conquest*. (2) *The Woman in His House* has only been filmed once. (3) Dorothy Davenport played opposite Wally Reid in *The Valley of Giants*. (4) Joseph Schildkraut is a Roumanian.

BROWN EYES (?).—Your limpid orbs are very haunting. They seem to be always with me. (1) W. S. Hart is about forty-five years old. (2) He used to be married to Winifred Westover. He has one little son, Bill, Jr. (3) Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck.

C. M. Low (Westcliff).—Comedies don't count. Sorry!



PACTUM SERVA (Chislehurst).—Your letter to Pearl and the accompanying carol have gone their separate ways, with the usual blessing.

FRANKY (Brondesbury).—(1) Margaret Cooper was at one time married, though, not, I believe, at the time of her death. (2) Marguerite de la Motte's birthday is June 22nd. (3) Yes, she's married. Thanks for your good wishes.

RUDY-MAD (Wilts).—You'll find information about your favourite in other answers on these pages. (1) Harold Lloyd certainly hasn't been dashed to pieces. What extraordinary yarns some of you fans get hold of! (2) Mahlon Hamilton played the name part in *Daddy Long Legs*. Glad you realise that I'm not an "old boy of ninety with a face like a squashed tomato." Thank you!

A. R. (Harrogate).—Have forwarded your letter.

RUDY-FOR-EVER.—All right, but don't get so excited about it. (1) I'm sorry, but I mustn't divulge that secret. (2) Rudy likes all animals, but dogs are his speciality. (3) So far as I know your favourite doesn't sing in public, though he may warble occasionally in private.

BARTHELMITE (Ireland).—So you are hoping to get on the screen some day? Don't let me discourage you—but if you take my advice you'll leave it at that! (1) I think Dick Barthelmess will send you a signed photo if you write and ask him. He may be in London by the time this is in print. (2) His latest release is *Twenty-One*. An interview with him appeared in Oct. 1921 PICTUREGOER.

C. R. (Glasgow).—(1) Henry Victor's family are not stage people, and, as far as I know, Victor is his right name. (2) Jessica is Violet Hopson's daughter.

WINSTON (Harrogate).—I'm sorry if I sound so formidable. I'm really quite a mild, good-natured sort of chap. (1) Fay Compton has one son. (2) Clive Brook is married to Mildred Evelyn, and they have a baby daughter. (3) Have forwarded your letters.

PRETTY GIRL.—Evidently thinks if she doesn't give her address no one can disprove the assertion. (1) W. S. Hart used to be married to Winifred Westover. He

has a little son, Bill. (2) Tom Mix is of medium height. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. (3) Sid Jordan was born in 1888. Glad to hear you haven't got designs on all three.

GLADYS (Kent).—(1) Tom Meighan was born at Pittsburgh, 1888. (2) Edward Burns is in the thirties. I can't tell you his exact age. Why not write and ask him.

J. B. (Bristol).—Have forwarded your letters. No, I don't mind how many you send—as long as I don't have to answer them. (1) Isobel Elsom was born March 16th, 1894. (2) Chrissie White was born March 4th, 1896. (3) Lillian Douglas was "Eileen" in *Paddy the Next Best Thing*. (4) Mabel Ballin was "Jane" in *Jane Eyre*.

NEW READER (Brixton).—I'll do my best to get those art plates, but not yet awhile for both have already appeared in our Art Gallery.

F. D. (Southsea).—Sorry, but I'm afraid I don't know whether Kitty Gordon is your long lost friend. Why not write and ask her?

MOLLIE (Huddersfield).—(1) Baby Marie Osborne isn't working just now—she's at school. (2) Yes, Tony belongs to Tom Mix, and he and Tom are great friends off, as well as on, the screen. (3) I dare say Tom will autograph a photo for you, if you ask nicely. Write him c/o Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

J. F. B. (Malvern Wells).—Your letter is now at the tender mercy of the G.P.O.

VAL (Surbiton).—(1) Sorry to give you bad news about your favourite, Cowley Wright, but he died about a year ago, shortly after he played in *The Decameron Nights*. (2) Two of his films were *The Rocks of Valpre* and *Ernest Maltravers*. We have never had a photo of him in PICTUREGOER.

NIGELLIA (Gillingham).—Glad you've come round to my way of thinking, Nigellia. (1) Anna Q. Nilsson is married to John M. Gunnerson. (2) Kenneth Harlan was born July 26th, 1895. He's 6 ft. in height, dark complexioned, and has black hair and eyes. He isn't married now. (3) Niles Welch was born





Aileen Pringle and Jack Holt in a scene from "Tiger's Claw."

July 28th, 1888. (4) Jack Perrin played opposite Edith Roberts in *The Adorable Savage*.

IRENE (London).—Glad you like PICTUREGOER. (1) George Hackathorne was "Gavin Dishart" in *The Little Minister*. (2) A four page interview with Dick Barthelmess appeared in October 1921, and a page article in April 1923 issue. (3) Sorry, I haven't had any news of Mae Gaston for some time.

S. H. (Eastbourne).—Have forwarded your letter to Ivor Novello.

A NOTTINGHAM READER (Nottingham).—Don't apologise—I'm not used to it. (1) Nigel Barrie was born February 5th, 1889. (2) He is married. (3) He's gone back to America now. (4) Stewart Rome is a bachelor. He was born January 30th, 1887.

A. V. H. B. (Tunbridge Wells).—(1) Alma Taylor was born in London—not Cambridgeshire. (2) I can't think of any film stars born in Kent or Sussex. (3) Flora Le Breton is of French extraction. She isn't married. (4) Matheson Lang is about forty-five years old. He's about 5 ft. 10 ins. in height. (5) Norman Kerry is considered one of the tallest men on the screen. He is over six ft., so there's hope for you yet.

COLLEEN (Cranleigh).—(1) Rudy's present wife is Winifred Hudnut. (2) He was a landscape gardener before he started film work. My pen writes these details mechanically now. (3) *Orphans of The Storm* was the screen adaptation of the stage play *The Two Orphans*. I'm not going to describe myself to you,

Colleen. I couldn't do myself justice.

GARETH'S ADMIRERS (Maritzburg).—(1) Your favourite played with Norma and Natalie Talmadge in *The Isle of Conquest*. He's in *The Spanish Dancer* with Pola Negri. (2) Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wallace Reid) acted in *The Valley of Ghosts* with Wallace Reid. (3) Joseph Schildkraut was born in Roumania, Oct. 9th, 1896. He's married to Elsie Bartlett Porter, and he has done more stage than screen work.

TWINKLE (Kensington).—Dry those tears, my child. You may twinkle on my horizon whenever you like—as long as you don't do it too often. What do you think of that for generosity? I've forwarded your epistle to Doug.

AMARYLLIS (Paris).—Wants to know "if I'm an old lady." I ask you, would any old lady in her senses take on a job like mine? (1) Rudolph Valentino did have a double for the bull-fighting scenes in *Blood and Sand*. (2) Helene Chadwick is playing "Lady Mary" in *Monsieur Beaucaire*. (3) Sorry I can't tell you when *The Thief of Baghdad* will be shown in Paris.

DOROTHY (London).—(1) I'll tackle the Editor about that Art Plate of Clara Bow. (2) Margaret Leahy is back home, now, and, as far as I know, she has no immediate plans for film work. (3) The release date of *The Arab* hasn't been fixed yet.

P. M. (Yorks).—Many thanks for your almost questionless letter, and your nicely worded appreciation of my own brilliant work! So you loathe Rudolph. Poor

chap, I hope he'll get over it! (1) Ramon's next releases are *Thy Name is Woman* and *The Arab*.

R. C. H. (Southampton).—No, I don't wish you a violent death. After all, what's the good of wishing? (1) Ann Little was born in California. She has black hair and brown eyes. (2) Some of her films are: *Alias Mike Moran*, *Told in the Hills*, *The Bear Trap*, *Lightning Bryce*, *Service Stripes*, *The Cradle of Courage* and *The Blue Fox*. I haven't any news of her at the moment.

D. R. T. (Leicester).—Unless she changes her mind, Pearl White has definitely left the acting side of the screen. In future, she will devote her activities to directing. (2) Her last film was *Plunder*, made at the Eclair Studios in Paris.

BROWN EYES (Surrey).—Nothing surprises me, Brown Eyes. The news that you are not a Valentinoite didn't even cause me to quiver an eye-lash. (1) Norma Talmadge was born May 2nd, 1897. She's married to Joseph Schenck. (2) Wallace Reid died on Jan. 18, 1923. (3) Stewart Rome was born Jan. 30th, 1887.

E. B. (Westminster).—Carol is now at the tender mercy of the "Carols" Editor.

NIKKO (London).—(1) Leon Barry was born in Paris, France, and Fritz Leiber was born in America. (2) Sorry, no casts given now.

THE FOLLY SISTERS (Berks).—Sorry to hear you're both suffering so acutely. But experience of film fans tells me you'll get over it in time, so bear up. (1) Rudolph isn't likely to go to Italy just now—he's busy working. (2) Helene Chadwick and Bebe Daniels play with him in *Monsieur Beaucaire*. (3) I think he would send you those signed photos if you ask nicely.

A FICKLE ONE (Huddersfield).—Sorry I can't ease your aching heart, but I haven't any recent information of either of your two favourites. (1) Alec Fraser was born in London. He studied law but later started stage work and in 1911 made his first film with Vitagraph. He also served in the Regular Army in India. Some of his films are: *City of Comrades*, *The World and Its Woman*, *Lord and Lady Algy*, *Heartsease*, *Earthbound*, *Her Code of Honour* and *Little Brother of God*. (2) Maurice Flynn is the son of a New York financier. He did not take to his father's business, but went cattle ranching in Mexico. During the war he served as an aviator, and afterwards started film work. Some of his pictures are: *The Silver Horde*, *The Last Trail*, *Oath Bound*, *Smiles are Trumps*, *Bucking the Line* and *Tempered Steel*. (3) *The Sea Hawk* will probably be released next August, but they may decide to hold it back until after Christmas.

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE





Jack Harding, Syd

Walker ("Old Bill"), Marion Davies and E. Mason Hopper, photographed at Cosmopolitan Studios whilst "Janice Meredith" was being made.

**WHITE ROSE (York).**—So you're a supporter of British films and an admirer of Clive Brook (1) You'll have a chance of seeing the latter presently in *The Passionate Adventure*, in which he plays with Marjorie Daw. (2) Nigel Barrie is British. Born at Calcutta, India, and educated in England. He had a long stage career before taking up film work. (3) Tell your friend I've forwarded her two letters in my usual obliging fashion.

**J. C. R. (Coventry).**—Letter to Gregory Scott has been duly forwarded, and I've no doubt he is now feeling almost as grateful as you are.

**GLADYS (Tottenham).**—Don't lose your beauty-sleep over me, Gladys. What are film heroes for? (1) Matheson Lang's married to Hutin Britton. He has several children. (2) He's about forty. I've passed your carol on with the usual recommendation to mercy.

**KEWITE (Surrey).**—I didn't know I was such an awe-inspiring chap. You quite alarm me. Margaret Leahy isn't making pictures just now. She's home again in England.

**ELSA (Cheshire).**—I may be a Human Encyclopædia, but no one can ever accuse me of being an Editor. (1) Art plate of Wallace Reid appeared in December 1921, **PICTUREGOER**. You can obtain a copy of this number from our Publishing Dept., Arne Street, W.C.2, price 1/3 post free. (2) You might obtain stills from the company who released the film you have in mind.

**SPIKE (Southport).**—(1) You'll find the answer to your first question above. (2) Harrison Ford played opposite Marion Davies in *Little Old New York*.

**E. M. (Crofton Park).**—Glad you've found **PICTUREGOER**. Better late than never. (1) Conway Tearle is half-brother to Godfrey Tearle. He's married to Adelaide Rowland, and his latest release is *Black Oxen*. You might get a photo of him from Associated First National, 37—39, Berners St., W.1.

**MAUVE (Bournemouth).**—(1) Monte Blue is quite well thank you, as far as I know. (2) His next release will be *The Marriage Circle*. Address him c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine St., California.

**PAT.**—Harrison Ford was born in 1886. His next release is *The Living Past*. Now he is making *Janice Meredith* with Marion

Davies, so you will have a chance of seeing these two together again in the near future.

**SAIREY ANN (London).**—I've passed your carol on with the usual blessing. Glad somebody agrees with my own modest opinion of myself.

**CONSTANCE (Walsall).**—(1) Write to Clive Brook c/o *Picturegoer*. (2) Clive is married to Mildred Evelyn. (3) He is somewhere between thirty-five and forty. His birthday is June 1. His next film release will be *The Passionate Adventure*. He is tall and fair with blue eyes. Thanks for the lunch you promise to stand me, if I am ever in your direction. I shall be with you as soon as I can borrow the fare to Walsall.

**RUTH (Linthwaite).**—(1) Conway Tearle is married to Adelaide Rowland. (2) Rudolph Valentino off the screen is not unlike Rudolph Valentino on the screen.

**WINIFREDA (Winchmore Hill).**—Have forwarded your letter. (1) Ivor Novello is about 5 ft. 5 ins. in height. I haven't been over him with a tape measure. (2) Mae Marsh is 5 ft. 3 ins. in height. She is married to Louis Lee Arms, and has a little daughter Mary.

**G. L. G. (Gillingham).**—Have forwarded your budget of letters. You will probably get a reply if you wait patiently.

**LANG MAD (Glastonbury).**—I'll do my best to relieve you, if it's possible. (1) Matheson Lang is about forty years old. (2) He's married to Hutin Britton, who has acted with him in *The Wandering Jew* and several other stage plays. (3) Write to him for an autographed photo, and send your letter c/o **PICTUREGOER**. My own charms are unique—in fact some people even go so far as to say that I am like nothing on earth.

**NIME (Wales).**—Victor Seastrom is working for Goldwyn's now. His address is Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. (2) His next film will be called *The Tree in the Garden*, and his leading lady is Norma Shearer.

**X.Y.Z. (Oxford).**—Elliott Dexter was born in Texas. He married a well-known society woman.

**R.B. (Winchester).**—(1) Betty Compson is engaged to James Cruze. (2) Her birthday is March 18th. (3) Dorothy Dickson has only starred in one film, called *Paying the Piper*.

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# What do You Think?

## YOUR VIEWS AND OURS



"I AM not altogether pleased at the prospect of *Peter Pan* in celluloid," writes Myra (Deptford). "Of course I love it, who doesn't? But I can't find my ideal 'Peter' in *Peter, Where Art Thou?* all Screen-land. 'Wendy' is easy, May McAvoy, so is 'Captain Hook' Lon Chaney, or perhaps Ernest Torrence. But I've thought and thought and thought and I cannot find the perfect 'Peter.' What do you think?" [Selections by your fellow thinkers for *Peter Pan* include Jackie Coogan, Marion Davis, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Mary Pickford, Betty Balfour, and Nazimova. Ernest Torrence is Paramount's own choice for 'Hook.']

"I'VE got the latest 'Movie Malady'—it's changing from a Valentino to a Novarro fan. Judging by my friends it's very infectious.

I fought against it, fortifying myself with memories of *A Fair Deserter*. *Julio Gallardo*, *The Sheik*, etc., but to no avail. Risking death from 'brickbats' I hereunder set down my symptoms. 'Rudy-Mad'—very prejudiced, I superciliously went to see *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

Ramon.—A clever little "swank" with wonderful eyes.  
Rudy.—My Star!!!!  
Where the Pavement Ends.

Ramon.—A young god who can act.

Rudy.—Brightly shining.

Trifling Women.

Ramon.—Gets me at the throat—that's all.

Rudy.—Shining.

Scaramouche.

Ramon.—Brilliant! Like Barrymore's best.

Rudy.—Flickering.

Thy Name is Woman.

Ramon.—Out-Valentino's Valentino!

Rudy.—Snuffed!!!

Boldly I sign myself.—Mary Lytton (London).

"THERE are some very good films, I know," laments "The Scarlet Pimpernel (Torquay)," "but there are also some which are simply piffle far-fetched and altogether impossible Drastically Yours. And we poor innocent fans have to sit through them and suffer! Yet stories of the West like Clarence Mulford's 'Bar 20' series remained unfilmed. I'm surprised, too that, more of Baroness Orczy's and Ridgwell Cullum's stories are not screened; and one more thing. May I, through the medium of this page, sign on as a member of the Anti-Rudolph Gang? I was keen about him at first, but now I am a staunch 'anti.' For really wonderful acting, Matheson Lang wins every time. Please ask the Editor to print some more photos of him! For the best athlete and the jolliest fellow, Douglas Fairbanks, and Harold Lloyd is the best comedian. I cannot imagine what anyone sees in Charlie Chaplin. His films are generally too vulgar to be comical."

"I ABSOLUTELY agree with and most heartily champion Winifreda's sentiments," remarks Vera

Paqualin (Finchley), in the course of a long and heated letter. "As one of *A Persistent Pleader*. Wally Reid's most faithful fans I must say something about revivals of his films. How is it that Valentino's ancient masterpieces (?) in which he was usually the villain have been dug out and shown everywhere as "starring the greatest screen actor" without adverse comment? If renters can send out revivals like this, and can re-issue Chaplin's oldest and worst annually, surely Wally's films could appear once again. I missed several I would give worlds to see because I was away at school. I'd like to know if other fans agree with me. [PICTUREGOER agrees with you to the extent of publishing the full story of *Clarence*, starring Wally Reid, in the August issue, so let that content you, emphatic one.]

"REGARDING re-issues, I too, disagree with Winifreda. I am an ardent picturegoer and loved Wally Reid and dear little Olive Thomas, but when they died I couldn't understand why their films were

Let Them

R. I. P.

shown. Much as I admired them, I have never been to see a film where they were and several of my friends likewise."—Dora Bonella (Thornton Heath.)

"I SHOULD like to know why it is that more movie fans do not appreciate the excellent acting and fine personality of athletic George Walsh. George, besides being a noted actor, is a great all-round athlete, and a clean, wholesome, vigorous specimen of manhood. There is no swank about George, he is genuine. He has all the qualities for screen-acting, in face, figure, manners, and personality, there is something superior about George. One of George's characteristics is his long wavy hair which is a great asset to him in the historic roles in which he plays. George's handsome smile plays a great part in his acting, and his love-making is so quiet and manly. George looks a gentleman, and has the manners of a gentleman. In *Rosita*, George and Mary Pickford made an excellent combination. In the prison scenes, and on the altar, George was excellent. In *Vanity Fair* his acting was fine. There is not another fellow to come up to George on the screen."—Walsh's Understudy (Watford).

All for George.

THE THINKER.



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Phyllis Lytton





### MARSHALL NEILAN

One of the youngest amongst film directors "Mickey" Neilan is also amongst the greatest. His films, which include "Daddy-Long-Legs," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Penrod," "Dinty," and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," may not be subtle, but they are essentially human—like himself.



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



al Roach and Mack Sennett modestly call themselves, in an advertisement, "the only comedy producers that count." Yet I seem to have heard of a fellow called Chaplin.

The idea of producing films without titles seems to be dead. Most recent films suggest that they're trying out the idea of producing titles without any films.

Gloria Swanson says that clothes do not make the actress. Seems as if she'd caught that idea from Mack Sennett. What? O well, Gloria was his first Bathing Beauty.

Talking of Gloria she came to England to persuade Sir James Barrie to let her play *Peter Pan*. If she tells him she played in *The Admirable Crichton* he'll be mighty surprised. Don't suppose he ever recognised it.

And talking of *Peter Pan*, Betty Balfour's claim to the part is that she was a relation of Robert Louis Stevenson. I hear that Conway Tearle is going to claim it because his brother Godfrey played in *What Every Woman Knows*.

Flora Le Breton offers to cut off her hair if she can have the part. I'm expecting to hear any moment that Ben Turpin will have his eyes put straight if Sir James will say "Yep."



Ben Turpin.

There's a rush of colour films just now. Next we shall have natural colour films, we are told. Then, of course, we shall get perfectly natural colour films. After that perhaps they'll let us have films again.

When Doug. was in Paris he signed his name on the tablecloth to make them remember him. Other stars have seven thousand feet of photographs taken to make us forget them.



Betty Balfour.

If an American producer had come over here to make "Love, Life, and Laughter," he'd have spelled it differently. He'd have called it "£ove, £ife and £aughter."

Whenever you read that a film having a special run in the West End is "turning people away at every performance" look out. It usually means that even those with complimentary tickets can't sit through it.

This is a Fairy Tale. There was once a Famous Star who never read anything that appeared about her in the papers, and who never gave interviews to a pressman. The End.

A famous theatre created interest for *The Sea Hawk* by displaying in the lobby the original costumes worn by the actors in the film. I understand that when they showed *The Temple of Venus* the idea was not considered practicable.

Most of the stars that have won the American public," I read, "have been wistful and little and scared." Doesn't that just explain the fascination of Bull Montana, Wallace Beery and Walter Hiers?



Walter Hiers.

During the last twelve months the staff of First National read 5,000 novels in the attempt to find one suitable for the screen. No flowers, by request.

I can't see the sense in all this talk about "highbrows." It's easy. A "lowbrow" is a man who sees it through, while a "highbrow" is simply a man who sees through it.

Theodore Roberts long ago earned the title of The Grand Old Man Of The Screen. After *Black Oxen* it only seems fitting to call Corinne Griffith The Gland Old Woman Of The Screen.

Eddie Phillips has been teaching Hollywood how to roller-skate. He says it's for a film. The real reason probably is that they're tired of skating on thin ice.

Anna Q. cut off her hair to play *Ponjola*; Bert Lytell bleached his hair to play *Rupert of Hentzau*; Lon Chaney wore a rubber suit to play the *Hunchback*. I've just seen Nazimova's re-issues, and Nazimova—Oh well, she just acted.



Nazimova.



Adolphe Menjou was always a competent screen player. But he gives Chaplin and "A Woman of Paris," the credit for making him what he is and setting a new fashion in heroes.

Adolphe Menjou is the Philanderer de Luxe. He has philtered his way into the very heart of the movies, and the Menjou Mode is the mode of the moment. This peculiar cross between a hero and a villain is something quite new in an industry in which it is remarkably difficult to find anything new.

A film such as *Broadway After Dark*—poor though it is in quality—marks the beginning of another epoch in film fashions which, it is safe to prophesy, will become as popular as the Mother-love era or the epoch of Great Open Spaces Where Men are Men.

Menjou, starring here for the first time, is allowed to fill the bill with a detailed study of a type as individual as any created by Valentino, William Hart or Barthelmess. He is the complete Man-About-Town and—this is the point—he is the hero, not the villain, of the story. This is not the first time that he has worn the white spats of a far from blameless life: but it is the first time they have covered the shins of anything but a villain.

The Menjou hero is not at all the type that the Nice Girl's Mother would like the Nice Girl to marry—but he is en-

tirely the type that the Nice Girl herself would choose. His past will not bear looking into. He keeps a telephone book in which are listed the Christian names of many ladies whose surnames he has forgotten. On slack evenings he calls them up. They write him love letters—which amuse him because they make such admirable paper boats which he can sail while he is having his bath. He doesn't know where all his money goes to—and perhaps it's just as well. He knows women with an uncanny exactitude, and plays on their foibles just



Left: As "Le Duc De Langeais" (a medieval Man-About-Town) in "The Eternal Flame."

Left: The complete Man-About-Town with Anna Q. Nilsson in "Broadway After Dark."

as skilfully as he plays on the saxophone.

But—and it's a big but—he has a sense of humour. He is quick and generous and sympathetic, and has no



Top: In "Clarence."

Above: With Edna Purviance in "A Woman of Paris."

delusions on the score of his own merit. He knows Broadway for just exactly what it is, and knows himself for what he has been, and wants, often enough, to be something quite different. He is that rather rare thing of the screen, the true gentleman.

This is the Menjou hero, which has sprung from the Menjou villain, and sprung, as it were, over night, in a sudden flash of an artist's perception. . . . The artist? Chaplin.

It happened in this way. Nature in-



tended Adolphe Menjou for a villain. So did Adolphe Menjou. Born in France, with a French father and an Irish mother, he was taken to America as a small boy, educated at a military academy, and graduated from Cornell University: his dramatic training he picked up on the stage in stock companies and vaudeville.

Then he grew a moustache, went to Vitagraph and started his screen career playing villains. The moustache forced his hand: so did his own temperament. Sauve and cynical and fastidious—what other type of part was open to him? So did his early life, with an epicurean father—a famous caterer—who taught his young son to appreciate the good things of this world. All Menjou's dramatic talent was directed from early years towards the creation of villains. For apparently in the American screen world there is no place for the polished worldly hero. The hero of the American film has to be either a Man of Brawn or The Good Boy of the Family.

The trouble was that Menjou's villain was not really the villain of the screen

Right: A Close-up of Adolphe Menjou.



*Bella Donna*; while Clarence, *The Kiss*, *The Faith Healer*, *Head Over Heels*, *The Fast Mail*, and *Courage*, are a handful, picked at random, of his villainous attempts.

In all these he was exactly the same—it was all eyebrow work and curling lip, rich clothes and illicit love. The trouble was that for all his capable acting his villains never quite came off. Screen villains being two a penny, there were other stock players—such as Stuart Holmes, Charles Gerrard and



Left: In  
"The  
Spanish  
Dancer."



Above: With Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino (the recumbent figure) in "The Sheik."

either. It has been recognised for a long time that a man might smile and smile and be a villain—but he might not laugh. Menjou's sense of humour always told against him, just as his fastidiousness always told against his playing hero rôles. So it happened that no one had heard of him before *A Woman of Paris*—despite the fact that he had played—and played well—in lots of other big screen successes.

You can probably remember his face, and vaguely his name, but it would sur-

prise many knowledgeable fans to read the complete list of his parts and to realise that he was there in the background of many a film which they have seen and seen again for the work of some other star.

He was in *The Three Musketeers*, *The Sheik*, *The Eternal Flame*; he hid behind Mary Pickford in *Through The Back Door*: he had quite a good part in *Singed Wings*—but Ernest Torrence obscured him: he was to be seen in



Leatrice Joy pleads with him in  
"The Marriage Cheat."

Lew Cody—who, with only half his talent, made quite double his success. Nobody quite knew why until Chaplin came along. Chaplin knows. He has only to look at an actor and he knows. Look at the success achieved by Nellie Bly Baker in *A Woman of Paris*.

(Continued on Page 55).



# Lost, Stolen or Strayed?

by  
JOSIE P. LEDERER



Where are the stars of yesteryear? Some of them are still going strong but others belong to the legion of the lost.

"Bright stars I loved, inside the Kinema, where are you now? Where are you now?" is the moan of the Movie fan these days. The return of Pauline Frederick and Nazimova has reawakened fond thoughts of those others whose faces are never seen on the silver sheet now. And the Personal Columns of the daily papers could be filled to overflowing should anyone think of advertising all filmland's absentees to "Come back and all will be forgiven."

Let us deal first with the "lost" ones. Stars who are "though lost to sight yet still to memory dear." Like Marguerite Clark, for instance. Dear little "Wildflower," "Prunella," "Babs." Heroine of hosts of other charming childhood and fairy tale films. Fans still write to George asking "What has become of Marguerite Clark?"

The answer's a wedding-ring. Marguerite married L. Palmerson Williams, a gentleman of the Old South, and is a leader of Society down in New Orleans. She still answers her fan mail, though it is pretty certain she will make no more screenplays. Not even *Peter Pan*.



Ivy Close.



Godfrey  
Tearle.  
(Photo by  
Claude  
Harris.)



Mercy Hatton and Gregory Scott have  
not been seen in filmland for ages.

And, talking of wedding rings, why does the Editor of PICTUREGOER always look guilty when anybody mentions the fact that Mercy Hatton is seldom or never seen on the screen nowadays? Why, indeed? Because Mercy married and left the screen and it was all his doing. Hers was a PICTUREGOER romance, which commenced at the first Kinema Carnival at the Hotel Cecil, and culminated in wedding bells.

"Meet Russell Mallinson," said the Editor of PICTUREGOER, on the first-named occasion, "he writes interviews and articles in the PICTUREGOER."

"Delighted," said Mercy, who was a Romney lady that night.

They danced together all the evening, and that was the beginning of the end of the film career of a charming British star.

Then there is Gregory Scott, hero of so many Broadwest films. Or rather, there was Gregory Scott. When last heard from, he was chicken farming somewhere in Sussex and apparently Movieland will see him no more.

Reading  
downwards:  
Gladys Walton, who  
retired when this  
article went to press  
but returned before it  
was in print, and  
Mary Miles Minter.



Where is Ivy Close? I'll tell you. Ivy played in *La Roue* (*The Wheel*) with Abel Gance in the year 1922, and in a few Stoll films after that. But she recently lost her husband, Elwin Neame, the famous

*Below: Ethel Clayton.*



*Olga Petrova, who has forsaken Movies for some years.*



*Pearl White*



*Left:  
Milton  
Rosmer.  
Right:  
Henry  
Edwards*



photographer, and now devotes herself to carrying on his business, and to the care of her children.

Lost—Henry Edwards, actor, and Guy Newall director. Likewise Victor Seastrom, actor. Seastrom, who is one of screenland's finest artists, directs only these days. Guy Newall asked for and obtained leave-of-absence from filmland to write a book. Then he wired for an extension to make said book into a play for his wife Ivy Duke, promising to film it afterwards. Now he's basely deserted and become a film actor (in *What the Butler Saw*). But he really belongs amongst the strays, for he may return. And Henry Edwards positively will return.

A prime favourite a few years ago was Olga Petrova from Petrograd. This noted stage-actress won thousands of friends for herself via the silver-sheet. Have you forgotten her? Or do you want her back. If so it's up to you to shout for her. And all serial fans should unite in one tremendous and far-reaching yell for Pearl White, who declares she is through with acting for ever.

Missing from filmland since a year or two before the war, Godfrey Tearle has deprived picturegoers all over the world of a really worth while someone-to-rave-about. He is considered by many, the finest actor on the British stage; he has personality, good looks—'n'everything. His last film was a coloured costume play, made, I believe, in France. He screened splendidly. Why was he allowed to drop out? Film fans rave over Conway Tearle, but, with all due respect to Conway, Godfrey is a far better actor, and where Conway commands his ten thousand admirers Godfrey could command his twenty. If he would. But he's an extremely modest man. He objects to publicity, and especially personal publicity. He'll probably object to this. But won't some good, kind producer please sign up Godfrey Tearle.

Why W. H. Berry has never made a film is something I never could understand. Here is a face which could move mountains—to laughter. The genial comedian would be a second John Bunny if someone would just write a few bright scenarios for him.

Mary Miles Minter hasn't entered a studio for a year. She was so much ahead of schedule that her last Realart feature is only just released. And she has enough £ s. d. to keep her in luxury for life, yet she will return one day.

So much for the lost ones. Now for the stolen—the stage has taken most of them. Commencing with Eille Norwood who is taking Sherlock Holmes in person round the provinces, we are left lamenting Milton Rosmer, Cecil Humphreys, Olive Sloan, Mary Clare, Phyllis Neilson Terry, Nora Swinburne, Langhorne Burton, Ethel Clayton, Elsie Ferguson, Alice Lake, Miriam Battista and Constance Binney.

(Continued on page 54).



Meaning Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan, the popular film favourites.



Colleen Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Conway Tearle saw them off from Los Angeles.

For years it has been one of my dearest wishes to meet Marshall Neilan, and tell him in good Plain English how much I hated him. I wanted to give him what is known as a "socking." I wanted to unloose upon his curly head all the pent-up vials of wrath that has been accumulating within me for so long.

"Don't be rough with him" pleaded Associated First National's publicity-man, as I gnashed my teeth outside the door. "They say he's come over here to go into hospital. Besides, his wife mightn't like it, and we can't have you upsetting one of our best stars. What's the trouble about?"

"It's about a baby," I hissed. "I've got to find out—." Just then the door opened, and the publicity man hastily re-arranged the expression on his countenance. "Remember," he whispered, "He's a sick man." "Not half so sick as I was when I saw *Madam Butterfly* on the screen and found they'd introduced a Japanese baby into it" I growled. "Neilan's got to go through it for that. I've never forgiven him."

The man must have felt guilty. He was hiding in the darkest corner of the room. It was Blanche Sweet who received me. Not Daphne Wayne but Blanche Sweet, and very sweet indeed. Gone for ever is Daphne Wayne, of the haunted eyes, straying wisps of pale hair, and unhappy expression, leaving instead a radiant young lady, very smart as to attire, very tidy about the coiffure (shingled, by the way), and very, very proud of her big, good-looking husband.

Almost before I had time to tell her one half of what we in England thought of her "Anna Christie," she had insisted upon presenting him.

So I shook hands, with a smile on my face and murder in my heart.



The Neilans, with Rebecca West (centre), whose novel, "The Return of the Soldier," will be filmed by Neilan.

He has grown a bit stouter and a whole lot greyer since he stopped being a star to become one of Filmland's best directors, but he's as handsome as ever, especially when he takes his shell-rims off.

"Pleased to meet you" he said, in a pleasant, very American baritone.

"Delighted" I replied. "I hate you."

"Good heavens!" chorussed the Mickey-Neilans. "Why?"

"You directed the world's worst movie," I admonished, severely, "I'll own you've made a few of the world's best, since. But I can't forgive *Madam Butterfly*. When I think of what you might have done with it, having Mary Pickford for your star, and what you did do with it, I could weep."

"Yes," he admitted, "it was a bad Left: Blanche Sweet as "Anna Christie," an unforgettable characterisation.

Mickey Neilan, director, in action, rehearsing an emotional scene in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."







Mr. and Mrs. Mickey take their first peep at Piccadilly from their hotel balcony.

movie. Mary and I *did* weep over it. But—

He looked at his wife, with a twinkle in his eye. And she twinkled back, and said:

"It was a long time ago."

"But why the Japanese baby?" I persisted. "Why the absurd alterations? . . . Why—" I spluttered on until I was out of breath, declaring as a final effort that I would never forgive Marshall Neilan.

"Wait till you see *Tess*," said "Tess" herself, soothingly. "There are no Japanese babies in *Tess*. If you liked *Anna Christie* you're going to like *Tess* better."

Which was not entirely to the point, but served to distract my fury.

They seemed surprised that we had seen neither Doug's *Thief of Baghdad* nor Mary's *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* yet.

"Douglas," said Mickey (I wanted to called him Mickey before I'd known him five minutes. I didn't, because—well, for various reasons, but I'm going to now on paper anyway.) "Deserves all the praise you can think of. He made that movie in the face of dire prophecies from everyone he knew that it was going to be a failure."

Right: Blanche Sweet in "*In The Palace of The King*." Below: Her newest portrait study.



Blanche Sweet has a wicked wink.

stand one another, Mary and I. I can do pretty well *whatever* I like with her."

(Mary says Marshall Neilan is her favourite director because she can twist him around her little finger. Which proves conclusively that they're both Irish.)

"Temperamental?" pursued Mickey. "No. Nor upstage. But she doesn't turn her emotions on and off like a tap. There are comedy days and days when it's sob stuff with Mary. But I know directly I see her on the lot in the morning which it's going to be."

They say it takes one genius to understand another. Anyway, he made Mary's three best pictures, *Daddy-Long-Legs*, *Stella Maris*, and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, so he ought to know.

We talked of *Anna Christie*, and of Blanche Sweet's wonderful characterisation of the heroine.

"I had never seen the play," she told me, "when I played 'Anna.' Yes, I *did* like the part, and I tried to lose myself in 'Anna.' Do you know, the first evening we were here, we went sightseeing round Limehouse and some other places; and in one of them a girl came and told me how much she liked 'Anna.' I was so pleased about it. She said she had seen it four times, and that it was very true to life."

It is difficult to believe that Blanche Sweet started making movies as long ago as she says she did. We know she was "The Biograph Blonde, just as Mary Pickford was "The Girl With the Curls." And of course, she commenced when she was very young. Her *Judith of Bethulia* was made when she was in her teens.

Even then, her work was intense, sincere and forceful, with that touch of the sombre which we always associate with Swedish art.

I told her so.

"She is part Swedish," observed her husband.

"One third," corroborated Blanche Sweet. "One third is English, and the rest good American."

(Continued on page 54).





# The Perfect Peter Pan

Whilst making no pretence of solving a problem that would have baffled Solomon our contributor puts forward a few interesting suggestions. "Peter" is just a boy, with a wistful, elfish charm that is all his own. It will be difficult to find a perfect Peter Pan.



Above: Shirley Mason can be a boy at times.

ractically every film star in Hollywood has confessed to one all-consuming desire. That is, to play Barrie's famous "boy who never grew up" on the screen. There is a list of them as long as your arm—these would-be "Peter Pans." Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Flora le Breton, Betty Balfour, Jackie Coogan, Gloria Swanson, Mae Murray, Betty Compson, May McAvoy, and of course Mary Pickford, are amongst them. It only remains now for someone to suggest Charlie Chaplin and John Barrymore, and the list will be complete.

Of all these Flora le Breton has worked hardest for the part, for she has made, directed and arranged a short test film showing her own interpretation of "Peter." Betty Balfour, as Sir James himself says, would make an excellent "Wendy"; Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray have both played boy rôles in films, if this is any qualification. And Jackie Coogan is—well, he's Jackie Coogan but he isn't "Peter," although in a year or two he might prove better suited to the part. Some people consider Nazimova amongst the "possibles"; it would certainly be interesting to see what she would make of the rôle. She would be certain to bring intelligent understanding to the portrayal, at any rate.

Then there is a little known French star



Top: Nazimova's "Peter Pan" would be interesting at any rate.

Centre oval: Viola Dana as "Ruth" in a Charity Performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Left: Mae Murray.

Josyanne by name. She is twenty-two, and those who have seen her say she has a rare, spirituelle type of beauty. Rumour hath it that Famous Lasky are seriously considering her as a possible "Peter."

Wesley Barry would have been a good choice save for the fact that he is decidedly *not* a boy who wouldn't grow up. For Wes. has grown surprisingly these past twelvemonths and is now hopelessly out of the running—for Peter. But he is the ideal "slightly." The choice, in my opinion, will eventually fall upon Gladys Cooper's son "John." He is a real boy, has a decided gift for acting, inherited from his beautiful mother, no doubt, and screens delightfully, besides being a thoroughly British type.

None of the others have any outstanding claim to consideration. Most of them are too girlish and too pretty, for Peter, who is just a boy with an elfin charm that is all his own—a charm that it will be difficult to transfer to the screen.

For, after all, the question is not so much who can *play* Peter but who can *be* Peter. Whoever is eventually chosen must be able to grasp the spirit of the thing and to weave it into the portrayal. To submerge her own personality absolutely, to forget every little mannerism and action that is peculiarly hers, and to become for the time "Peter Pan." If she can do this—and it will be harder in the screen version than on the stage where the words of the play help so much "Peter" may yet survive the perils that beset him on his advent into celluloid. The question is, where is this Perfect Peter to be found?

Personally I should prefer to see a boy chosen, if the right kind of boy were forthcoming. There are so few boy stars, who are at all likely. Jackie Coogan could tell the world, pathetically, that he had "never had a mother," but there would probably be too much Peter and not enough Pan about his portrayal. And the same thing applies to other boys who have been suggested.

Candidly, I do not think a celluloid "Peter" will be found in realms so far removed from the Never-Never-Land as Hollywood. I am inclined to think that he doesn't exist, or, if he does, he is tucked away in some obscure corner where even Sir James Barrie cannot find him.

But there is one hopeful feature in this search for the ideal screen Peter. The actual choice of the star lies with Sir James himself, and surely he has too great a regard for the child of his own imaginings than to leave his portrayal in incompetent hands. For he knows better than anyone what the screen can do for Peter."

The saddest thing it can, and surely will do, should the wrong star be chosen to play him, is to take away his wings and make him grow up at last.

E. E. BARRETT.



## My Trip Abroad

RUDOLPH  
VALENTINO

Rudy has the impressionable, poetic temperament of the true Italian. Witness his vivid word pictures of his Atlantic voyage and of London.

do something. We both refused. I gave what money I could spare to the cause, but told them that for me to dance was out of the question. A woman on board who was very active in the affair, made the remark that she thought it outrageous of me. . . I owed the Public so much, she said, that the least I could do was to comply with a request of that nature. . . She said the same about Mr. Arliss. . . who also refused, but with a like donation of money. Why can't some people understand how tired we get? How much we need, now and then, to be alone, to think, to store up energy? It isn't that I, personally, am not willing to do all that I can to please the people who have been so nice to me, but it is that there comes a time when it isn't a question of volition. . . I cannot do more.

I felt very much to-day, as I did that last day in New York. Part of the trip was drawing to a close. Soon. . . soon now I should see England. . . London. . . the storied site of history. I should see the seats of royalty. . . the Tower of London. . . Buckingham. . . Hampton Court. . . Ascot. . . Leicester Square and Piccadilly. . . the Strand. . . I had veritable shivers of anticipation. . .

"I am glad," I told Natacha, "that I instructed

Rudolph Valentino, whose intimate account of his European experiences appears below.

On board S/s Aquitania.

I told Natacha that when I had been coming over that first time, ten years ago, the immensity of the whole thing made me feel shrivelled up, and small and frightened, but that now, with her beside me, with the fruitful experiences of the past ten years as a sort of background of courage, I felt larger than Time and Space.

We decided that one must feel larger than Time and Space in order to get along. There are so many things to beat in the world. . . so many fields of battle to triumph over. . . We stood toward the back of the ship. . . Now and then we made some slight, fragmentary remark. . . for the rest, we were silent. . . It is one of the most perfect charms of life to me to talk to a woman like that. . . I mean. . . without effort, detachedly. . . here and there. . . in the moonlight and stillness. . . voicing the random thoughts as they come to me. . . wrapped and drowned in beauty. . .

#### Last Day Out.

Hours piled upon hours of sheer beauty and rest. . . Now and then some little thing of irritation to prove to me that I am not apart from the world of material troubles. . . Just as

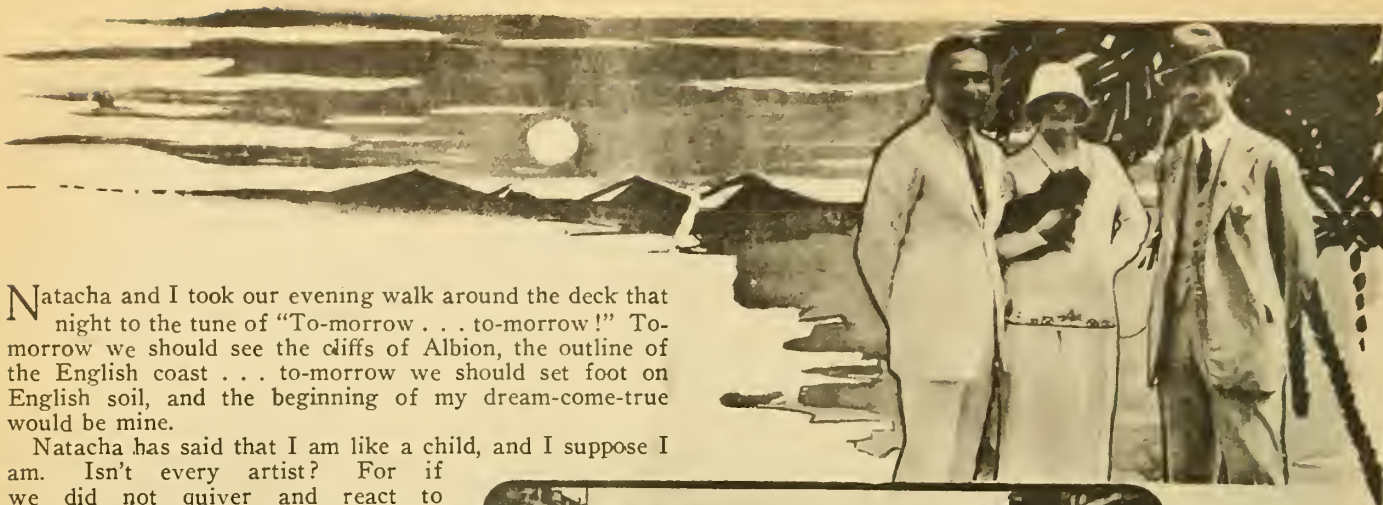


Rudy leans out of the window of the train to give two British fans an autograph.

Natacha prophesied, to give her the credit, I was severely criticised for keeping to myself. . . Some sort of a benefit was got up on shipboard and I was asked to dance. Mr. Arliss was also asked to

my secretary, who went ahead of me, not to announce the time of my arrival. I feel like I did when I first made a public appearance. . . it is a sort of stage-fright. . . I was really a little bit afraid of the English people. . . how they would receive me. . . I wouldn't admit this publicly, but in the pages of my diary I dare to say that I am still a victim of that ancient theatrical malady. . . stage fright.





Natacha and I took our evening walk around the deck that night to the tune of "To-morrow . . . to-morrow!" To-morrow we should see the cliffs of Albion, the outline of the English coast . . . to-morrow we should set foot on English soil, and the beginning of my dream-come-true would be mine.

Natacha has said that I am like a child, and I suppose I am. Isn't every artist? For if we did not quiver and react to all of the new and strange sallies of life, of people, of the things that happen to us, how could we, in turn, convey them to the Public. I think that an artist should be the most plastic thing under the sun, responsive to every touch, a sort of a victim, as it were, to every impression.

To-morrow . . . to-morrow . . . it is like a chant in my blood . . .

#### *London, First Night.*

Natacha is asking why I do not go to bed. It is three in the morning and I am really exhausted, but too stirred

*Below: The Valentinos ready to land at Southampton.*



*Above: Rudy and his wife with George Arliss, the distinguished actor, who is still in England.*

*Left: They confessed to a thrill at their first glimpse of the Strand, London's famous thoroughfare.*



a few tears of farewell . . . how sad they inevitably are . . . farewells.

We reached Southampton at seven in the evening and were met by some twenty or thirty of what I term my "unseen friends." Fans.

It had been rumoured about before I left that I was the possessor of some unbelievable number of suits and other garments, and I had to exhaust all of my vocabulary in convincing the gentlemen in authority that I had only a requisite and rather modest wardrobe and that I planned to get most of my suits and coats in London . . . which was also an inadvisable remark, as I was later to discover. . .

We reached London at midnight, in a pouring rain.

I had expected to arrive very quietly with no one but my secretary to meet me. It had been announced that we were arriving some time that day, but not precisely *when*, and it never occurred to me that anyone would hang around, waiting. . .

To my positive astonishment, we found that we were assailed by at least a thousand boys and girls, who had stood all night in the dismal, pouring rain, waiting for our arrival!

It was the most spontaneous and

thrilling greeting I believe that I ever had . . . perhaps because it was so unexpected. And at first they were all very courteous and gentle, until I had nearly walked my way out of the throng and then those who had not succeeded in acquiring the desired autograph began to grow excited and fearful and a sort of hum rose up around us, like a hive in excited action . . . I did all of them that I could. It was so sweet of them to wait for me like that. I knew that they would have, severally and individually, a difficult time getting to their various homes, as all the bus systems stop work in London at midnight. They had waited a long and dreary time to see me, and the least that I could do for them was to put my name on their pathetic little slips of paper. It was a slight repayment for what they had so patiently done.

We finally managed to locate our car and drove to the Carlton Hotel. The Carlton is under the same management at the Ritz, both in London here, and in New York. . .

My secretary told us that we had *the* suite, "the" very much emphasised, in the hotel and that the notable set of rooms and the imposing bed had been slept in by a long line of imposing personages before us. Natacha said that we were paying for history, and I said that one could pay for nothing more substantial. . .

and excited and exultant to sleep. I want to put it all down in my diary before sleep dulls the first knife-like impression . . . it was tremendous . . .

Auntie left us at Cherbourg with a long list of advice and admonition and





*Threadneedle Street. London, familiar to you but not to the Valentinos.*

I shall probably have only two or three hours sleep at most if I keep on writing any longer. Natacha has fallen asleep and I have the sensation of being alone in London . . . rain falling . . . a London peopled by the ghosts of all the famous personages of Dickens and history . . . and friends . . . friends of mine . . . waving little white flags of a beautiful truce, to welcome me in. . .

In the morning the London Press will be awaiting me, I am told . . . and in the afternoon I shall go forth to make what I can of London . . . mine. . .

What will it give to me?

#### *London, First Day.*

I have lived my first day in London. And it has in no wise disappointed me.

I am always conscious of a certain thrill when a dream lives up to the expectation. Not so very many do.

One dreams of a thing, a place, an event, for a long, long while, and then, just before the dream is to come true, one feels a certain fear. Or I do, at any rate. Perhaps, after all, the dream won't be all we have thought it, hoped it. Perhaps we are in for a disappointment, a disillusionment. That is how I felt about London. That city of my dreams . . . peopled with figures steeped in history and the lore of Dickens and Shakespeare . . . if it should disappoint me. . .

But it didn't. The London I saw was the London of my dreams. The London of history, and of the great men who have immortalised it in words.

I arose at nine in the morning in order to be ready for the Press, for interviews.

This first day I have seen forty-five interviewers and every one of the forty-five shot at me, as an opening question, "What do you think of London?"

That is, after all, such a large question. . . especially for me who, at ten this morning, had not yet seen London. And to each of them I answered that I didn't know, since I hadn't seen the city.

The interviewers go about their work much as the interviewers do in America. Most of them asked me questions about women, my opinions as to the modern woman, my ideas on beauty, my preferences in type, my comparative ideas as to the beauty of Italian women versus American women, English women versus American women and so forth.

I said that to me comparisons regarding women were odious. How can you

make comparisons? After all, beauty is to be found everywhere, and if one is more beautiful than another it has little to do with a country and all to do with the individual.

I didn't say what I may say here, in my own diary, and that is that on the whole the American girl leads the way in beauty, all things duly considered.

I may perhaps be prejudiced because I married an American girl. But I honestly do not think so. Or it may be because America is the great melting pot, of beauty as well as of races. It may be that the beauty of all countries and all races has filtered into America and made of the American woman a gorgeous composite of all other beauties. But certainly I have observed that the American girls all have something of beauty. They may not all be classic types, but almost every one of them has a chic, a smartness, a knack for wearing clothes, some outstanding mark of loveliness that commends her to the eye. I should say that in other countries one out of every fifty women will be beautiful, but in America only

one out of every fifty will be plain. That is, privately, about the way that I would figure it.



*The Valentinos with Rudy's Aunt, who accompanied them for part of their journey.*

The English women, I noted to-day from the brief observations I was able to make, have extraordinarily lovely complexions and a certain look of robust, glowing health that is very charming.

Well, but to get back to my interviewers . . . this first day, as I say, I have seen forty-five. And when the forty-fifth had departed and I found that I was scheduled for a similar number on the morrow, I determined that, if I wanted to really see London, I would have to somehow apportion my days.

I therefore told my secretary that I would devote the hours between ten and twelve to interviewers, but from noon

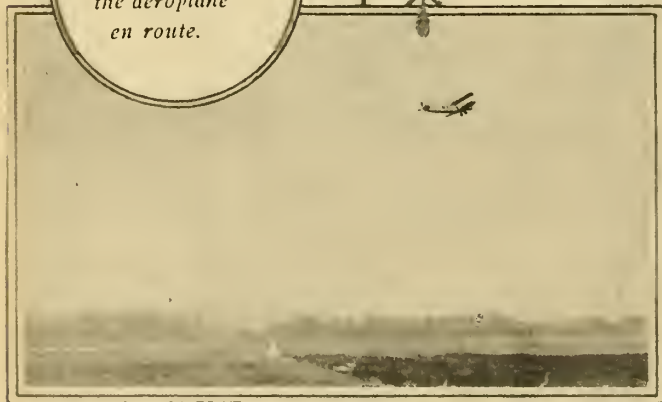


on my time was to be my own, for sightseeing and the other things I wanted to do in London.

One of my most amusing experiences had to do with clothes. I think I have said that I once observed how much I liked English tailoring. That remark must have found its way into every tailoring establishment, every haberdashery in the vast city of London, for if I saw forty-five interviewers the first day, it is nothing whatever to the number of tailors and haberdashers and "Gentlemen's Fitters" in general, all urging upon me the special value of their particular brand of London clothes.

It was really very funny. Natacha said that that one passing remark of mine concerning English clothes was much like a tiny pebble cast into the waters. My little "pebble" had stirred up a veritable sea of cloth in the tailoring waters of London. The waves that ensued bade fair to engulf me completely. I sent word to them that I was going to buy English clothes, even as I said, but that I couldn't buy all of them, as a mere matter of lack of sufficient time AND money, and with that they had to be content.

Going,  
Going. Gone!  
A last glimpse of  
the aeroplane  
en route.



We spent this first morning, then, between interviewers and tailors, and late in the afternoon we set forth to see the sights.

I told Natacha that I wanted to walk on my first incursion into London streets. I felt, somehow, that it would make London more mine, more a matter of my own intimate discovery, if I walked rather than get into a car and be taken somewhere, mechanically.

The London streets would be, each one, an adventure to me. I would make my own thrills as I walked down them,



Above: Exchanging greetings with an official near the aeroplane which was to take him to France.

Left: All ready to embark, Mrs. Valentino and the Pokes being already aboard.

was speaking to her in my own way and she was speaking to me. We understand one another, London and I. . .

feeling myself a part of the city as I would in no other way. Natacha and I walked almost in silence.

I finally decided that we wouldn't do any deliberate "sight-seeing" this first afternoon. I don't know, as I muse

over it, that I entirely believe in sight-seeing, anyway. It seems to me that just to wander about a certain part of a country, soaking in the atmosphere, absorbing the colour, the memories, half consciously, half subconsciously getting the *feel* of the place under your skin, into your blood and veins is a far better way of knowing a city or a country than going about studiously striving to assimilate fact, dates, names.

I felt, to-day, as we walked here and there, at random at will, that London was *my* London, in a sense. That I

We dined together quietly at the Carlton, Natacha and I. I wanted to be alone this first evening.

Just as I was writing the above paragraph, Mr. Benjamin Guinness of the Guinness Stout people, phoned us and invited us to dine with him at Ascot the next night. We accepted with a triple pleasure. We went to see Mr. Guinness. We will, in the course of the drive down, see some of the English countryside which I have always longed to see, and we will arrive at Ascot.

As tired as I am, I almost feel as though I shall not sleep to-night. It seems to me as though the voices of London are constantly whispering to me, beckoning to me, urging me to be up and about. Natacha says no child would act as excitedly as I do about visiting a strange place. Perhaps that is so, but I think if we lose the questing child spirit, the child belief that just around each corner something new, enthralling and delightful is awaiting us, we lose more than half of the joy of living. (Another long instalment next month).



# Is it Real?

Screenplayers don't often get a thrill, for all the studio hands and electricians look on during movie love scenes

When Our Brave Hero takes Our Beautiful Heroine in his arms and kisses her just before the sub-title, "And so true love emerged triumphant"—when the final close-up is flashed, do you quiver and thrill with emotion, or do you say to yourself, "Huh this screen love is all bunk"?

Do you sigh with envy when the screen Romeo kisses Juliet and wish you were Juliet? Or do you say to yourself sceptically:

"Oh, well, it isn't real, anyhow?" We couldn't blame you, no matter whether you believed it real or whether you were a doubting Thomas. Because, to tell the truth—which the copy book says we should always do—some of this screen love may be real—but most of it isn't.

A kiss, for instance—according to Ethel Shannon—is what you make it! If you want to make it real, you can—and if you don't want to, that's up to you, too. Miss Shannon expressed herself on this subject after reading the statement of a fellow player that she was glad to play in a picture with her husband because screen love-making always was so real.

"Screen kisses never have been more than just screen kisses to me" Miss Shannon declared. "A kiss is just like a handshake!"

Sounds startling, doesn't it? For even the sternest of mammas could scarcely object to a handshake—but can you imagine what she would have to say about a kiss? Even the most modern mother might not understand.

As a matter of fact, although Ethel didn't say so—an actress might have to be careful that her lips do not touch the

The Elinor Glyn kiss. Conrad Nagel and Aileen Pringle in "Three Weeks."

actor's; her lip rouge would get all awry! Think how cautious he and she both must be in order to emerge from the embrace with both their make-ups intact, and not smeared up with lip-stick!

And even if you do love the actor you're playing opposite, Miss Shannon points out, real kissing isn't always in order.

"Think what this situation would be like," said Miss Shannon—"suppose you were really in love with the leading man and so felt enthusiastic about kissing. How romantic do you think those kisses

could be with a director looking on giving instructions as to the correct pose, a cameraman calling for slower action, an electrician changing the lights, and half a dozen tourists standing by asking if you really mean it?"

Quite a different matter, isn't it, from the way it looks on the screen when He and She appear to be alone in the hammock on the porch and it all seems so perfectly thrilling—the way he kisses her, and all!

"If I ever have a real husband working with me," Miss Shannon remarked, "I may feel differently about it; but right now, I think that a make-believe kiss is just a make-believe kiss and a joy to the spectators only—because they can't see the mechanics of the scene.

"They can't see all the props of the scene, those huge arc lights that almost blind the actors. They can't hear the director shouting, 'No, put more pep into that embrace. You're supposed to be in love with her, see—.'"

And so, fans, that's something to think over. When you see Nita Naldi or Barbara La Marr or Gloria or Pola being gathered up in a mad movie embrace, control your envy. Just remember that it isn't half so thrilling as it looks.

Just tell yourself how you would feel if John were to propose to you under the street lamp with several cameramen and interested bystanders telling him how to do it!

Below:  
Harrison Ford  
and Ethel Shannon  
in "Maytime."



# Meet Marjorie Daw

Not even the far-famed "penny a day" can make Marjorie work any faster, for London's climate doesn't agree with her and the poor little lady has been ill ever since she arrived.

"You would enjoy the experience. I did when we met for the first time at the Famous-Lasky Studios, Islington, where Marjorie is at work on her latest film, a Selznick Production. Its title of the moment is *Human Desires*, but I was assured that it bids fair to be quite a good film, in spite of this.

The time was 3.30 p.m. and the scene a "luxurious bedroom in Paris." It was on the tip of my tongue to ask whereabouts in the film the ballroom set was used, when Clive Brook, who has the principal male role in the picture, saved me from making a bad *faux pas*.

"Miss Daw will be here in a minute," he told me. "We're not working at the moment because they haven't finished putting up this bedroom set." It was then that I noticed the bedstead, standing at the far end on a kind of raised dais. So I tried not to look surprised, said "Oh, yes," and waited.

Clive waved an expressive hand towards some rich wood carving, and some hanging tapestries; his voice thrilled with honest pride:

"Rather a good idea that carving, don't you think? Makes the place look really French."

As I am no connoisseur of French bedrooms, I couldn't confidently express

*The first photograph of Marjorie Daw taken in England.*

*Below: Marjorie Daw in "The Passionate Adventure."*



*Marjorie Daw.*

It was at this juncture that Marjorie Daw came on the scene. As she walked over towards the bedstead, I took a hasty look round in search of that megaphone, but some careless person had mislaid it. However, it wasn't necessary, for presently Miss Daw came across to where I was sitting, and Monsieur the Frenchman (I beg his pardon, but I didn't catch his name) introduced us.

The interview went swimmingly after that. Marjorie is easy to talk to and refreshingly natural. She is free, too, from self-satisfaction, and really genuinely modest about her own accomplishments. In appearance she is very much like her film-self—slim and rather child-like, with light brown wavy hair which she has recently had shingled, and expressive hazel eyes. Her voice is very pretty, for she has an American accent without the twang, and it was this that made me ask her if she had ever done any stage work.

"Not professionally," she told me. "Of course, I've appeared at Charity Performances, and amateur arrangements like that, but I would never do stage work in the ordinary way unless I could have a really good dramatic training first of all. As a matter of fact, it's what I should like very much to do if I can get the time, later on, to train. I want to be able to take up stage work when I feel I'm getting too old for films, because for screen purposes one ages so quickly—the camera shows up every little wrinkle." But I

an opinion, so I turned to hear what the Assistant Director had to say on the subject. He is a Frenchman and an authority for the company on matters Parisian.

His reply was simple and to the point.

"Mon Dieu!" he said.

I can imagine my wife at one end of that g-r-reat bedroom, and me at the other with a megaphone."







Above: A charming profile study of Marjorie Daw. Right: With Matt Moore in "Don't Ever Marry."

must say here that Marjorie needn't worry about that for a long time to come, for she is only twenty-two, and looks a lot younger.

"Tell me how you started your picture work," I asked her.

She smiled.

"I was only fifteen at the time," she confessed, "but I had to do something. You see I had lost both my parents and my brother Chandler had to be kept and educated. I was young and foolish and picture work appealed to me more than anything else—besides, I lived right in Hollywood, and so it was only natural that I should turn to the movies.

"I'd been an extra in one or two films, like practically everyone else there, so I didn't find 'breaking in' as difficult as some girls might. All the same, I should never advise any girl to embark on a screen career unless she has enough money to live on for at least a year. We get so many girls coming to Hollywood with just enough money to pay their train fare and a week's board. They expect to jump right into regular work, and it's pitiful, really, to see some of them getting their eyes opened, as they hang around the studios.

"What was your first big part, though," I asked, drawing her gently back to the subject in hand. The trouble with Marjorie is that you never can keep her talking about herself, though

she will expatiate for hours on the various charms of her friends in Hollywood, and she has some entertaining tales to tell of some of Filmiland's most sparkling stars.

"My first big part," echoed Marjorie, thoughtfully. "Well, I guess that was in *The Warrens of Virginia*—not Mary Pickford's version, but the one in which Blanche Sweet starred. I took the part of her kid sister. Then I was leading lady for Doug Fairbanks in several films, and after that I played 'Love' in *Experience*. Then Marshall Neilan starred me and I played in

several films for him. *Don't Ever Marry*, *The River's End*, *Dinty*, *Bob Hampton of Placer*, and *Penrod* were amongst these."

"And then—?"

"And then Myron Selznick asked me to come to England and work in some films for him. I accepted right away because, apart from everything else, it was such a wonderful opportunity to travel. I'd never been out of America before and now I've been to London and Paris, and hope to go to Algiers for this new film." Her eyes lit up with enthusiasm at the prospect. "Gee, I do hope we can go there. Just imagine what the journey would be like—all through the Mediterranean."

I envied her—and said so.

And then came the inevitable question. "What do you think of London?"

Marjorie laughed.

"Well, I just love what I've seen of it, but I'm afraid my experience has been rather limited. You see, I haven't been at all well since I left Hollywood—I think perhaps the change of climate after almost continual sunshine disagrees with me. So part of the time has been spent in bed and the other part either at the studio or in a taxi going to and from my hotel. But I mean to have a good look round just as soon as I'm feeling better. I did go out the other day, but I had to spend the whole time buying frocks for the new film.

"In the first one, *The Passionate Adventurer* I wore rags most of the time and didn't have to worry about clothes, but in this picture I have to have twenty-two separate outfits—and they only gave me two days to buy them. You can imagine I had a dreadful rush.

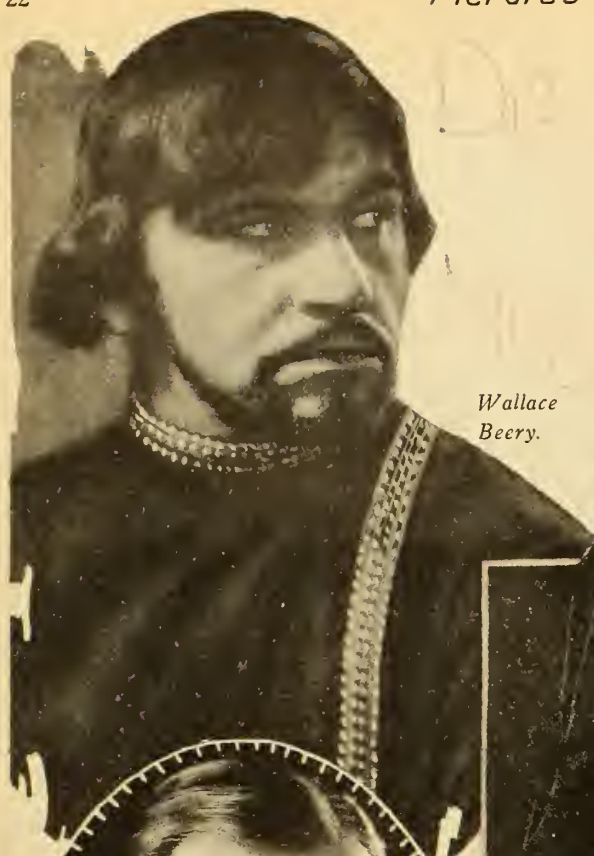
"We took a flying visit over to Paris the other week-end, to choose locations for the film, and the air there agreed with me awfully well. I loved it, and I'm looking forward to going back later when we take the French scenes.

(Continued on page 62).

Right: With Wes Barry and a group of Marshall Neilan's studio officials. Below: A scene from "The Passionate Adventure." The man with his arm around Marjorie is Clive Brook.







Wallace  
Beery.



Lewis  
Stone.



Conrad  
Nagel.



Don't they *know* that Lewis Stone is a real honest-to-goodness star? Can't they see it when they look at him in *Scaramouche*? Perhaps the trouble is that he is too capable. He has supported so many other stars, carried so many feeble stories on his broad shoulders, that they probably don't dare to take the foundation away and put it on top! The fact remains that Lewis Stone has never done a bad piece of work in his screen career . . . and has done several that refuse to be forgotten. Remember him in *Don't Neglect Your Wife*? Well, I do.

Then there's Wallace Beery: a man of the same quality and different calibre. Not starred, perhaps, because he has no chance of becoming a matinée idol. Yet he has helped half the matinée idols of the screen to their fame. They want a tough? Send for Beery! They want a King? Where's Wallace? Here's a part that needs a thoroughly competent and experienced

Here is a gold mine. Producers have only to stoop down and gather nuggets by the handful.

To star or not to star? That is the question—that producers seem to answer curiously at random. Frankly, when I am asked why so-and-so or so-and-so is starred I often feel like answering, "Because there's a B in Both!" And when I am asked why so-and-so is *not* starred, I frequently feel that the only adequate answer must be "Because there's a bee in a bonnet!"

Why is Miss X a "star" while Miss Y is merely a "featured player"? Why was Mr. Z once a star and now is a star no longer? I give it up. Don't tell me that there is some solemn rule about these things. I am sure there is. All ridiculous things are the results of a solemn rule. But why the rule?

Why?

Now, if you can, sit down and answer that question!

Above: Dorothy Gish; Below: Rod La Rocque, Richard Dix and Edythe Chapman in "*The Ten Commandments*."







character man—why, Wallace Becry, naturally! And yet he's not a "star." Queer!

It is true that both Dorothy Gish and Leatrice Joy have frequently attained the dubious dignity of "co-stardom." (No, I don't know what it means!) You may run up against them at any moment heading an "All Star Cast," which if it means anything at all means a "No Star Cast."

You may find Dorothy sheltering under the wing of sister Lilian and sometimes catching the tail of Dick Barthelmess's honours. You will never see a bill stating emphatically and baldly, "Starring Dorothy Gish." Not to-day, anyway, unless by a printer's error. Dorothy is a "De-star." And yet when has Dorothy ever done any bad work? Only when the producers have given her bad work to do. She is a pure comedy actress, and if they will try to make her play heavy dramatic roles . . .! There aren't too many good comedians in this world. Please star Dorothy, somebody!

If I were asked—which I am not in the least likely to be—to name the best actress in America I should plump unhesitatingly for Leatrice Joy. She is neither comedian nor tragedian. She is an actress. Nobody who saw her in the early days of her Goldwyn pictures, more especially in *Ace of Hearts*, can ever doubt that she is star-stuff of the purest.

She has done a lot of work with Paramount. She has had one chance with it—in *Saturday Night*. The other chances Leatrice has made for herself. She simply cannot be kept down. Some day there will come along a wise man who will have a story written especially for Leatrice, and who will take good care to boom her as one of the screen's greatest discoveries. Then people will discover a new star. We shall be the only ones who will realise that she has been a star all the time.

I quarrel with THEIR treatment of

Left: Dale Fuller was the sensation of "Foolish Wives."

Oval: Harry Myers; Right: Mahlon Hamilton and Blanche Sweet in "That Girl Montana"



Right: Adolphe Menjou, in "The Sheik," and William Collier Jr., who stole honours acting in "Secrets of Paris."



Milton Sills and Conrad Nagel. Not that these two have any shortage of work. They work overtime year in and year out—and incompetent players are not as a rule sought for with quite such avidity. THEY—whichever THEY may be—simply can't get along without Conrad and Milton. I can see THEM in conference. "Shall we 'Star' Sills and Nagel this year?" "Heavens! Why should we? Aren't they good enough to get ahead without it? Let's spend some money boosting some poor boob who really needs a leg up. The public are thickheaded aren't they?" Shake Milton! Conrad—put it right there!

The two subtlest actors on the American screen are Ernest Torrence and Adolphe Menjou. They are so subtle that no producer seems to have realised how clever they really are except Chaplin, Lubitsch and Henry King. And yet if you read the notices of all the pictures they have played in their names have been mentioned before those of anyone else in the cast "Ernest Torrence as usual carried the picture."

"Menjou's skilful interpretation of Mr. So-and-So is the most interesting study that even this fine actor has ever given us." I make no claims for them. I just put it to you.

(Continued on page 62).





**JULANNE JOHNSTONE**

*Was quite unknown in Movieland until Douglas Fairbanks chose her for his "Princess" in "The Thief of Baghdad" because she was the exact type he wanted. She has decided to stay on the screen.*



**TOM MIX**

*Known everywhere as "The Cowboy King" and undisputed holder of that title. Tom is one of the finest fellows in Filmland; and has been a soldier, rough rider, author and director in his time.*



**FRANK BORZAGE**

*Now at work on his first Metro production, as yet untitled. But, recollecting Frank's "Humoresque," "Just Around the Corner," "Secrets," etc., you may be very sure it is a story with plenty of heart-interest.*





**LILLIAN HALL-DAVIS**

*Equally charming in a fair wig as with her own dark hair, this talented British star will be seen shortly in "The Eleventh Commandment," in which she plays Fay Compton's younger sister.*



**ARLETTE MARECHAL**

*The beautiful French girl who plays opposite Malcolm Todd in "L'Image," and "Le Cabane D'Amour." She is still in her 'teens, but a fine screen future is predicted for her.*





Hortense O'Brien in a taffeta dance frock trimmed with many frills of val lace.

# FASHIONS for Flappers



Tiny floral bouquets at neck and wrists relieve the severity of Bessie Love's house frock.



Anna Q. Nilsson's palest pink afternoon dress, which has a deep-rose pink sash.

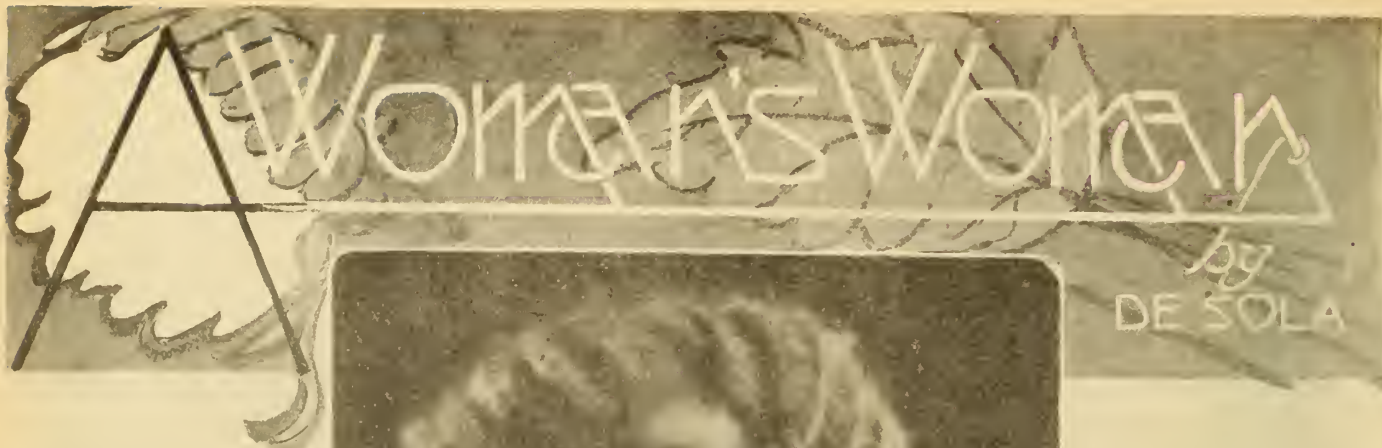


Above: Walking attire in white and black worn by Hope Hampton. Right: Gertrude Olmsted's soft satin frock is edged with dull silver embroidery.



May McAvoy's girlishly simple summer frock of fawn-coloured crepe, trimmed with soft blue embroidery down the right side and blue frilling at the neck.





It is odd to find anyone with the features of Miss Claire Windsor in the world of the theatre. Had I been shown her photographs without knowing who she was, I would never have taken her for an actress. I do not mean to imply anything regarding her ability, good or bad. I for one have never seen her; and for the second part I am a critic of character and not of acting.

But I am surprised to find her an actress because her features seem to speak of purely social qualities. Her mouth and eyes are pleasure-loving, and she has poise in place of self-assurance. Also, the face shows, in the contours of the brow, a strongly grounded liking for the conventions of life. It is the face of someone who would be fond of dances, parties, sports, a "set," in a word, a round of minor social activities rather than the fierce toil and emotional competition of the players' profession.

On the emotional side, indeed, this face seems one so filled with cheerfulness and so laughter-loving as to have little use for any emotions save the very lightest and tenderest. The nature is a kindly one, believing good of anyone if only given a chance, if the lips and eyes are to be credited physiognomically. Such a person, I deduce, would be so self-trained as to look for the good, and to be almost unable to see the bad.

All the contours are highly feminine, and the nature is more sentimental than romantic and more practical than either. It is a typical feminine character of the instinctive type, that type that seems to be born with a complete and satisfying code which is an inheritance rather than the hard-won masculine philosophy that springs from personal and individual reactions to life.

I note one emotion that has considerable force, and which is the single exception to the foregoing. This is the



Claire Windsor is a thoroughly feminine woman. "A type," says de Sola, "whom women would admire more than men."

presence of a marked fund of jealousy.

The character is exceedingly scrupulous. The mind is one very easily entertained or amused. The disposition which can only be called "sunny," finds pleasure in even the simplest things. The humour is pervasive, and while not deep, is general in its contacts. There is nothing satirical or malicious in its composition.

There is considerable precision in the nature, and a sense of neatness and carefulness inherent in the character.

But it is not a prudish mind or a fussily fastidious one. She is broad and sane in her outlook.

She can be exceedingly fluent, but she is neither egotistic nor self-centred, and she must be a good listener, if the signs are not at fault. She is particular as regards taste, and would sum up both men and women very largely by the quality of their manners and their choice of clothing.

Although she is one who would make many friends and win affection easily, she is not a fickle type, but rather, a highly faithful one. She would be quick to forget, her brow tells me, but just as quick to revive an association which had lapsed through separation or for any other reason.

Again I see signs of her love of simple pleasures. She would easily be contented and not easily grow bored, as she seems to possess an equipment of bubbling appreciation. In affection she would be neither ardent nor cold, but would strike a happy compromise.

Although she would be fond of the action required by a round of social pleasures, there are some indications that she has a tendency towards indolence. This must spring naturally from her fondness for all the graces and comforts of life, which she can appreciate so well and of which she can never tire. She is not particularly curious, and, for a woman, not over-intuitive. She loves simple pleasures.

She is a type, I would say, whom women, in the main, would admire more than men. Her scrupulousness, her social spirit, her adherence to the conventions of women, and the fairness of her nature, would all appeal to a feminine audience, as a rule so harsh in judgment upon its own sex.

It may be that something of this has created her popularity, and her natural sunniness of disposition has aided to make her an appealing figure of the films.





Much less than the home life of the Wheeler family has sent good men off the end of the pier ere this. The home life of the Wheelers was more like a death. It was, in short (as less elegant people than ourselves would put it), the limit.

First of all, there was Mr. Henry Wheeler himself. When he came home from the office he came home Tired. He came home Tired expecting, as a man will, to be comforted and to find a little peace. But he found instead Mrs. Henry Wheeler and the two young Wheelers, Bobby and Cora, children by a former Mrs. Wheeler who had grown tired of it all and gone, it was said, to heaven. He found his young wife, who was, as she knew very well, a Neglected Wife. Henry had no right to come home from the office Tired and proceed to Neglect his wife. Mrs. Henry Wheeler had her legitimate grievance. She aired it.

The aforementioned Bobby and Cora. Bobby had been forcibly ejected from three good schools. Cora was a flapper. Need more be said?

And so Bobby and Cora were at war with the world, being at that age. Mrs. Henry Wheeler was at war with her husband for being Tired, and with her step-children for being step-children. And Henry Wheeler was at war with Providence for dropping him into the midst such a peck of trouble.

In addition to all this there was, to irritate the Wheeler ladies, Miss Violet Pinney. If Violet Pinney had stopped short at being merely a governess for

Cora she might have passed unresented. But she did not stop short at this. She wore choice gowns and had golden hair and good looks, and it was Mrs. Henry Wheeler's firm opinion that in Miss Pinney's presence Mr. Henry Wheeler was decidedly not so Tired. As for Cora she looked on Miss Pinney as an unofficial chaperon and a Spy.

#### CHARACTERS.

Clarence -	-	-	WALLACE REID
Henry Wheeler	-	-	EDWARD MARTINDEL
Mrs. Wheeler	-	-	KATHLYN WILLIAMS
Bobby Wheeler	-	-	ROBERT AGNEW
Cora Wheeler	-	-	MAY McAVOY
Violet Pinney	-	-	AGNES AYRES
Hubert Stem	-	-	ADOLPHE MENJOU

*Narrated by permission from the Paramount film of the same title.*

Summed up, they each had their legitimate grievance. They all aired them. Together. At once. So that the official city headquarters of Hades was at 17, Lawn Avenue.

Oh, and yes! there was Mr. Hubert Stem.

Secretary to Mr. Henry Wheeler. Loved Cora Wheeler, if you can call it love. Loved by the flapper, if you can call that love. In short, a general complication. Not a nice man. His photograph did him no good. He would have been well advised to have not had it taken.

Came an evening when events happened explosively.

Miss Pinney wanted a "moment

alone" with Henry Wheeler. She got it. It was merely in order to say that she had found Stem carrying on a flirtation with Cora. But Mrs. Wheeler knew very well what it was for—oh, yes! "Some day," she snapped, "I may be able to request a moment alone with my husband, perhaps!" And there was Mrs. Wheeler storming at Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Wheeler storming at Cora and Stem and Bobby (who had just come back suddenly from his fourth college), and Bobby storming back at Mr. Wheeler and Cora storming at Violet Pinney for being a sneak and . . . everything.

And in the midst of it Cora and Bobby, to show their independence, no doubt, dashed out of the drawing room and into an ante-room to tell the world how cruelly awful it was to be the misunderstood son and daughter of—

And then they saw Clarence.

Clarence was sitting in the best chair doing just nothing. Clarence was worth looking at. His shabby uniform might once have been a perfect fit, for somebody else; but it had never fitted Clarence. He wore horn glasses. His shoulders were where his chest should have been. He slouched about, leaving the impression of a man who walked in advance of his feet. And he looked so meek and long-enduring.

"Hallo!" said Bobby.

"Hallo!" said Clarence.

"Who are you?" said Bobby.

"Clarence," said Clarence.





*Violet Pinney, not being devoid of any of the usual apparatus for seeing and hearing had found Stem carrying on a flirtation with Cora.*

but before she could utter it in came Clarence to tune the piano, but better able to do this than the piano tuner.

"Do you hear?" snarled Stem. "If you—"

And then "Ting, ting, Ting, TING!" went the piano, and Hubert groaned aloud.

"Oh, what's the use!" he cried, and he dashed out of the room.

"Come and sit here," said Clarence to Violet Pinney, "and hear me tune the piano. It is quite an education."

And Violet, to her own surprise, found herself sitting beside the piano, listening to it and watching him. And very soon telling him all about Cora and Stem "She's only young and silly," she explained. "She does not see that Stem is after her father's money. She thinks he wants her for herself alone."

"In which case," said Clarence, "we shall have to do something about Mr. Stem."

"You seem always able to think of something to be done," Violet murmured. And when Clarence put his hand over hers she did not draw it away.

On the following afternoon she had to come to him for advice.

"Cora has gone off in her car," she said. "And she has taken her suitcase with her."

"I know," said Clarence. "That is why I unscrewed the oil cock on the car. Wherever she goes she must leave a little trail of oil behind her. By it we can follow her."

Violet looked at him with admiration, as he got out a second car. Then she climbed in by his side, and they set off in pursuit.

The oil trail was distinct, and when they were about three miles on the road Violet suddenly gasped, "Why this road leads to the Reverend Arthur Velland's. The 'marrying parson,' they call him. She will be meeting Stem there to be married."

"Now, will she really," said Clarence softly.

He put on speed, and sure enough a few miles from the most obliging parson's country home they came upon Cora Wheeler and the suave Stem.

The scene which followed was exhilarating. It was not a fight; or at least it was not a fight like any other fight which has ever taken place on this earth. Clarence walked lazily up to Hubert Stem, turned him round, took him by the shoulders and shook him. Just shook him. Nothing else. Shook him to and fro until Hubert thought his head must come loose and spin away across the road. Shook him until all the sense went out of Hubert's head, and all the world for him took on a flat grey colour in which no sensation was left. Then as quickly Clarence released him and he fell to the ground.

"I have a good mind," said Clarence, "to smack you."

And then Henry Wheeler, still storming and swearing not a little, came out to see what had become of Bobby and Cora. And he too saw Clarence.

"Who are you?" he shouted.

"Clarence," said Clarence.

"Clarence? Heaven, what a name!" Clarence what?"

Clarence mumbled something meekly.

"What do you want?" Mr. Wheeler shouted.

Clarence fumbled in the pocket of his tunic and pulled out a letter.

"Are you Mr. Henry Wheeler?"

"I am."

"This is for you." And Clarence handed the letter to Mr. Wheeler.

It was a letter of introduction. It informed Wheeler that the bearer was a man of great resource and excellent character and that he would be a valuable asset in any household, in any known or imagined capacity. It advised Mr. Wheeler to jump at Clarence. And Mr. Wheeler very nearly did.

"How long have you been skulking in this ante-room?"

"About ten minutes."

"You've heard all we've all been saying?"

"Oh, quite."

"You heard me?"

"I certainly did, Mr. Wheeler."

"And what was I saying?"

"You were using rather undignified language, Mr. Wheeler. In brief, you were swearing."

"My lord! You are very high-and-mighty about my shortcomings. You never indulge in bad language yourself, I suppose?"

"Never, Mr. Wheeler."

"Hades! You've been in the army, I see. What did you do?"

"Drive mules."

"You did, eh? And that didn't make you swear?"

"Never, Mr. Wheeler."

"By gad! Then I reckon you would

be an asset. There's a set of mules in this household that'll break your spirit. All right, I'll risk it. I'll take you on, Clarence . . . what did you say your name was—Smun? Clarence Something or Other. Go outside and have a wash and come back and start."

"Yes, sir. Start what, sir?"

"Don't ask me! I don't know! So long as you start I'll be satisfied. Now go away."

"Yes, sir," said Clarence.

"I warn you," Wheeler added, "that so long as you're with us you'll always hear the sort of thing you've been hearing to-night. Mrs. Wheeler always weeps. Cora always sneaks off with some fool man. Bobby—my confounded son there—is always coming back, expelled, from school. The servants never know where any cursed thing is. And I—I always swear, and I don't intend to stop it for you. Go away."

"Yes, sir," said Clarence.

And so Clarence became part of the household at 17, Lawn Avenue. Nobody knew in just what capacity. He did anything that cropped up. He was there when he was wanted. He could play the saxophone better than the under-gardener, repair the motor car better than the chauffeur, do everything, indeed, better than anybody else. And he was so soothing. He seemed to make the Wheeler family see that they were not so black as they painted themselves. He was nice to have about.

One day Hubert Stem drew his metaphorical sword and fell upon Violet Pinney in the drawing room. "Unless," he said, "you lay off interfering between me and the girl I love I shall make it clear to Mrs. Wheeler that her suspicions of you are quite well founded and that you are in the habit of paying Wheeler regular visits at his office. I warn you to keep off the grass."

A hot reply sprang to Violet's lips,



Then he turned to Cora.

"Please get into the car, Miss Wheeler," he said.

"I don't want to!" she snapped.

"I want you to," said Clarence. And somehow she did.

When they got back to the Wheeler house it was evening. And they had not been inside the house one minute before it was very plain that it was to be one of the usual evenings. Cora began it by tearing into the living room and confronting her parents.

"Miss Pinney is an interfering, busy-bodying, contemptible old maid!" she cried. Her fury was terrific. Before the onslaught even her father was speechless. It was Bobby who intervened, to everyone's amazement.

"Stop that kind of talk at once, Cora," he cried. "You're—why you're not fit to black her everyday shoes. Miss Pinney's the sweetest woman that ever lived. I—I love her!"

"My lord!" cried Wheeler.

Then there was a dreadful silence. Violet Pinney stared at the much-expelled boy with wide eyes. She didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Meanwhile, Clarence had disappeared.

Henry Wheeler ran his hands through his hair. "What a stark staring mad world to live in—to have to live in!" he cried. "Miss Violet," he said, turning to the governess, "will you be so good as to explain this situation to me?"

Mrs. Wheeler sniffed. Miss Violet! Not Miss Pinney—Miss Violet! She turned to her husband and asked with the most frightful sweetness: "Why not alone, Henry?"

"Why not indeed!" he bellowed.

And at this Mrs. Wheeler began to sob.

"Oh——!" cried Henry.

"I have a good mind," said Clarence, "to smack you!"

"Miss Pinney must leave this house!" Mrs. Wheeler sobbed.

"Don't be unreasonable!" Henry shouted.

"I am not unreasonable. She must go!"

"Then," Henry shouted in his very best style, "if she goes, I go!"

"I knew it! I knew it!" his wife cried.

"Father!" cried Cora.

"Now listen to me, Dad," said Bobby. "Just you listen to me for a second——"

Violet Pinney raised her hands and dropped them at once, despondently. It was obvious that she gave the Wheelers up as hopeless.

"How the—— did this thing start?" Wheeler suddenly shouted.

"Your daughter was eloping with your secretary," Violet Pinney managed to say.

"What?"

"And whose affair is that, I should like to know?" Cora demanded.

"Whose affair is it? I'll show you whose affair it is. The cursed sneak is after my money. I finish with him. When he comes in I shall dismiss him. He shall not have even the little of my money that he has been earning up to now. Where is he?"

"I think he is about forty miles out on the Delbarrow Road," said Violet. "In pieces, I think. Clarence shook him to pieces."

"Father——" said Bobby.

"Henry——" sobbed Mrs. Wheeler.

"Daddy——" cried Cora.

"Be quiet!" shouted Wheeler above the din.

And suddenly the din was quieted. Not, though, because of Wheeler's command. Something else had happened—something as drastic, if more soothing. A noise of the most poignant sweetness had arisen, and now into the

room came Clarence, playing soft, sweet strains upon a saxophone! Clarence—but . . .! But not the same Clarence. No horned glasses. No slouch. No shabby clothes. Why, the man was even handsome! Really handsome! They all stared, and three of them gasped.

"Here!" cried Bobby.

"What——" cried Wheeler.

And Cora summed it up for the ladies with:

"Oh, Clarence!"

Mrs. Wheeler suddenly stopped sobbing. She had always been susceptible to nice eyes, and Clarence's were seen now to be of the nicest, with quite long, curling lashes. She knew at once that if she explained her sorry plight in this unsympathetic household to Clarence—perhaps one evening under the moonlight in the garden!—he would understand her and be sympathetic. He would see how ill-treated she was, how Neglected by a brutal husband! And—Clarence. . . Yes, she'd always thought it the most *poetical* name!

Cora, too! She saw those lashes and sighed. After all, he had licked Hubert. Hubert had cut a pretty frightful figure out there up the road, when the two men had had that fight which was no fight at all. A Strong Man! That's what Clarence was. And—she'd always adored Strong Men. She had loved Hubert, and how much better than Hubert had Clarence proved to be! If she could love Hubert, then, how much better could she love this wonderful being who . . . She thrilled, and liked it.

And even Della, the kitchen-maid, passing the door of the living room, felt that the butler could never again be to her anything more than a butler. She, too, thrilled, and the butler did not like it.





Lightning seemed to strike Wheeler Senior. He sensed as in a flash the situation before him, and the revelation stunned him. For, he thought, if there had been fighting in his household he at least had been the cause of it. Upheavals in the house had been over *him*. But look at the upheaval this—this *stranger*, Smun—was his name?—was causing right here. Henry stared at his wife and stared at his daughter and stared at the kitchen maid, and then he swore, softly at first and then right up the scale and loudly.

"I know," he cried, "I know who'll leave this house! It won't be me, and it won't be Miss Pinney."

"Ah," said Clarence, lowering his saxophone, "But there you are wrong, Mr. Wheeler."

"Wrong?" bellowed Wheeler. "I'm never wrong!"

"Oh, yes," said Clarence.

"Oh, no, and to — with you!" shouted Wheeler.

"Henry!" cried Mrs. Wheeler.

"Daddy!" cried Cora.

"Father!" cried Bobby.

"This house," Wheeler shouted, "is a lunatic asylum. There is no peace here—no rest. I get home from the office, Tired Out, and—"

The door bell rang. They all turned, and Clarence, fearing business that was none of his, took his saxophone and played himself out of the room. A moment passed, and then in tottered the mortal remains of Hubert Stem.

"I—I—I..." he faltered, fumbling painfully with the back of his neck.

"Listen, Stem," Wheeler roared, leaping out of his chair, "I've heard all about you, and I've finished with you. You're a money-grabbing, daughter-snatching thief. You go! I'll send your money on to you, but you yourself depart at once. Now. This minute. Right out. I hope you don't misunderstand me. You're fired!"

"That's all very well," began Hubert. "But—"

"It is very well," Wheeler agreed. "And now go!"

"At least wait," Stem pleaded, "until you hear what I have to say to you—"

"Not — one — second!"

"—say to you about the scoundrel — the thief and army deserter you have been harbouring in your house!"

"What! ! !"

It stunned the lot of them into silence. Hubert Stem tottered across the floor and sank into a chair.

"I—I fought Clarence," he said.

"We've heard about it," said Wheeler grimly. "The way I got it, it was Clarence fought you."

"Well—we'll let that pass. This is the point," said Stem. "In the fight, this precious Clarence dropped *this*, and never knew, and left it behind. When I—when I recovered from his hoggish treatment I found it lying by the roadside. I took the precaution of opening it. I'll say I found something. Oh, there's no doubt the thing's his. Look at the gilt initials on the side. What do they stand for?"

"Certainly they could stand for Clarence Smun," said Wheeler.

"Also," smiled Hubert Stem, "they could stand for Charles Short."

"And who is Charles Short?"

Stem turned with a groan and from the pocketbook he took a tattered newspaper cutting.

"When you have read this," he said, "you can ask the precious Clarence Smun who Charles Short is. It's no business of mine. I leave the matter in your hands. But I—I thought you should be safeguarded. I thought you should know just who this Clarence Smun really was."

"Quite so," said Wheeler.

He took the cutting and read it. The upper half was a photograph of a soldier's legs, but the rest of him, including the face, had been torn away. Underneath was an inscription giving the age, height and general appearance of Charles Short, a deserter from the army since seven months before. It asked for information.

"And so shall I!" stormed Wheeler.

He rang for the maid and requested that Clarence be at once found and brought before him. When Clarence at length appeared he handed him the pocketbook but retained the clipping.

"That yours?" he snapped.

"Quite right, Mr. Wheeler," Clarence agreed. "Yes, it is my pocket-book."

"Well, and what's your name?"

"What is my name? But I thought you knew?"

"Never mind what you thought I knew. What is your name?"

"Why, Clarence Smith."

"Smith? I understood that it was Smun?"

Clarence smiled.

"Nobody's name is Smun," he said.

"All right then. Clarence Smith. It isn't by any means, Short?"

"Short of what, sir?"

"Don't be a — fool! Are you Charles Short?"

"I certainly am not. I've never heard of the man."

"You deny it?"

"There's nothing to deny. I'm not Charles Short, that's all. I never was."

"Hum! Then why do you treasure this in your pocket book?" Wheeler shouted, passing him the slip.

Clarence looked at it and read it and then smiled into Wheeler's eyes.

"Damned funny, of course!" snapped Wheeler.

"Look on the other side," said Clarence.

"Eh?" Wheeler gasped and turned the cutting over. "Good lord!" he cried.

"What is it?" asked Violet.

"It's a paragraph saying that the whole scientific world is wanting to know why Professor Clarence Smith, the famous zoologist does not return to his labours at the Zoological Society at once."

"I knew it!" cried Cora. "He *looks* a distinguished man!"

"I—" was all Mrs. Wheeler could manage.

"Why don't you?" demanded the cautious Wheeler.

"Because I didn't want to turn out of his job the poor fellow who carried on while I was in France," replied Clarence. "But I got a letter this morning to say that all that could be arranged and so—" He stopped.

Suddenly the lord of that peculiar household rose and advanced upon his one-time secretary.

"You!" he shouted. "March!"

And Stem marched.

Then Wheeler turned to Clarence, "And now, Professor Smith," he said, "what—what do you propose?"

"I propose," said Clarence, "to propose to Miss Pinney. After which we shall get married. Shan't we?" he asked turning to Violet.

And they strolled out together into the garden, and left the Wheeler family to recover.



"I propose," said Clarence, "to propose to Miss Pinney."



## Footlights or Shadows?

by ELIZABETH LONERGAN

Stage or screen, which shall it be? So many stars seem to find it hard to choose. That is why they put in an equal share of both.

No. 1  
EUGENE  
O'BRIEN

Eugene O'Brien not long ago made a temporary disappearance from the screen. He thought it was going to be a permanent one, but that is where he guessed wrong, and thereby hangs a tale!

To go back a bit. Eugene started out to be a doctor, following in his father's footsteps, or rather his family decided for him and Gene decided to be an actor. He joined a stock company in Denver and later came to New York and played leads in a number of important productions, both musical and dramatic. He was Alexandra Carlisle's leading man in the American production of "The Country Cousin" and almost got to England with it. Then someone discovered his screen possibilities and overnight 'Gene became star. He was featured in Selznick pictures and one of his favourite co-stars was Norma Talmadge. Fans thought them the perfect lovers and never felt that any of Norma's leading men measured up to his standard.

And then 'Gene decided to go back to his first love. Contrary to the usual conception of film stars, Mr. O'Brien is very modest and he felt a certain amount of timidity at appearing on Broadway after so long an absence from the stage. So he made all arrangements to star in a clever play called "Steve" which fitted him like the proverbial glove, but stipulated to his managers that he must NOT play New York! And he had been a big success on Broadway only a few years before. After he tried the play awhile, he expected to return to Broadway but not until he was perfectly sure that he could come back as stage hero. "Steve" was a delightful little story with a moving picture star as hero and several pictures were actually taken during the progress of the play. It ran for almost a year and if it had not reached Hollywood, it would probably be in New York now and 'Gene would be appearing in it.

Last summer while I was visiting Salt Lake, "Steve" and Mr. O'Brien came to town. I was anxious to find out just how he was taking his re-appearance on the stage and so visited the star, meeting him for the first time. For the benefit of fans I will say that he is much better looking in real life than on the screen and is most charming. One reason for his return to the stage was because he missed his audiences. "Some future day" he would go back to pictures—and the very next week he played at Los Angeles and all his good resolutions went on the rocks!

It was Norma Talmadge who persuaded him to change his mind or perhaps when he got into a studio once more he knew he had to go back. The tour of "Steve" which had many weeks more, was terminated and Mr. O'Brien became once more a screen star. A contract has been signed and the stage will not see him again for some time. But the experiment was worth something; it taught him that theatre applause was not everything and that there were bigger audiences to please, audiences that circled the world.

Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge are co-starring once again in "Fight."

There is something spiritual about the pensive profile of 'Gene O'Brien



Above: Eugene O'Brien's latest photograph.

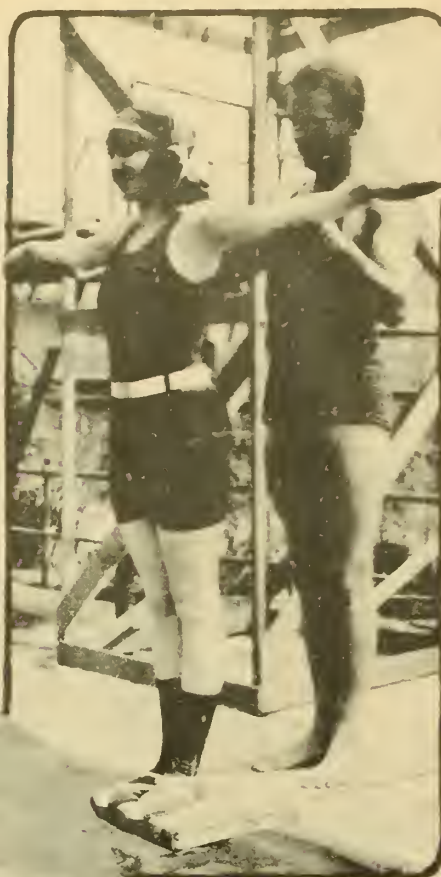




# A Swimming Lesson

by REGINALD DENNY

Reginald Denny is a very thorough young fellow who never does things by halves. These pictures will show you how Reg taught a fair friend to swim. His victim is now the proud owner of a medal won in a recent fancy-diving contest.



"Put the backs of your hands together—so."

It's an extraordinary thing, the number of people who are content to go through life without ever learning to swim. They go to the coast summer after summer, and they don't go near the water. Or, if they do, they confine their activities to splashing around in the shallows, haunted by the dreadful fear of "getting out of their depths."

To me the only way of spending a seaside holiday is to practically live in the water, and if you can't get away from town, there are always swimming baths. A good cool river isn't a bad substitute for the sea either, so there is no excuse for anyone.

My own first acquaintance with the healthiest exercise in the world was made at the tender age of six. I went with some young companions to a river, that flowed near my childhood home in

Top: Preparing to dive.  
Right: The Over-Arm Stroke.

Richmond, Lancashire. I'd never been swimming in my life, and I was scared stiff, but boys have no pity on each other and I was ruthlessly pushed in.

Being one of those guys born to the other thing I just naturally couldn't drown and I managed to scramble ashore somehow. After that I made up my mind that I was going to learn to swim. I tackled my father on the subject directly I got home. And the next day I had my first lesson.

I have been thankful many times since then that I became a swimmer—not only for the pleasure it gives me, but because it has been really useful to

me in my work. In several of *The Leather Pusher* series there are water scenes, and in one I have to rescue a fair lady from drowning.

I have called this article "A Swimming Lesson," although I'm afraid it isn't going to live up to its title. It's a difficult task to teach anyone to swim on paper and the most I can do is to give you a few tips, culled from my own experience.

First of all, *don't* stand shivering on the brink for half an hour before you decide to take the plunge. There is nothing more calculated to wear down the courage of a beginner.

*Don't* insist on trying to learn in about two inches of water, because you will only succeed in rasping your knees and your instructor's temper.

And—this is a very important point to remember—*don't* imagine that whoever is teaching you to swim has brought you out with the express purpose of drowning you. No man likes to be half choked every time his pupil swallows a mouthful of water.

Having read, marked and inwardly digested these preliminary hints, I should advise you to pay a visit to your local frog-pond and study the inhabitants thereof. I can see some of my fair readers turning up their little noses and smiling with incredulous amazement at the suggestion, but I can assure you I'm perfectly serious. There's no finer exponent of swimming than the frog. Watch one at work, and then watch a human swimmer, and you'll see that their movements are exactly the same—only that the frog, in nine cases out of ten is many times more graceful!

Look carefully at the pictures on these pages and you will see one in

Below: A moment's "breather."







Top: "Never fall flat on the water or you may hurt yourself severely," says Reg. Right: "A hand beneath the body of the beginner gives the confidence necessary for her to strike out."

the water. Don't puff along with little uneven splashes, but take good long strokes that will land you somewhere without using half the amount of breath the shorter strokes take. If you can manage to execute the back stroke and the breast stroke really well you'll be an exception to the general rule, because nine people out of ten who think they can swim don't know the meaning of the word.

As a matter of fact, though, swimming should come naturally to most people, just as it does to animals. There is a buoyancy about the water, especially sea water, that



Above: "The lower limbs are as important as the arms in swimming. Always remember that"

Below, Left: The Finished Article.

supports the swimmer, and quite a number learn to swim by themselves without very much difficulty.

A beginner always learns the breast stroke first. In case you have never done this yourself I will give you some idea of the movements. First of all put your two hands together as you see me doing on page one of this article; next push them (still together), straight out in front of you. Bring them apart with the palms out to push the water away from you, then swing them out to the side and back again to the first position. Practise the arm movement without the legs, first, and when you think you've got it, try the legs whilst holding on to a lifebuoy.



which I am teaching my fair pupil—a very apt one, by the way—to dive. If you're very observant you'll notice that she has her mouth partly open. I noticed that, too, luckily, and warned her just in time, to keep it closed. But I wasn't so fortunate when I made my first dive. Nobody reminded me to shut my mouth, and when, in the fulness of time, I came spluttering up to the surface, I was firmly convinced that I had the best part of that full-flavoured old river in my little inside.

Talking of diving, I should like to remind you about one thing. Never make the mistake of falling flat on the water—you're likely to do yourself a serious injury. And don't be afraid to open your eyes under water.

Last of all I want you to remember not to attempt any fancy swimming until you are really sure of yourself in

Then see if you can manage both legs and arms together, and before long you'll find yourself moving along on top of the water, almost without knowing that your feet have left the bottom. Don't get into the habit of using the lifebuoy though—it will only make you lazy, and you won't want to do without it. And once again let me remind you to learn to keep your eyes open in and under the water.

You'll find, when it comes to under water swimming, that you'll want to be able to see in the water, and so get your eyes accustomed to it. And the same thing applies to surface diving. It's no good groping around in the water after an object with your eyes shut, you might pick up something that bites.

And now, my gentle reader, having thoroughly taken in these words of wisdom, get some kind friend to push you into the nearest river—and see whether you remember a word of it!



Left: Flora Le Breton. Oval: Dorothy Roberts disguised as Louise Fazenda. Below: Stewart Rome's latest photo.



Left: Stella Arbenina in the stage play "In the Next Room."



Adelqui Millar as "The Prince of the Pharaohs" in "Moon of Israel."



Left: "Reveille" in the making. How many in this group can you recognise.

e go to Press too early to announce the final choice for "Peter Pan." But Flora Le Breton has everybody marvelling at her enterprise in producing, staging and playing in a short film embodying her idea of "Peter Pan" and sending this across to England to take its chance against the screen tests of twenty-four famous stars submitted to Barrie by Paramount. It is known that Barrie would like a British cast. Ernest Torrence, engaged for "Captain Hook" is British, and practically the only two British girls in the running are Betty Balfour and Flora Le Breton. But Barrie may insist on a boy.

#### Bravo Flora!

In any case, the screen test of Flora, which I saw a couple of days after its arrival proves that she could play "Peter," given the chance. Particularly good was she as "Peter" in the tree, and in a "medium shot" illustrating the eyes that "were so bright they seemed to pierce the earth." The shadow episode, too, was quite charming. The whole thing was done, I hear, in three days, for Flora was working on a picture with Lionel Barrymore when she heard of the famous twenty-four stars who were tried out by Paramount and found wanting by Barrie. She hired a studio and produced the film herself and I am sure all the British fans will join me in a hearty "Bravo Flora!"

#### The Annual Exodus

The exodus of film players has begun. Marjorie Hume is in France, playing in *Two Little Tagabonds* under Louis Mercanton's direction. Hugh Miller is in Germany, and has just signed on to play in *The Living Corpse*, a film version of Tolstoi's story. Don't know whether Hugh plays the Corpse or no. And Clive Brook has gone to America



Malcolm Todd  
grew old in a  
day whilst  
filming  
"L'Image."



Above. Todd in the  
first reel, aged twenty-four.

to Thomas Ince, with whom he signed a contract in June. His first Hollywood film is *Christine of the Hungry Heart*. Ivy Duke is back in Berlin working on *Decameron Nights*.

#### Teutonic "Phlegm"!

Ivy Duke found German film artists and directors very far removed from the traditional phlegmatic Teuton of popular fancy. "It appears," she says, "that film making in Germany is a sort of competition in which director and directed see who can get the most excited and worked up in a short time." The director usually cries first, then the artists begin to weep, the camera man follows suit and the art director soon joins the chorus, and, as they usually take about sixteen to eighteen months over a film, the handkerchief trade in Germany must be in a flourishing condition. Needless to say, the quiet methods of Hubert Wilcox came as a complete surprise to them."

#### Very Like Louise.

The clever make-up of a Kensington reader thoroughly deserved the first prize it won at the Hammersmith Palais de Danse, when Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford acted as judges. "I hardly expected to come in for a first," writes she, "and I was ever so thrilled at being congratulated by Doug and Mary, and afterwards photographed with them."

#### Activities at Stolls.

Stolls studio is very proud of its manager these days. Genial Joe Grossman was recently invested with the Order of St. John of Jerusalem by H.M. The King at Buckingham Palace, for special services during the war.



Clive Brook, Graham Cutts (left),  
Marjorie Daw and Mynon Selznick (right)  
snapped at studio tea between shots of  
"The Passionate Adventure"

Joe is getting used to being exhibited to all and sundry visitors to the studio, and says he's now qualifying for the Order of St. Job of Cricklewood which will doubtless be conferred upon him in due course by the Lord Mayor of Cricklewood (if there is such a person). Anyway he's earned both.

#### Enter Marshall Films.

Stella Arbenina, who has done much clever film work in Russian, French, Italian and German productions is to be featured by an English company shortly. Marshall Films, hitherto known only as buyers and renters of films will start active production this summer. Stella Arbenina has been playing the unhappy countess in "In The Next Room," the thrilling murder mystery melodrama at the St. Martin's Theatre.

Top: Malcolm Todd  
aged forty. Left oval:  
The same gentleman  
at sixty. Don't  
worry, it's all in the  
(film) day's work.



Above: A consultation during the filming of "Contraband." Fred  
Leroy Granville's new film, which is about smugglers Left-  
Francis Lister.







*Louise Fazenda  
diets rigorously to  
keep her girlish outline.*

Many a film star thinks with dread of W. S. Gilbert's lines "There'll be too much of me in the sweet bye-and-bye."

*Gloria  
Swanson has  
a charming  
figure.*

It is not perfect in Hollywood! Much as you might envy the gorgeous movie queen who never has to wash her own dishes or stay home to take care of the baby—despite your envy, she has her troubles, too! That is, unless she is one of the very thin ones who couldn't possibly get fat if she ate ice cream sodas every ten minutes.

All others have their troubles. They have little clauses in their contracts, for instance, that stipulate how much they should weigh—or, rather, how much they shouldn't weigh. If their poundage goes up above a certain figure—mathematically and otherwise—the contract is null and void and absolutely no good in general. A slim, svelte beauty, the producers quite reasonably figure, is worth dollars and cents at the box office; the same beauty, with twenty pounds additional weight, is something else again.

So you can see for yourself what a screen star's figure means to her! It's important enough, goodness knows, in the life of plain everyday Stella, who has to "lay off" bread and potatoes and caramels. But at least she has one advantage over her famous sister. She isn't getting her bread and butter because of her looks. Her figure isn't her fortune. Probably she has a husband to hand her half his pay envelope; and getting fat isn't cause for divorce, even in Reno.

But with a screen star it's different. Her figure is her fortune. Getting fat is a cause for divorce—from her con-

tract. And she has to count the calories every time she takes a bite. At least, all but the lucky few.

As for the rest—each has her own means of keeping peace with the scales. Many of them feel that breakfast is taboo—it doesn't do to start the day with too much fuel. Louise Fazenda is one advocate of the frugal breakfast. Two cups of coffee—with not much cream, thank you—and two

slices of unbuttered toast, and Louise is fed for the morning. Many a custard pie has she thrown with no more ammunition than that.

Lila Lee has rather a healthful method for keeping her figure just where she wants it. One day a week she eats nothing but orange juice. Where could anyone find a more delightful way of keeping down the avoirdupois?

Nor are the men of the screen indifferent to their effect on their mirrors. Men are supposed to be entirely free from vanity—we only said *supposed*—but that doesn't apply to handsome heroes. It can't! Their bread and butter—certainly their cake and ice cream—are likely to depend on their remaining handsome heroes.

If they have a tendency to obesity, they keep away from potatoes and sweets.

Oh, they have to think of food, these screen stars! You'd expect that people living

on such Olympian heights—up among the stars—as they do, would eat nothing but nectar and ambrosia. But nectar and ambrosia are fattening, probably; and if the Hollywoodsmen, and women, were to dine on such rich fare, they probably wouldn't stay up among the stars for long. ALMA M. TALLEY





# The Confessions of Conway Tearle

o-er!"

I might as well start The Confessions of Conway with a little bit of the Confessions of Me. And I'm free to confess that "Oo-er!" was the first thought that came to my mind when I opened the cable that commanded me to interview Conway Tearle. Says the dictionary: "Frown—to rebuke, or repel, by a frown or stern look: to scowl: to look on with disfavour: a wrinkling of the brow in displeasure." I suddenly remembered that Conway was an expert at what the

Conway and Norma seek "the wide, open spaces" in "The Eternal Flame."



French call "La Boxe"—and when a boxer looks on anyone with disfavour...! I had a sudden vision of a displeased star wrinkling his brow at me, and giving me a stern and disapproving look.

I said good-bye to all my friends, indicated that the body would be found outside the gate of "Edencroft" in Westchester and that no flowers would be necessary, said "Oo-er!" several times more, and departed.



Tearle in serious mood.



Above: One of Conway Tearle's rare smiles. The lady is Barbara La Marr. Right: Conway and his new car.

Which, after all, is a compliment to the Editor of PICTUREGOER; for it never once occurred to me to disobey the commands of that invisible and august potentate.

Well, well! You never can tell in this life. Conway gripped me by the hand—frowning all the time—and said: "Yes, I have. Yes, I think it will. Now come along and look at my roses."

I tried to readjust my badly scattered ideas. I had a suspicion that something was happening. In fact it seemed to me that the frown was in danger of deteriorating into a smile. There was certainly something like a twinkle in those keen, dark eyes. Anyway, thought I, I'll chance it.

"Mr. Tearle" I said firmly, "I haven't the least idea what you're talking about. What have you? And what do you think it will?"

"Why," he smiled, "every newspaper man who comes around asks me if I have really had my mole removed, and whether I think it will be an advantage to me in my screen work. I assumed that you would burst out with the same questions and thought I would save you the trouble."

"So, in fact, you have and you think it will" I replied

"You ought to have been a criminal lawyer," he mocked. "Come along and see my roses" he went on before I had time to think of the obvious retort.

We turned one of the winding paths among the rose trees and came across Mrs. Tearle engaged in planning a new rock garden. "Meet my wife" said Conway.

"I've already met her many times" I said. "Across the footlights" I added hastily. "I heard her sing in



"Irene," and I've often admired her playing at Maxine Elliott's theatre.

They laughed at this, and looked at one another a little shyly.

"Ah, that old theatre," said Mrs. Tearle, "that is where we first met. Tell him about it Conway."

"Yes," I said sternly, "tell me. I'm calling this interview *The Confessions of Conway*, and this seems a suitable moment for you to begin confessing."

"It is Adele who ought to confess," he answered. It was all her fault really. She got a friend of hers to introduce us. I would never have done anything so immodest."

"No, all Conway did was to come to the piece every night for a couple of weeks and look at me from the front row of the stalls with most tragic eyes."

"Registering despair," interrupted Conway.

"With a frown?"

"With a frown!"

"Since Conway is to enter the confessional," remarked his wife, "he'd better take you to sit on the porch while I get on with my gardening. His youthful indiscretions would be no news to me," she added maliciously.

We sat down obediently. "Well?" I said.

"Quite, thank you" said Conway.

That's the worst of him! He never will give a straight answer to a straight question. I foresaw trouble ahead.

I tried him with the oldest, most ordinary and most useless question that an interviewer ever addresses to a film star. Surely he couldn't sidetrack that. "Do you prefer stage or screen work?"

He looked at me squarely and answered "Yes." Heavens! What a man! I gasped.

"Yes *what*?", I demanded.

"Yes thank you," he answered.

I just sank back in my chair and let it go over me.

"I prefer them to everything," he said. "I'm an actor and all my people have been actors before me. I'm interested in my garden, and fishing and tennis and motoring, but acting is in my blood and I can't get away from it. My wife is rather the same. We haunt first nights, and never miss a new production either of stage or screen."

My father was a very well-known English actor, and my mother a theatre-owner in Brooklands. Wherefore I began my professional career at the advanced age of five, and for ten solid years I worked in stock with my father, playing small parts in anything that came my way. At fifteen I suddenly became ambitious and blossomed out into a boxer. I was a professional for two years in London, under another name. No," he said firmly as he saw me beginning to speak, "I shall not tell you what that name was. But the only solid results of that career were a broken nose and a cut lip. Ever hear of the time I played "Hamlet"? he asked inconsequently.



I said I'd heard of him playing "Ben Hur."

"That was a different time," said Conway sweetly. "I have played 'The Sheik' too." I beat a hasty retreat. "Well, about "Hamlet"?"

"It ended my boxing career, and perhaps a good thing too. My father, who was playing a Shakespearean season at the time, was suddenly taken ill, and for lack of anyone better they ordered me to take the part. I was eighteen. I didn't know a word of 'Hamlet,' except 'To be or not to be.' I didn't even know what was to be or not to be. So the manager went in front of the curtain and thoughtfully explained the situation to the audience before the play began. He said that Mr. Tearle's son was going to try his hand, and that anyone who was not satisfied could have his money back at



Reading downwards: Mr. and Mrs. Conway Tearle (Adele Rowland) reading a scenario; Conway puts in a little hard labour at the pump; and filming "The Man of Stone," an Arabian story.





"I've got an old Drury Lane programme of 1902 in which I found your name, Mr. Tearle."

"Yes, I worked in London for some time, playing juvenile with Tree and Ellen Terry, and after that I had a stiff and very useful education with Ben Greet's repertory company. Like another confession?"

"Sure, that's what I'm here for."

"I got tired of repertory. I thought I'd like a change. I went to Cyril Maude and asked for a job. He handed me the icy mitt. You don't get jobs in England by asking for them. I was told very politely that when my services were needed I should receive an invitation. I didn't wait for that invitation. I caught the next boat to America . . . and having been foolish enough to play poker to while away the time landed in New York with thirteen dollars in my pocket,"

*Left: With Clara Bow in "Black Oxen."*

*Below: In "Lilies of the Field," with Corinne Griffith.*



*As "Armand de Montriveau in "The Eternal Flame," one of his best rôles.*

the end. It is the proudest recollection of my life that not a single person applied at the box-office."

"I believe you knew that part perfectly," I said.

"Well, I ought to have done" he replied, "seeing that ever since I could walk I'd stood in the wings night after night listening to my father deliver his lines. Know it? I could have said it backwards."

"But you said . . ." I began

"Forget it" said Conway. "You wanted me to confess. Well, I'm confessing, aren't I?"

"Unlucky number" I murmured.

"Not on your life," said Conway. "Thirteen is my mascot. I got a job immediately playing lead to Grace George and since then I have never looked back."

"I don't see the connection. . ."

"There isn't any" said Conway.

Dash the man!

"A long time ago, I said, "I asked you if you preferred stage or screen work, and you side-stepped very neatly. I'll put it another way. How old are you?"

Conway frowned. "I don't quite see the connection. . ."

"There isn't any" I said.

I felt that repaid me for quite a lot?

Alas for human hopes!

"But all the same there is a connection," went on Conway, "and I'll give it to you. When a man's over forty, as I am, the footlights seem to appeal to him more than the Klieg Lights and the Sunlight Arcs. A man of forty on the stage is young, a mere 'comer'; but in pictures he is getting past the youth that the audiences demand. A man or woman who makes a success on the screen should study and develop the voice when they are young, and drop into the legitimate as soon as their screen career begins to wane. Then they will have the advantage, not only of their training in gesture and deportment gathered from the movies, but of the large fan public which they have already created if they are worth their salt."

"You're a bit of a cynic, aren't you?"

"I'm a business man," said Conway. "I believe in looking at these things straight. Picture work is far more paying, and I don't blame young actors for taking the money while the money is good. But it is fatal to go beyond

*Tearle being tortured at the instigation of Wallace Beery in "Ashes of Vengeance."*





your high-water mark and start running downhill: and it's the hardest thing in the world to stage a good come-back. As a matter of fact I don't mind confessing that I do prefer the stage to the screen."

"You think it's a better artistic medium?"

"Medium of what?" he asked.

"Art."

"What's Art?" he answered.

"It's a thing that most actors and actresses talk about in connection with their work—particularly in connection with their more unsuccessful work."

"A sort of substitute for dollars, I suppose. This is a blinding new thought. I must ask my wife about it some time. All I can say is that there is far more thrill in stage work. That's why I prefer it."

"We will now," I said, "proceed to a confession of your crimes. Tell me about the films you have made."

"Well," he said, "I suppose I've spoiled as much good celluloid as anybody. I blame Ethel Barrymore for it all. I had been playing opposite her in 'Mid-Channel' for two years on the stage when some film producer signed her to make *The Nightingale* in 1916. Ethel was green to pictures, in spite of her famous brothers, and insisted on having a man as green as herself to play opposite her. So she picked on me. She said she knew I couldn't steal the picture if I tried. It wasn't such a frost as it might have been—anyway, other parts followed thick and fast. Some work I did for Herbert Brenon in *The Fall of The Romanoffs* seemed to make a pretty good impression, and got me jobs with all sorts of important stars."

"Confess them" I interrupted.

"I was with Marguerite Clark in *Helene of the North*, with Mary Pickford in *Stella Maris*, Constance

Talmadge in *The Virtuous Vamp* and *Two Weeks*, Marion Davies in *April Folly*, and Anita Stewart in *The Mind The Paint Girl*. Then I played in two versions of *The Common Law*, first with Clara Kimball Young, and then six years later with Corinne Griffith."

"What about the time you were with Selznick?"

"That was a splendid time. They gave me the sort of stories I like best—strong drama, with plenty of action and no end of thrills. I made *Marooned Hearts* there, and



Above: On location with Frank Lloyd (left) and Norma Talmadge for "Ashes of Vengeance."



Left: Conway and Constance Talmadge in "A Dangerous Maid."

Below: In "The Referee."

*Society Snobs*, which I wrote myself, *The Fighter*, *Shadows of the Sea*, and several others."

"I could never remember a time when you were out of a job."

I seem to have seen your name outside picture-houses all my life," I said.

"Yes you have," said Conway. "I've been busy. I don't mind confessing that. I went on from Selznick to First National without a pause, and played opposite to Norma Talmadge in *The Eternal Flame* and *Ashes of Vengeance*."

"I suppose, then, it was your experience of monkey glands in *Black Oxen* that led you to have your mole removed?" I remarked.

"The reason for the removal of that mole" said Conway, "is evident on the face of it. Must you go? Can't you really stay a little longer? Good-bye."

As I walked down the garden path he called to me to stop.

"I haven't confessed yet what I've got in the bureau" he called. I went back to the house—but I shan't tell you what was in that confession.







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Top left: Eileen Sedgwick grows roses on the front porch. Left circle: Bebe Daniels and her prize collic spoiling the lawn her mother has so carefully rolled.

"I planted vegetable marrows here," says Reg. Denny, "and Michaelmas daisies came up. What the——"



Left: Jack Pickford and his wife Marilyn Miller divide the labour.





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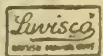
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TOLD TO ELIZABETH LONERGAN

Nº3 CONSTANCE BINNEY

There is considerable difference between visiting London on a holiday and going over to make a picture. Constance Binney has done both and has greatly enjoyed both experiences. She found it most interesting to work in an English studio after being an American picture star. "I had a wonderful time during my last trip" she told me, "and am so pleased that *A Bill of Divorcement* was liked on both sides of the Atlantic.

"The experience of working in a studio over there was delightful and I think it is one that every player would enjoy. There is not the rush and bustle that we have but things seem to get finished just the same and it is a pleasant atmosphere in which to work.

"Between times I greatly enjoyed the many attractions of London. I have many

Altogether England appeals to everyone though not always in the same way. The old streets are fascinating and nothing pleased me more than to wander around in strange parts of the City and see the quaint old-fashioned houses that have lasted since Dickens' time.

"I heard a story the other day about two Americans who were on their first trip abroad. Part of the time they were with a personally conducted party but when the time came for them to spend a fortnight alone in London before sailing time, they were absolutely without resources. Although they lived in Russell Square

Above and Left: Constance Binney in characteristic poses. Circle: With Clemence Dane, authoress of "*A Bill of Divorcement*," to film which Constance came to London.

friends there and was entertained a great deal. The theatres are a never ending source of delight and, woman-like, the shops proved most attractive. My time was more or less limited because of studio work but I managed to get in lessons in singing and dancing as well as go about a little.

"The friendly reception of the English people touched me too. They did everything in their power to make me comfortable and happy. I enjoyed the outdoor life, the tennis and golf as well as the horseback riding,

in one of the big hotels, they seldom went out, spending the time in the lobby or reading trashy novels in their rooms. This was "seeing London" with all the wonders of the City right within hand! I feel that these two are exceptions as almost every visitor to London makes the most of every moment. It is particularly enjoyable if you have friends and the *entrée* into English homes, then you know the meaning of the term 'hospitality.' That is one of the keynotes of life across the Sea and I am so glad that I was fortunate in meeting it."





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*Picturegoer, Aug. 1924.*

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## A HOPELESS TASK.

Stars whose light beguiles our leisure  
Stars whose charms are all the rage  
Stars who give us so much pleasure—  
All are worthy of this page,  
But your manifold attractions  
Form a problem for my muse,  
Sides my brain in warring factions—  
It's so difficult to choose!

Twixt the art of Doug and Mary  
Doro's elfin witchery  
(And though tastes and fancies vary  
Few have that so much as she).  
Rudolph, star of every rumour,  
Meighan's smile to cure the blues,  
Stroheim's wit and Charlie's humour—  
It's so difficult to choose.

Life's a funny proposition,  
He who hesitates is lost;  
So I'll put my indecision  
Down unto my victim's cost;  
I could write them lovely verses—  
Tearle or Talmadge, Hope or Hughes,  
Knight or lady, but—oh curse it!—  
It's so difficult to choose.

A. H. S. (Somerset).

## RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first's in Priscilla but not in Dean  
My second's in Douglas but not in  
Maclean  
My third is in Bull, but it's not in  
Montana  
My fourth is in Viola, also in Dana  
My fifth is in Pauline but not in Starke  
My sixth is in Marguerite, also in  
Clarke,  
My seventh's in Gladys but not in  
Walton  
My eighth is in Dorothy but not in  
Dalton  
My ninth is in Dinky but not in Dean  
My whole is a vamp on America's  
screen. ANSWER—Pola Negri.

N. L. (Muswell Hill).

## TO PEARL.

Enshrined in many film fans' hearts  
Are Mary's shining curls  
And Valentino's smiles are darts  
To pierce the hearts of girls.  
A glance from Norma's eyes has  
thrilled  
Her film fans one and all,  
And many an eye with tears has filled  
When Lillian Gish's fall.  
And yet these charmers leave me cold—  
I stick by what I write—  
For beauty, grace and grit untold  
There's none to beat Pearl White.

PACTUM SERVA (Kent).

## GIORIOUS GLORIA.

Of beautiful Gloria Swanson I sing;  
Her art is a careful ingenious thing.  
Each feeling or thought she intends to  
convey  
Is shown in her own unmistakable way.

A glance of her eyes and a wave of her  
hand  
Are words in a language that all under-  
stand,  
And the varying shrugs of her  
shoulders express  
Emotions that range from delight to  
distress.

Her frocks are superb, but a dress all  
the same  
Can never secure any durable fame,  
And the reason for Gloria Swanson's  
renown  
Is Gloria's acting—not Gloria's gown.

BARDOLPH (Manchester).

## CLAIRE WINDSOR.

The sweetest thing in Hollywood  
So lissome, chic and fair,  
Has eyes like dewy violets—  
Of course, her name is Claire.

I. I. (Stockton-on-Tees).

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2]

## Some Whisky!

In *The Shadow of the Mosque*, when Stewart Rome and the other officer were having a drink together, they poured it out of a Black and White whisky bottle. But the liquid that came out was black and frothy—obviously stout!

L. V. F. (Sydenham).

## One for the Intelligence Department.

In *Making a Man*, Horace C. Wingsby (Jack Holt), whilst staying at a hotel in New York, sends a telegram home to his manager. When he receives the reply it is addressed to "Horace C. Wingsby, New York City, New York." Surely this is rather a vague address to find him in such a large city?

R. B. H. (Tunbridge Wells).

## Ask Helen!

Helen Holmes, in an episode from *The Tiger Bound*, is bound hand and foot to a chair in a hut. The rope round her ankles is particularly noticeable, yet, when the hero came to release her, he simply untied her hands and she was set free. What happened to the rope?

E. B. (Derby).

## It Wasn't Sheep.

In *Becket*, a story of the 12th century, "Rosalind" the heroine is seen on a beautiful lawn in front of the castle. This has obviously been cut with a modern lawn-mower, for its tracks are plainly visible!

K. A. (Hartlepool).

## An Ever-Open Lock.

Wanda Hawley as "Tess Haggard" in *The Truthful Liar*, goes to "Pott's" office to obtain a compromising letter from him. While she is in the room "Potts" locks the door and pockets the key. "Tess" struggles with him, strikes him with a pair of scissors and escapes through the door, which was still locked!

E. H. (Coventry).

## Serial Strength.

The hero is in the clutches of an octopus, in an episode from *Plunder*. Pearl White knots some blankets together and lets them down through a trap door, at the same time holding her enemies at bay with a revolver. She holds the blanket-rope in the left hand and the revolver in the right, thus enabling the hero to climb to safety. But surely even a serial heroine isn't strong enough to bear the weight of a man with one hand.

J. W. (Middleton).





We had an interesting chat with Gloria Swanson, who visited London on her way to Paris to buy frocks for her new film *The Woman of Fire*. She was horrified to find that *The Shulamite* was only just about to be released. "You haven't seen any of my good ones," said she, plaintively. Gloria, who has worked very hard to live down the "Gorgeous" which has been tacked on to her for so long, intended to see most of London's Art Galleries before she left. A long interview appears in the September issue.

Alice Terry went to watch Blanche Sweet at work on *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. During a lull in the proceedings Blanche asked Alice regarding the rumour that the Rex Ingrams were going to quit movies and going to live in Algiers, where Rex bought a house recently. Quoth she: "First I hear that rumour. Then I hear you will star in his next picture and that it will be made abroad. Then it's 'Rex Ingram will produce *The World's Illusion* in New York.' What really are you going to do next?" Alice replied with a gesture indicative of complete bewilderment. "I don't exactly know what Rex will do next," said she. Said Blanche, with a similar shrug, "I understand. Mickey's Irish too." As a matter of fact Alice Terry is to appear in *The Great Divide*, with Conway Tearle opposite.

The latest regarding *Peter Pan* is that Mary Hay is to be Peter. That's only a rumour. These are facts. Herbert Brenon has been chosen to direct it, and Willis Goldbeck, a movie journalist recently turned scenario writer has been entrusted with the script. We'd have preferred Neilan to direct, ourselves, but Mickey wouldn't attempt it. He said, in an interview, that it's a task beyond even him.

Blanche Sweet is the only movie star within our ken who doesn't want to play "Peter Pan." Bravo Blanche! We always knew you were one of the most level-headed girls on the screen.

Griffith announces he will engage entirely new stars for his next production. Carol Dempster has signed a contract with another film company.

One-release runs seem the order of the day in the West End. The Marble Arch Pavilion, which was the pioneer of this sort of thing, has now been followed by the Tivoli and the Rialto. It is nice for the London fans, but makes their country cousins green with envy.

When Billie Dove and her husband, Irvin Willat, who directed her in *Wonders of the Wasteland*, were on location in Death's Valley, they discovered on the edge of that strangely beautiful place, an Indian, living on an oasis of

his own manufacture. Death Valley, you may have heard, came by its ominous title because of its desolation, but this Indian had brought soil, upon which he grows his own food. He boasts also of a water hole for his cattle and swimming pool for himself and his family.

In *The Lost World* (Conan Doyle's) which is being filmed by First National, appear Lewis Stone, Bessie Love, Wallace Beery, Lloyd Hughes, Arthur Hugh, Bull Montana and Charles Murray.

Paramount are going to film Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan*. It was filmed in England some time ago with Cecil Humphreys as "Satan," and negotiations were in process between Marie Corelli and Paramount ever since 1918.

Harrison Ford is supporting Hope Hampton in her new picture, *The Price of a Party*; so are Mary Astor, Dagmar Godowsky and Arthur Edmund Carewe.

Pola Negri's next is titled *Forbidden Paradise*, and Lubitsch will direct. The fans say it will be *Paradise*, without any objective, now. Pola and Ernst are together again.

Cecil De Mille's latest is called *The Golden Bed*. Comment is needless.



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Mary Pickford with Mr. and Mrs. Emil Jannings at the U.F.A. studios, Berlin.



Elaine Hammerstein is playing in *The Foolish Virgin*, with Robert Frazer and Gladys Brockwell supporting.

An interesting movie is *Two Shall Be Born*, from the novel of the same name. Eva Novak, Kenneth Harlan, and Segrid Holquist have the leads and Vitagraph will release it this side.

Vitagraph, too, are screening Phillipps Oppenheim's story of Hollywood life called *Behold This Woman*. Stuart Blackton, who directs, and Albert E. Smith, Vitagraph's President, appear in it, besides Marguerite De La Motte, Cullen Landis, Irene Rich, and Charles Post. It's a pity directors don't act more often. They can usually give the stars points!

Marjorie Daw made a two-reel version of *Maud Muller* before she left America, which is just about due for release over here.

Percy Marmont is back at Vitagraph's again in *The Clean Heart*, a Hutchinson story, but not another *If Winter Comes*.

Jack Daugherty, who is Barbara La Marr's husband, continues his serial career. His newest is *The Iron Man*.

Will Rogers features in a new *Our Gang* Comedy. It is called *Jubilo Jr.*, and the opening shots show Will as "Jubilo," telling some kid pals tales of his boyhood days. From thence "The Gang" take up the action and "go and do likewise."

When you see *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, watch the opening shot of "Sir John Manners" seated with his back to you, talking to his

steward. For it isn't Allan Forrest at all, though he plays "Sir John Manners"—it's Doug!

Pauline Frederick has definitely returned to film land. After the Lubitsch story she is now making *Mrs. Paramor* from a Louis Joseph Vance novel, with Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, and Huntly Gordon in support.

Charles Hutchison has made three new thrillers since his return to U.S.A. These are *Poison*, *Hutch of the Surging Seas*, and *Hutch of the U.S.A.*

One word titles are all the rage. Culling, at random, we find *Rain*, *Bread*, *Fight*, *Wine*, *Headlines*, *Manhattan*, *Manhandled*, *Triumph*, and *Rabbit*. Singular, isn't it?

Larry Semon has made a six-reeler, thus joining the Harold Lloyd class. It's a good one, with much original business, and is called *The Girl in the Limousine*.

Are you interested in the future of British films and British film stars? If so, in what way, and why? The other day I had a long chat with the Secretary of the British National Film League, who showed me some enlightening letters he had received from British fans during and after the great British Film Weeks. All these were carefully tabulated and filed ready, I suppose for the next Big Push. Anyway 'The League, 91 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, wants to hear from anyone interested in their own country's productions. It wants to find out what you want, and it will do its best to get it for you. So unscrew your fountain pens and get busy.



## MEET MARJORIE DAW [Continued from page 21]

"Then I suppose you bought some of your frocks over there?" I asked her. But to my surprise she shook her head.

"No," she said, "I got them all in London. Some of them, my hats, for instance, I had to have made specially for me. My head's naturally rather small, and since I had my hair shingled it's difficult to get a hat to fit me. But I've nearly finished with that side of the film, thank goodness. There's nothing I hate more than buying clothes in a hurry!"

"You like this film you're working on now?" I enquired.

"We all have great hopes for it," she confessed. "I do so want it to be a success. But then," she added wistfully. "It is always the same with films. We think each one is going to be the big one—and then, somehow, it isn't."

"What about your brother," I asked. "Is he going to have a screen career?"

"No," she said. "At least, I hope not. At present he's an automobile tyre salesman in Los Angeles. I had a letter from him the other day, and he seems to be getting on famously. He used to be a child actor, you know, but I took him away and put him to school, and he's only just left. I do think an education is so necessary to every boy, no matter what he's going to take up. Chandler's a great husky boy, real fine looking," she added with almost

motherly pride, "but I'm just glad he isn't going to be a movie actor—they do get so dreadfully spoilt."

A movie magazine lay on the table beside her.

"I always like to read all the magazines," she explained, "because they give me news of my friends in Hollywood." She spent the next half-hour delving into its pages, telling me about the various stars as she came across them. How Lila Lee was "just darling," Charlie Chaplin a wonderful mimic, and Hollywood was a more homely place to live in than New York. She professed a desire to be a very blonde blonde, but agreed with me when I philosophically reminded her that most people would like to look like somebody else. Then she told me how Mary Pickford, for whom she has a profound admiration, taught herself French and spoke it with the "sweetest accent," and how she, Marjorie, would like to do the same thing, when she could spare the time.

In fact, she proved herself such an interesting conversationalist that I was really sorry to have to tear myself away. But it had to be done, and I said "Good-bye" at last, albeit reluctantly. And as I left the studio I carried away with me a feeling that meeting Marjorie Daw had been a genuinely pleasant affair. E. E. BARRETT.

## DIGGING FOR NUGGETS [Continued from page 23]

Eric von Stroheim might just as well have starred Dale Fuller in *Foolish Wives*. She was the sensation of the film, anyhow. I don't really complain of Stroheim's treatment of her. After all, he brought her out of the ranks of crude comedy and gave her a part which really challenged her powers, not only in that picture but in others.

But in spite of her success in these roles producers will persist in putting her into small comedy parts in which all she has to do is to roll her eyes. What's the matter with them? Don't they know a nugget when they find one? Lubitsch seems to have spotted it: her name was prominent in the cast list of *The Marriage Circle*, despite the fact that her appearance on the screen in this film lasted about two minutes.

Talking of *The Marriage Circle*, what about Harry Myers? Why was he starred in *A Yankee At The Court Of King Arthur* only to be among the also-rans in other films? I saw three bills of *The Brass Bottle*. One announced the star to be Myers: number two said it was Torrence: the third defiantly plumped for Barbara La Marr. Seems to me THEY don't know their own minds. Anyway he is a star whatever they call him. Perhaps it's early days for Wm. Collier, Jr., to be made a star. But it will happen just the same. I prophesied it on the day when I saw him run away with the honours from *Low Cody in Secrets of Paris*.

Why Edward Horton is not a star I

don't know. There are rumours that Lasky is thinking of starring him. They needn't think twice.

The problem of Sam de Grasse I give up. His "Prince John" in *Robin Hood* was sheer undiluted genius.

Eric Stroheim would bear me out in this statement. For Eric was one of the first to recognise the value of Sam's work. In *Blind Husbands*, you remember, and De Grasse was in *The Brass Bottle* too, as "King Sulieman." Not a big rôle, nor one worthy of such an actor, who is always profoundly interesting, whatever he does. There was a certain gesture of the head peculiar to "Prince John" in *Robin Hood*. Peculiar to all film Royalty, according to Sam, I take it. For Sulieman made use of that identical gesture, and very effective it was, too.

As for Mahlon Hamilton, THEY not only don't star him—they never give him a part worth playing. I suppose they think it needs an extra specially good player to put over a bad one.

You've seen *The Ten Commandments*? Then you'll know what I'm going to say about Rod La Rocque. Here is a STAR—not that THEY call him one, of course. But when an actor has the polished technique of Rod, much that matters! He is playing opposite Leatrice Joy now. You couldn't find a more finished pair.

The fact is that here is a gold mine. Producers have only to stoop down to gather nuggets by the handful. E.R.T.



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## MR. and MRS. MICKEY [Continued from Page 13]

She has made dozens and dozens of films, with Griffith, when three-a-week was the rule. With Paramount in, amongst others, *The Warrens of Virginia*, directed by Marshall Neilan. With Goldwyn recently *In the Palace of the King*, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and for First National, notably *Anna Christie* and *Those Who Dance*.

"There was one dual-rôle I had in *The Unpardonable Sin*," she mused, "I rather liked. But it was a war story, and the war ended just before it was finished so it never cut much ice."

"*The Unpardonable Sin*," I repeated. "Let me see, what was that?"

"*The Unpardonable Sin*," interrupted Mickey. "We have it with us. We travel with it. Yes Ma'am. Meet *The Unpardonable Sin*," and he produced a small, but deadly looking ukelele from its case beneath a table. His wife laughed.

"He doesn't appreciate my music."

"Does she play it?" I asked.

"Play it" groaned Mickey. "She don't do nothin' else but. For my sins she plays it in the morning, in the afternoon, in the evening, and at midnight. Indoors and outdoors. The only time she didn't play it was in the train coming up from Southampton. She was so interested in the scenery that she forgot it, thank Heaven."

"I only play one instrument," said his wife roguishly. "He plays about a dozen. And sings. And composes. He has his own jazz orchestra of four."

"Guilty," confessed the culprit. He also confessed to having composed "Wonderful One," to which everyone in London must have danced.

"I'll play for you some time," said Blanche Sweet.

"Is that a promise?" I asked.

"Promise," scoffed Neilan. "It's a threat."

We left the subject of music for that of movies and discussed the latter seriously for some time.

"The public," said Neilan "knows best what it wants. Whether it be stars or pictures if the public doesn't like

them it just won't have them. I know."

I think he *does* know what the public wants, and gives it to them. Witness *Dinty*, *The River's End*, *Penrod*, and the three Pickford films aforementioned. There is something distinctive about his movies. Something essentially human and humorous with that humour that is akin to tears. Remember "Unity" and the empty coat in *Stella Maris*. Remember Mary, Wes Barry, and the dog with the cider in *Daddy-Long-Legs*. Remember Wes Barry's one-man-show in *Dinty*. Neilan has what Kipling terms "the common touch."

He said, *apropos* of stories, that he believed in screening stories that were about simple things, so that everybody, no matter what their nationality, could understand them. Nevertheless, he means to study Europeans and their likes and dislikes, whilst he is in Europe. And he may make Rebecca West's "Return of the Soldier" in an English studio this year. Blanche Sweet said she meant to take a rest for a while, her last two rôles having been such strenuous ones. They have modernised *Tess*, it seems, and introduced a touch of spiritualism.

"To relieve the sombreness of the ending" said Mickey. "I don't think folks want to leave a movie theatre feeling depressed. I hope you'll like *Tess* over here. I made it because everyone said I wouldn't get away with it. They said it wasn't picture material. But it is. It's one of those universal stories we were talking about."

"So is *Madam Butterfly*" I said sadly.

"I wanted to re-film *Butterfly*," said Neilan earnestly. "I wanted to make it in Japan. But I wasn't allowed to. I'll tell you about it some day. Meantime," as I rose to take my leave, "know that I did not direct *Madam Butterfly*. I played in it, but someone else directed." Under promise of secrecy they told me who did.

Heaven help him if he ever comes to London! JOSIE P. LEDERER.

## LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED [Continued from Page 11].

First on my list of strayed comes Violet Hopson. Violet murmurs vague promises when I ring her up but Walter West has sold his studio so things look despondent for Hopson fans.

Next in order I place Katherine MacDonald. Katherine retired officially some while back. That's nothing. They often do that. Gladys Walton did it the day this article went to press. She changed her mind, though, and announced the fact just too late to take out her picture. Oh! These Ladies!

To return to Katherine MacDonald. This famous beauty grew tired of Society life, and is looking for a suitable play, in which she means to appear in New York. Why the stage, Katherine? What's wrong with the Movies?

Eric Von Stroheim is still cutting *Greed*. He plans to produce; not a

word about acting. It's a pity. He's a wonderful villain. And Sam De Grasse seems to have strayed right over the Movie horizon and out of our ken. First National declare they don't know where he is. It's a thousand pities.

Last, but by no means least, Hugh Miller has strayed once and for all from the path of movie villainy and is going to play sympathetic parts for ever and ever. To which I add a hearty "Amen." He has returned from Germany, after fixing up a fine contract with Karl Grune, producer of *The Street*, still Hugh Miller, I am pleased to state. Despite his stay in the Fatherland, he neither spells his name Müller nor sports a Homburg hat.

So, upon this note of thankfulness ends my list of Lost, Stolen, or Strayed. May it soon be in need of revision!



## The Man of the Moment

[Continued from Page 9]

Who but Chaplin would have had the courageous insight to cast her for the rôle, or the directive genius to make her act in that subtle way? Who but Chaplin would have thought of starring Edna Purviance in a dramatic rôle? Yet the wonder now is that everyone had not thought of it. Chaplin set eyes on Menjou and realised that what was wrong with him was that he was too sympathetic . . . too sympathetic to play villains while at the same time the villains of the screen are too unsympathetic to be real villains.

So, after ten years of film drudgery Adolphe Menjou suddenly found himself in a part that had been made for him as skilfully as a dress suit is made for a client by a Savile Row tailor; a rôle that for the first time took in every one of his whims and mannerisms, which demanded the full strength of that sense of humour which all his other films had so rigidly cut out. The "Pierre Revel" of *A Woman Of Paris* is the real villain simply because he is not a villain at all: and Adolphe Menjou is the real "Pierre Revel" because he is not a villain either.

The fashion set by Chaplin was hastily followed by Lubitsch, and again in *The Marriage Circle* Menjou found a part that gave his talent full scope.

Menjou has shown that he is a great artist: he has yet to show that he is a great actor.

He gives all the credit to Chaplin for making him what he is. It is not strictly true. The merit of Chaplin is that he saw the actor in Menjou and gave him his chance. He was always a competent screen player. What Chaplin did was to make him the Man Of The Moment. E.R.T.



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will put pep into no more comedies. She departed this life last month. Requies-Cat in pace!





Elsie Ferguson, who seems to have deserted the screen these days.

Some time ago, a reviewer in an article in a cosmopolitan paper, deplored the fact that there are so few promising young actors. The youthful actress, he observed, has far out-distanced her brother player. The writer then proceeded to name ten actresses under thirty who had attained stardom, but when he started to list famous young actors, he stopped at number 3—for after that there weren't any more.

I at once recognised the veracity of the statement and decided to find out "how come?" Obviously the thing to do was to get the opinion of a successful woman star on the subject—one who had made an enviable place for herself on both screen and stage. I thought of Elsie Ferguson.

Elsie Ferguson is now starring, between pictures, in a stage production called "The Moon Flower," at the Fulton Theatre in New York. I saw her in her dressing room before the performance. And right here it might not be amiss to give you my impres-

"A woman scarcely ever has a chance to be her natural self," says Elsie Ferguson. "Life makes an actress of her whether she wills it or no. Every woman knows that."

sions of Elsie Ferguson. There are, doubtless, many people who would like to know almost first-hand what she is really like. There have been so many conflicting stories about her, you know. Someone, I might say, told me about Elsie Ferguson.

"She is beautiful, clever and talented," warned the advice-giver, "but, my dear, she is sure to Ritz you. Everyone says Elsie Ferguson is up-stage." And, foolishly, I almost believed it.

So I went to see one of our favourites, prepared to be Ritized, up-staged and, mayhap, shown the door. At any rate, I prepared for the worst and hoped for the best. And, of course, was disappointed. For Elsie Ferguson was charming and friendly to the point of cordiality, and I never have spent a pleasanter half hour with a celebrity than the one passed in her dressing room.

I felt that she'd been wronged and decided to apologise for ever presuming to pre-judge her. I told Elsie Ferguson I had expected the *congé*—or whatever the French call "getting the air."

She just laughed, a delicious, low, ripply laugh.

"You know," she confided, "I think the way I've been cast in pictures has given some people a wrong impression of me. I've been a succession or procession of *grandes dames* on the screen, and you know"—again the lovely laugh—"a 'lady,' according to Hoyle, isn't supposed to be the personification of animation and pep. So, as I'm sometimes not given the benefit of the doubt, I'll have to stand pre-judged and mis-judged before a cruel world."

You'll probably readily admit that Elsie Ferguson is *not* lacking in a sense of humour.

Then, while she was making up, I asked her why the girls were out-distancing the young men in the race for stellar parts.

"It isn't such a difficult question to answer," replied Elsie Ferguson, applying rouge to the whitest, satiniest skin I've ever seen, "when you consider that all women are actresses."

That was a startler, all right. I immediately had visions of myself laying down the mighty pen, picking up the sword and fighting my way to a position behind the footlights.

"Yes," continued Elsie Ferguson, "a woman scarcely ever has a chance to be her natural self. Everything seems to combine to make an actress of her whether she wills it or no. In the first place, there is convention. Convention is an enemy to true self-expression. Convention is more binding than chains and shackles.

"It is to convention that woman owes her ability to act, that is if she is to be congratulated on being able to feel one way and act another. She comes by this talent, if it may be called such, naturally. It is born with her. She almost never has to be taught to suppress her emotions. She does it instinctively—when it best serves her purpose. She can affect indifference to a situation when she knows and feels that its outcome is of the most vital importance to her. And she deserves little credit for being able to do so."

"Oh, dear," from me, "and we've always boasted about being so natural and unaffected."

"You probably are," laughed this famous actress, "when being 'natural and unaffected' gets you what you want. Now don't say 'Cynic'—I'm a feminist!"

"She's a peach," is what I reflected as I closed the door on the fair possessor of beauty and talent and acting ability.

And, speaking of getting what one wants, I've an idea Elsie Ferguson would be an authority on that subject. I can't imagine her wanting anything and being unable to get it. She has such outstanding ability, in addition to her beauty and charm, that one feels sure she could have succeeded in anything she set her mind to. REGINA CANNON.



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#### Adam and Eva (Paramount; Aug. 28).

A slight story about an agent who reforms the extravagant family of a millionaire. Technically perfect, gorgeously produced and well played by Marion Davies, Tom Lewis, T. Roy Barnes, William Norris, Percy Ames, and William Davidson. Spectacular light comedy fare.

#### The Butterfly of Paris (Astoria; Aug. 25).

The story of a young Frenchwoman, who, disappointed with her fiancé plunges into the social whirl and eventually finds happiness with a philosopher, who understands her. Good cabaret scenes and fashion displays. A French production starring France Delia.

#### Children of Jazz (Paramount; Aug. 4).

A topsy turvy sort of tale stressing the contrast between the jazz-maniacs of to-day and the quiet lives of their grandparents. Excellent acting by Ricardo Cortez, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Cain, Eileen Percy, Irene Dalton, Alec. B. Francis, Frank Currier, Snitz Edwards and Lillian Drew. Harum-scarum comedy-melodrama.

#### Clarence (Paramount; Aug. 11).

Clever comedy drama about a returned soldier, featuring Wally Reid, supported by Robert Agnew, May McAvoy, Agnes Ayres, Kathlyn Williams, Edward Martindel, Adolphe Menjou, Bertram Johns, Dorothy Gordon and Mayme Kelso. Read the story on page 31.

#### Conductor 1492 (F.B.O.; Aug. 12).

Johnny Hines in a hilarious medley of comedy and drama in which an Irish lad becomes motorman and conductor on an American one-man trolley car. Doris May opposite, also Ruth Renick, Dan Mason, Robert Cain, Fred

Esmeton, Byron Sage, Michael Dark, and Dorothy Burns. Johnny Hines wrote this story besides starring in it.

#### Chappy—That's All (Stoll; Aug. 11).

Signalising the return of Joyce Dearsley as the crook's daughter who is adopted by a young author (Francis Lister). Good comedy drama.

#### Daddies (F.B.O.; Aug. 18).

Mae Marsh at her clever, wistful, whimsical best, in a sentimental comedy based on the popular play. Harry Myers shares stellar honours, and Claude Gillingwater, Claire Adams, Crauford Kent, Willard Louis, Boyce Coombe, Georgia Woodthorpe, Otto Hoffman, Priscilla Dean Moran, De Briac Twins, King Evers, and Milly Davenport. Excellent entertainment.

#### Eugene Aram (Granger; Aug. 25).

Sombre but well played costume drama based upon Lord Lytton's novel, and real life. A strong British cast comprised by Arthur Wontner, James Carew, Walter Tennyson, C. V. France, A. Bromley Davenport, Mary Odette, Barbara Hoffe, and Lionel D'Aragon.

#### Eyes of the Forest (Fox; Aug. 18).

Tom Mix and Tony in new thrills and intrepid feats amid forest surrounding. More acting chances than usual for the star, Pauline Starke, Tom Langham, Sid Jordan, J. P. Lockney, Edward Wallock and Buster Gardner. Good stunt melodrama.

#### The Fool's Awakening (Jury; Aug. 18).

Quite a good drama about a man who passes off as his own experiences a book based upon a dead Russian soldier's diary, but not a good picturisation of Locke's "Tale of Triona." Harrison Ford and Enid Bennett star, with Alec B. Francis, Mary Alden, John Sainpolis, Lionel Belmore and Arline Pretty in support.

#### Fool's Highway (European; Aug. 11).

Mary Philbin in a somewhat primitive drama of the New York Bowery district. Unusually well told story and delightful acting by the star, Pat O'Malley, Wm. Collier, Jr., Lincoln Plummer, Edwin J. Brady, Max Davidson, Kate Price, Charles Murray, Sherry Tansey, Steve Murphy, and Tom O'Brien.

#### Gentle Julia (Fox; Aug. 28).

A clever band of youthful screenstars headed by Bessie Love and Harold Goodwin interpret this pleasantly breezy Booth Tarkington comedy. Cast also includes Frank Elliott, Mary Arthur, Jack Rollings, and C. K. French, Harvey Clark, Richard Billings and Edwin Johnson. Good entertainment.

#### A Gentleman of Leisure (Paramount; Aug. 25).

Jack Holt in an underworld and society comedy-drama. Casson Ferguson, Sigrid Holmquist, Alec B. Francis, Adele Farrington, Frank Nelson, Alfred Allen, Nadeen Paul and Alice Queensberry support. Good light fare.

#### Her Winning Way (Gaumont; Aug. 18).

A leap-year story about a book reviewer who poses as a servant girl and falls in love with a novelist. Mary Miles Minter stars, with Gaston Glass, Helen Dunbar, Grace Moore, Fred Goodwin, John Elliott, Omar Whitehead and Carrie Clark Ward in support. Mary Minter's last Realart film and quite pleasant light comedy.

#### His Mystery Girl (European; Aug. 25).

Herbert Rawlinson, Ruth Dwyer, Margaret Campbell, Jere Austin, Ralph McCullough, and William Quinn in a farcical story of the victim of a practical joke. Fair entertainment.

#### The Innocent Sinner (Jury; Aug. 4).

Poor story redeemed by uncommonly beautiful underwater photography, some of which is coloured. Charming South Sea Island settings and good acting by Jeanne Tolley, Mary McLaren, Lefty Flynn, and William N. Bailey. Good entertainment.

#### José Collins Dramas (Moss Empires; Aug. 18).

A two reel story about a Russian Countess and her startling adventures amongst the Bolsheviks (*The Secret Mission*). Arthur Wontner opposite the star, also Lionel D'Aragon, Lionelle Howard, and George Toley. Good entertainment.

#### Kentucky Days (Fox; Aug. 28).

A story of the Covered Wagon period but not of *The Covered Wagon* quality. Excellent settings and photograph but weak story. Dustin Farnum stars, with Margaret Fielding opposite, also Bruce Gordon, Georgia Woodthorpe, William De Vaull, Marion Nixon and Al Fremont.

#### The Law of the Sierras (Paramount; Aug. 18).

Jacqueline Logan and Maurice Flynn in a Western drama based on a Bret



Harte story. Charles Ogle, George Fawcett, Clarence Burton, James Neall, William Davidson, S. Raymond Nye, Milton Ross and Thomas Carrigan all contribute excellent character studies. Good pioneer drama.

**Lights Out** (*Graham Wilcox; Aug. 25*).

A crook melodrama set in Hollywood amid some attractive studio scenes and serial-making comedy. Starring Ruth Stonehouse, Ben Deeley, Walter McGrail, and Theodore Von Eltz. Excellent entertainment.

**The Man Life Passed By** (*Jury; Aug. 11*).

Percy Marmont in frantic difficulties again. Rather unbalanced melodrama about the vengeance of a young inventor whose faith in mankind has been destroyed. Overacting by the star, but Jane and Eva Novak, Cullen Landis, Lydia Knott, Hobart Bosworth, Lincoln Steadman, George Siegmann and Andre de Beranger are good. For melodrama lovers only.

**The Man Who Won** (*Fox; Aug. 4*).

Dustin Farnum in a thrilling Western story of selfishness and sacrifice. Excellent acting by the star, Jacqueline Gadsden, Lloyd Whitlock, Ralph Cloninger, Mary Warren, Pee Wee Holmes, Harvey Clark, Lon Poff, Andy Waldron, Kenneth Maynard, Muriel McCormack, Micky McBan and Bob Marks.

**The Marriage Circle** (*Ass. First National; Aug. 4*).

A gripping drama of love and hatred in the South Seas. Well played by Leatrice Joy, Adolphe Menjou, Percy Marmont, Laska Winter, Henry Barrows, and J. P. Lockney. Good entertainment.

**Only 38** (*Paramount; Aug. 11*).

A William De Mille production starring Lois Wilson as a mother whose youthful gaiety shocks her own children. The cast also includes May McAvoy, Elliott Dexter, George Fawcett, Robert Agnew, Jane Kickley, Lillian Leighton, Ann Cornwall and Winter Hall. Excellent character comedy.



Eileen Percy and Ricardo Cortez in "Children of Jazz."



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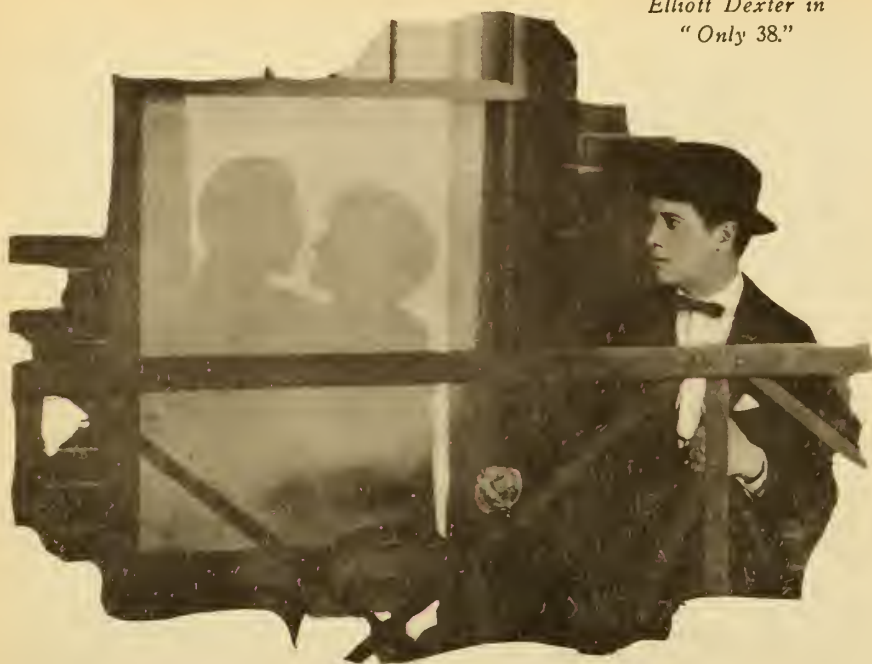
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**Painted People** (*Ass. First National; Aug. 25*).

Really amusing comedy-drama about a washerwoman's daughter who becomes a society celebrity, but marries a man of her own class. The all-star cast is headed by the two most famous movie mothers—Mary Carr and Mary Alden, also Ben Lyon, Charlotte Merriam, Joseph Striker, Charles Murray, Russell Simpson, Sam De Grasse, June Elvidge, Anna Q. Nilsson and Bull Montana.

**The Pirate** (*Pathé; Aug. 18*).

A full-blooded sea story with plenty of exciting adventures and a romantic love interest. Amleto Novelli, who has since died, and Edy Darcea share leading honours. Fine settings and production.

**Poisoned Paradise** (*Walturdaw; Aug. 18*).

Based on Robert Service's novel, this movie has remarkably good Monte Carlo atmosphere, a fine cast, and plenty of animation. Kenneth Harlan and Clara Bow star, with Josef Swickard, Carmel Myers, Raymond Griffith, and Peaches Jackson in support. Good melodramatic fare.

**Prophet's Paradise** (*Pioneer; Aug. 4*).

Eugene O'Brien, Bigelow Cooper and Sigrid Holmquist in an old fashioned melodrama, which has some charming Turkish exteriors and good characterization and production. Good entertainment.

**The Red Warning** (*European; Aug. 11*).

Western melodramatic romance, with cattle rustlers, heroic cowboys, a missing gold mine, pep, punch, 'n'everything. Jack Hoxie stars, with Elinor Field, Frank Rice, Fred Kohler, Jim Welsh, William Welsh, and Ralph McCullough in support. Excellent of its class.

**Salvation Nell** (*Moss Empires; Aug. 18*).

Looks like Salvation Army Propa-

ganda to us. A New York Slum story, rather sad, and very sentimental, nicely acted by Pauline Starke, Joseph King, Gypsy O'Brien, Edward Langford, Evelyn C. Carrington, Charles McDonald, Matthew Betz, Marie Haynes, A. Earl, William Malley and Laurence Johnson. Fair entertainment.

**Second Hand Love** (*Fox; Aug. 18*).

Buck Jones, Ruth Dwyer, Charles Coleman, and Frank Weed in a good Western comedy drama about a woman who tries to ruin a girl's bookshop by presenting the town with a free library.

**The Sign on the Door** (*Stoll; Aug. 11*).

A reissue of a very fine Norma Talmadge drama about a girl whose past nearly ruined her happiness. Jack Mulhall, Lew Cody, Helen Ferguson and Ward Crane head the supporting cast. Good entertainment.

**Straws In The Wind** (*Gaumont; Aug. 18*).

Fair melodrama of London's underworld and the struggle of the two chief characters against Fate. Queenie Thomas stars with Betty Ross-Clarke, Fred Paul, Clifford Cobb, and Ivo Dawson in support.

**Tea With a Kick** (*Wardour; Aug. 18*).

Inconsequential but bright and amusing, with good comedy acting by Doris May, Creighton Hale, Stuart Holmes, Louise Fazenda, Hank Mann and Dale Fuller. Story of a girl who starts a tea room and cabaret in a seaside town.

**That Woman** (*Wardour; Aug. 4*).

Moth-eaten story of the millionaire's son who marries an actress, whom the father attempts to buy off. Played by Catherina Calvert, Joseph Brunelle

William Black, George Pauncefort, William Risciardi, Jack Newton and Norbert Wicki.

**The Thrill Chaser** (*European; Aug. 18*).

What with a Hollywood sequence and a burlesque of "Sheik stuff" this Hoot Gibson movie is highly entertaining if highly improbable. Hoot has a dual role and is supported by Billie Dove, James Neill, William E. Laurence, Bob Reeves, Gino Garrado, and Lloyd Whitlock. Good popular fare.

**Through A Glass Window** (*Gaumont; Aug. 4*).

Rather saccharine, but not sickly. May McAvoy in a sentimental story of life in a New York Tenement. Raymond McKee, Fanny Midgely, Burwell Hanwick, Fred Turner, Carrie Clark Ward, Frank Butterworth, Wade Boteler and Ross Powell support the star. Good romantic drama.

**Thy Name is Woman** (*Jury; Aug. 18*).

Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro in a romantic thriller about a Spanish smuggler, his young wife, and her soldier lover. William V. Mong, Wallace Macdonald, Claire Macdowell and Edith Roberts lend capable support. Good entertainment.

**Why Men Leave Home** (*Ass. First National; Aug. 15*).

A capital problem comedy, though nothing like Avery Hopwood's Play "Bachelor Husbands" from which it was adapted. Lewis Stone, Helene Chadwick, Mary Carr, William V. Mong, Ulma Bennett, Hedda Hopper, Sidney Bracey, Lila Leslie and E. H. Calvert form a strong cast.

**Wife or Duty** (*Unity; Aug. 4*).

Helena Makowski in a German made detective drama, with some good London shots, but a too loosely woven plot. Fair entertainment.

**The Wolf Man** (*Fox; Aug. 4*).

John Gilbert, Norma Shearer and Edgar Norton in a strong Timberland story of drink, and the redeeming power of a woman's love. Violently melodramatic but well cast and acted.



Maurice Flynn and Jacqueline Logan in "The Law of the Sierras."



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Conrad Nagel (2)  
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Marie Prevost  
Theodore Roberts

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Rod la Rocque  
Ruth Roland  
Stewart Rome  
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MARJORIE (Penketh).—Don't apologise. I'm always glad to help a damsel in distress. But neither your threats or your cajolings will get that photo out of me, Marjorie.

RED ROSE (Southend).—(1) Study this page and you'll find out all you want to know about your favourite. (2) Dorothy Dalton is now Mrs. Hammerstein, and in consequence Elaine Hammerstein's step-mother. Of course call me George—everybody does.

K.O.D. (Sydenham).—Quite right. That was a lapse of memory.

GEORGE (Kensington).—I've forwarded your letter. Always glad to oblige a namesake.

A.B.S. (Edinburgh).—I've passed your thought along to the right quarter. Personally I never indulge in thinking. I find my delicate constitution can't stand it.

VIOLA (London).—No, my name isn't Legion! I'm a singular bloke, in more senses than one. (1) Monte Blue's letter has been forwarded. (2) Yes, he is like Rod La Rocque. (3) His birthday is Jan. 11th. (4) As you say, you haven't any fell intention I don't mind telling you he's not married.

T.R. (Malvern).—I expect you've had that answer by now. I've passed your card on.

IVEY (London).—(1) Robert Elliot was the young American, "Norvin Blake" in *Fair Lady*. You seem to be an adept at spotting stars.

JULIO'S ADMIRER (Lincoln).—If you hadn't given me your address I should have put it down as Ireland, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the celebrated Blarney Stone! (1) If you scan my pages in the last few PICTUREGOERS you'll find out all you want to know about Rudolph. And the next person who asks me those questions had better not leave an address!

STARDUST.—(1) *The Lotus Eaters* was released April 19th, 1923, and *The Shulamite* on July 7th last. (2) You'll find an interview with John Barrymore in March 1924 issue.

GEORGINA (Blundellsands).—What timid little souls you fans all seem, nowadays. (1) Owen Nares is about thirty-five. He's married and has two little boys. (2) I think he'd send you a photo if you write to him at the Adelphi Theatre, Strand, London, where he's playing with Gladys Cooper in *Diplomacy*. (3) Henry Edwards was on the stage before he started his screen career. (4) Ivor Novello lives at 11, Aldwych, Strand.

D.R. (Manor Park).—Letters forwarded and apologies returned herewith. Always glad to oblige a lady.

PICTURE FAN (Edinburgh).—(1) Allen Forrest was at one time married to Anna Little.

POLLY (Wembley).—You certainly sound like Nazimova, Pauline Frederick and Sarah Bernhardt all rolled into one, from your own description. (1) Read Chrissie White's article in last month's PICTUREGOER, and learn the bitter truth about the films. She gives some really good advice to would-be screen actresses.

PICTURE LOVER (Southampton).—(1) Valentino's wife is Natacha Rambova (Winifred Hudnut). This for positively the last time of telling.

TIZI (Birmingham).—No, questions don't bore me—I've got past that stage. Glad PICTUREGOER is such a little ray of sunshine in your midst. (1) Write to Herbert Rawlinson at the Lamb's Club, New York City. (2) Edna Murphy played



opposite Herbert Rawlinson in *Don't Shoot*.

RAMON'S ADMIRER (Birkenhead).—(1) Release date of *The Arab* isn't fixed yet. (2) *The Prisoner of Zenda* won't be re-issued just yet. (3) Albert Roscoe was born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1887. (4) Art plate of Ramon Novarro in Jan. 1924. I can't promise you one of Albert Roscoe, but I'll do my best.

R.D.A. (London).—Reginald Denny's married and has a little daughter. (2) He's about thirty years old. (3) His disposition is almost as amiable as mine, so I think you'll find he'll sign that photo for you.

C.O.S.T.—Wants to know what Tom Mix would look like dancing a Tango. The answer's Tom Mix. I've passed on your

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letter to the Thinker. It's quite enough to be a human encyclopædia—you can't expect me to think as well.

C.T. (London).—Have forwarded your letter to Ivor.

G.L.G. (Gillingham).—(1) Was that a British film or do you mean the old American production of that story. (2) I've forward your letters.

VALENTINO-ITE (Folkestone).—Cast your eye down these columns and you'll find all you want to know about Rudolph. (1) Dorothy Dalton was born Sept. 22nd, 1893, in Chicago. (2) She's married to Arthur Hammerstein, father of Elaine Hammerstein. (3) One of her most recent releases is *The Siren Call* in which she plays with David Powell. Her latest film is *Lone Wolf*. (4) Alma Taylor isn't married. (5) Isobel Elsom is Mrs. Maurice Elvey.

HOUSE FAN (Ilford).—(1) House Peters was born at Bristol in 1888. He's married

and has two children. (2) I'll ask the Editor about an interview with House. (3) When you send letters to be forwarded put a 1d. stamp and the star's name on the envelope—I'll do the rest. (4) There's no rule about sending stars money for photos. Some people do and some don't.

F.G. (Hammersmith).—(1) There's no immediate prospect of a re-issue of *Camille*. It was adapted from the Dumas play *The Lady of the Camellias*. (2) *Dr. Mabuse* was cut before it was shown over here. That's why it seemed abrupt in places. (3) Nigel de Brulier played the "Jokanaan" in *Salome*.

ROSE OF THE DESERT (Middlesex).—I've forwarded your letter. So you, too, are an aspirant to film fame? I wish you luck!

GINGER AND GOGGLES (Reading).—Pleased to meet both of you. (1) Ivor Novello has one half-sister, Marie Novello. (2) Lewis Stone was born at Worcester. (3) Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6th, 1899, in Mexico. (4) Gladys Cooper is appearing on the stage in London in "Diplomacy" at present, but she may do some more film work later on. Write and ask her yourself.

PATIENCE (London).—Is at last going to be rewarded. Your favourite Nazimova has come back to the screen, and is at present at work on *A Madonna of The Street*, adapted from "The Ragged Messenger" by W. Maxwell. Milton Sills plays opposite and Edwin Carewe is directing.

L.L. (London).—In motor and train smashes on the screen it's very often necessary to sacrifice the car for the sake of realism, but a good deal of fake photography is used in films of this sort.

R.S. (Newcastle).—Letters forwarded. (1) No casts in these columns. Sorry! (2) You'll find a lot about Chrissie White in last month's PICTUREGOER.

MISS SEVENTEEN (Worcs.).—Of course I'll forgive you if you tell me what I've got to forgive. (1) Dick Barthelmess wore a wig in *The Fighting Blade*. (2) Gladys Hulette played opposite him in *Tolble David*.

HOPEFUL (Morton).—Have forwarded your letter. You'll find the answer you want above.





A snap shot of Rex Ingram and Nazimova who returns to the screen in "A Madonna of the Street."

C.D.S. (Reading).—Glad you like PICTUREGOER. (1) Betty Compson is one of the few stars who has remained unbobbed. (2) Norma Talmadge's hair is bobbed. Her next film will be *Fight*.

N.R. (Africa).—Letter forwarded.

LEONTINE (Banbury).—You don't hear much about M. Aimé Simon-Girard, because he is a French actor, and his films aren't often seen over here. The next time one of his pictures is shown in England I'll see what I can do about an art plate.

GRAY (Birmingham).—Have forwarded your epistle and think you'll probably get an answer if you possess your soul in patience. (1) Release date of *Monsieur Beaucaire* isn't fixed yet.

NOVARRO FAN (Swansea).—Have passed your letter to "Thinker." You've certainly "thunk" at some length.

JUNE (Ealing).—(1) An Irish Colleen of my acquaintance informs me that the correct way to pronounce "Mcighan" is "Meegan." (2) "Ramon" should be pronounced "Raymon."

ANDREW (South Africa).—Glad you've discovered PICTUREGOER at long last. (1) You can get numbers of PICTUREGOER from the Publishing Dept., Arne Street, Covent Garden, London. (2) Send letters to film stars to me, and I will forward them for you. (3) Art plates of Pauline Frederick appeared Jan. 1921 and April 1922 PICTUREGOER.

J.G. (Lewisham).—Comedies don't count for the "Faults" page. (1) Agnes Ayres' next release will be *Don't Call It Love*. (2) *Sophy of Kravonia* has never been filmed.

CURIOSITY (Channel Isles).—(1) Stewart Rome lives at 10, Chisholm Road, Richmond, London. (2) Percy Marmont is married, but not to a professional. (3) Violet Hopson is Mrs. Walter West.

RENEE (Yorks).—I think Rudolph would send a photo if you wrote and asked him. Address him c/o Paramount Films, 485, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

W.H.M.R. (South Acton).—If you fans would only study your PICTUREGOER you'd learn quite a lot and I should be able to retire. (1) Harold Lloyd's married to Mildred Davis. (2) Lilian Rich played opposite Harry Caray in *Man to Man*. (3) Send your letter in a plain, stamped envelope to me and I'll see that it is forwarded.

F.M.B. (London).—(1) Sam de Grasse was born at Bathurst, New Brunswick. He has black hair and dark brown eyes, and is 5 ft. 10½ ins in height. (2) Other films in which he has played, besides *Robin Hood* and *Intolerance* are *The Birth of a Nation*, *Diana of the Follies*, *Heart of the Hills*, *Blind Husbands*, *The Devil's Pass Key*, *Unseen Forces*, *Courage*, *The Brass Bottle*, *Tiger Rose* (a recent release). Look down the *Picturegoer's Guide* and you'll see he features in a First National Release this month. I like your artistic efforts—they're most expressive.

FRANK (Canterbury) Thinks he would like to go on the films. Well, there's no harm in thinking, Frank.

JOAN AND PAM (Wilts).—I've forwarded your letter to John Gilbert, so you ought to have an answer soon. (1) You'll find all you want to know about John in the interview with him in the June issue PICTUREGOER.

A.W.A. (Wimbledon).—(1) Lucille Ricksen has recently graduated from little girl rôles to ingénues. Her first grown-up part was in *The Rendezvous*, and her present film is as yet, untitled. Try Metro Goldwyn Films, Great Newport Street, W.C., for a photo of her.

DIXITE (Grange Park).—You're the third person to paint me with a halo this month. If this sort of thing goes on I shall have to invest in a harp and live up to my reputation. (1) Art plate of Richard Dix appeared in July 1922 PICTUREGOER, and an interview in March 1923 issue. (2) I think Dick would sign a photo for you, if you ask nicely.

KATHLEEN (Southampton).

—(1) Ivor's 5 ft. 11 ins tall.

(2) He sings a few bars in *The Rat*. (3) Besides the piano and harmonium he plays on the heartstrings of susceptible femininity—that's the only other instru-

ment I can think of. (4) His next film will be *The Rat* which Adrien Brunel will direct.

RAGS AND TATTERS (Southampton).—Thanks for good wishes. (1) Guy Newall and Ivy Duke aren't likely to act together again for some time. Ivy Duke has been in Berlin, playing in *The Decameron Nights*, and Guy Newall has just finished work on *What the Butler Saw*. Guy may forsake the screen, after this, and take up writing as a serious profession. (3) Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd are another pair of screen partners who are not likely to play together again for some time.

C.F. (London).—Letters forwarded. Thanks for thanks.

T.A.T. (London).—Thanks for your offer, but we keep a tame critic on the premises.

BONZO (Tunbridge Wells) Warns me that she's "very inquisitive." Well, who's contradicting you, Bonzo? (1) Stewart Rome has your letter by now, and no doubt you've heard from him. (2) He is 6 ft. tall, and was born Jan. 30th, 1887, at Newbury. His real name is Stewart Rome. (3) Douglas Fairbanks was born June 20th, 1883. (4) Yes, your taste in favourites meets with my approval.

PEGGY (Warrington).—Letter forwarded to Gloria.

B.G. (Putney).—(1) Buck Jones is married and has a little daughter. (2) He's about thirty-five, and his latest film is *Skid Proof*. (3) Apart from the fact that I am young and handsome, as a movie star, modesty forbids me telling you anything about myself. (4) The most important person on the screen, after the actors, producer, camera-men and scenarist, is the chap who brings round the pay envelopes at the end of the week. Some people might even put him first on the list.

W. S. Hart  
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Hobart Bosworth, Eva and Jane Novak, and Cullen Landis in "The Man Life Passed By."

B.T. (Bristol).—Your carol has been passed on with my blessing. (1) Write to Joan Clarkson, c/o Stoll Studios, Cricklewood.

GLADYS (Enfield).—I refuse to be an angel, even for your benefit, Gladys. Besides, halos don't suit my particular style of beauty. (1) Louise Loraine hasn't been doing much lately, but she may perhaps be featured later on. I'll let you know as soon as I hear. (2) Margaret Leahy has left the screen, for a time at any rate.

BUSY BEE.—Glad to hear you've overcome your shyness. (1) Flora Le Breton has just finished work on *I Am the Man*, in Florida, so you will be able to see it some time this year. She's anxious to play "Peter Pan" on the screen.

TWO DISTRACTED WORSHIPPERS (London).—Will it allay your distraction in any way if I tell you that Rod la Rocque isn't married. He lives in Hollywood with his mother and little sister. (2) He's 6 ft. tall and has brown eyes and dark hair. (3) Address him c/o Green Room Club, New York City. (4) Try Famous Lasky Films, 166-170, Wardour Street, for large photos of Rod la Rocque. You can get postcards of him from PICTUREGOER, Salon, 88, Long Acre, W.C.2.

M. & E. (London).—Read the above re Rod la Rocque and cheer up. I think he'll answer a letter if you write nicely.

ROSE OF THE DESERT (Middlesex).—Letter forwarded on arrival. So you're another aspirant to film fame.

C.L. (Birmingham).—Have forwarded letter to Blanche Sweet.

ENQUIRER (Malvern). Apologies returned herewith. I'm always glad to hear from old friends—even inquisitive ones! (1) If you can't get a photo of Eille Norwood in *The Tavern Knight* from Stolls, I'm afraid you won't get one at all. (2) Fred Paul takes the part of "Nayland Smith" in *The Mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu*.

SYBILLE (India).—Your carol has been passed along with a recommendation to mercy.

W.R. (Stranraer).—(1) No casts given here. Send a stamped addressed envelope for it. (2) So far as I know there is only one Campbell Gullan.

ROMEO AND JULIET (Leeds).—(1) Rudolph Valentino was twenty-nine years old on May 6th last. (2) Only has one wife—Rudy's not a Mormon. She's Natacha Rambova, whose real name is Winifred Hudnut. (3) He has a bungalow in Hollywood, but at present he's living in New York. (4) There's no set time limit

for the making of a film. (5) Victor MacLaglen is about thirty. He's British but he's married, so if I were you I shouldn't lavish your young affections upon him.

HILARY (Aberdeen).—(1) Olaf Fjord played "Vitelli" in *Monna Vanna*. (2) The qualifications of an art director are difficult to define, but your list sounds quite good. I'm afraid, though, you'll find it difficult to obtain the kind of post you want. There's no harm in trying, anyway.

MURIEL (Cambridge).—Glad to hear you won your bet, and that your heart is still whole and functioning normally. (1) Robert Warwick hasn't done any film work for some time now, (2) "Little Farina" is really a boy, though he often wears skirts. His real name is Alan Hoskins and he plays in "Our Gang" Comedies. (3) I've never attempted to count the screen stars. If I ever do I shall know it's time to call in a doctor. (4) The "W. & F." in the Film Service of that ilk, stand for "Woolf & Freedman." (5) Why don't you read your PICTUREGOER, my child? An article on Max Fleischer's *Out of the Inkwell Comedies* appeared in April 1924 issue, interview with John Gilbert in June 1924.

J.M. (South Africa).—Call me whatever you like so long as you say it in English. (1) I've forwarded your two letters. (2) Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck.

DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING (Torquay).—(1) Interview with Matheson Lang appeared in May 1923 PICTUREGOER, so there's no need for me to try my persuasive powers on the Editor. (2) Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, 1899; Douglas Fairbanks at Denver, Colorado, in 1883; Dorothy Gish at Dayton, Ohio, 1898; Alla Nazimova at Yalta, Russia, in 1879; Max Linder at Bordeaux, France, a little over thirty years ago. (3) Wyndham Standing was born in London, England, on August 23rd, 1880.

NATALIE (Honor Oak Park).—So you're president of the "Keen on Kerrigan Brigade." I've passed on your carol, with the usual recommendation to mercy.

D.C. (London).—Have forwarded your letter to Bill Hart.

S.N. (Crawley).—Thinks I must be married. And I've been kidding myself I have a happy, carefree style of writing! Hope you got that postcard, S.N.

SQUIBS (Crowthorne).—I think Ramon and Ivor would send you signed photos, if you ask nicely.



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Enid Bennett	Lila Lee
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Douglas Fairbanks	Albert Ray
and Mary Pickford	Charles Ray
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Lilian Gish	Gloria Swanson
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Gale Henry	Bryant Washburn
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Jack Holt	(Cast)
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### YOUR VIEWS AND OURS

"Like *Sentimental*," declares Roy Pegg (*Birmingham*), "I am in love with a shadow on the screen, a very famous film star indeed. I always feel so happy when I have been to see her in a film—and when I have seen her I feel content for a few weeks and then I feel I must see her again. She has not been doing much film work of late so I have been unhappy—but now I hear she is making another new film, so I am happy once again. No—I do not think *Sentimental* is morbid-minded—she is lucky in having found her ideal on the screen. And let me tell everyone the star I adore is Pauline Frederick."

"This," writes E. J. F. (*Bayswater*), "is the result of two hours hard thinking. What do you think of it? 'So oft to the movies they've been, so

*Father to the Thought.* they've seen, fans wouldn't be real if

they never should feel ambitious to shine on the screen, whose diet of glamour and fame seems such a delectable dish; an unpractised free-lance has the ghost of a chance, and yet—it costs nothing to wish! They're warned about Hollywood town, but some things will not be kept down; a lot has been said against eating white bread, yet many prefer it to brown! It's the same from Kamchatka to Kew, from Kansas and Kovno and Kish: they've about as much hope as of being the Pope, but still—it costs nothing to wish! And so it will probably stay, whatever the sages may say. All life is denial attendant on trial, so

what is one more, anyway? You long for the light of a star? A Doro, a Pickford, a Gish? Then hitch up your wagon, and drink up your flagon, and, well—it costs nothing to wish!

As a reader of the PICTUREGOER, I would like to know if you agree with me in my opinions. I think that the most original, natural and praiseworthy actor is Milton Sills. To my mind this actor shows by his work how really unnatural are such actors as Valentino, Novarro and Novello, etc. Fans will argue that the popularity of these actors disputes this statement. They are popular because they have an original way of making love, but this does not make them any the less unnatural. After all an actor is judged by how natural he is to his particular role and Sills has the originality that counts—that is naturalness in any role he plays.—S. S. M. (*Lancaster Gate*).

*Much about Milton.*

"To my mind an artiste is only really a 'star' if he or she shines above all the others, being not only known by film fans, but by the whole world. If there is (but it seems impossible, and very improbable) any such ignorant civilised being who does not know who Charles Chaplin is, he has at least heard of his name. Buster Keaton and Larry Semon are not real comedians: *They are men employed by cinema comedy producers to spill whitewash over themselves and others* (others include the audiences

who acclaim them), or to have their faces blackened and then pretend to have emerged from a sack of soot. *They themselves* aren't funny, it's only the silly things the producers make them do that makes foolish audiences rock with laughter. If you see a Chaplin masterpiece, now, you only need watch Charlie, before he even tries to make you, you laugh, because it's Charlie *himself* who's so funny. Harold Lloyd will be the only comedian when Chaplin retires. Chaplin is now the greatest artiste on the screen. It is easier for the Oxford crew to win the 1924 Boat Race than for any screen artist to surpass Charles Spencer Chaplin. What do you think.—*Chaplinmaniac* (*Surbiton*). [Same as you, son. Put it there!]

"I don't want to start a Revolution or anything, but I should just like to express an opinion on the subject of Griffith. I don't think he is by any means the greatest director in screenland. For one thing, though

*Britain's Best Booster*

his artistes generally act well, his stories are nearly always unpleasant. I particularly refer to *Broken Blossoms*, *Way Down East*, and *The White Rose*. I suppose my taste is peculiar, for, although I hear these films described as masterpieces and absolutely true to life, they merely leave me with a bad taste in my mouth. I infinitely prefer our wholesome British films. And here I should like to pay a tribute to British artistes and especially to Betty Balfour and Clive Brook. Their acting should be a revelation to those pessimists who assert that England can produce no histrionic talent.—*"Patriot"* (*Cricklewood*).

Next month's PICTUREGOER will contain a special array of fascinating articles, and readers will be well advised to order their copy in advance.

*The September "Picturegoer."* Amongst other good things, the September number will contain Mary Pickford's views on "The Lure of Hollywood"; a long interview with Gloria Swanson; "My Ideal Woman," by Thomas Meighan; Rudy Valentino's reminiscences; "Under the Black Flag"; "Movie Millionaires"; an interview with Mary Philbin; some exclusive pictures of Douglas Fairbanks' great picture *The Thief of Baghdad* and the story of *The Covered Wagon*. In sooth a wonderful shillingsworth.

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Betty Compson



**MARJORIE HUME**

*Who has just finished playing in "Two Little Vagabonds," under the direction of Louis Mercanton. Marjorie is a Cosmopolitan player, she has appeared in countless films made abroad.*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



**D**W. Griffith has signed up with Lasky's to make three super spectacles. There is no truth in the rumour that Cecil de Mille's next film will be entitled "Jealousy."

**A**fter all his big talk, Victor Seastrom is now making "He Who Gets Slapped." I don't know yet who does get slapped, but I certainly know who ought to.

**E**very time they make an extra-special super they hope it will be a good seller. When it's sold it nearly always turns out to be a good sell.

**M**ack Sennett is busy making comedies again. Of course it may be nothing more than a coincidence that the Ford works are also working at top pressure.

**I**t was Ince who made Charles Ray famous, and Charles has gone back to him after making a lot of wonderful failures on his own account. Which, to say the least, is a Ray of Hope.

**B**aby Peggy now employs five secretaries to deal with her morning mail. In due course, Peggy will doubtless find a male with whom she is competent to deal herself.

**C**ecil B. de Mille has twenty assistants in every film he makes — apart from technical advisers. There now! And all this time I've been thinking that Cecil alone



"Gloria."  
was to blame.

**E**veryone is wanting to know what sort of films Jack Dempsey is making. It's a sure bet that they'll be full of punch.

**M**r. Jack Root has been looking for an Englishman with a funny face whom he intends to make into a screen comedian. What's the matter? Have Americans all taken to wearing masks?

**F**or the second time Rex Ingram has announced that he is going to give up making films and go in for sculpture. If he says it much more I shall begin to fear he doesn't mean it.



Pola Negri

**S**tars who are real honest-to-goodness box-office attractions are now called "Good Buy" stars in Los Angeles, Cal. You've no idea what trouble I had to make the printer spell "Good Buy" properly.

**T**he average producer thinks film fans haven't the intelligence of ten-year-old children. He's quite wrong. They have.

**T**he movies are the fifth biggest industry in America, so they say. I understand the Sausage Makers' Union is going to get an injunction to prevent them crabbing trade.

**A**fter seeing 7,896,425 films I have come to the conclusion that the one criticism that fits them all is "Too long and it wouldn't be any good if it was shorter."

**H**elen Ferguson wanted to play a Spanish siren. They said her nose was too Roman. So she had it made Grecian—and got the part! There seems to be all the material for a Helen Ferguson good joke here if I could only think of it.



**T**hey were watching the very latest film of two Very Famous Stars. "These two have been playing together for five years," she murmured. "Gracious," he said, "I thought we'd been here much longer than that."

**I**n an announcement of *The White Tiger* I read that "Priscilla Dean is the star while Wallace Beery and Raymond Griffith impersonate the three experts in crime." Always did think that Wallace Beery was good enough for two.

**N**ext year 850 films are coming here from America. I give this information now so as to enable intending emigrants to have plenty of time to get into the quota.

**I**f I were a millionaire I would engage Chaplin, Nazimova, Jannings, Torrence, Menjou, Mary Philbin, Jackie Coogan and Irene Rich. I would sign on Lubitsch, Stroheim and Fritz Lang as directors, and I would make a film. I should probably go bankrupt, but it would be some film.



"Jackie"



# Movie Millionaires

Pity the miserable movie millionaire, for screen tradition demands that his life should be one orgy after another. There's no rest for the rich in shadowland.

**T**here is no mistaking the movie millionaire. In real life a man may have more than his just share of filthy lucre, and yet to all outward appearances, he is much as other men. But on the screen there are set conventions that guide the conduct of the wealthy.

A movie millionaire, as a rule, is a stern, hard man in business. Never a day goes by without his ruthlessly crushing a rival in the City. It has been estimated that nearly three fourths of the movie millionaire's immense fortune goes in crushing other people, for vague and obscure reasons. In fact, vengeance on an expensive scale may be said to be his hobby.

Naturally, too, he entertains lavishly.



Hobart Bosworth in "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" proves that millionaires have their softer moments.

That brings us to another little weakness of his—the orgy.

No millionaire, with any respect for the difficult profession of millionairing, would dream of making a film if there were not at least one orgy in it. It simply isn't done.

He may be a young man of respectable and sober tastes, in all other directions, but without his little orgy he is like a baby without its feeding bottle. And he spares no expense to make the thing a success. Champagne fountains (the hall mark of luxury on the screen!) bubble merrily, and lovely ladies, wearing jewelled slippers and very little else, dance light fandangoes amongst the supper dishes.

Occasionally he will vary the entertainment, as Lionel Barrymore did in *Enemies of Women*, by making his



fountains spurt jewels instead of champagne. Or he will insist on his guests "orgying" in fancy attire of an extraordinary nature (witness Owen Nares as the soulful young sinner in *Miriam Rozella*). But whatever the nature of the entertainment they set a wonderful

Top centre: Mahlon Hamilton becomes a millionaire in "The Recoil." Top right: A millionaire in disguise—Tom Meighan in "Back Home and Broke." Bottom centre: A millionaire in love—Huntley Gordon and Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

example to their less hard-working prototypes in real life.

One cannot help but admire the manner in which they register joyous abandon in utter disregard of increasing years and avariciousness. Their enjoyment is so persistent and so determined. It is as though they grit their teeth before they begin on a career of reckless expenditure, and say: "By Heck! I'm a millionaire, and I'll live like one if it kills me!"

Of course the movie millionaire hasn't always been rolling in wealth. As a rule he starts life in the first reel as a poor but honest boy, working hard to earn his daily bread.

The next few years of his life are shrouded in more or less obscurity. He leaves home and goes to some place, described vaguely as "out West," and proceeds to acquire money on the "get-rich-quick" principle. A favourite method is to "strike oil." Nobody quite knows how he strikes it or where, but he arrives home with a fortune. Sometimes it's gold he strikes, for a change, or he dabbles in stocks and shares and does it that way, but the result is always the same.

Anyway, the rough diamond comes home to acquire polish (and incidentally, his return to civilisation provides him with an excellent opportunity to celebrate with his first orgy).





A gay old millionaire Theodore Roberts and Wanda Hawley in "The Prodigal Knight."

Sometimes, though, the returning millionaire is a prodigal son, in which case his line of conduct is somewhat different.

It is a pleasant little habit of his, then, to arrive back home with his money all tucked away somewhere where it doesn't show. He walks in on his sorrowing family just as they're sitting down to supper in the house where he was born. And even the family pig sniffs at him disgustedly, he looks so poverty stricken.

Then, his dear old mother weeps over him for ten minutes, and the little sweetheart that he left behind him

Oval: Marion Davies in "Adam and Eve." Below: The death of a millionaire in "Virtuous Liars."



looks at him with adoring eyes over the cottage loaf, so he knows at last that their love has passed the test of poverty.

After that, of course, he springs the news that he's a millionaire, and everybody very nobly forgives him and loves him more than ever. It's an affecting scene. I daresay you've seen it—or something like it—yourself.

Another variation of the same idea, is the millionaire who sends a telegram to himself, informing himself that he has been ruined. He leaves it around where his fiancée can see it, and she, of course, immediately jilts him, leaving him free to marry the girl who really loves him.

But perhaps, after all, the most interesting type of millionaire is the man who has been born to it. He is elegance personified, and his tastes are luxurious in the extreme. His meals, if they taste anything like they look, are enough to make an ordinary man a dyspeptic for life; his clothes are a dream, his hats a nightmare, and it is an education to watch the preparation of his daily bath.

Usually he has very lax morals, and comes to a bad end. But just occasionally one finds a millionaire of this type, who has the mind of a Methodist parson, and naturally flourishes until

A millionaire's orgy. Owen Nares and Moyna MacGill in "Miriam Rozella."

the end of the chapter. Witness Adolphe Menjou in *Broadway After Dark*, who though he made paper boats of his love letters, and floated them in his bath, was a modern Sir Galahad in his dealings with the world. And Maurice Costello, in *Virtuous Liars*, a dear old gentleman who very accomodatingly dies of heart failure, leaving the heroine a fortune.

As I said before, there's no mistaking a movie millionaire. Compare him with the real article, fat and comfortable, eating peas off a knife opposite Mrs. Millionaire, comfortable and fat, and you'll see what I mean.

E. E. BARRETT.



# My Trip Abroad

By  
RUDOLPH  
VALENTINO

Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova pass on to Paris after a rather strenuous time in London. What with Pressmen on his doorstep from 8 a.m., and fans besieging him for autographs Valentino had to literally fight for a few hours in which to see England's Capital.

Perhaps they thought I had not a very scholarly knowledge of the place thus far, because I told them somewhat of what I have put down here in my Diary. . . about absorbing the essence of the city . . . getting the personality of London in my blood rather than, orderly, in my brain . . . I think in my they understood me . . . they were very courteous.

As a matter of fact and as another matter, I want to record though I shall never forget it . . . I am deeply impressed by the courtesy of all the Londoners. Particularly in the shops. The shopkeepers are utterly courteous.

I was touched, too, because most of the shopkeepers asked me for my autograph.

Whether I purchased in their particular shop or not, they all wanted me to write on the well-known slip of paper. Of course, I was very pleased to.

And speaking of autographs. . . In my mail this morning, along with the still

Arc De  
Triomphe, Paris,  
erected in celebra-  
tion of  
Napoleon's  
victories.

Second day in  
London.

Natacha tells me that I shall be more exhausted recording what I do and see than I will be in doing it and in seeing the people and places themselves. But I want to make this record, exhaustion or otherwise. Things slip away from me. . . A rapid succession of thrills and events erase one, the other. . . I don't want to forget a single sensation or set of sensations that came to me on this trip. I may make, doubtless shall make, many other trips before I go for good, on the last and longest trip of all, but never again will I feel as I feel on this first one.

One of the things that started my day for me was my secretary telling me the names of some of the great personages who had occupied this particular suite before us. Pershing and Foch . . . the King and Queen of Belgium . . . Clemenceau and Briand . . . Count Forza . . . Admiral Sims . . . Paderew-

sky . . . the Maharajah of Bikarar . . . the Count and Countess Ishii . . . many others.

More than ever did London seem rich and heavy with portents to me . . . I glance about the room with a feeling of slight awe . . . When Natacha said that our stupendous hotel bill was "paying for history," she spoke rather better than she knew.

In keeping with my self-imposed schedule, I was ready at ten this morning for the interviewers, and this time I was able to tell them a little bit more about what London meant to me. . .

incoming notes from tailors, and their ilk, there arrived a perfect tray full of autograph albums. Here in London, it seems, the fans do not go in for autographed photographs as they do in America. They tend to the autograph album. I spent an hour or so writing my name in the various little leather books.

After the albums, the Press. This morning there were thirty. And after the Press and a light luncheon, Natacha





and I set forth to see the Tower of London.

This afternoon, very late, we had callers and also a 'phone call from Mr. Arliss asking us to dine with Mrs. Arliss and himself on the morrow and then go to see Sir Gerald du Maurier in "The Dancers." I had heard a great deal of Sir Gerald and we both told Mr. Arliss that the evening was entirely delightful and of course we would go.

Shortly after that Mr. Guinness called for us and we motored down to Ascot.

We had a charming dinner party at Ascot. I found all the people there tremendously interested in pictures from the serious and production angle of the making of them, and I am never happier than when I am talking on the topic that interests me, perhaps more than any other one on earth.

I think that perhaps I am peculiar in this respect, peculiar, that is, so far as the general run of screen actors go. With many, I know, pictures as pictures are merely a source of livelihood. They do their work, of course, seriously and strive to do their best, but they do not regard pictures in the gravely serious way, I believe, that I regard them. I hope I may not be misunderstood. Pictures mean as much, perhaps, to those who are working in them as they do to me, because they are their source of livelihood.

That which brings a man or a woman his or her bread and butter is bound to be an important sort of thing, but I mean by regarding pictures gravely, a certain detachment that one feels in the presence of an art for which one has the deepest awe and reverence. I believe I am a little peculiar in this respect, in that I do regard pictures with awe and reverence. I feel the screen is a great art, the marvellous possibilities of which have only been

vaguely realised, and I will confess that it is my great ambition to make pictures that will constitute great screen art.

To-night a soft summer air envelopes London. Again I am reminded of the eternal charm of the British Isles. To-night the charm of London seems most pre-eminently to fit my mood. I sit by the window in my room in the Carlton and gaze out into the myriad lights, wondering what another day will bring. This is a very old city, this London, and I am caught in the spell and carried backward years in thousands, to the early days when the Romans, with their golden eagle, landed on its shores and swung the torch of Roman civilisation westward.

To-morrow I shall see the Press at the usual hours and in the afternoon Natacha and I are going to visit the famous kennels of Mrs. Ashton Cross and see if we can find some Pekes. Natacha is passionately devoted to the small dogs, and we shall probably return from the kennels with a large increase in family!

My day has had two outstanding interests. One has been to discover the flaming interest in the Prince of Wales. And the other has been, as

I foresaw, to become the proud papa of three tiny Pekes.

On the first matter, of course we all knew in America that the gallant young Prince of Wales was a subject of more than ordinary interest and affection to his own people, as well as to all other peoples. But it remained for me to come to London to feel the actual pulse of this affection. I should say that he is considered and held in the hearts of the Londoners at least as much as the Americans would feel over a combination of Charlie Chaplin and John Barrymore. They laugh at him with the indulgent mirth of tender love.

Mrs. Valentino with one of the Pekes purchased in London



The famous Bois de Boulogne, Paris, through which Rudy and Natacha strolled.

They gild him with the mantle of romance. They revere him. And they feel clubby with him. He holds their hearts in his young hands and he is not a spendthrift of hearts.

It is interesting. It shows the powerful effect of personality, whether that personality springs from royalty or reels.

I saw interviewers all morning, numbering, this time, twenty-five. The more I see of interviewers and the Press in general, the greater grows my respect for their ingenuity. What can so many people have to say about one isolated person? And yet they do, they always do find something to say.

This thought leads me on to another that has always intrigued me, which is, that each one of us presents a different facet to each other different person. Seldom, indeed, that any two persons see us the same, or see the same things in us, perhaps I should say.

Perhaps the secret of Fame, of popularity, of what-you-will, rests in this very theory. When a great number of people do see the same thing in us, then the concerted opinion swells to a crescendo of fame. A nation, more nations than one, saw the lovely girlhood of Mary Pickford.

(Continued on page 54.)





# Raquel Meller

## by OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

Raquel Meller has been called "The Soul That Sings." Now she's lending a colourful personality to the silver sheet.

*Rose, The White Sister* and *The White Shadow*, it was a very poor production indeed. Then Henry Roussel, the famous French director, discovered her and it is to him that Raquel owes her name and fame as a kinema actress.

Promoted by William de Milne Elliot, of Famous Players Lasky, *The Oppressed* earned much success in France, and will shortly be seen in England. A Famous Lasky production, *The Oppressed* was directed by Henry Roussel, and brought Raquel Meller's name into prominence.

Now a copy of this picture has been shipped to America and England where it will have simultaneous release. William Elliot is now in England and is interested in the Capitol Theatre now being built in Haymarket.

*Les Opprimés*, as the production was called in France, had only run a few days when everyone went and told Henry Roussel that he had made a wonderful discovery.

The next picture that Raquel Meller made was *Violettes Impériales* bought for England by C. B. Cochran. It will be presented at one of his West End

In the pretty suburb of Saint Cloud, near Paris, in a cottage dominating the beautiful park, lives a young woman of whom we shall hear a great deal in the future. She is remarkably beautiful; her hair is jet black, her eyes are the colour of violets, and her complexion has an olive tint that has made many a man lose his head. She is *petite* and slim, demure and audacious and her name, you may have heard it before, is Raquel Meller.

As I, too, live at Saint Cloud, in the early morning I see her step into her handsome automobile and leave for the studio. But as this means getting up frightfully early, I am not always in the garden, and so Raquel has only the blue sky and the chauffeur as witnesses. Somehow I feel it is all very wonderful to be able to see famous stars get into their cars without troubling to put on anything more correct than striped yellow and purple pyjamas.

I pulled the petals off a stray delphinium and thought of the marvellous manner in which this young Spaniard had risen to "stardom." Only a short time ago she was unknown. To-day there are very few people who have not heard the magic name of Raquel Meller.

Years ago, not so very many though, Raquel was a dancer in Spain. She also, I believe, sold violets. As a little flower seller she had learnt a quaint song, and this she sang wherever she went. Somebody discovered her. I forget who. And, lo! she was famous. It happened just like that!

Perhaps it was not so easy as that, but her ascension to the star firmament made the car race in *Sporting Youth* a slow-motion picture in comparison. Her salary in Paris has been as much as fr.200 per day, which for Paris is a helluvalot of money!

Raquel Meller's first production was *The White Gypsy* and unlike *The White*



Reading downwards: Scenes and studies of Raquel Meller in "Imperial Violets."





After the explosion. The figure on the right is the Empress Eugenie.

theatres about the time this article appears.

*Imperial Violets* is the story of a little Spanish flower seller who after going through a great deal of adventures earns the gratitude of the Imperatrice Eugenie and is received at the Court of Spain. Work on it was started in Seville on June 8th, 1923, when the Spanish police was placed at the disposal of Henry Roussell for the street scenes.

In a corner of the public square, in the handsome residence known as the Casa Pilatos, Henry Roussell and his assistants, were awaiting Raquel Meller in the early hours of the morning. She had been singing previously at a cabaret and consequently the director and his cameramen expected rather a tired and late "star," but such was not the case for Raquel was just as fresh and just as beautiful as the violets she carried in the basket strung round her neck.

Despite the fierce sun and broiling heat of the typically Spanish morn, and the heavy crinoline dresses she was wearing, Raquel Meller set to work with rare energy and activity. An amusing incident occurred in the course of filming one of the principal scenes in *Violettes Imperiales*. The director informed his "star" that he would require her to loosen one of the shoulder straps of her dress and bring into view her shoulder. The director pleaded and stormed, but all to no avail. Raquel refused and seemed frightfully shocked.

At last, however, she capitulated and bared an exquisite shoulder. And the cameras whirled happily!

The most difficult thing, however, was the marshalling of the crowds. But the director is an imposing figure. Extremely tall, monocle in eye, with a determined, and at moments fierce, expression on his face, he is a born leader of men. Standing high above the crowds, megaphone in hand, his voice

carrying across the big square told the supers what they had to do. It was a market scene. "You!" he shouted to one man, "you're a Cardinal. So you're not supposed to be marketing. Off the set, please!"



world who dare challenge the footlights with no paint on.

Alas! she is ever so reticent. "I love the kinema," she confided, "but, my singing occupies the rest of my time when I am not facing the camera. My life, I cannot tell you its history, for I have forgotten! Besides it would not interest you. I shall make perhaps three more pictures in Europe and then I will probably go to America. I have received so many tempting offers to go on the stage there, and in my spare time, play for the moving picture camera. As yet I am undecided what to do, for I love France and I feel that if one only sets to work here with stout heart and a great faith in oneself we shall be able to make as good, if not better, pictures than America herself!"

And Raquel being extremely modest permitted herself to hide her blushes behind a fan of blue and white ostrich feathers.

Below: "Violette" (Raquel Meller) and her sisters in "Imperial Violets," and Raquel Meller.



The utmost secrecy is being kept about this picture which is to be in the nature of a film surprise. I do know however that the scenes are set in Jerusalem and in Poland, and that the exteriors were made there.

Raquel Meller to those who know her intimately, is said to be a very charming personality indeed, but to the vast public that appreciate her talents she is something of a mystery.

In the simply but tastily-furnished and neatly decorated dressing room of her theatre Raquel Meller received me one evening between acts. I was astonished to discover that she had on no make-up.

She is probably the only artiste in the





# Follow My Leader

A game nearly every film producer has played in his time.



Above: Someone made a game of it with a one-word title, and created a vogue for it. "Bread," with Mae Busch, shining example.



Left: Dick Barthelmess broke right away from his usual style in "Tolable David," a film which preceded dozens of others of the same type. Below: Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" is responsible for the present vogue of rather ultra-sophisticated movies.



Below: Pola Negri in *Du Barri* (Passion) taught producers that there was life in the old-fashioned costumed film yet.

of *Vengeance* and others too numerous to name. And like a wash in the wake of the larger ripples, came the third-rate productions of third-rate companies, featuring third-rate players in third-rate costumes, with worse than third-rate stories to back them up.

But perhaps the worst phase of the epidemic from the point of view of the producer, was that long before all these films had been released the public had grown tired of them, and was demanding something new.

Made when the popularity of costume drama was at its full flood, they had been too long in completion, and when at last they were shown, whatever merits they possessed were submerged by the long line of similar films that had gone before, and the newest thing in films that was just coming into vogue—in other words, *The Sheik* had just arrived, and done its deadly work.

Below: A scene from Griffiths' "America," a pioneer amongst Chronicle films.



In films, as in all other commercial undertakings of an artistic nature, there are set modes and fashions that must be followed. Things happen in circles, thinly bounded by their own blindfold conventions and ruled by that despotic tyrant Box Office Values. They are like the ripples that rise on the surface of a lake, at the throwing of a stone, gradually receding until they are submerged by another circle from another missile. Only the stone, in this case, is represented by a film, and the waters of the lake are the waters of Public Opinion.

For example, take the well known case of the costume film. Started in the first place by *When Knighthood Was in Flower* it flourished long after it should have died a natural death, by all the rules and laws of movie popularity. At that time its comparative novelty was in its favour, and the general public caught it up with enthusiasm, starting the ramp in costume drama. From then on it was doomed to every sort of travesty that human ingenuity could devise, and directorial wisdom twist into the semblance of a film.

There followed in swift succession, *The Glorious Adventure*, *The Gypsy Cavalier*, *Little Old New York*, *Ashes*



The ripples caused by that sensational stone are still in motion, though even they are gradually fading. Since "Ahmed Ben Hassan" came to our screen carrying all before him with one glance from his burning eyes, the desert has been exploited until no respectable Arab dare show his face in civilised quarters of the globe. *Desert Love*, *The Sheik of Araby*, and *The Tents of Allah* are a few of these films, resultant on the new craze. Even Norman Kerry has contributed his share in *The Shadow of the East*, and Ramon Novarro has recently completed the title role in *The Arab*, which will probably be released some time this year.

Almost immediately after *The Sheik* set the fashion in desert drama, Stark Realism started its morbid reign. Preceded by Stroheim's *Foolish Wives*, as a sort of gloomy forerunner, it ran its course through a long list of sordid productions that endeavoured to paint Life in its drabest form. Such films as *Anna Christie*, which was a fine film, and *Greed*, which bids fair to be a decidedly unpleasant film, are excellent examples of the type of thing.

At the moment there are two gradually widening circles of an equal prominence in the screen world. One is probably an offshoot of the Stark Realism vogue—the Cleverly Cynical. It originated in Charlie Chaplin's subtly-directed production *The Woman of Paris*. Lubitsch's *The Marriage Circle*, with Marie Prevost and Monte Blue, also comes under this category, and so far its chief interpreter has been Adolphe Menjou, who brings an air of cynical indifference to any role he may adopt before the camera. It hasn't yet had time to gather in its wake the numerous cheap imitations to which it lays itself open. But they will come in time, and kill it as inevitably as these cheap imitations always do, and the cleverly cynical, having become blatantly bad taste, will subside in favour of some new movie mode.

The other current fashion is the direct result of *Secrets*. Since Norma Talmadge allowed herself to grow old for the story of this film, it has become a popular craze with young actresses

Mary Carr in "Over The Hill" inaugurated the motherlove motive in movies.



"The Marriage Circle," with its clever cynicism, would never have been made had not "A Woman of Paris" blazed the trail.

to don a white wig, paint in a few wrinkles, and show the world how to grow old gracefully. And the younger they are the more the idea seems to appeal to them. Ethel Shannon made an excellent old lady in *Maytime*, and Madge Bellamy is the latest to follow suit. In *Love and Glory*, not yet released over here, she plays the part of an old lady with glasses and cap.

Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in "The Arab" may or may not revive interest in movie Sheiks.



Above: A scene from "Foolish Wives," a pioneer of starkly realistic screenplays.

Below: Jane Novak as herself and in character in her latest movie



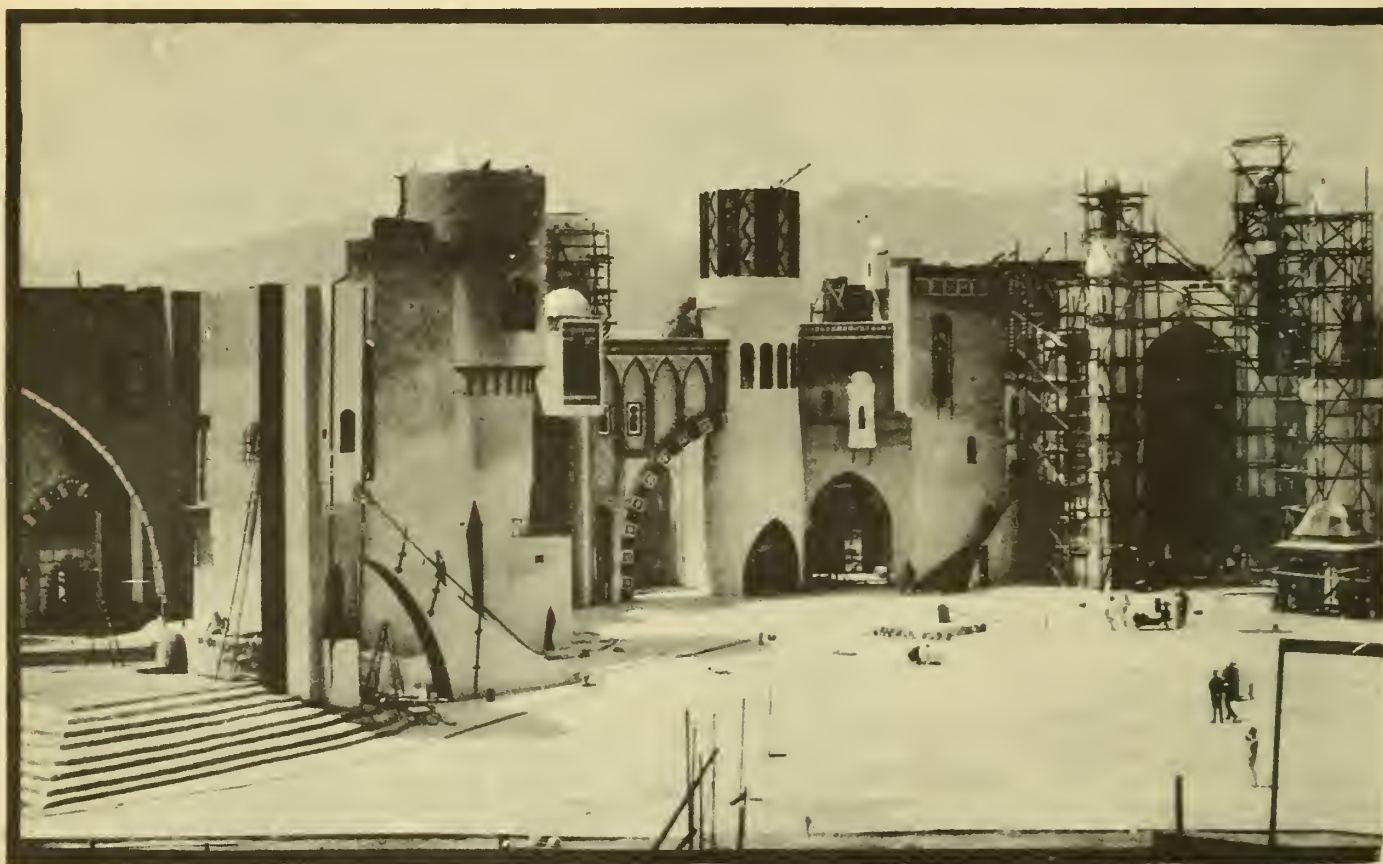
She is parted from her sweetheart until she attains a ripe old age, when everything comes right and she totters into her lover's arms.

No doubt half Hollywood's girlish charmers will be following this new movie mode before long. It is always the same with film folk. They're never satisfied until they have killed an idea dead by flooding the kinemas with more or less poor imitations of the original. Until another well-pitched stone sets another ripple going, and the first is forgotten in the novelty of the second.

E. E. BARRETT.







## The Thief

What new things may be expected from the Cinema? That is the question now being asked by both critic and fan.

It is reported that more than 800 film plays will be offered this season, 43 of which are said to be costume features.

Whether they will stand forth as a lot of celluloid drivel or rise to exalted heights of artistic and dramatic grandeur is a thing which time alone can answer.

Chief of these, perhaps, is Douglas Fairbanks' pretentious effort, *The Thief of Bagdad*, in which, in the words of the press agent, "All the faded, phantom glory of ancient Persia's Shahs, all the queer, exotic splendour of old China's warrior Khans, all the jewelled prodigality of India's proud Rajahs has been assembled by Fairbanks and combined with the matchless romance of Haroun Al Raschid's dream capital to produce this new cinema classic."

Amid such cinema magnificence, Douglas Fairbanks in the role of a lovable thief creates his most impressive character. Besides the athletic feats, the dare-devil adventures, and the rollicking joyousness which has made the name of Fairbanks resound around the world, there is in this new interpretation a seasoning of pure fantasy,

pervaded by the occult mysticisms and sorceries of the East which his characters have never before possessed.

No labour, time or expense has been spared that the sets—awesome in their mammoth grandeur, and at the same time ethereally beautiful, bizarre, and exquisite in design—might present in all its fantastic splendour, the Bagdad of the empire-building Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid.

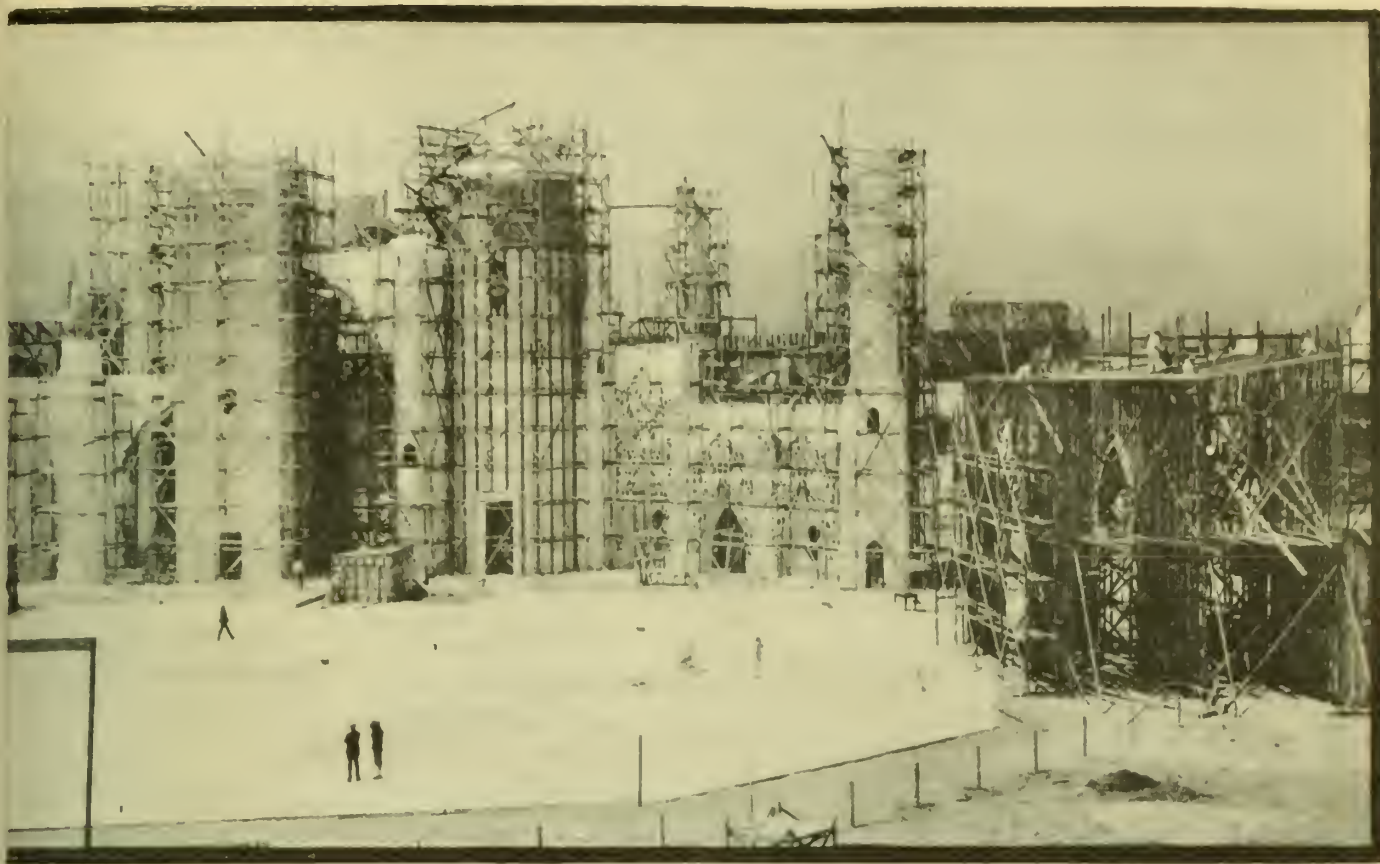
It is nine o'clock in the morning and a glorious California sun is shining. Sitting away out on those Beverly Hills one wonders where else in the world such a panorama of varied interest as that which spreads itself below here could be equalled. Away to the left rise the skyscrapers of Los Angeles with their many offices. Immediately below run the ever glistening and busy boulevards of Hollywood. Nearby is the residence of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. To the right, rising above myriad semi-tropical trees, peep brightly hued pagodas in the Japanese gardens of a multi-millionaire. But most interesting of all are the several studios which can be seen standing out distinctively from the thousands of bungalows.

There is, however, something which dominates the entire perspective. This is a maze of glittering silver topped



The villain in  
"The Thief of  
Bagdad."





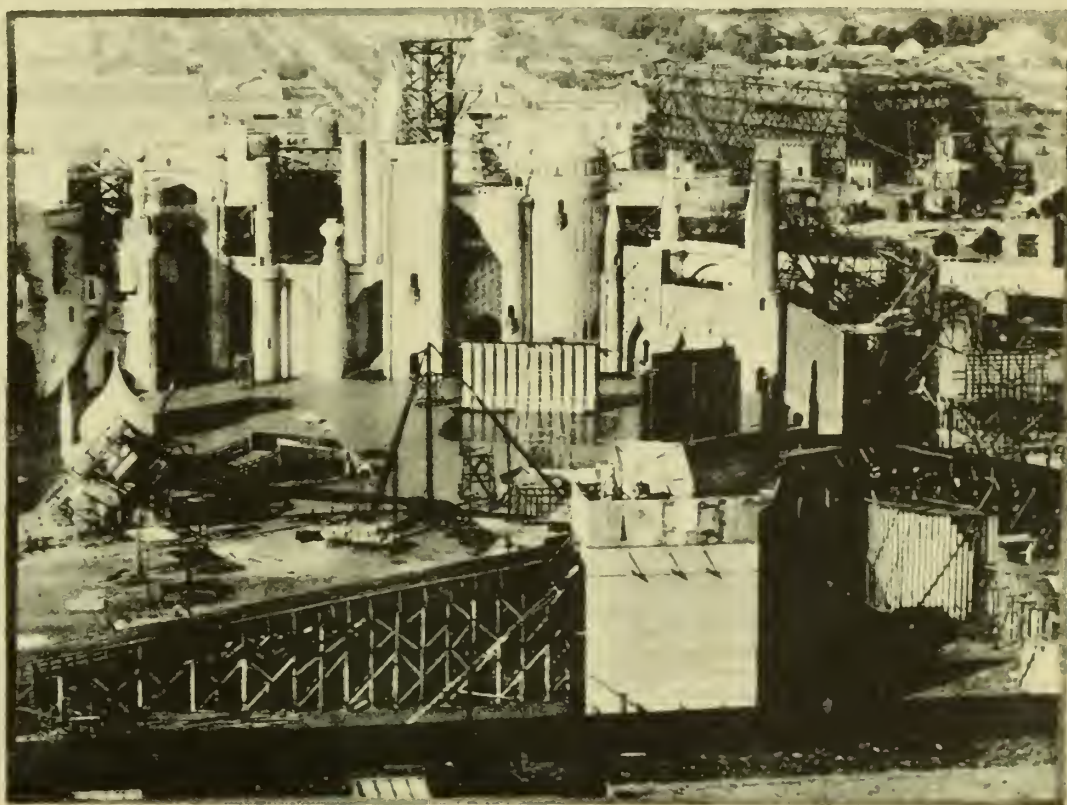
## of Bagdad

Never has a fantasy been so richly and thoroughly kinematized as this greatest of all Eastern fairy tales.

mosques and minarets rising majestically above all surroundings. A veritable Arabian city. Dozens of fantastic edifices can be seen and the whole looks so alluring that we cannot resist an invitation to go and see it. Thus we wander down the hillside, walk along Santa Monica Boulevard, past the studios of Charlie Chaplin and a dozen other stars, until we reach the joint studios of Mary and Doug. For the mosques and minarets are all sets for Doug's new picture, *The Thief of Bagdad*.

for Persian scenes.

We walk a few yards down the avenue and find ourselves approaching the greatest "set" that has ever been



It is a remarkable sight that we see. Having passed the gate officials, administration offices, dressing rooms and casting offices, we see a lawn whereon stroll dozens of persons dressed in fantastic Eastern costumes. There is a man yelling out the names of the extras telling them to line up—a regular army of them. There is every imaginable type of person. Fat and short, long and lean, bearded and bleary, all types suitable



erected for film purposes in Los Angeles. It is a fantastic representation, fully as bizarre as that Bagdad pictured in "The Arabian Nights." No such line and composition has ever been attempted before a camera. The city rises from the rim of an extensive floor of solid concrete, some several acres. Reflected on the polished surface are the mosques and minarets. The whole scene immediately lifts us from the commonplace to the ethereal heights of the futurist influence in art. But we are brought back to earth by the most plebeian of notices which reads: "Are your feet clean?" Whereupon, before we go on the set an attendant hands us a pair of loose-fitting sandals which we slip on over our shoes.

As we stroll across the square, brightly-coloured draperies float in the breeze from the many balconies. In the side sets are little nooks all strewn with gorgeous cushions and strangely-shaped vases. The colour scheme is mostly dove grey and coal black. Most surprising of all is the care given to detail and the quality of the many materials. Running about are giant Nubians, their loins swathed in rich silks; there are Arabs who salaam and carry on conversation with old men costumed to look grotesquely fascinating; there are beautiful women with floating veils, carrying vases; there are Frenchmen, Germans, Japanese and men of other nationalities drawn together to make this new film one of the most wonderful ever conceived.

Doug as "The Thief" and one of the street sets.

Here we see Doug himself, bare to the waist, with diaphanous trousers gathered about his ankles. His head is bound in an Oriental bandeau, and he is at once a figure of romance.

"Raoul," he says to Raoul Walsh who is directing the production, "could I leap off that turret and land on the stairway or..." And just then a small boy, the son of a tourist, leaps across the set to shake Doug by the hand and bombard him with questions about the donkeys, sheep and camels that repose about the set awaiting their turn before the camera. When the boy goes Doug is next seen inspecting the camera, and before we can follow him, he is leaping up a huge ladder to stand on the top of one of the mosques so as to get a better perspective of the scene.

It is now 10 o'clock in the morning and the light is at its best. They are shooting a scene that will probably be seen for only a few seconds in the film. Dozens of times it is photographed in order to obtain exactly the right effect.

Thus the morning passes. At noon we leave the set and cross the avenue to a cafe which is already crowded with extras, all looking fantastic in the varied costumes, but eating essentially American food.

Back on the set again we find the extras in trouble, so to speak. They are dressed as Orientals, but are walking as Americans walk. Doug gives a demonstration. "This is the way we Americans walk, with our chins stuck out, but this is the way the Orientals walk," and he pulls in his chin and walks along with that queer shuffle that bespeaks strange alleys and the murmur of an Oriental night.

The final scene for the day has been taken and as we pass through the studios we see hundreds of workmen making plaster reliefs, lanterns, Oriental chairs and other accessories. Everything is made on the spot.

In order to reach the outer gate we pass through a Spanish square with weird looking streets and tunnels winding everywhere and nowhere. Across the way is a moss-covered church flanked on either side by equally ancient looking houses with olden-time knockers and lanterns. There are cobbled street with strange-looking houses, and a hundred and one side scenes.

Then over the way is a piece of Old England. It is Nottingham Castle we see, and it is here that Douglas had such revels as "Robin Hood." Here is the huge drawbridge which Douglas climbed so magnificently to reach his princess and there is the vast banquet hall. A hundred and one scenes are brought back to our memory, and we picture the King at the jousting and the curtain which Douglas slid down to escape the King's retainers. We are told that this is where the gallant Huntingdon was pursued by the ladies at the tournament, and that is where he ran along the turrets to rescue his fair love. Opposite to the castle are more banquet halls and castles being erected in readiness for Mary's forthcoming picture, *Dorothy Vernon*.

Now it is time to go. Once more we are on the summit of Beverly Hills and as the sun says farewell to the silver-topped minarets, we can see the thousands of cars spinning along the boulevards toward Venice where all Hollywood and Los Angeles, it seems, is off to make merry on the roundabouts and swings.





# Footlights or Shadows?

by ELIZABETH LONERGAN

**T**he youngest of Juliets confesses a preference for the screen. Not that she doesn't adore the stage. In fact, her dream is to be a second Julia Marlowe or Jane Cowl, which means in plain English that she wants to portray Shakespearian roles when she grows up, but there is plenty of time in which to decide the weighty question.

No need to introduce Miriam Battista, most beloved of screen children. She made her debut as "Juliet" in vaudeville with Walter Eaton, brother of Mary Eaton, Follies star, as her "Romeo." The kiddies got over splendidly and Miriam feels firmly that the audience was deeply interested in the act because it was a work of the Immortal Bard. But American variety audiences are first cousins to British ones and probably less educated in Shakespeare's plays, so it was doubtless 10 per cent play and 90 per cent actors!

Miriam made her debut at the age of



Above: Two studies of Miriam Battista as "Juliet" with Charles Eaton (aged 10) as "Romeo."

two and a half in a Fox picture and rose to stardom after her performance as the cripple child in *Humoresque*. She has appeared alternately on stage and screen and so should be well qualified to tell which she prefers. This is what she has to say about it:

"I like the stage for the applause and the wonderful sensation of the first night but pictures are more educating."

"Just what do you mean by that, Miriam?" I asked. She hesitated a minute before replying. She has such an old head on those little shoulders of hers.

"Well, I mean that you learn a lot about the customs of the different countries and about their histories and so much about the costumes they wore in other times. I adore wearing pretty things but the only dress-up part I have had that I remember was as the little heiress in *The Steadfast Heart*, my last big picture to be released. I played 'Edith Roberts' as a small child and was heiress to about half of the South. And I had such pretty clothes to wear. But that only happens once in a life."

Few players of Miriam's tender years can boast such a varied and extensive stage and screen career. On the silver-sheet she has appeared with Nazimova in *Eye for Eye*, with Norma Talmadge in *Smilin' Thru*; and in *Boomerang Bill*, and *Just Around the Corner* amongst other successes. As for stage plays her parts include such varied productions as "A Kiss for Cinderella," "The Inner Man," "A Fool There Was," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Florodora," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Needless to say Miriam leads a very busy life, because apart from rehearsals and her actual daily work for stage and screen she has to think about her education during the few odd hours at her disposal. Although she does not attend school several tutors are on hand to give her private lessons, and Miriam's educational studies play an important part in her life. Being an infant prodigy is not nearly so easy as some people imagine, and few grown-ups would care to undergo the daily routine of this busy little star.

Vaudeville audiences, Miriam decided after her first contact with them, are extremely friendly but their favourite programme seems to be of the jazzy sort. Shakespeare gets over because it is a novelty and she feels sure that they enjoy it, in spite of the fact that it is highbrow.

Then she told me of her ideal, not to be a great screen actress but to excel in Shakespearian roles, to be a second Jane Cowl—who is to make her London debut this autumn—or a Julia Marlowe and to add "Rosalind" and "Lady Macbeth" to her roles. "And I should dearly love to play 'Cleopatra' some time," she added, "and I am going to play in London, too."

"But please do not think I am through with pictures. I adore them and expect to make some more very soon. Just now I am thrilled with my new part but I love the studios and really think deep in my heart that pictures come first."

"Juliet" wants to be loyal to her two loves, but it is hard sometimes to make a decided choice.



Miriam Battista.



# Under the Black Flag

'Ware! Pirates! The Film Filibusters are very much with us this season.

Who hasn't at some time or other seen a film introducing a pirate? There's no mistaking a film-pirate. He has either a hook, a black patch or a

Jack Warren Kerrigan is playing the pirate hero in "Captain Blood."

ing a pirate, before he changed his mind and became a "Thief of Baghdad."

Many and various are the types of pirates shown on the screen, but fortunately each one has its own particular exponent. There is the hulking type who, having captured an unfortunate lady, commences his preparations to entertain her by becoming dead-drunk (Pirates are never Prohibitionists), consequently when his fair captive appears, he can rise from his chair, knocking both that and the table over in the process, and can chase her all over the cabin, considerably suspending operations,

Left: Of course, Wallace Beery is on hand when there's dirty work to do.



The pirate ship in "The Sea Hawk."

wooden leg, or else he has all three. He's dressed either in rags, or in clothes that have seen much better days; he swears and he walks with a swaggering roll. He hasn't even an elementary notion of nautical discipline. The members of his crew take him as their model morally and sartorially, and if, by any chance, one of the personnel of a film pirate ever looks at all human, he is, provided he's not the hero strayed into bad company, almost invariably the worst of the whole bunch. However, pirates, on the screen, are certainly intriguing personalities and I, for one, don't grumble that they've come to stay.

They first insinuated themselves into the film-world, when films were really and truly "in their infancy," with the production by an American company of *Treasure Island* with Florence Turner as "Jim." Since then they have become international; Denmark gave us *The Phantom Ship*, a film version of "The Flying Dutchman"; France contributed *The Son of a Buccaneer*, starring Aimé Simon-Girard, better known in England for his interpretation of "D'Artagnan" in the French version of *The Three Musketeers*; England gave a short beauty-show of pirates in the colour-film *The Glorious Adventure*; Italy recently sent us *The Pirate*, and America has given and is to give us several buccaneer films. Even Douglas Fairbanks thought of becom-

Below: Pirates killed poor Amlet Novelli. "The Pirate" (Pathé) was his last film. Scene from "The Pirate."





of course, to allow her to "register" terror for the "close-ups." He may be termed the genius Wallace Beery. If you doubt me "The Sea Hawk" will prove it.

Then there is the Ernest Torrence type, who, having leered horribly upon his victim, immediately proceeds to damage the furniture with him. Then comes he of the Robert McKim kidney who smiles and smiles, and is still a villain, performing his wickedness with suave and sinful grace. There is the gentleman-buccaneer who apologises for any inconvenience he may cause his victim even while he is cutting that unfortunate individual's throat. He regrets that the wood may be rough for the feet of the miserable wretch who is walking the plank. And as for the physically horrible, who could be better than Lon Chaney aided and abetted by his make-up box?

Three films stand out as the nearest approach to perfect presentation of piracy in pictures. The first is the Fox "de-luxe" edition of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, in which Shirley Mason was "Jim" and Charles Ogle "Long John Silver," in which, too, Lon Chaney played "Old Blind Pew" and "Merry," succeeding in being convincingly horrible as both.

Second comes the production *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*. Although not primarily a pirate-play, Walter Hackett's famous comedy has a "flash-back" to the days of the Jolly Roger which has an important effect on the succeeding plot. In the film version, Matt Moore took the part which the late Sir Charles Hawtrey made famous on the stage, a part which, by the way, a screen-star recently played on the "boards," for our own David Hawthorne was appearing as "Ambrose" in a touring company not so long ago.

Thirdly *To Have and to Hold*, one of the finest of Betty Compson's American releases. In this, Theodore Kosloff in doublet and hose and Robert McKim, Betty Compson, Bert Lytell and W. J. Fergusson were cast up on a desert island, which had been chosen by a band of bloodthirsty buccaneers as the burial ground of their late lamented leader. But Bert Lytell by the easy process of lying glibly and fighting three fierce duels with three equally fierce pirates and beating the lot, stepped into the dead man's shoes.

Work is now finished on the film version of Rafael Sabatini's romance *The Sea Hawk*. Milton Sills as the hero begins life as a Cornish nobleman and becomes, after passing his novitiate as galley-slave, the redoubtable Moorish freebooter "Sakir-el-Bahr." Enid Bennett, who evidently likes buccaneering, is the heroine and Wallace Beery plays the piratical English captain who "shanghaies" the hero.

Really, R. Louis Stevenson and his famous fifteen who spent their lives sitting on dead men's chests and drinking rum have a lot to answer for.

W. B. TURNER.

Left, Reading downwards:

Walter Long was a fine specimen in "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure."

Matt Moore as "Ambrose" in the same film, and Bert Lytell in "To Have and To Hold."

Oval: Milton Sills as "The Hawk," in "The Sea Hawk."



Scene from "To Have and To Hold," Bert Lytell.



# Little Mary Philbin

"Everything in the world," said Mary, "all my career, all the nice things people have said about me, and all the hopes that I have for my future I owe to Mr. Von."

"To whom?" I asked. I wasn't really very interested. I didn't care who he was or what he was. I was too busy looking at Mary. There she sat opposite me at the little table in the Hollywood cafeteria, so quiet and shy and fragile. In her lilac dress, with her brown curls down her back she looked no more than a child, and although she did her best to hide it I could see that she was just as excited about this interview as a schoolboy is over his first bicycle. As for me I had come feeling terribly blasé. I had interviewed every star in Hollywood. Stars? Pooh! Two-a-penny. I looked at little Mary Philbin . . . I began to forget where I was . . . I was

Below: Mary Philbin in "The Merry-go-Round."



Another study from "The Merry-go-Round."

almost on the point of believing in fairies . . .

"To Mr. Eric von Stroheim," said Mary severely, as who should say, "Where have you been buried all this time not to know there is only one director of motion pictures in the world worth anything at all!"

I woke with a start. Did I say I was blasé? What a queer thing to have said. I was never more interested in my life.

She was talking now with a quick flush in her cheeks and her eyes very bright. Rather like a quaint little bird with her head cocked on one side. All the wistfulness had dropped from her. She spoke with the flame of hero-worship which always plays about her when the name of von Stroheim is mentioned.

"He found me at the very beginning, and started me working for the screen. I guess you don't quite know what that meant to me. I'm not very old now . . ."

Seventeen still likes to think itself very young. Ah Mary! You'll not talk like that next year!

" . . . but it seems hundreds of years ago that I was in High School, Chicago, and used to spend every Saturday afternoon with my mother at the pictures; and every Saturday evening in front of the mirror imitating the stars that I had just seen. I liked to do Lillian Gish best—" she broke off, irrelevantly. "Sometimes I felt I understood her until I could cry with sheer sympathy. Sometimes it just wouldn't come. That was awful. Do you know what I mean?"

I stopped thinking of fairies. "Perfectly," I murmured.

"As long as I can remember I have wanted to play in motion pictures but I never really thought I should have the chance, and I shall never forget my thrill of joy when a photograph which I had sent in for a Chicago beauty contest was seen by somebody at Universal City and I got a wire from Mr. Laemmle asking me to come and make a screen test."



With William Boyd in "The Temple of Venus."

"And that was the beginning of the fairy tale?"

She laughed, shewing her little sharp, white teeth. "Yes," she said, "but it was only a tale then. It was Mr. Von who made it a fairy tale. We were all paraded in front of him—dozens of us girls—and some of them, O, so lovely! I was the youngest there, and dreadfully shy, and I never thought he'd look twice at me among all those others. But he did, and made Universal give me a contract. Even then it didn't really begin. I had a terrible disappointment when mother and I had packed up all our things and hurried off to California; for they didn't give me any star parts as I had been led to expect—only a lot of training and a few bits of work as an extra. Not that I really minded a scrap. It was too thrilling just to be in front of the camera; but I thought that Mr. Von had forgotten me, or that my screen tests hadn't come up to his expectations."

"But surely he gave you the big part in *The Merry-Go-Round*, and somebody



told me that he wrote it specially for you."

"Yes," she answered happily, "I shall never forget the day he told me about it. He sent for me at the studio, just when I was feeling most depressed and hopeless, and told me he had written a story called *The Merry-Go-Round* with a part in it just made for me. He explained it all and made me feel 'Agnes' and I knew that I couldn't make a failure in that."

"My dear child," I said, "in vulgar language you knocked 'em all."

"It wasn't me," said Mary, throwing grammar to the winds in her anxiety to attach a halo to the head of her hero. "It was Mr. Von. He's wonderful. Everybody feels it, all the men and girls who are playing under his direction. Nobody could do bad work with him. He seems to understand all one's difficulties, and to be able to explain and suggest character to everyone on the set, from the star down to the smallest extra. I owe everything to the trouble he took with me in *The Merry-Go-Round*. I should never have found myself at all if he hadn't shown me the way."

"I certainly liked *The Merry-Go-Round* best of all your pictures," I said. I didn't feel called upon to enter into this partisanship. In any case one might as well try to dam Niagara as stop Mary once she gets fairly launched on her favourite topic. I tried to turn the conversation on to her later pictures *The Temple of Venus*, *Against the Grain*, and *My Mamie Rose*—and to ask her about the pictures that Universal is scheduling for her at the moment. But she would have none of it.

"They were no good," she said. "How could they be when Mr. Von wasn't directing me?" And then suddenly clenching her hands and looking very fiercely in front of her, she gave vent to a queer little bit of self-analysis which came strangely from this slip of a girl with no experience of life beyond her story books and her studio sets.

"You see," she said slowly, "I'm just a medium. I can't create things. I can only represent them. Somebody's got to put something in before I can let



With William Collier, Jr., in "*Fool's Highway*."

it out. That's why ordinary directors are no good to me. With them I'm just a stupid, fumbling little girl, and will never do any work that is worth while. So I am waiting and hoping that Mr. Von will want me again sometime, and give me another chance to be a real actress."

And so do I, for I think she is right. Little Mary Philbin is the most limpid, transparent, crystal-clear of all our screen stars to-day, and can reflect with perfect fidelity the loveliest images that the mind of an artist can conceive.

Given the right direction, Mary, there is no doubt, will develop into a very great movie star.

SILAS HOUNDER.

Two charming camera studies



With Maude George and Norman Kerry in the dramatic hospital scene in "*The Merry-go-Round*."





**LOIS WILSON**

*Who is here seen as the wife of Louis XV in "Monsieur Beaucaire" might have been a school-teacher to-day but for a chance meeting with Lois Weber, the famous film producer. Lois isn't sorry, neither are we.*





**JOHN BARRYMORE**

*Has it all his own way, for in addition to being one of the screen's greatest actors, he is one of the handsomest, too. As a young man John wanted to be an artist, but has compromised by becoming an artiste instead.*



**CONSTANCE TALMADGE**

*Stars come and go but Constance is still the undisputed queen of light comedy so far as the screen is concerned. Dancing is her special hobby and she can give points to many stars of the ballroom.*





**HUGH MILLER**

[Photo by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.]

*Whose performance in "The Letters" placed him in the front rank of screen players has gone to Germany to star. No one will grudge him his chance, but why are British movie-makers so blind?*



**GUY NEWALL**

*Has been holiday-making on the Continent with Mrs. Newall who, as everybody knows, is Ivy Duke in screen life. Guy's last completed picture is "What the Butler Saw" in which he plays the leading role.*





Netta Westcott displays a white Spanish shawl embroidered in scarlet and green.

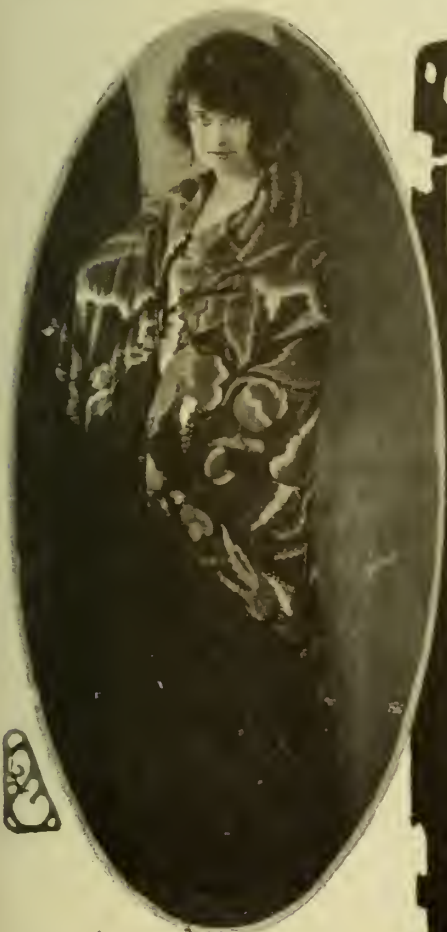
# Stays in Shawls



Winifred Bryson's gorgeous gold-thread shawl.



Flora Le Breton's shawl makes a piquant addition to her evening toilette.



Eleanor Boardman's Oriental shawl is of many colours embroidered in black silk.



Left: Ruby Miller, a poem in white. Above: Dorothy Gish.



# Nil Desperandum

## VINCENT DE SOLA

It is a face capable of expressing many emotions, and of understanding these in others. In a way she is an instinctive master of psychology, realising to a hair the reactions of other temperaments to a given situation. But, fundamentally, she herself feels very little emotionally, outside of her maternal sense. Although the face is sympathetic, it is in many ways a cold one, and while not intellectual it shows, nevertheless, a character that is ruled perpetually by the mental side of the nature.

It is a sensitive face, though sensitiveness is easily put aside here when the individuality is seeking anything of importance to her. Only when there is no particular goal in sight does this sensitiveness spring up vividly. At such times as these, she can easily be wounded, and it is clear that she would not easily forgive. Rather is the tendency shown to strike back and wound in return.

So feminine is the face, that it is easy to deduce that the society of men is of real importance to this character. But it is the masculine spirit that matters to her rather than the individual man. This would indicate a somewhat fickle trend not one of choice, but rather of circumstance.

I have said that this definiteness is largely a result of a certain nervous vitality in the character which pushes every trait to its uttermost. Perhaps again it is the definiteness which is responsible for the vague indications of a "temperamental" quality. I would say that Miss Hampton does not understand herself, or at least her own conflicting qualities and in the effort to seek for something satisfying and productive of happiness, she is inclined to blame fate in some moods, or grope a trifle wildly for solutions.

But her winning qualities lend her charm and magnetism; and while she may create hostility here and there, she will always create admiration. She is like the majority of the motion picture actresses I have analysed; inclined to be self-centred. But here the old-fashioned copy book virtues are proved fallible enough, for it seems that it is the self-centred persons who make others interested in them too.



"Although Hope Hampton's face is sympathetic," says de Sola, "it is in many ways a cold face."

The photographs of Hope Hampton, which have been given to me to analyse, succeed in offering an unusually clear impression of the character behind her features:

Miss Hampton's traits are all definite ones. There is nothing vague, dull, or dim in her group of individual characteristics. They seem to be vitalised by an extraordinary will, and a peculiar nervous tension in the mind which causes every trait to be affirmed with precision, clear-cut and vital.

For instance, her face has the peculiar contours and eye signs of the maternal type. The caprice which appears in other features has no part here. Unselfishness, great self-sacrifice and the attendant qualities are all present in this side of her character.

But we run almost immediately into a curious contradiction. Maternal as the face is, it is of a type that may almost be classified as anti-domestic. There is small interest here for the domestic routine and the domestic sacrifices, except, perhaps, for a passing mood. This is the face of a born actress, one who is capable of living and feeling, for short intervals, many different varieties of life in a wide range of environment. It is too restless to care for any of them for very long.

Only ambition and a sense of personal luxury are stable in the character, and it is these two which drive her with single-tracked vigour towards a single goal. Here definitely she lives on her nerves. She is the type that is never really happy unless she has something to pretend to be unhappy about; and contentment, stolid peace, is very far from her mind as a pleasant objective.



# The Covered Wagon

by  
JOHN  
FLEMING



It was in the year 1848 at Westport Landing, which now is Kansas City. The chief feature of the picture was dust, dust which rose in great dense clouds and obscured the sunshine that broiled down on the little town.

But under the dust might have been seen, when the eyes became used to it, a long and mighty caravan of covered wagons, filling with hearty pioneers and their families, filling too with their possessions, in readiness for the spring "jump-off." People hard as they were hearty, preparing to trek across half a continent to break fresh land and make new homes in far-away Oregon.

The brave procession was due to start at noon, and only a few minutes before the appointed hour another wagon train was seen making its way into Westport. Its leader was a young man named Banion—Will Banion, and jumping down from his leading wagon he approached the chief of the first procession, old Jesse Wingate, to make himself known.

Banion's train was in from Liberty, Mexico, and as he too was turned towards Oregon he made the suggestion that the two caravans should join forces and take the road together; a suggestion with which old Jesse Wingate immediately fell in.

"It will be a lonely enough task, even with so many of us," agreed the elder man. "The more the merrier. There'll be times when we sure shall stand in need of merriment."

Wingate had a daughter, Molly, they called her. And even in the few spare

moments to the starting of the trek it was obvious to some there that she and Will Banion were betraying an interest in each other. Will found tasks to do near to where Molly was. And this brought a smile to nearly everybody's lips.

Not, though, to the lips of one, Sam Woodhull, Wingate's right-hand man and—to all intents and purposes—

## Characters:

Molly Wingate	-	-	LOIS WILSON
Will Banion	-	J.	WARREN KERRIGAN
Jackson	-	-	ERNEST TORRENCE
Jesse Wingate	-	-	CHARLES OGLE
Sam Woodhull	-	-	ALAN HALE
Bridger	-	-	TULLY MARSHALL
Jed Wingate	-	-	JOHN FOX

*Narrated, by permission, from the Paramount Film of the same title.*

Molly's fiance. "I don't like this sort o' thing, ye know, Molly," Sam Woodhull grumbled. "See that it's stopped and quick."

"But, Sam," Molly protested, "I mean nothing wrong, and I can see no harm in the young man speaking to me and working near me if so he wishes. If he likes me, how can I insult him by walking away when he approaches? You like me, don't you? Must I, then, walk away from you, too?"

"I've told ye," said Sam, not too pleasantly.

With Banion was his old pal—almost his bodyguard—Jackson, a grizzled old scout from the old days, with the old school's rough and ready ways. But

though his exterior was barbed his heart was of the right stuff, and to those who were his friends he was a friend for life.

Jackson spent some of those early moments trekking about the caravans, inspecting, without, of course, having been invited to do so, the organisation of Wingate's train. When he came back to Will Banion he had a deep frown on his brow.

"I ain't goin' to make no bones about it," he announced in a loud voice for all to hear. "I reckon old man Wingate is a weak leader that don't know his own job. He's a good old scout, but, honest, he ain't a cent's worth o' use. He'd do better to hand over the reins of this little trek to Will here. The thing'd be pulled through right then."

But whatever wisdom there might have been in the suggestion it was not adopted. The atmosphere between caravan and caravan became, indeed, a little strained, and everybody was glad for the relief brought by the sudden blowing of the bugle.

Hoarse shouts were heard down the line, Westport began to wave its many handkerchiefs and shout its many good-byes, the oxen began to strain at the leathers, whips cracked, wheels turned and the great train of five hundred wagons was off for the Golden West.

The days passed evenly. They passed after the first one or two, rather monotonously, until an afternoon when the caravans were two weeks out across the bare prairie.



*Although Jackson's exterior was barbed his heart was of the right stuff, and to those who were his friends he was a friend for life.*



Then Molly Wingate in a rash moment attempted to ride Will Banion's horse and when it bolted with her, he, as he put it, had to save her life. The incident raised Will Banion considerably in everybody's estimation—or at least nearly everybody's. It was not soon forgotten, and particularly by Sam Woodhull.

The bad blood already existing between the two men increased, and it became evident to Sam that he must take some steps to reduce his rival's popularity with the pioneers. He went to Wingate's wagon that night.

"Jesse," he said, "I reckon I know somethin' about this Will Banion that no others o' ye here know. Somethin' that ain't as nice to hear as it might be."

"What is that, Sam?" old Jesse asked.

"Durin' Doniphan's Mexican expedition Banion was drove outer the army for cattle rustlin'!"

Old Jesse sucked at his pipe for a moment or two thoughtfully, and then without another word he got up and passed down the line until he found Will walking beside his own wagon.

"Banion," he said, "I want to tell ye somethin'. Ye got to keep away from my gal Molly. Ye hear me? Right away."

"But why?" Will gasped.

"The reason is," said Jesse, "that I tell ye to. Ye understand that now, plainly?"

And he walked off without further explanation, leaving Will to make a puzzle of it.

The monotony of the journey was not relieved by this open rupture. The

atmosphere it bred touched most of the other pioneers as well as Will and old Jesse and Sam Woodhull, and everybody felt time to be dragging unpleasantly. In a way they were all thankful for the hardships they met, and they endured them not too grumblingly

with a plan for proceeding forward. The fight had split the great train into two camps and Woodhull now proposed to take charge of the first, Wingate's, and ford it across the river if a narrow part could be found a little higher up.

Accordingly the horses and the oxen were turned and without so much as a good-bye to Banion's men, Wingate's caravan set off up country and were soon lost to sight behind a rise in the land.

In the meantime Will and Jackson had reached their decision.

"Woodhull has had the common-sense to come round to our point of view, even if he has split with us," said Will. "Jackson and I will go out and prospect and find a satisfactory place for crossing, or we may come across a friendly party of Indians who will ferry the most of us. The rest of you stay here in readiness for our signal, and when we give the call whip them up and come after us."

They set off, and crossed the rise over which Woodhull's party had disappeared from sight. The flat prairie stretched ahead, interrupted only by sparse bushes here and there. But perhaps six miles away a thin column of smoke was to be seen rising, and it occurred to Will that here was probably some remote outpost of civilisation where help could be obtained in crossing the river.

They set their horses at the gallop and hurried on, but the nearer they approached to the rising column of smoke the fewer signs of civilisation were there to be seen. And when at last they came up with it they found it to be nothing but a thin column of smoke. No town, no shack, no sign of human life at all was there. And Banion became suspicious.

"I don't like the look of this," he said.

They poked about in the dying embers and were startled to see the charred spokes of a wagon wheel and the spokes of a wagon cover. And then they came upon a length of wood with the letters "J.W." charred upon it.

"Great heaven!" cried Will. "Jackson, do you know what this is?"

And Jackson gravely nodded.

"It's the ruins of old Woodhull's caravan. They've been trapped by the Blackfeet and wiped out!"

While they stood there with the awful truth burning itself into their consciousness, the two men were further startled to hear a human cry from near at hand. It seemed to come from the bank of the river, over to their left. They took to their heels and ran over the rise and down to the water. And there they found, stuck in the quicksands beneath the bank, Sam Woodhull.

"Quick!" cried Will. "Lend me a hand. Grip his wrists and we can have him out in a few seconds."

"Let him stay," said old Jackson. "The man's dirt and the world would be better rid of him. We'd be doin' it a good turn by litten' him die."

as a relief against the human strife.

The train came one day to the Kaw River and found it a savage torrent.

"We can swim the horses and oxen across, with us aboard," said Woodhull.

But there were several who frowned at the notion.

"I'm boss of this trip, under Wingate," snapped Woodhull. "I say we'll swim the train across, and we're jist goin' ter swim the train across."

"It's suicide," Will Banion declared.

"It'll be murder if ye say that again!" Woodhull threatened.

The next moment the two men were locked in fight. Woodhull sprang upon Banion and hurled him to the ground. Banion retaliated by staggering up and throwing himself upon the other, sending him crashing through the ring of excited spectators that were gathering round. Blow followed blow, until at last Woodhull sank exhausted and acknowledged his master. Will drew off, wiping blood from his knuckles.

Suddenly the crowd parted and through the ranks came Molly Wingate. She stared in amazement. Not knowing the cause of the fight, nor that Woodhull had begun it, she imagined that Banion had attacked the other out of enmity, or regard for her.

"You bully!" she cried, striding up to him. After scornfully looking him in the eye, she swung round and ran swiftly from the scene of the conflict.

Will Banion dropped his head and turned away.

The beaten Woodhull, scowling and vowing vengeance, gathered his particular followers round him and held a hurried consultation as a result of which he approached Jesse Wingate



But Will would have none of this and though Jackson assisted unwillingly he had to assist and they pulled Woodhull up to safety.

Besides Woodhull it transpired that a small handful of the others had escaped and now the party was as one again. They held together now with better grace than formerly and when at length they found a place where the river could be forded they forded it united and with a will.

Lack of food now began to be felt. Buffalo were hunted, but the men feared to go far from the caravan itself for fear of a surprise attack by Indians.

They plodded on as swiftly as possible for the news of their presence in this deadly country would have been quickly passed round since Woodhull's caravan was found. For four days they went forward and then at sunrise of the fifth they were surprised to find a lonely speck that was a white man far ahead across the prairie. Scouts brought him in and at a close sight of him, old Jackson began to execute a gleeful dance.

"If it ain't Jim Bridger!" he cried.

Old friends. Old comrades from the tough old days of their youth. They embraced like brothers and then Jim Bridger was fed and

standing near, had only just time to dash in and drag Molly from the wagon. As he did so, he kissed her.

"You beast!" she cried. But perhaps she did not feel quite what her words were intended to convey. Will looked at her and he knew that despite herself she was already beginning to care for him.

They pushed on through the night and by morning, dusty, exhausted, and depleted by hardship they came to Fort Bridger. And here, on the first night, so it was arranged, the wedding of Molly and Woodhull was to take place.

The fort was in a hollow, almost shut in by rocky bluffs. The caravans were drawn round in a circle, fires lighted in the centre of the ring and a place cleared for the ceremony. Almost all the little community was gathered round in a festive spirit. Not quite all. A couple of hours before the ceremony was due to take place Will Banion with a few of his own followers had drawn away and taken to the trail. "I cannot bear," Will had said, "to see her married to Woodhull. I'll get out of the way."

A few minutes before the parson,

out o' the Army. There ain't a word o' truth in all that tale, missie. I know. I was there in the campaign and Will Banion left the army with honour. I bet that tale never got to Will's ears, or he'd have pounded the life out of the lyin' dog. Well, missie . . ."

The flap of the wagon cover opened and Molly's father was bidding her hurry.

"No!" she cried.

"What!"

She turned to her father and recounted the story old Jim had brought to her.

"You would have me marry him after that," she demanded.

Old Jesse's face fell.

"Come," she said to Jim. "Lead me the way Will has gone and I will go forward and tell him—all."

She stepped to the door and was calling for her horse and about to walk down the steps to the rough grass below when through the night came a terrible twang and she fell limp into the arms of old Jim Bridger, an arrow piercing her bosom just above her heart.

A scream rang out.

"The Blackfeet! We're surrounded!"

persuaded to tell his story

He was from Fort Bridger, which he owned. He had been freighting supplies from Council Bluffs and was now on his way back to the fort.

Yes, oh yes, he had seen signs of the Blackfeet on his road. He wouldn't doubt but that they was closin' in. But he knew the parts—had lived in 'em for twenty year, and if they would trust themselves to him he'd do his best to get 'em to the fort in safety.

They called on oxen and steed for their best efforts now. But they did not come to the fort without adventure. An outpost of the Blackfeet in the dead of night dropped arrows of fire upon the caravan and more than one burst into flame.

One of them was Wingate's and so swift did the flames carry in the prairie wind that Will Banion, who was luckily

who trekked with them, was ready, old Jim Bridger staggered into the wagon where Molly was putting the last touches to her bridal attire. One glance at him was sufficient to show that he was intoxicated.

"You must go away, Jim," said Molly, not unkindly.

"But it's you I come specially to see, missie," said old Jim. "I come because I am drunk. When I'm sober I'm no use at all. I forget things. But when I'm drunk, why missie, it all comes back to me—everything that's ever happened, I reckon. I'm drunk now, an' I just remembered somethin' I been wantin' to remember to tell ye for days. This tale that ol' Woodhull set goin' about Will Banion. About him bein' turned

Rifles were snatched up and shots began to ring out. One of the pioneers had been a doctor in civilisation and with rare skill in so roughened a man he extracted the arrow and set about thwarting the effects of the poison—for a poison arrow it had been. Meantime a sharp fight was in progress. One or two of the wagons were in flames and men were falling to right and left. When Molly's eyes were open again and she could look around she did not need to ask to be told the truth. The truth was stark and bare for all to see. In a weak voice she called to her little brother Jed who was manfully shouldering his gun a yard or two away.

"Jed," she said—"try an' get



"I just had to kill him," said Jackson. "I've been dying to kill him for a year."



through. You're little. You're the littlest. They—may not see you. Will's on ahead by Fort—Narrow and the soldiers are that way."

Jed dashed off without answer, and no more was seen of him for a long time. Slowly the Indian circle round the caravan narrowed. More arrows of fire sped down on the pioneers. More men fell to right and left and the night was filled with groans and cries of anguish.

An hour went. A second hour and it was plain that unless something very quickly happened the whole of the brave community must be wiped out.

And then, suddenly, the sound of shots was heard from beyond. Old Jim Bridger let up a yell of cheer and encouragement.

"It's Will and the sojers!" he cried.

And it was.

Amid indescribable scenes of anguish and joy Will Banion's party, having driven off the Blackfeet, joined up with the ravished caravan. Will himself leapt from his horse and ran to Molly's side.

"Molly," he cried. "I feared that you might be—lost."

"I have been spared for you," she replied. "Will, I'm sorry for the way I treated you all this time. It's you I love and only you." And she turned to her father. "That is the man I shall marry," she said proudly.

They gathered their depleted forces together and at sunrise set off. The winter was approaching unwelcomed and they were yet far from the coast and seemingly hopeless.

But one morning there occurred something which fired at any rate some of them with hope. A tattered trapper was discovered plodding his way across the prairie and he was carrying news that was soon to flame around all the world and fire the minds of men in distant continents.

"I'm from California," he said, "and they've just found gold there! See! here's my pile an' I'm over to Council Bluffs to bring me family back with me. It's a fortune there is for the asking of any man."

The train was stopped and a council held.

"What is there in Oregon but land," said some. "In California there is gold. We'll go there."

"Oregon!" snapped old Jesse.

"I'm for California," said Will Banion. "A man can be rich there in a week."

And though they talked for an hour no man could be moved from his decision.

In the end the long train for the second time split in twain and one caravan under Wingate went north to Oregon and a second under Banion went West for gold. With Wingate's

train went Molly, his daughter. To wait . . .

It was a year later, beside the Snake River a mile back from that golden coast. Will Banion, rich now, rich beyond his wildest dreams, was standing at the door of his shack watching the sun set behind the hills.

A man came up from the shacks below and stood before him. For a moment he did not recognise the newcomer and then behind the untidy beard he recognised the cruel face of Sam Woodhull.

"Why, Sam!" he cried, putting out his hand. But Woodhull only sneered.

"Ye lost me that gal," he said. "Ye've gotter die."

And without more ado he drew his gun. A shot rang out—but it was not Will Banion who fell. It was Woodhull. Surprised, Will turned round to see old Jackson, gun in hand, leaning through his window.

"I just had to kill him," said Jackson. "I been dying to kill him for a year. I killed him very well, don't ye think?"

Then he came nearer.

"I come down from Oregon," he said. "The others is all settled there. Doin' nicely, too. But Molly, she says there's somethin' terribly wrong with the Wingate family."

"What!" cried Will. "Bad news."

"Naw!" said Jackson with a grin. "She ain't got a husband! That's what's wrong with her happy home. Now are ye goin' to Oregon to see about it, or have I jes' got to shoot ye up to?"

Will broke into a smile.

"Take your hand off the trigger, Jackson," he said. "You don't have to shoot!"

The trail to Oregon was the straightest and swiftest trail that Will Banion could take, and he needed no urge from Jackson. Molly was waiting for him! There was no pausing now until he reached her side.

Out on the majestic range, with the sun slowly fading in a blaze of golden glory, Will found his way to Molly's side. And the look in her eyes as she turned to greet him made his heart beat fast at the realisation that his long journey had not been in vain.

The lure of open spaces had led to their meeting and mating, and it was only right, now, that they should plight their troth out there on the open range.

"I have come back, sweetheart," said Will, simply. "Tell me I am not too late."

His hands were on her shoulders as he spoke and he drew her unresisting form closer to him, whilst his lips brushed against a cheek flushing pink against the white of her sun-bonnet.

"Tell me I am not too late, dearest," he whispered again.

Molly's reply was inaudible, but it must have been satisfactory, because . . . Well . . . because . . .



"I have come back, sweetheart," said Will, simply. "Tell me I am not too late."



# My Impressions of London

TOLD TO ELIZABETH LONERGAN

## 4. BETTY BLYTHE

Betty Blythe is Britain's finest little booster! Ever since her first trip across the Pond, she has been most enthusiastic over her experiences in England and her favourite topic of conversation deals with the subject.

"One reason why England will always be dear to me" she said as we sipped afternoon tea at the Ritz, "is because of the tribute which she pays to the Theatre as an artistic world, amusing and instructing them. The English stage is dear to the English public and its players are regarded as artistes and treated as such. The atmosphere is delightful to live and work in and I really regretted returning to the land of my birth! This sounds perfectly unpatriotic, but I feel that I have room in my heart for both countries. If every person who went abroad to visit or to work had the pleasant experiences which fell to me, I know they would share my love and enthusiasm for the many friends I made in England and for its delightful customs."

I asked how many times she had been in England, wondering whether this impression came as the result of one perfect visit or whether the first delightful times had been repeated.

Miss Blythe told me of three trips to England. On the first she worked

on *Chu Chin Chow*, travelling also to Berlin and Algiers and then back for the cutting and the first presentation at the Marble Arch.

*The Recoil*, recently released, formed the reason for her second journey across the water and so happy was she at the renewed contact with England, that when the picture was finished at Monte Carlo a few days before Christmas, she told me that she decided to spend her holidays in her beloved



Above: A studio portrait  
Left: In "The Queen of Sheba."



particular thrill and among the plays which she saw there for the first time were the *Charlot Revue*, "Outward Bound," "Havoc" and "R.U.R." (in which her great friend Frances Carson had the leading roles) and the screen premieres of *The Covered Waggon* and *If Winter Comes*. Her screen appearances in America

England.

"It was the second happy Christmas in my life," she said, and when I looked surprised, added that the holiday time has brought all sorts of tragedies to her life. Death, trouble and unhappiness of different kinds always seem to pop up just when one wishes to be unusually merry.

That is why she dreaded Christmas in lonely Monte Carlo and travelled instead to have a good old-fashioned holiday with Lady Boyer in her cottage on the Thames. It is a day which she says she will always remember and which adds another pleasant time to her English recollections.

London "first nights" gave her a

have been with Goldwyn and First National and she is at present in Hollywood appearing in *Potash and Perlmutter* which promises to be one of the big pictures of the year.

One idea of Betty Blythe's that should interest the menfolk is that Englishmen make the best husbands in the world! Of course she may be prejudiced, being possessed of a British husband herself, but in her opinion the men of Britain are far nicer than those of other countries.

She does not go so far as to assert that British men are ideal, but although she believes that the ideal man has yet to be discovered, she declares that the Britisher is the next best thing!



In  
"Chu  
Chin  
Chow."



# The Luck of Hollywood

Every screen-struck picturegoer should read Mary Pickford's advice to would-be movie stars set forth in this interview by Grace Kingsley.

room, where she lived on a soda-cracker a day, until some of the kindhearted club girls looked her up and brought her back, taking up a collection among themselves to pay her board. That girl deserved success, but perhaps she lacked some necessary quality for success, although she had looks. I always contended if she had had funds she would have succeeded. She went back home and married a man who was much in love with her. I hope she is happy.

That girl's case proves that no girl should come to Hollywood without funds. She should have money enough to live on for a year without worry, and that means something like \$25 per week at the very lowest. For the girl looking for work and going out as she must go out to meet people, must be nicely clothed. If she has a wardrobe of an evening dress, an afternoon dress, and a sport suit with shoes, stockings, hats and gloves to match, she may consider herself sufficiently well dressed, but she has often to buy her own picture clothes, of course, and for this she must have a fund.

When such a girl reaches Hollywood, she should decide to stay at least a year. At the end of that time she should have some sort of inkling as to whether a picture career is to be hers. If her money has given out by that time, and if she finds she isn't earning enough to keep her, she should go back home. But if, on the other hand, she finds she is averaging \$25 a week, she should be hopeful of success. Let her keep on, living frugally, practising self-denial, taking sufficient rest, and give the business another try of at least another year. By the end of

*Left: Mary Pickford as "Rosita." Below: A scene at the famous Hollywood Hotel with Charles Chaplin in foreground.*

No girl should come out to Hollywood unless she has a little money. Stars do not climb to stardom over-night. All the big successes come after long, hard work. This is only right. A girl pushed into stardom before she is ready for it is to be pitied. She calls down the ridicule of the world. You see, people like to discover their own stars and make them. All the big stars have been "discovered," not by producers, but by the public.

If I were going to bring out a star, I would surround her with mystery. I wouldn't have her seen at cafes; I wouldn't have her interviewed. I would put her into small parts first, then into bigger ones, but always be silent about her, merely giving her excellent direction, lighting and all the other helps that can be bestowed on a girl. Then I'd let the public begin to say, "Who is this wonderful girl, anyway?"

One bright star I know of was made that way, very deliberately, by a smart man who was managing her. He said absolutely nothing about her in the newspapers or magazines, but he signed her up for good parts, and had the influence to see that she was given every chance. She is a distinct type, has had training on the stage, and was bound to make good; but I'm sure that columns were written about her where only paragraphs would have been written if she had been rammed down people's throats.

Many pitiful stories are told of girls' struggles when they reach Hollywood. I knew of one girl who lived at the Hollywood Studio Club for several weeks. Her money gave out, she could not pay her board, and she moved into one poor



two or three years, she will know whether she is fitted for stardom or whether she cares to remain on merely playing small parts or good supporting roles. Only one girl in a thousand becomes a star.

Most girls are ashamed to go home if they don't make a success. A good idea is to have some other calling to fall back upon, in the hard times between pictures. I know a girl who keeps herself nicely between pictures by doing a star's



secretarial work. When she is busy in a picture, her mother does the work. This is an absolute secret, however, as she thinks, perhaps rightly, that her future would be jeopardised if it were known that she did any other kind of work than her professional work.

I heard of a poor picture girl, discouraged and out of money, who tried to commit suicide, but was rescued. A place was found for her, clerking in a shop where especially dainty things were sold. She proved adept at the business, is sweet, pretty, lady-like, and they let her work always between pictures in that shop. So she manages to make a living. And the funny part of it is she does better work in pictures since she is doing something else between times. Naturally she is less worried, better fed and clothed than if she were hanging on by her eyelids between pictures.

Don't go into pictures unless you have good health. That's what I always say to girls. One lovely young actress I know of won a beauty prize. She came west for pictures, though her health was delicate. A year or

Mary in "The Love Light."



Mary as "Rebecca" in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

a chance. But when you come to think of it, it costs the company perhaps \$500 an hour to train an inexperienced actor. So naturally a director will grab somebody that is a safe bet. We pay sometimes in our company as much as \$100 a day just for a bit, in order to be sure of results.

Going off on location, the other day, for instance, Marshall Neilan asked me if he should get a high-priced, experienced actor at \$100 for the day, to do a bit, or take a chance on an inexperienced extra to be picked from the bunch when we arrived on location. "Take the experienced man, by all means," I had to tell him. We had 500 extras working for us that day, and the cost of delay in training a man or in the event we had to send back to the city for an actor would have run into thousands.

Another thing. Don't try to enter pictures without some good physical and dramatic training and dancing work if possible. Learn to ride horseback, to swim and to dance. A wonderful training for pictures may be gained in stock work in a theatre, even playing atmosphere, for a girl learns to take direction, to have poise, to express herself in clean-cut, workmanlike fashion.

Dancing is the most wonderful training of all. For you are bound to learn pantomime, poise, facial expression, and synchronisation, besides gaining grace of movement.

The girl going into pictures should have at least a high school education. Or, if she hasn't that, she should avail herself of every moment for study.

Oh, yes, one other thing! Let a girl cultivate neatness and promptness. A girl who was dragging a \$500 dress through the dirt on the set, the other day, wasn't called the next day for work. "I'll never give that girl another day's work!" exclaimed Neilan. "She ruined that dress with her carelessness." Another girl playing a bit kept the director waiting half an hour while she primped. Probably neither of those girls will ever know what was the matter that they didn't receive another call from that director!

Let not even the beautiful girl expect to be welcomed at the studio with open arms. Venus herself could walk into a studio, and nobody would notice her especially. But beauty is a great asset.

two ago she broke down entirely, lived on charity of friends, underwent an operation and nearly died. She is recovering now, but she had to drop out of pictures so long that I doubt if she ever can quite come back.

If I were a young girl going into pictures, I wouldn't tell where I was going. I would take my mother and disappear, and then if success came, I'd be a welcome surprise to the home town folks, and if I didn't, nobody would be the wiser.

But a girl shouldn't take a picture career too seriously. I heard of a girl the other day who was talking of marrying a man she hated because she was so discouraged and sick of herself because she couldn't seem to make good in pictures. Very often it isn't a girl's fault that she doesn't succeed. She just doesn't happen to get the right chance, that's all. One director can make or break a girl, very often. The girl I speak of happened to meet a sensible friend, who persuaded her to try her hand at real estate, and gave her a chance in his office. She found that she was especially adapted to salesmanship, and she is happy and independent. She says she wouldn't go back to picture work with its uncertainties for the world.

It seems sometimes as though the world were against the beginner. Everybody discourages her. Nobody will give her





# A Day

in understanding and interpreting his role.

"Champ," as they call him in the studio, spends the whole day on the set, stopping only for a very light lunch.

*A giant calls at the studio with an idea and makes Dempsey look small.*

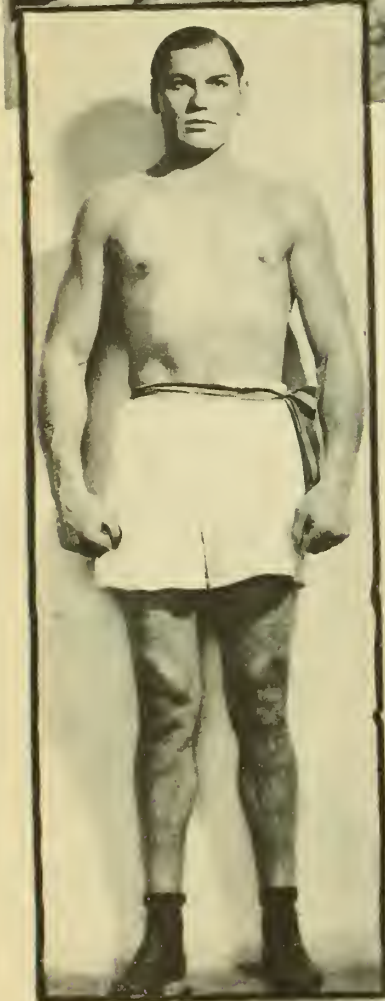
*Dempsey's diet is chiefly fruit and vegetables.*

You must set your alarm for an early hour, my fans, if you are to spend the day with Jack Dempsey. It begins at six o'clock with a three mile trot, for despite his film activities Dempsey is still first and foremost a boxer. He must be ready, at any moment, to take up a challenge, and therefore his training is as rigorous as ever, for the thought of getting "soft" is as anathema to the world's heavyweight champion.

After this run with his trainer, there is a cold shower and breakfast, and then he is off to the studio to make up for the day's work.

It is work, too, with Jack Dempsey—this business of making films. He studies every scene that he must act before the camera with serious care, lightened by flashes of spontaneous wit that help to make him the idol of the studio hands. And, as he really has a natural aptitude for acting, his pictures bid fair

to be good ones in spite of his lack of experience. His director has nothing but praise for him, and for his quickness

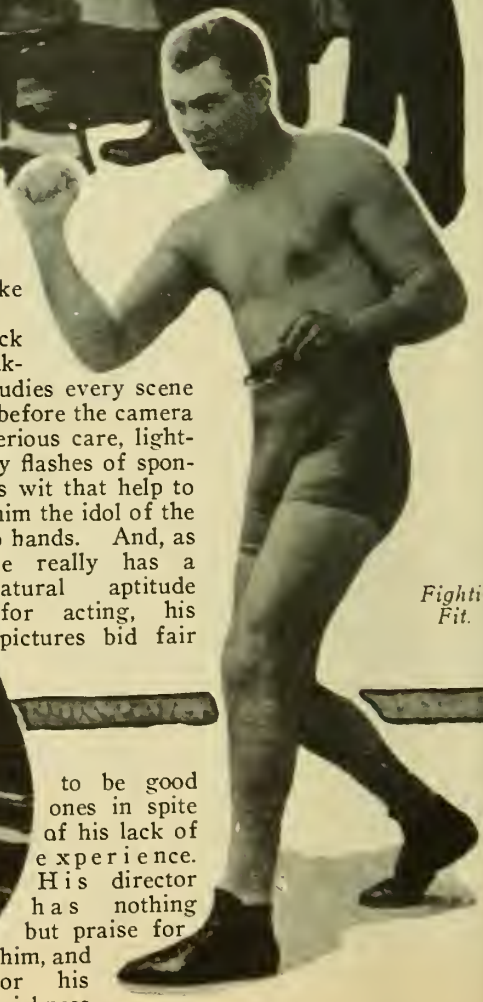


*Above:  
Dempsey  
stripped  
for action.*

*Dempsey arriving at the studio late receives a "telling off" from Bert Roach. If we had Bert's job we'd say "You tell him, we stutter," or else do the telling by telephone.*



*Fighting  
Fit.*





# With Dempsey

He has to diet himself strictly and eats as much vegetables, fruit and milk as he wants, but no pastry and very little meat.

He likes to finish work in the studio as near as possible to five o'clock, so that he may get time for at least an hour



Jack and his mother.

in the gymnasium. There he goes through a series of exercises, and engages in sparring bouts to keep himself in fighting trim.

His contract allows him to devote the necessary time to training for a fight, and so he need not work

With Gerald Beaumont,  
author of his new films.



late at night in the studio, as many of the stars have to do. But this was one of Jack's stipulations when he signed on with Universal, and it is doubtful



Above and right:  
With Douglas  
Fairbanks  
junior.

Making up on location.

whether he would have agreed to make films if they had not conceded him this. He is not ambitious to be a great actor, so long as he can do his work competently, but, in his own words, "Guesses he would rather stick to fighting."

After his evening practice in the gymnasium he goes home again to dinner. He lives very quietly at the Hotel Barbara, in Los Angeles, which, incidentally is owned by him. It is very seldom that he goes out in the evening, unless it is to see a boxing bout in Hollywood, for he is almost as keen on



watching the sport as on indulging in it himself.

Just lately his evenings have been occupied with enormous stacks of fan mail! E.E.B.



# My Ideal Woman

by  
THOMAS  
MEIGHAN

What is your ideal type of woman—a woman you could marry and love all your life?"

I asked this question of Thomas Meighan recently at the Paramount Long Island studio, where he was busy making scenes for *Pied Piper Malone*. If there is anyone in the world who should know better how to answer such a question, I couldn't think of him.

For Tommy has played the screen lover to more famous beauties than any other male actor who flashes upon the silver sheet. Tom has held in his arms and kissed—for the benefit of movie fans, of course—every known type of beauty. Warm-blooded, vivacious, reserved, haughty, cold; Tommy has met them all. So he should be in a position to know which type he prefers! He has played opposite a list of screen beauties that reads like a "Who's Who Among the Stars"—such celebrities as Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Pauline Frederick, Leatrice Joy, Jane Novak, Lila Lee and Lois Wilson.

Tom grinned broadly when I asked him the momentous question as to what was his ideal type of woman. "Sit down," he urged, twinkling, "this may be a long story!"

"First of all," he began, offering me a cigarette, "my ideal woman must be thoroughly feminine. That is, she must have a woman's ideals, hopes, and aspirations. She must love her home and be willing to bear with her husband any necessary sacrifices. She must have a good disposition—nothing kills love more quickly than a complaining, whiny sort of nature."

Tommy puffed his cigarette.

"My ideal woman," he continued, "would have to be a pal, of course. She would delight in going swimming, horseback riding, rowing or playing tennis—a good sport, I mean. We would be real comrades, you see, and take pleasure in doing things together.

"Too many women, after they get married, fail to be companionable. They feel that their duty consists of staying quietly at home, keeping house, minding the baby, having hubby's meals ready when he gets home from work. They think that when they do all those things—and do them well enough, too, probably—that they are irreproachable



Thomas Meighan—Everybody's Favourite.

wives. This is wrong! A man, presumably, marries a woman because he loves her and likes to be with her.

"On the other hand, there are women so entirely lacking in understanding that they think they should go everywhere with their husbands. This, if anything is even worse than the other extreme. This type of wife thinks that hubby is being neglectful if he wants an occasional evening 'with the boys.' If he announces his desire to join a poker party, she tries to make things pleasant by saying that the party should be held at their own home, where she and a few women friends can join in. The husband knows that it will not be a card game—for women will be women—and instead of poker, the main topic of conversation will be the latest fashions, Mrs. Smith's baby, her funny-looking husband, and the fresh street car conductor who tried to flirt with them on the way home from a bridge party.

"Another quality my wife would have to possess is an understanding of my business worries. She should appreciate that there are occasions when I would need to be left alone to think out a business problem,

and other occasions when I should like to consult her. Even if she were not in a position to be of much help in solving the problem, it sometimes helps merely to have a sympathetic listener. In any case, I should expect her to be interested in my work and be able to talk intelligently about it.

"Would my wife have to be pretty?" he repeated my question. "Of course I should like her to be—every man admires beauty in women. But a woman who possesses intelligence and beauty of character is usually a finer companion than one whose chief quality is her good looks. Besides that, good looks fade when youth is gone. My ideal, of course, would be a combination—a rare one, I'll admit—of beauty and brains.

"Where would I find such a woman? I don't know—I stopped searching years ago when I found the woman I wanted to make Mrs. Thomas Meighan. Frances Ring she was called then, a sister of Blanche Ring, also an actress.

"And then I met her! I was playing the hero in 'The College Widow' at the time, and Miss Ring was the heroine. My play love-making seemed almost real to me, for that quiet, dark-haired girl I was playing opposite, attracted me strangely. After the play had finished its run, I managed to stick closely to the company she was in. After many restless weeks, I was, in all seriousness, duplicating the proposal scene in 'The College Widow' to Miss Ring.

"Mrs Meighan has lived up to every one of my expectations, often doing more than I could ever expect. She sometimes travels on location with me and often proves of great assistance in my work, as well as a delightful companion. All in all, it is because of her that I am to-day the happiest man in pictures!"

"What do you fear most in women?" I asked Tom, in conclusion.

"A sense of humour," he replied without hesitation. "Believe me, a sense of humour is a terrible weapon in the hands of an experienced woman. You cannot act the hero before a woman who is smiling secretly all the time at the sight of your heroics."

But there was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke that warned me not to take him too seriously. CHARLES L. GARTNER



Personally I am sorry that the adjective has gone. What adjective? Glorious, Glittering, Gorgeous—take your choice.

And personally, I couldn't quite believe it had as she came forward to meet me in the Carlton Hotel, wearing a delicate white and mauve voile frock, with a great cluster of mauve and pink sweet peas at her waist. I can picture her now, most of all perhaps her fascinating feet—mauve shoes on the tiniest feet in Screenland, absurd French heels—"because I am so small," says Gloria.

Yes, she is small and petite, little taller than Mary Pickford, but her beautiful carriage and the grace of all her movements has always given her an extraordinary illusion of height on the screen.

The real Gloria is little and fragile, with rich, red-brown hair, dressed with the shortest shingle on record, and one piquant curl in the middle of her brow. Her eyes—blue, with a strange, distant, far-seeing quality in their sombre depths.

Yes, I am sorry that the adjective has gone. There are so few women on the screen who can really wear

# Gloria

Resisting the temptation to head this Gloria Swanson article "Sic Transit Gloria, etc.," we have named it simply Gloria. Not Gorgeous Gloria nor Glorious Gloria. Just Gloria.

clothes and look beautiful in them: there are crowds who believe they can act in anything. The De Millish Gloria, the Glittering, Glorious, Gorgeous Gloria has been one of our joys for years.

She does not just wear clothes, she makes them live. Just as there are very few men on the screen who can wear evening dress and look as though they were thoroughly at home in it, so there are very few women who can wear queenly raiment and look as though they were born to the purple. Gloria is one of the few.

And have we really got to lose her? Well, she says so—and she knows best. "I'm tired of being a clothes-horse," she remarked. . .

"They call it a 'maiden' in the north of England," I broke in, "it sounds better."

"That's pretty," said Gloria, repeating it slowly in her strange, low-pitched voice, curiously negative, curiously lacking in accent. "I must remember the name for Mr. De Mille when I see him next."

"Well," I put in, "after all it is Mr. De Mille's fault that you are a clothes-horse, isn't it?"

"A maiden," she corrected, "yes. Of course I'm very grateful to him for

Gloria Swanson, a charming camera study.





Oval: With the Indian children who appeared in "The Great Moment." Below: Two striking fashion displays.



Above: In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

it. After all, he made me. He had a very deliberate method in his productions. He determined from the very beginning that I was a luxurious type, and decided that the best way to exploit me was to bring me out, rather like a chrysalis, through various stages of drabness and poverty to a lavish superfluity of wealth. I seemed to suit his way of thinking. He likes things beautiful and rich, you know. That's why I was always cast for his most



Right: Gloria Swanson in her Californian garden.

I should ever have had any real emotional acting if it hadn't been for my dear Mrs. Elinor Glyn."

I gasped a little. Somehow I had never conceived of Mrs. Elinor Glyn being anybody's 'dear.' The adjective somehow seemed impertinent. But then Gloria is impertinent. Anyone with a nose like that can be, and carry it off charmingly. However, in this case she was obviously sincere.

"Yes," she repeated, "it was my dear Mrs. Elinor Glyn who first saved me from myself. She came in one day when we were making *The Affairs of Anatol*—by the way, I believe you called it *The Prodigal Knight* over on this side—and saw one of the rushes, in the studio projecting room. I heard her tell somebody that I was her ideal screen heroine. I thrilled, and hardly dared to believe it, for I had always loved her romances and longed to know the personality behind them. After that we became real friends, and Mrs. Glyn wrote the scenario of *The Great Moment* specially for me."

"I always thought you did your very best work in that film," I said. "I remember very vividly the snake-bite scene."

"Yes, I enjoyed it," said Gloria. "For one thing I always enjoy acting with Milton Sills and Elliott Dexter. They are so competent, and quiet and unobtrusive, and seem to urge me on to do my best work. Strange as it may seem, romantic leading men like Valentino do not appeal to me in the same way. I never felt really comfortable all the time I was playing with him in *Beyond The Rocks*, although that film gave me personally my best opportunities. I wore literally scores of dresses in it. I couldn't count them now if I tried; yet never once during the whole picture did I feel that I was merely a mannequin for the display of beautiful gowns."

"Why, I wonder?"

"Because of Mrs. Elinor Glyn. She taught me to live through and beyond my beautiful gowns. She taught me to express my real personality more completely than anyone else on the



With Theodore Roberts in "Something to Think About."

glittering heroines in such films as *The Admirable Crichton*, *The Affairs of Anatol*, *Something to Think About*, and indeed all my films in the earlier Lasky days. I don't think



Top left: Hand-painted stock  
As "Zozz." Centre: "The



screen. She made  
me see the real Me

—the poor little scared Gloria  
that had somehow been hiding away all  
these years. She made me natural for  
the first time since my bathing girl  
comedies."

"Which I loved," I broke in.

"And I hated," said Gloria. "Don't  
let's talk about them. Let's talk about  
Mrs. Glyn."

"If you don't mind very much," I  
said, gently but firmly, "I would rather  
talk about Gloria Swanson. My editor  
is expecting me to return with an inter-  
view full of Glittering, Glorious, Gor-  
geous and Gloria, and if I hand in an  
interview that contains Gloria but  
makes no mention of Glittering, Gor-  
geous or Glorious he'll want to know  
why. And an editor who wants to  
know why is worse even than a director  
who finds that his cameraman has for-  
gotten to load his camera during the shoot-  
ing of the biggest and most expensive  
scene. Why, oh why, must those adjectives  
be suppressed? You're filed under  
them in indexes and dossiers. One looks  
up Gorgeous when one wants to find  
Gloria. And now you tell me they must  
go!"

"Finished?" said Gloria calmly.

"Well, don't you agree?"

"Frankly," she answered, "I haven't  
been listening. What I just said about  
my bathing comedies has reminded me  
of a funny incident, though it wasn't  
funny to me at the time. You nearly lost  
Gloria, with or without the adjective during  
the shooting of *Beyond The Rocks*. I had  
to fall into the sea and be rescued by  
Valentino in one of the earlier scenes.  
They said to me very calmly, "You'll be  
all right Miss Swanson. After being with  
Mack Sennett all those years you must be a  
first-rate swimmer."

I dared not say anything. I didn't want  
to let Mack down, but as a matter of fact I  
couldn't swim a stroke. However, I *was* rescued—in spite of  
the fact that Valentino went under about eight times before  
he reached me—and the reputation of Mack Sennett is still  
intact."

"I don't quite follow your explanation of why those adjectives  
must be suppressed," I murmured.

"I'm telling you," said Gloria. "I believe there is a psycho-  
logy in clothes. The woman always appears through what she  
wears, and character will peep out, even through the glint of



a necklace. I believe that clothes are  
the outward manifestation of some-  
thing that is deeply rooted in all of us  
women. That is why I find it so diffi-  
cult when I have to answer letters from  
fans all the world over asking my  
advice on matters of dress. For with-  
out knowing the personality, how can  
I give advice? Every woman must  
dress for herself alone. Clothes matter  
enormously.

"But what I object to," she went on  
rather bitterly, "is the habit that you  
newspaper people have of writing  
charmingly about my dresses and  
relegating my acting to a couple of

In "Male and  
Female."





all my gowns, is a perfect marvel, and I can never sufficiently express my admiration for her talent. I have often told her so. I talk to her very freely, and we are great friends.

"Another friend of mine, whom I admire immensely, is Hattie, my coiffeur. I would sooner die than let

*A scene from  
"The  
Shulamite."*



*Above and  
right: Five  
distinctive  
studies.*



*Right: Gloria  
Swanson  
making up  
on the set.*





## Miss Celia Bird

the beautiful film actress (starred in "Becket," "Little Miss Nobody," etc.), writes of "Eastern Foam" as follows:—



*Eastern Foam is like a Fairy Godmother to the skin and complexion just a touch - it cleanses, refreshes and "vanishes"*  
Celia Bird

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"Eastern Foam" is entirely non-greasy, does not dry the skin, and cannot grow hair. It is excellent as a basis for powder. If you value your complexion—if you want to look your best *always*—use "Eastern Foam" all the year round, as our most beautiful film and stage actresses do.

**"EASTERN FOAM" is sold in Large Pots  
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# EASTERN FOAM

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# The Bad Men

The worse they are the more we seem to like them.

Griffith, after surfeiting us with Lillian Gish in all stages of gush, and Mae Marsh tearing up dozens of handkerchiefs the while she bit every finger on each hand, turned his attention to the heroes it was too much. There was Bobby

Patsy Ruth Miller hope to compete in all their pretty innocence with the sinuous villainies of Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi? What hope has Lois Wilson against the worldly wickedness of Mae Busch?

Ramon Novarro in *Scaramouche* was a goodly hero. No use at all! Interest and sympathy alike went to the magnificent villainy of Lewis Stone. It was interesting, very interesting to see a grown-up Mary Pickford in *Rosita*. And she was very, very good. But what a joy it was to watch the smiling wickedness of that old fox Holbrook Blinn! And who cares what happened to Marion Davies in *Yolanda*? Holbrook Blinn playing Louis XI steals all the interest, the old villain!

Richard Dix very nearly made virtue interesting in *The Ten Commandments*, just as he did in *The Christian*: but Rod La Rocque caught all our sympathies from the first cynical smile. He broke all the ten commandments—and we loved him for it.

I think I know why we have all become villains at heart, and why we love the Bad Men—and the Bad Women too for the matter of that. We have grown so used to the sufferings of the heroine and we simply sit and watch in the hopes that some villain will discover some new way of distressing their tender little hearts. It's so interesting to watch the way they do it. And perhaps some day a villain will arise who will do the job thoroughly and give the heroine and the hero what they so richly deserve!

Lillian Gish, a much persecuted heroine.



Richard Dix nearly made virtue interesting in "The Ten Commandments."



Lewis Stone in *Scaramouche*."

Once upon a time we were very good. We were kindhearted and sympathetic. We liked our heroines to be sweet and simple, and we liked our heroes to be strong, silent men with Marcel waves in their immaculate hair and the light of pure virtue in their eyes.

We were dreadfully upset—O, dreadfully—when things went wrong with them. For a long time we thought it was possible, just possible, that the heroine might not escape from the villain, or that the hero might not turn up in the nick of time. In those early and cherubic days our hearts very often did jump right up into our mouths. But gradually our hearts began to go the other way and drop steadily into our boots.

Those sweet heroines and immaculate heroes overshot their mark. They were too sweet, too immaculate for interest; too well-beloved by the angels for any hard to befall them.

We came to realise that even at the end of the eighteenth reel the heroine would still be alive and kicking—the hero, equally alive and kicking waiting to marry her in the final fade-out. *The Exploits of Elaine*, *The Hazards of Helen*—when Elaine and Helen survived in spite of all the resources of scientific criminality what hope was there for the death of smaller fry?

It was all right so long as we had heroines like Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford; at least they had personalities of their own—even if they were too good to live. But when D. W.



Rod La Rocque and Nita Naldi in "The Ten Commandments."

Harron in *Intolerance*; Ralph Graves in *Dream Street*—but why go on? Any real man would have felt it his duty to take them over his knee and spank them!

Presently, while still acknowledging that virtue was the essential quality of the hero and heroine, our eyes began to stray in the direction of the villains. Not to mention the villainesses.

We should have missed our good little heroines if they had been taken away from us, just as we should miss the tent-pole if we tried to erect a tent without it, but they no longer hold the centre of the stage. Menjou and Torrence—arch-villains to their fingertips—and Wallace Beery have completely usurped the places of people like Eugene O'Brien and Tony Moreno.

How can Mary Miles Minter and





# GLORIA

(Continued from page 44).

can't bear to have any bitter feeling against anyone in the studio."

I murmured a polite acquiescence, but I couldn't help thinking of certain stories I had heard about Gloria and Pola Negri in the early days of the latter's sojourn in America. However...! I turned the conversation swiftly.

"Can you tell me why you are in England, or is it a professional secret? Has it anything to do with your mysterious statement that the adjectives must go?"

"Well, it is partly a secret," said Gloria, "and partly a holiday. It is several years since I was in your England before. I wanted to see its pretty, soft countryside again. I always think it is like a garden, rather a wet, cold garden, but oh, so lovely, so quaint and peaceful. And I like to see your British girls, too, to watch the graceful way they move and try to study their individuality."

"Their individuality?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'm a thought reader, you know. I can see souls in faces. I have always been told that I am psychic, but don't let's talk about that. It's too serious to me to be taken lightly."

She paused, and her eyes softened strangely. Then there came out in a sudden impetuous rush the thought that had been at the back of her mind all the time.

"I miss my little daughter," she said, "I miss her dreadfully: and my little boy too, my adopted boy you know. I thought he would be such nice company for little Gloria. When I am really rich I am going to adopt five or six. I love to have children all around me. I love to study them and bring them up in my own way. I believe in them living a home life, and never being brought at all into the glare of publicity until they are old enough to know whether they want it or not. I never let the magazines have pictures of little Gloria, though she is really a beauty. And I owe her a great deal. She has taught me how to be an actress. She has perfected a training which was incomplete before. I was too hard before Gloria came, too cynical, and much too cold. Now I seem to have a bigger range of emotions altogether, to feel more deeply, and to be able to express those feelings with more sincerity and power. Some day I hope to transfer all my adjectives to little Gloria. She's lovely enough, anyway. As for myself—"

"I suppose you want to be an interpreter of really dramatic roles?"

"I'm going to be," she said with determination, "and mind none of those adjectives creep into anything you write about me in future."

But as you see, I've managed to get them in spite of her.

EDYTH ELLAND.



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Each jar is sealed hermetically with a wax layer which preserves the purity and freshness of this rare cream. The 'Rose' jar is distinguished by a quaintly-designed Oriental label and a dainty transparent silky wrapping—just as sold in far Eastern bazaars.

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Oriental Rose Cream



# Hawthorne the Adventurer

There are some people over whom the spirit of adventure seems to hover, from the cradle onward, and David Hawthorne is one of these. Life for David has been a series of adventures in practically every country under the sun.

Born at Kettering, Northampton, he spent seventeen comparatively quiet years just growing up. But at the end of that time he decided he had spent quite long enough over the process, and, as he had always been fond of acting, he naturally turned to the stage as a means of livelihood.

He obtained an introduction to F. R. Benson, and managed to persuade him that his company was not complete without the services of one, David Hawthorne. At any rate, he was given a start, and for some time toured Great Britain playing all manner of parts in nearly all Shakespeare's plays.

From there he wandered into comedies, and played on tour, parts created by the late Sir Charles Hawtrey. "Inconstant George," and "The Little Damosel" were two of the best known of these in which he appeared.

In 1912 he went to U.S.A. to play with Billie Burke in "The Mind the Paint Girl." After this had finished a six months' run in New York he toured with it for another six months, returning home to the old country early in 1913.

But the adventurous spirit that had led him so far would not let him settle down in England for long, and within a short time he had signed a contract to go to South Africa and Australia with J. C. Williamson, playing in such plays as "Within the Law," and "The Land of Promise."

That was a little less than a year before the war came, and with it the call of an adventure bigger than any that he had hitherto known. He answered the call at once, and served altogether six

years, two in France and the remainder in India.

While in the latter country he was for some time in charge of the signalling stations in the Shan States, quite close to the Chinese frontier. And it was partly because of this that his role in *The Great Prince Shan*, filmed a few months ago in Nice, was such an interesting one to him.

After his demobilisation from the Army he was offered a leading part in *Testimony* with Ivy Duke, and when that was finished he went to Gaumonts and made a series of films. *The Fortunes of Christine McNab*, *A Sou's Awakening*, and *Rob Roy* were among these.



Above: David as himself.  
Left: With Sir Simon Stuart in "Rob Roy."



He declares that he enjoyed working on the latter film, in which he played the name part, tremendously, for the greater part of it was made in the Rob Roy country round the Trossachs.

His next was *Silent Evidence* with



A Scene from "The Mating of Marcus."

Marjorie Hume opposite, in which he played the part of an earnest young scientist. If you remember rightly, his work in this film consisted chiefly of going into scientific seclusion at stated intervals and growing a beard, and coming out again and shaving it off.

In the Autumn of last year David temporarily deserted the screen and returned to his first love the stage, going on tour with the late Sir Charles Hawtrey's last success, "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure."

But at Xmas he had changed again, and was off to Nice with Sessue Hayakawa and Ivy Duke for the filming of *The Great Prince Shan*. *The Conspirators* followed, then *The Mating of Marcus* with the sisters Dollie and Billie, of music-hall fame.

He has just finished *Fighting Snub Reilly*, an Edgar Wallace story, made at the Stoll Studios, and is at work upon another for the same company, the title of which has not yet been divulged.

As "Fighting Snub," the hero of this recently completed picture, David had a strenuous time. He had to meet Frank Goddard in the ring, and the script called for him to knock his formidable opponent over the ropes into the audience.

For the benefit of those ardent fans who want to know everything about a star, from the colour of his eyes to what he eats for breakfast, know that David has fair hair and blue eyes and is about 5ft. 11ins. in height.

And, last but not least must be broken the sad news to those of you who cherish a secret adoration for the celluloid "Rob Roy McGr-r-egor" that Hawthorne the Adventurer is married!

E. E. B.



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### THE REASON.

I had no favourite screen star once,  
Nor ever thought I should;  
I went to films and only cared  
If they were bad or good.  
No star that ever glimmered caught  
My notice for a minute—  
It was the film I went to see  
And not the people in it.  
I never wrote long, rapturous notes  
To stars (who never read 'em)  
Describing the heart symptoms I'd  
Experienced since I see'd 'em.  
I've never joined an "Ivor chase,"  
Nor mobbed a film star's motor  
To fix him with adoring eyes  
And beg him for a "photer."  
I've never lain awake o' nights,  
Because the hero's married,  
Nor have I once, by written word,  
Poor George's brain-power harried.  
But since the "Garden Party" I  
Have joined the curious clan,  
For sweet Lois Wilson smiled at me  
(Ycs, smiled a special smile for me!)  
And I've become a fan.

ERMYNTRUDE (Hertford).

### TO MARIE DORO.

Bewitching *Maid of Mystery*,  
From far Ashanti o'er the sea  
We hail your art so blest and bright  
The summit of the screen's delight.

To you the crown, to none below—  
For throughout Filmland's skies we  
know  
Than you (of all that in them are)  
No lovelier and no greater star.

In *Lost and Won* and *Common Ground*,  
Your dear, distinctive charms we've  
found,  
While *The White Pearl* and *Heart's  
Desire*  
With unforgetten joys inspire.

*The Lash*, *Diplomacy*, *Twelve-Ten*,—  
Oh, worthy of a worthier pen  
The task of praising as we've seen  
The Masterpieces of the screen!

The hours we spend with you speed by  
On magic wings, too soon they fly,  
But in our thoughts they'll ever be  
A living, loving memory.

PICTUREGOER (Ashanti).

### MY HERO.

Of all the men I've ever seen  
Playing heroes on the screen,  
Valentino, Thomas Mix,  
None compares with Richard Dix.

If you've seen him you'll know why  
I'll adore him till I die;  
Handsome, modest, kind of heart—  
Hero he, who looks the part.

Tender, gentle, wise and strong,  
He could surely do no wrong?—  
Were I in the heroine's "fix"  
I should turn to Richard Dix.

MINNIE (Barnet).

### LINES TO ANY SCREEN VILLAIN

I love you for your fearsome scowl,  
Your dark and desperate deeds;  
I love you when with gun you prowl—  
I almost hear the hero's howl  
When you in him a bullet lodge,  
And then behind some bushes dodge.  
I love you when you beat your wife,  
And try to injure her for life.

I love all your atrocities,  
Oh, villain most convincing,  
I'd walk ten miles to see you—  
The fact 'tis no use mincing.  
So whether you are killing, stealing,  
beating or blackmailing,  
My sympathies are with you and my  
love for you unfailing.

PEPSKI (Cricklewood).

### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2]

#### A Quick Cure.

In *Just Off Broadway*, when "Comfort" is leaving his house one of his fingers is bandaged, but when he reaches the house he is to rob, the bandage is off and the finger has healed.

R. H. (Swansea).

#### A Shaving Mystery.

Owen Moore in *Torment* is buried in a vault for four days. By the fourth day he has grown a thick beard. Later in the same day he appears clean-shaven, and a little while after he is again wearing a beard.

C. E. H. (London).

#### Who Turned the Tap?

In *The Cheat* Pola Negri is seen alone in her kitchen, washing. She turns on the tap, and runs out, leaving it running, while she answers a phone call. When she comes back the tap has stopped, though nobody has been near it.

M. B. (Sutton).

#### A Faint or a 'Feint'?

In *Till We Meet Again* Mae Marsh faints in a wood with her hat on. Some men go to her assistance and one of them carries her away, still in a dead faint. It is then seen that she carries her hat in her hand. Did she take it off during the fainting fit?

D. B. (Sydenham).

#### Beauty's Balm!

Milton Sills, in *The Isle of Lost Ships*, is shot in the arm during a fight on board the submarine. He appears to be badly wounded, yet half an hour later (by his watch) he has both arms round Anna Q. Nilsson, and to all appearances, is as strong as ever.

E. W. (Worcester).

#### A Trick Worth Knowing!

In *The Silent Command* the hero fights the villain in a burning house. The hero is wearing a well-creased white suit, and although he is almost suffocated with smoke, and several times comes into contact with the dirty floor, this still retains its pristine freshness at the end of the scene.

K. C. (Shipley).

#### We Hope Not.

In the picture *Nobody's Darling*, "Mlle. Darney" is seen talking in the crook's flat. She is then wearing a round-necked black dress with a lace collar. The crooks make a group a little apart from her and talk among themselves for a few minutes. When they turn to her again she is wearing a frock with a "v" neck and no collar. Surely she didn't change in the presence of gentlemen!

N. Y. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).



Harold Lloyd is at work on his last independent picture; he has arranged to release his future productions through Paramount.

Lois Wilson, 'tis said, is going to marry Barney Baruch, Jr., a millionaire. Lois didn't tell us about it when she was over here, so we'll reserve congratulations till we're sure. But right here we hand 'em to Wallace Beery, who is to marry Mary Airtha Hillman, a film actress. Evidently Wally's "rough stuff" on the screen holds no terrors for her.

James Kirkwood is making one film for Fox's, *Gerald Cranston's Lady*, from Frankau's novel. Alma Rubens plays the Lady in question.

When you see *Sinners in Heaven* and *Dangerous Money*, both Paramount releases, watch Diana Kane's work, and see if she reminds you of anybody. She ought to, because she's Lois Wilson's little sister, Roberta. She used to be social directeuse at the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, and has staged many and many a debutante party there, but she resigned and came East with Lois just before Lois sailed for England. Before she knew where she was she was in the Movies, but being a great sport, decided not to trade on her sister's name, and adopted the pretty cognomen of Diana Kane.

Pauline Frederick is to be featured in a Universal Jewel production shortly. It is titled *Smouldering Fires*, and Robert Ellis, Laura La Plante and Tully Marshall will support the star.

Blanche Mehaffey, the pretty Hal Roach star, is off the working map for a little while. She was riding on the back of a fire engine going very very quickly, when she slipped, one leg falling between the mudguard and the back wheel. Glenn Tryon, who was also on the vehicle, quickly caught her by the arm and managed to drag her out of harm's way just as the machine came to a standstill. She was very much bruised, but no bones were broken, and she will resume work shortly.



There is a fine cast in *The Man Without a Heart*, the Ruby M. Ayres' story Burton King is directing. Jane Novak and Kenneth Harlan head the roster, with Faire Binney and David Powell as second leads.

America is not to have it all her own way so far as Movies are concerned. Germany is taking active steps towards becoming her greatest rival, and productions are being made on a large scale in Berlin. Moreover, the German producers are engaging American stars. Mac Marsh was the first, and now Julianne Johnston and Carinel Myers. But as America has annexed Lubitsch, Buchowetszki, Paul Bern and Pola Negri it is only tit for tat. And stars' salaries in Berlin are rapidly mounting to Hollywood size.

Mrs. Sidney Drew is acting in two-reelers similar to those she and her husband turned out for Vitagraph some years ago. Raymond Hitchcock will be her partner this time.

D. W. Griffith is in Germany taking scenes for his new film, and we hear he intends to use the new "frozen light" process if he finds it practicable. It is, roughly, light without heat, and at a demonstration recently given in Paris, a 10,000 candle-power light gave no heat whatever. For close-ups, of course, such a lamp will be invaluable, for these are always exhausting affairs for the players, and cannot possibly be repeated very many times. The working title of the film is *Dawn*.

That popular play, *The Man Who Came Back*, has been filmed by Fox, and will be over here shortly. Dorothy Mackaill and George O'Brien appear in the leading rôles.

Wallace Beery and Mae Busch have been added to the cast of *The Great Divide*, in which Alice Terry shares stellar honours with Conway Tearle.

Edith Roberts has just signed on to play opposite Harry Carey in *Roaring Rails*.

Tom Mix is playing in three Zane Grey stories: *The Last of the Duanees*, *The Rainbow Trail*, and *Riders of the Purple Sage* this season.

Denison Clift is commencing work upon *Flames of Desire*, an adaptation of Ouida's "Strathmore," very shortly for Fox's, and Emmett Flynn will produce *The Dancers*, from Sir Gerald Du Maurier's popular play, about the same time.

Jackie Coogan is now a fully-fledged "cop." He was solemnly sworn in down in San Francisco, by Chief of Police Dan O'Brien, before a crowd of screen and other celebrities. Jackie and his company had been filming there and engaged the city police in full uniforms for many of the scenes. After they were all finished, Father Coogan enquired: "Now, Chief, what's the damage." "There isn't any charge" was the reply. Jacky and his daddy tried them with gifts, but these were also refused, and they did the only thing possible, viz.: presented a big cheque to the City's Community Chief. In return for that Chief O'Brien made Jackie Officer 719 of the Third Precinct. He was given a shiny star (of which he's inordinately proud) and a miniature night stick.





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We met Irene Haisman last month at the Rialto, London, and we were charmed with her. Reginald Denny had promised to attend the first showing of his picture, *The Reckless Age*, there, but he was so far behind schedule owing to his accident, that Universal could not spare him, so Mrs. Denny deputised very well indeed and won a rousing reception at every performance. She is an English girl, from Rochester, Kent, and was on the stage here before she met Reg. Very vivacious, is Mrs. Reg, with brown shingled hair and magnificent dark eyes.

"We hope," she said, "Reg and I, to come together this time next year. We are awfully glad to think British fans like the Reginald Denny pictures, and he gets loads of mail from here." It appears that Denny's accident was more serious than was made public and for some weeks it was doubtful if he would ever walk again. "It came about through a fishing party," she told us. "Reg always likes a day in the open when he gets an odd day or two off work, and he and some friends went out and caught pounds and pounds of fish. They filled his big car completely, and on their way home the bunch started distributing them to various friends. They were going pretty fast some time after midnight along a freak road a certain Californian crank constructed as a warning to speed fiends. Well, I suppose they were speeding—a bit.

"Anyhow, the car turned over, and the load of fish didn't help matters. The first thing I knew was when someone phoned me next morning to go to the hospital. We feared very much that my husband's career was ended. But, thank goodness, when he was taken out of the plaster cast he'd lived in for three weeks he was as good as new." Mrs. Denny confessed to having "done occasional bits" in films, but she has no desire to go on the screen, "Though my seven-year-old daughter," she remarked, "is a film fan and a film fiend, but we hope she'll grow out of it." Mrs. Reg took back with her our best wishes to Reg, who is one of the most popular stars of to-day, and the only one on the screen anywhere near qualifying for the place left vacant by Wally Reid.

Hans Kraeli, who wrote *The Marriage Circle* for Lubitsch, has just finished a comedy scenario for Constance Talmadge.

Richard Talmadge is now at work in F.B.O. Studios (U.S.A.) and will make four films for them. The first is titled *American Manners* and is directed by James H. Horne.

Monte Blue has landed one of the plums of the Full pudding. He is playing "Deburau" in *The Lover of Camille*, which is the screen version of Sacha Guitry's play "Debureau."



Gloria Swanson is to make a film in Paris shortly and Charles de Roche will return to his native city as her leading man.

Harold Lloyd's new one, *Hubby*, is almost ready for American release. Jobyna Ralston, Josephine Lowell and Mickey McBann are with him.

One of the great moments in Movie-land arrived when Herbert Brenon announced that his "Peter Pan" would be Betty Bronson, a hitherto unknown American girl. In a little room overlooking the Thames, with the stars shining outside—and who knows?—perhaps "Peter" himself listening carefully at the wide open windows, Brenon told an interested little gathering as much as he could make public about this movie. "We shall use a lot of children," he said, "thus keeping to the idea of youth that is *Peter Pan*. And 'Tinker Bell,' will be seen as well as heard—but she will be only about 5 inches high."

He then read us a message, whose carefully careless wording, to the effect mentioned above, was decidedly intriguing. Brenon denied its authorship so did O'Connor (of Lasky's). They said it was simply a statement. Anyway it congratulated the winner and condoled with the others and concluded, referring to Betty Bronson, with the words, "She is seventeen years old." It also stated that Barrie had come from France to select "Peter" and had now returned. But one had, despite protestations and denials, a persistent vision of Barrie himself seated at his desk, his wonderfully bright dark eyes smiling mischievously as he penned those intentionally misleading phrases. As for Brenon himself, a ten-years' old dream is now realised, and we wish him the success, which, he being Herbert Brenon, is bound to be his when *Peter Pan* materialises in celluloid.



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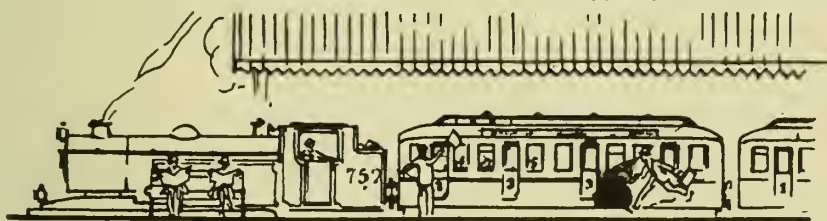
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## MY TRIP ABROAD, by Rudolph Valentino (Continued from p. 11)

Nations saw, in unison, the humour, the artistry of Charlie Chaplin. He touched a common chord. He made them laugh, with tears beneath the mirth. He became famous.

It has been said that I have touched the underlying, but very real and profound vein of Romance. It is, at least, an explanation. My explanation.

We lunched with the Guinneses at the Savoy to-day. Among the guests were Lord Glenconner, son of Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Birkenhead and their daughter, Lady Pamela Smith.

Lady Pamela is twelve. And she is one of my sweetest London memories. A fair, lovely little thing, she interested me at once, as all little girls do. But I felt a momentary wonder as to what I could find to talk to her about that would really interest her. With her charm of manner, the charm of manner to be found in all well brought up English children, I knew that she would have pretended interest, but to really and vitally arouse it would be, I thought, another matter.

I love children. And I would like, some day, to have a large family of them. People speak of romance . . . well, but the heart of romance lies, a lovely, tremulous bud, in the heart of a child. In the hearts of all the children of the world. Children are romance. They are the beginning and they are the end. They are romance, before ever they have trailed in the dry dust of disillusion.

All this musing has come from the frail and fragrant memory of the little Lady Pamela, whom I found regarding me with such intent and modest eyes. What was she thinking? Was she wondering about me? Did she, perhaps by hearsay, know who I was?

Imagine my amazement when I found her a rabid picture fan, with a decided "flair" as the Americans say, for my humble self, and, next in order as a favourite, John Bowers. Which

certainly goes to show the catholicity of a child's taste! She informs me with perfect composure that she had especially liked me in *Blood and Sand*, and proceeded to discuss my work and career with me in terms of thorough understanding and camaraderie. It was one of the most interesting talks I had in London.

After luncheon, Natacha and I motored down to the kennels of Mrs. Ashton Cross. They are world-famous kennels and they were one of the many things Natacha was most anxious to see.

We really hadn't planned to buy a Peke, though I had had a sneaking notion that we would not only buy one, but would probably not stop at one. I had gone "kennelling" with Natacha before.

I am sure that Mrs. Ashton Cross never had more enthusiastic visitors, I might even add, buyers. Natacha and I oh'd and ah'd over the beautiful little things, talked baby talk to them, petted and fondled them with all the ecstasy and exuberance of children in a long-denied-doll-shop.

When we returned from the kennels and the three Pekes and the one we already had with us had been delicately and carefully fed on delicate and careful tit-bits, Natacha and I dressed to dine with Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss.

We had a charming dinner and saw some of the best Londoners still remaining in town "after the season."

Then to the theatre, to see Sir Gerald du Maurier in "The Dancers."

After the theatre we went back stage and met Sir Gerald. I found him an exceedingly interesting man, full of anecdotes, full of curiosity about the American "cinema," as they refer to it here in London, and of a surprisingly jovial and merry disposition.

I don't know just why, but I imagined him a slightly melancholy soul. I found him quite the opposite, friendly and gay. We were both charmed.

*Two Days Later.*

Our time in London is growing all too brief. And I find that I haven't even the time I need to write in my



John Sainpolis,  
Alice Terry and Rudolph  
Valentino in "The Four  
Horsemen," recently re-issued.





Rudy in "Monsieur Beaucaire" which is having a special showing at the London Pavilion.

Diary. I am sure I don't know what we should have done if we had not pre-arranged a certain amount of quietude on this trip. Douglas Fairbanks once said that trip abroad for him constituted an unending series of hand-shakings, and I can well imagine what he means.

This morning, I need hardly observe, was given over to twenty members of the astounding Press. They are dwindling, but they are still with me.

Last night we dined with friends and thence to see Miss Cooper as "Kiki." I reserve comment. I think it is that Lenore Ulrich was "Kiki" to me. After her, there wasn't any more. Any more "Kiki," I mean.

Three Days Later :  
France.

WE left London by motor, and made head for Croydon, the aviating field. I had done considerable aviating before the war, and so it was, in a sense, no new experience for me. Excepting that I had never used the closed machine, as it were. I mean, I like sitting out with the pilot, the winds of all the heavens blowing on you, free, disembodied, as near a flighted bird as a man can be. Sitting as we did on this trip, in the stuffy enclosure of a tonneau effect with some eight or ten other people (not to mention the four dogs) took the very essence of the sport out of the flight for me. Now and then some one of the passengers would be affected with a degree, mild or otherwise, of air sickness, and that took a great part of the romance out of the trip as well.

Natacha and I had wondered how the little Pekes would take the strange and unusual excursion, but they took it with the very sublimity of fatalism, stronger in animals than it is in Man. They didn't even seem to know that they were flying, and if they did know it, their composure and sleep proclivities were absolute.

(To be continued next month.)



## A Beauty Critic

says—

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It has brought to millions prettier teeth. You see them daily. Decide what prettier, cleaner teeth would mean to you and yours.

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The teeth's great enemy is that viscous film you feel. It clings, despite old brushing methods. It becomes discoloured, dingy. Teeth lose lustre.

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Tooth troubles were increasing. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Few escaped.

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Then dental science sought to fight film. Two ways were discovered. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. They mean a new dental era. A new-type tooth paste applies these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it. And prettier teeth everywhere show the results.

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THE BEST BOOK ON PLAYWRITING.—“Cinema Plays: How to Write and Sell Them” tells you how to succeed in this lucrative work.—Price 3s. 9d., post free, from Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PICTURES WORTH FRAMING.—“The Picturegoer” Portfolio of Kinema Celebrities contains Sixteen Magnificent Photogravure Portraits: Size 10 inches by 6½ inches of Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Nazimova Pearl White, Douglas Fairbanks, Constance Talmadge, Ralph Graves, Charles Chaplin, Pauline Frederick, Mary Miles Minter, Lilian Gish, Thomas Meighan, William S. Hart, Richard Barthelmess, Jackie Coogan, William Farnum. Price 1s., or post free 1s. 2d.—Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schildkraut in “The Song of Love.”

### The Battle (W. and F.; Sept. 15).

A naval story of Japan with an unusual theme. Starring Sessue Hayakawa, with Tsuru Aoki, Felix Ford, Gina Palerme, Jean Dax, and Cady Winter in support. Good entertainment.

### Big Dan (Fox; Sept. 15).

Pathos and pugilism relieved by some excellent comedy, and good acting. Buck Jones stars, supported by Marion Nixon, Ben Hendricks, jr., Charles Coleman, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Monty Collins, and Eileen O'Malley. Old-fashioned entertainment.

### Bluebeard's 8th Wife (Paramount; Sept. 8).

An excellent Gloria Swanson feature, based on the popular play of the same name. Elaborate mounting and frocks and a good cast comprising Huntley Gordon, Paul Weigel, Liane Salvor, Frank Butler, Robert Agnew and Irene Dalton.

### Broken Hearts of Broadway (Gaumont; Sept. 22).

Colleen Moore in a stage story about a chorus girl wrongfully accused of murder. Johnnie Walker opposite, also Alice Lake, Tully Marshall, Kate Price, Creighton Hale, Anthony Merlo, and Arthur Stuart Hull. Good entertainment.

### The Bright Shawl (Ass. First National; Sept. 8).

Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in a romance of old-time Cuba. Andre de Beranger, E. G. Robinson, Margaret Seddon, Mary Astor, Lois Alberni, Anders Randolph, Zetta Goudal, William Powell and George Humbert also appear. Very good costume stuff.

### The Call of the Canyon (Paramount; Sept. 1).

Average Western drama, adapted from a Zane Grey story, with Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw in the leading rôles. Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez, Fred Huntley, Lillian Leighton, Helen Dunbar, Leonard Clapham and Arthur Rankin complete the cast.

### Cornered (F. B. O.; Sept. 1).

The story of a masquerade and which proved no masquerade at all. Well played by Marie Prevost (in a dual rôle), Rock-

cliffe Fellowes, Raymond Hatton, John Roche, Cissy Fitzgerald, Vera Lewis, Ruth Dwyer, Annette de Ive and Billy Fletcher. Good underworld romance.

### The Covered Wagon (Paramount; Sept. 29).

A vivid impression of the lives of the pioneers who trekked from Kansas to Oregon back in the '40s. Otherwise the very oldest Western story on record. Excellent characterisation by Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall, Alan Hale, Lois Wilson, Jack Warren Kerrigan, Charles Ogle, Ethel Wales, Guy Oliver and Johnny Fox. Excellent entertainment. Don't miss it.

### Cupid's Fireman (Fox; Sept. 25).

Buck Jones in a new guise, as a sturdy and strenuous fireman, with Marion Nixon, Lucy Beaumont, Eileen O'Malley, Brooks Benedict, and Al Fremont in support. Light and bright.

### Daddy's Boy (Pioneer; Sept. 1).

Popular Dick Talmadge in a typical stunt feature. The plot concerns a stern

(Continued on page 58).



Colleen Moore and her brother in “The Perfect Flapper.”



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Leatrice Joy, who has retired from screen work for a little while. Leatrice writes to say "Home, Sweet Home" is not at all a bad little old song sometimes.

parent and a pair of young lovers, and the cast includes Ethel Shannon, Nellie Saunders, A. W. Tilson, Colin Kenny and Hugh Saxon.

**The Dancer of the Nile** (*W. and F.*; Sept. 4).

Tutankhamen is responsible for this one. Carmel Myers in a story of love and sacrifice in Ancient Egypt. Malcolm McGregor, Sam De Grasse, Berham Grassby, June Elvidge and Iris Ashton support. Fair entertainment.

**Th: Dangerous Maid** (*Ass. First National*; Sept. 22).

Good costume comedy-drama of the period of the Monmouth rising, with Constance Talmadge as a coquettish and high-spirited heroine, and Conway Tearle opposite. Also Morgan Wallace, Charles Gerrard, Marjorie Daw, Kate Price, Tully Marshall, Lou Morrison, Philip Dunham, Otto Matieson, Wilson Hummel, Ann May, Ray Hallor and Lincoln Plummer.

**Daytime Wives** (*Pathé*; Sept. 8).

Business romance starring Derelys Perdue, Grace Darmond and Wyndham Standing, with a spectacularly thrilling climax. William Conklin, Edward Hearn, Katherine Lewis, Christina Mott, Jack Carlyle and Craig Biddle, jr., also appear. Very good entertainment.

**The Destroying Angel** (*W. and F.*; Sept. 15).

An unusual stage melodrama with plenty of thrills and interest and Leah Baird as its star. Also Ford Sterling, John Bowers, Noah Beery and Mitchell Lewis. Good entertainment.

**Gaspard the Wolf** (*Pathé*; Sept. ).

Irving Cummings, Wallace Beery, Frank Whitson, Robert Klein, William Herford, Eva Novak and "Rin Tin" in a vivid James Oliver Curwood story of the snowy North West.

**The Gunfighter** (*Fox*; Sept. 1).

A feud story with William Farnum as a very likeable fighting man. Doris May, L. C. Shumway, J. Maurice Foster, Virginia Truc Boardman, Irene Hunt, Arthur Morrison, Cecil Van Auker and Jerry Campbell also appear. Good Westerner stuff.

**Happiness** (*Jury*; Sept. 8).

As good as *Peg o' My Heart*, with the same star, Laurette Taylor. A Brooklyn errand girl and her Irish lover fight their way up from poverty to comparative affluence. Support includes Pat O'Malley, Hedda Hopper, Cyril Chadwick, Edith Yorke, Laurence Grant and Patterson Dial. Excellent Irish melodrama.

**His Children's Children** (*Paramount*; Sept. 18).

The story of a millionaire who sees the effect of his wealth upon the characters of his grandchildren. Bebe Daniels stars, with Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, George Fawcett, Hale Hamilton, Katheryn Lean, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland, John Davidson, Sally Crute, Dora Mills, Adams Templar Powell, Lawrence D'Orsay and H. Cooper Cliff also in the cast. Society "uplift" drama.

**Hook and Ladder** (*European*; Sept. 18).

Hoot Gibson in an extra good story of the life and training of a fireman. Mildred June, Frank Beal, Edwards Davis and Philo McCullough complete the cast. Excellent entertainment.

**Honours are Even** (*Globe*; Sept. 25).

Elnor Lundor in a triangular love story in which a woman wins her lover back after a hard fight for him.

**The Hunchback of Notre Dame** (*European*; Sept. 29).

Universal's best spectacular to date. A very free adaptation of Victor Hugo's novel, starring Lon Chaney, supported by Patsy Ruth Miller, Ernest Torrence, Nigel de Brulier, Norman Kerry, Raymond Hatton, Tully Marshall, Caesare Gravina, Gladys Brockwell, Nick de Ruiz, Eulalie Jensen and Wm. Parke, Snr.

Lon Chaney (the kneeling figure) being whipped in the public square in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."



Bryant Washburn and Mabel Forrest. The latter has only recently returned to filmland.

**A Lady of Quality** (*European*; Sept. 15).

Virginia Valli and Milton Sills in a very fine adaptation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's colourful romance of Queen Anne's day. Earle Foxe, Leo White, Patterson Dial, Bert Roach, Lionel Belmore, Dorothea Wolbert and Ethel Patrick support. Dignified and altogether excellent.



**Ladies To Board** (Fox; Sept. 8).

A rollicking yet sincere comedy-drama, featuring Tom Mix as a cowboy who inherits an old Ladies' Home. Gertrude Olmsted opposite, also Fay Holderness, Gilbert Holmes, Philo McCullough, Gertrude Claire, Dolores Rousse and "Tony."

**Lahoma** (International-Cine; Sept. 8).

Russell Simpson in a story of early pioneer days in Oklahoma, supported by Peaches Jackson, Louise Burnham, Wade Boteler, Lurline Lyons, Jack Perrin, S. B. Phillips, Will Jefferies, Yvette Mitchell, H. M. Lindley and John Carlyle. Excellent Western drama.

**Lawful Larceny** (Paramount; Sept. 15).

Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Lew Cody, Conrad Nagel, Dolores Costello, Gelda Gray, Russell Griffin and Yvonne Hughes in a domestic drama about a wife who steals her husband's I.O.U's. Fair entertainment.

**The Leather Pushers** (European; Sept. 1).

Another series of the popular boxing two-reelers, with Billy Sullivan in Reginald Denny's shoes (and gloves!). Cast also includes Josephine Hill, Mollie Malone, Ruth Dwyer, Kathleen Myers, Fay Tincher, Janet Ingersoll, Hayden Stevenson and Edgar Kennedy. Excellent entertainment.

**The Love Trap** (Wardour; Sept. 15).

Bryant Washburn in a story about a blackmail case and a murder. Supported by Wheeler Oakman, Kate Lester, Mabel Trunnelle, Laura La Varnie, Wilbur Higby, Edith Stayart, William Irving, Sydney Franklin and Francis Powers. Fair murder mystery drama.

**Long Live the King** (Jury; Sept. 7).

Jackie Coogan in an over elaborate costume romance which rather swamps the little star. Alan Forrest, Rosemary Theby, Robert Brower, Ruth Reneck and Vera Lewis head a long supporting cast. Good spectacular fare.

**The Man from Wyoming** (European; Sept. 19).

Jack Hoxie in a rugged Western romance adapted from William McLeod

Bertram Grassby, Mildred Harris and Otis Harlan in "One Law For the Woman."

Raine's novel, "Wyoming." Lillian Rich opposite, also William Welsh, Claude Payton, Ben Corbett, Lon Poff, George Kuwa and James Corrigan. Good entertainment.

**Marriage à la Carte** (Inter-Cine; Sept. 19).

Bryant Washburn, Mildred Harris and Helen Dunbar in a pleasing little farce about a pair of newly-weds who decide to live apart.

**Michael O'Halloran** (Marshall; Sept. 1).

Admirers of Gene Stratton Porter's story will like this sentimental romance which is well played by True Boardman, Ethelyn Irving, Irene Rich, Charles Clary, Claire McDowell, Charles Hill Mailes, Josie Sedgwick and William Boyd.

**The Mysterious Witness** (Wardour; Sept. 4).

An average Western romance about a horse which is instrumental in acquitting the young hero of a murder charge. Robert Gordon stars, supported by Elinor Fair, Nanine Wright, Jack Connolly and J. Wharton James.

**The Mistress of the World** (F. B. O.; Sept. 1).

A thrilling serial romance of Darkest Africa starring Mia May. A German-made feature, very lavishly produced.

**Name the Man** (Goldwyn; Sept. 1).

Victor Seastrom's first American production based on Hall Caine's "The Master of Man." A heavy story, but somehow convincing and most attractively acted and characterised by Mae Busch, Conrad Nagel, Creighton Hale, Hobart Bosworth, Patsy Ruth Miller, De Witt Jennings, Evelyn Selbie, Winter Hall, Mark Fenton, Aileen Pringle, Anna Hernandez, Mrs. Charles Craig, Cecil Holland, Lucien Littlefield, William Orlamond, Charles Hill Mailes and Andrew Arbuckle. Good entertainment.

**No Mother to Guide Her** (Fox; Sept. 22).

Melodrama, with sob stuff laid on very thickly all the way. Well played by Frank Wunderlee, Genevieve Tobins, Ruth Sullivan, J. D. Walsh, John Webb Dillon,



Richard Talmadge.

Lolita Robertson, Katherine Downer, Dolores Rousse, Jack Richardson, George Dewey, Jack Maclean, William Quinn and Irving Hartley. Good entertainment.

**The Old Man in the Corner** (Stoll; Sept. 15).

Two-reelers adapted from Baroness Orczy's popular stories featuring Rolf Leslie and Renee Wakefield. *The Kensington Mystery* (Sept. 1); *The Affair at the Novelty Theatre* (Sept. 4); *The Tragedy of Barnsdale Manor* (Sept. 8); and *The York Mystery* (Sept. 15).

**One Law For the Woman** (Vitaphone; Sept. 1).

Very good Western melodrama, with a thrilling flood as a climax. Starring Cullen Landis, supported by Mildred Harris, Cecil Spooner, Stanton Heck, Otis Harlan, Bertram Grassby, Charlotte Stevens and Ernest Wood.

**Passions of the Great** (Stoll; Sept. 22).

Agnes Dexter in a spectacular love story of the times of Napoleon. Some excellent battle scenes and court settings and a very convincing Napoleon.

**The Perfect Flapper** (Ass. First National; Sept. 29).

The story of an old-fashioned girl whose character is transformed by her acceptance of a false philosophy. Colleen Moore stars, with Sydney Chaplin, Phyllis Haver, Lydia Kott, Frank Mayo and Charles Wellesley in support. Good comedy romance.

**Pure Grit** (European; Sept. 1).

Koy Stewart, Verne Winter and Esther Ralston in a very ordinary Western love story. Fair entertainment.

**Queen of the Night** (Globe; Sept. 1).

Italia Almirante Manzini in an Italian-made mystery story about a stolen necklace. Fair entertainment.

**Ruggles of Red Gap** (Paramount; Sept. 29).

Ernest Torrence in a very amusing light comedy about a snobbish American small town and how an English valet put an end to it. Excellent character work and direction. Edward Horton, Louise Drcner, Frank Elliott, Thomas Holding, Lillian Leighton, Lois Wilson, Anna Lehr, Kalla Pasha, Sidney Bracey and William Austin form a capital supporting cast.







Herbert Langley and Betty Blythe in "Southern Love,"  
a British feature made in a German Studio.

**Salty Saunders (Gaumont; Sept. 4).**

A tale of the Texas Rangers with a Varsity Cowboy as its hero. Well played by Neal Hart, Patrick McGreay, Max Wessell, George Gravey, John M. Franz and Violet Sheldon. Fair entertainment.

**Six Cylinder Love (Fox; Sept. 29).**

Ernest True in a story about a man with a Ford income but Rolls Royce ideas. Florence Eldridge opposite the star; also Donald Meek, Maude Hill, Anne McKittrick, Ralph Sipperly, Berton Churchill, Harold Mann and Thomas Mitchell. Bright farce with a moral.

**Slaves of Destiny (Stoll; Sept. 15).**

Matheson Lang in a good screen version of A. E. W. Mason's "Miranda of the Balcony," supported by Valia, Henry Victor, Harry Agar Lyons, H. Humbertson Wright and Joan Bernard.

**Southern Love (Graham Wilcox; Sept. 15).**

Betty Blythe, Warwick Ward, Herbert Langley and Liane Haid in a colourful melodrama about a gypsy dancer and a revengeful Count. Excellent settings and dance scenes.

**The Song of Love (Ass. First National; Sept. 1).**

Norma Talmadge in an exotic Sheikh story about a dancing girl and a Secret Service agent. Joseph Schildkraut opposite, also Arthur Edmund Carewe, Laurence Wheat, Maud Wayne, Earl Schenck, Hector V. Savno, Albert Prisco and Mario Carillo. Fine photography, acting and settings, but school-girl stuff nevertheless.

**Straws In The Wind (Gaumont; Sept. 1).**

An unusual story about two derelicts and how they drift apart and finally come together again. Played by Queenie Thomas, Betty Ross Clarke, Clifford Cobbe, Fred Paul and Daisy James. Fair entertainment.

**Tons of Money (Stoll; Sept. 8).**

Leslie Henson and Flora Le Breton in a good film version of the popular farce. Douglas Munro, Mary Brough, Willie Warde, Elsie Fuller, Roy Byford, Jack Denton, Clifford Seyler and Ena Mason support. Excellent farcical fare.

**Woman-Proof**

(Paramount; Sept. 22).

Thomas Meighan in a capital comedy with many original touches and ending in a wedding by wireless. Lila Lee opposite, also John Sainpolis, Louise Dresser, Robert Agnew, Mary Astor, Edgar Norton, George O'Brien, Vera Reynolds. Haidée Kirkland and Mike Donlin.

**Under the Red Robe (Goldwyn; Sept. 4).**

One of the duller costume romances we've seen. Beautifully set, and truthful to period. Some good sword fights and a likeable hero in John Charles Thomas. Cast also includes Alma Rubens, Robert B. Mantell.

**Up And At 'Em**

(Wardour; Sept. 29).

Doris May as a flapper detective in a bright comedy. Hallam Cooley, J. Herbert Frank, Clarissa Selwyn, Otis Harlan, John Gough and H. Carter also appear. Bright and cheery fare.

**When Odds are Even (Fox; Sept. 18).**

William Russell in a melodrama of the Pacific with good tropical settings and ship scenes. Dorothy Devore opposite, also Lloyd Whitlock, Frank Beal, Wade Boteler and Allan Cavan.

**The Whispered Name (European; Sept. 22).**

Ruth Clifford as a girl who was involved in a divorce case. Charles Clary, Herbert Fortier, William E. Lawrence, Mary Mersch, John Merkyl, Carl Stockdale, Niles Welch, Hayden Stevenson and Buddy Messenger also appear. A good melodrama.

**Women Who Give**

(Jury; Sept. 15).

Contains some of the finest seascapes and storm scenes ever screened, and good

characterisation and acting. But the story is crude and concerns the denizens of a fishing village. The players are Frank Keenan, Barbara Bedford, Renee Adoree, Robert Frazer, Joseph Dowling, Margaret Seddon, Joan Standing, Victor Potel, Eddie Phillips and William Eugene. Good seafaring drama.

**The Woman on the Jury (Ass. First National; Sept. 15).**

Sylvia Breamer as a girl called to Jury duty who has to confess her own past to save another woman's life. Frank Mayo, Lew Cody, Bessie Love, Mary Carr, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Stedman, Henry B. Walthall, Jean Hersholt, Roy Stewart, Ford Sterling, Arthur Lubin and Stanton Heck support. Good entertainment.

**Next Month's PICTUREGOER.**

Be sure to order your next month's PICTUREGOER in good time or you may be met with the fatal words "Sold Out," if you rely on your bookseller having a pile of them waiting for you. In addition to the usual good things, the October issue will contain: "What Love Means to Me" by Lilian Gish, and the full story of *Beau Brummel* starring John Barrymore. Interviews with Lois Wilson, Jack Warren Kerrigan, Colleen Moore, whose star picture is *Flaming Youth*, and "Studio Smiles," by Yvonne Thomas. There are art plates of William S. Hart, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ruth Clifford, Gerald Ames and James Kirkwood. A whole page of pictures of Tom Mix and "Tony," his clever horse, and Peggy "Poshes Up" in which Baby Peggy Montgomery demonstrates the latest thing in Fashions for Kiddies. Cecil De Mille, who specialises in luxurious screen homes, has a couple of splendid ones of his own as you will see if you peruse the October issue. Don't miss it.

Matheson Lang, Valia, and H. Agar Lyons in "Slaves of Destiny," a screen version of A. E. W. Mason's "Miranda of the Balcony." It is Valia's farewell film.





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Frank Mayo  
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Tom Mix  
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Mae Murray  
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Nita Naldi  
Owen Nares  
Pola Negri (2)  
Guy Newall  
Eva and Jane Novak  
Ramon Novarro (3)  
Ivor Novello (3)  
Eugene O'Brien  
Baby Peggy

Eileen Percy  
House Peters (2)  
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Herbert Rawlinson  
Theodore Roberts  
George Robey  
Charles de Roche  
Ruth Roland  
Rod la Rocque  
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Jane Lee  
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Elmo Lincoln

L.Ko Beauties  
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Bessie Love  
Louise Lovely  
Bert Lytell  
Christine Maitland  
Molly Malone  
Mae Marsh (2)  
Vivian Martin  
Shirley Mason  
Thomas Meighan  
Tom Mix  
Tom Moore  
Antonio Moreno  
Jack Mulhall  
Carmel Myers  
Owen Nares  
Nazimova  
Anna O. Nilsson  
Mabel Normand  
Eugene O'Brien  
Mary Odette  
Peggy Paterson

Anna Pavlova  
Virginia Pearson  
Olga Petrova  
Dorothy Phillips  
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Mary Pickford (4)  
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Ernie Shields  
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**The Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**



M. T. (London).—Your fault isn't a fault. It looks more like a case of personal prejudice against the star.

GEORGE THE TWOTH (Lee).—I appreciate your humorous remarks, but I feel too hot to make a fitting reply. I shall start being funny again, when the cold weather returns. (1) Warwick Ward was "Dr. Lakington" and Evelyn Greeley was "Phyllis" in *Bulldog Drummond*. (2) Yes, Eille Norwood is a very good violinist, so is Betty Compson.

RAMON RAGER (Harrow).—You might try Jury's Imperial Pictures, Ltd., 19—21, Tower Street, W.1., for stills from *Where the Pavement Ends*.

FLORAFANDOM (Dorset).—(1) Interview with Flora Le Breton appeared in February, 1922 PICTUREGOER, and a page article appeared in December, 1923 issue. (2) Art plate in August, 1922 number. (3) She's in America now, and has just finished making *Another Scandal* with Lois Wilson.

G. M. M.—Letter forwarded.

THE SPARROW (Kensington).—Don't apologise. Besides, sparrows must chirrup a little. I've forwarded your letter to George Walsh. You'll find some photos of him in this issue.

THE NINE MIXITES (Folkestone).—Bravo, Mixites, I knew you wouldn't desert the cause. Ivor Fans (Southend), can now consider themselves duly sat upon.

A MATINEE IDLER.—I'm not quite sure what your letter was all about, but I heartily agree with your remarks upon the subject. Have you ever tried Hyde Park Corner and a Tate sugar box.

HELEN (Huddersfield).—Have forwarded your letter to Ivor. (2) He's about 30 years of age.

FILMITE (Onslow).—(1) Sorry, no casts in these columns. (2) Lillian Gish's next film will be *Romeo and Juliet*.

ENQUIRER.—(1) Have forwarded your letter. (2) Ramon Navarro is single, and, as far as I know, quite wholehearted.

TWO RAMON FANS (Norwood).—You've evidently "got it" badly. But cheer up, you'll probably have recovered by the time this appears in print. (1) *Scaramouche* should be down your way very soon now. (2) Ramon's latest film is *The Arab*.

ANN (Cape Town).—In accordance with your request I have "been a dear." I hope your favourite will follow my worthy example when he gets your letter.

S. H. (Eastbourne).—I've forwarded your letter. Ivor Novello should be more than grateful to his little friend George this month.

SYLVIA (Lewes).—Glad to make your acquaintance, Sylvia. (1) Ramon Navarro pronounces his christian name with the accent on the first syllable. (2) Claire Windsor was born in Kansas and her real name is Ola Cronk. Her birthday is in April.

JANE (London).—Try First National, 37-39, Berners St., Oxford Street, W.1., for stills from *The Fighting Blade*.

ISABEL (Chislehurst).—Glad you've had a reply from Pearl White. I've forwarded your "thank offering."

ELISE (Maidstone).—Only just discovered PICTUREGOER Elise? And I thought Maidstone was quite a civilised town. I've forwarded your letter to Matheson Lang and hope he won't keep you waiting 'lang' for an answer (sorry!)

MAY AND JUNE (Buxton).—Sorry I sound "startling." I've a nice, quiet disposition really. (1) Ivor Novello's



address appears in another answer on these pages. (2) Clive Brook's married to Mildred Evelyn. (3) Send about 2/- for a photo of Rudolph Valentino.

M. M. B. (Manchester).—Thanks for the admiration and adulation you shower upon me. But thanks most of all for only asking me one question. Send me your letter to Matheson in a plain stamped envelope and I'll forward it for you if you're a good child.

MARGUERITE (Crouch End).—(1) Ivor Novello's next film will be *The Rat*, made under the direction of Adrien Brunel. At present he's busy with the stage production of this. (2) Lewis Stone's married to Laura Crews. Two daughters.

**Don't worry your head over Pictureplay Problems. We employ a man to worry for you. His name is George, and he is a Human Encyclopædia for film facts and figures. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," c/o "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

BUBBLES (Walsall).—Sorry to hear that you're suffering from blighted hopes. It sounds painful. Your letters have been forwarded, if the news will cheer you at all.

RITA (Bolton).—Wants to shake hands with INDIA (Surrey) because their sentiments re Richard Barthelmess coincide. Consider it done, both of you. (1) Barthelmess is a French name. Dick's father was of French extraction.

WHISKERS (Burton-on-Trent).—I've passed your thought on. (1) Yes, the film you're thinking of is *Camille*. Rudolph Valentino played in this with Nazimova.

E. S. L. (Birmingham).—I'm glad to meet a fan who doesn't want to go on the films. You're a refreshing change, E. S. L. (1) Rudolph's first wife was Jean Acker. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

X. X. X. (Aberystwyth).—(1) Write to the Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, W.C.2, for a list of postcards. (2) *Chu*

*Chin Chow* was released some time ago.

SYLVIA (Worcestershire).—Your prize seems to have wandered a long way. Glad you got it eventually.

M. B. (Wimbledon).—Cast your eye over this page and read my reply to LANG MAD (Glastonbury).

PEPSKI (Cricklewood).—Thanks for sympathy. I return it herewith, in lieu of news of Olaf Hytten, who has gone to America and doesn't write me. At any rate, I haven't heard from him since he sailed.

S.N. (Worcestershire).—Glad you got your "Faults" prize safely. Send in any others you happen to spot.

A FORBES FAN (Shipley).—Of course call me "George."—It's my name! (1) Dick Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9th, 1895. Address c/o Inspiration Films, 565, Fifth Avenue, New York City. (2) Ralph Forbes' latest film is *Old Bob* which Henry Edwards is producing. Write him, c/o The Kinema Club, 9, Great Newport Street, W.C.1.

V.M. (Rock Ferry).—(1) Letter forwarded to Ramon. (2) No art plate of me much as I should like to please you. I'm taking my holidays this month, and I don't want to be mobbed by a crowd of question-hungry fans.

J.A. (Haslingden).—(1) Glad you think me useful as well as ornamental. (2) Mahlon Hamilton isn't married now. (3) The only film studio up north is Parkstone Films, at Lytham, on the Preston Road.

PIXIE (Carnarvonshire).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks' recent visit to England was his third. He came over here soon after his marriage to Mary Pickford. (2) Frankie Lee was born June 1st, 1912. (3) The date of Rudy's next visit to England is uncertain. (4) Address Lillian and Dorothy Gish, c/o Inspiration Films, 565, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

GISHITE (Weston-Super-Mare).—(1) See the article "Lost, Stolen or Strayed, in this issue, for news of Ethel Clayton. (2) The "Lillian Gish engagement rumour" is about as true as most rumours—in other words, there's nothing in it. (3) Maudie Dunham, Haidée Wright, Harold Walden, Alfred Drayton, and Tom Reynolds headed the cast of *The Winning*





Victor Seastrom and Lon Chaney try out a new make-up for "He Who Gets Slapped."

Goal. (4) *Mad Love* is a German Production. Pola Negri's name is the only one mentioned in the cast. So you imagine I'm like Earle Williams. Well, there's no harm in imagining, is there? But it's rough on Earle, poor fellow!

X.Y.Z. (Folkestone).—Glad you appreciate my flowing wit. (1) We've never had an art plate of Mildred Evelyn. (2) One of Stewart Rome appeared in March 1922 PICTUREGOER. (3) Kenneth Harlan isn't married now and Stewart Rome never has been.

F.E.S. (Wimbledon).—If anyone mentions the word "Sheik" to me again, I shall resign.

ELYSIA (Catford).—Of course I'll forgive you for being inquisitive. After all, I suppose it's your misfortune, not your fault. (1) Ivor Novello was born in Neath, Wales, about thirty years ago. (2) He has a flat in Aldwych. (3) I think he would very likely send you a photo. (4) I'll see what the Editor says about another interview with him. (5) Our tame story writer wanders occasionally, but he's quite harmless.

VALENTIN-O (Manchester).—Glad to hear you've missed PICTUREGOER during your travels. (1) Interview with Valentino appeared in May 1923 PICTUREGOER. (2) Art plate in December 1923 issue, and an art plate and interview in May 1923. If these aren't enough to satisfy you, I'm afraid your case is past curing.

DAVID'S ADORER (Dreamland).—I admire your self-denial and hasten to relieve the long-suppressed pangs of curiosity. (1) Harold Lloyd was born April 20th, 1893, and Tom Meighan in 1888. (2) *Girl Shy* has been Trade shown, but it won't be released until December 20th. (3) Release date of *The Thief of Baghdad* isn't fixed yet. It will probably have a big première

showing in the West End, and Doug. and Mary may be there. (4) I'll see about that plate of David Powell.

H. A. A. (Ealing).—Glad to make your acquaintance. I've forwarded your letter to Matheson Lang, and hope you'll have had a reply by the time this appears in print. (5) PICTUREGOER started its auspicious career in January 1921.

MACLAGEN MAD (Beaconsfield).—I share your sorrow, but I daresay I shall survive it. (1) Victor MacLagen is a Britisher and is about thirty years of age. He is the son of a clergyman, and before he started his screen career was a boxer. He has eight brothers, as big and tall as himself. (2) You can write to German film stars in English. I don't know whether they would send you a photo. (3) There's no fixed rule about sending the stars money for their photos. Most people send about 2s.

E.J. (Malvern).—Letters forwarded.

SALLY QUESTIONS.—Glad you realise what a hard-worked chap I am. (1) I'm going to earn your everlasting gratitude by giving you an interview with Conway Tearle in this issue. Now aren't you glad you sent your love! (2) Write to the star themselves for signed photos. If you send your letters, and a plain stamped envelope, to me, I'll see that they go to the right addresses.

A. V. S. (Southampton).—Thank you for writing and for not having written before. (1) You can get an album to keep your photos in from "The Picturegoer Salon," 88, Long Acre. You can also get postcards of film stars. Write and ask them for particulars. (2) Ivor Novello's next film will be the screen version of his play *The Rat*. (2) Ivy Duke's next will be *The Decameron Nights*.

JUANITA (Portsmouth).—Glad to make your acquaintance, Juanita. (1) The name of the girl who played "Angela" in *Hollywood* is Hope Drown. (2) Address all your enquiries about postcards, etc., to "Picturegoer Salon," 88, Long Acre. (3) I think you should get those signed photos if you ask nicely. (4) Leatrice Joy's birthday is November 7th. She is married to John Gilbert. My head is doing nicely, thank you, and I passed a comparatively peaceful night.

ROMEO (Sidcup).—Thanks for your promise to write again. That'll be something to look forward to after my summer holidays. (1) Letter forwarded to Stewart Rome. (2) Stewart isn't married but lives with his mother at 10, Chisholm Road, Richmond. (3) Clive Brook is about 35. (4) Kenneth Harlan is 28 years old. (5) I think they'd answer you if you write nicely.

SHY BIRD (Hull).—You may be shy but you know how to get what you want. I've forwarded your letters and hope they'll be as lucky as the others.

G. E. M. (Northants).—One question more or less doesn't make much difference. I've been inoculated! (1) Harry Myers was born in 1882 at Newhaven, Connecticut. (2) He's six feet tall, with blue eyes and dark brown hair. (3) Art plate appeared in August 1922 PICTUREGOER. (4) Some of his films are:—*Blissville the Beautiful*, *Red Eagle's Love Affairs*, *Over the Wire*, *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, *Turn to the Right*, *Kisses*, *Boy Crazy*, *The Brass Bottle* and *Robinson Crusoe*.

A FILM FAN (London).—Letter forwarded to Monte Blue.

JACK (Wickmere).—Glad you think I'm a wonderful man. I won't contradict you. (1) Lillian Gish has pale golden hair, a fair complexion, and blue eyes. (2) She isn't married or engaged, though rumour has lately been coupling her name with that of Mr. Duell, who directed her in *The White Sister*.

J. E. B. (St. Peter's-in-Thanet).—(1) Sorry to contradict a lady, but Kenneth Harlan's eyes aren't grey. They're a very dark brown—almost black in fact. (2) I'll concede you another inch in height. Kenneth's a six-footer. (3) I've forwarded your letter to your favourite.



You'll see Enid Bennett in this costume when "The Red Lily" is shown this side.

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LIONEL (St. Leonard's).—(1) Write to Rudolph again and I'll forward the letter for you. Perhaps he didn't get your last. (2) Lionel Barrymore was born in 1885. He is an American, though his father was born in England. (3) Address him c/o Lamb's Club, New York City.

IVORINE (Hull).—You letters are now at the mercy of the G.P.O.

S. M. B. (Streatham).—Loathed the pictures until she was converted by seeing *The Sheik*. What a lot that picture's been responsible for. (1) Rudy isn't a "Bluebeard." He's only had one wife besides his present, and her name was Jean Acker. (2) Address him c/o Paramount Pictures, 485, Fifth Avenue, New York City. (3) *The Young Rajah* was released on January 5th last. (4) His parents are Italian. (5) An interview appeared in September 1923 issue.

BLUE EYES.—Thanks duly earned. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

DENYS (Blairgowrie).—(1) Sorry I can't tell you Seena Owen's birthday. (2) Write to her c/o this office. I think she'd send you a photo if you ask nicely. (3) Alma Rubens in *The Valley of Silent Men*—not Barbara La Marr. (4) Lew Cody was "Sergt. James Kent" in this film.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING (Hull).—Glad you had such a nice photo from Ivor. (1) I've forwarded your letter to Clive Brook. (2) He's in America at present, working for Thomas Ince.

A READER (Croydon).—Thanks very much for the snaps. I've forwarded your letters to Pauline Garon and Lois Wilson.

E. A. C. (King's Lynn).—(1) When I die the words "Rudolph, born May 6th, 1895," might be engraved upon my tombstone as an appropriate memorial. (2) I don't know whether you'll ever see *The Sheik* again, but if you do you might give him a large dose of arsenic with my compliments.

ELLANORA (Sidcup).—Sorry you missed seeing me at the Garden Party. It must have been a severe blow. (1) Clive Brook wasn't there. He sailed for America, with his wife and baby, a few days before, and is going to work for Thomas Ince for the next six months.

CONSTANCE (Hove).—Conway Tearle and Godfrey Tearle are half brothers. (2) Conway is married to Adele Rowland. (3) An art plate of your favourite appeared in April 1924.

FLICKER (Aberdeen).—Glad you've cheered up since you last wrote. Last time, if I remember rightly, your letter was redolent of unshed tears, and a sob lay hid in every word. (Very elegantly put, George, my boy.) (1) Frank Mayo was born in New York in 1886. (2) He was married to Dagmar Godowsky, but he isn't married now. (3) Ruth Roland's next picture will be a feature film—not a serial. (4) She isn't married.

LACRIMAE REVUM (Folkestone).—The ranks of the film fans are widening. I hasten to welcome you into the fold with the sympathetic kindness of one exalted being to another. (1) Pages of photos of Dick Barthelmess at home appeared in January, 1923 PICTUREGOER, a page article in April, 1923 issue, art plates in May, 1921 and July, 1923 issues, and an interview in October, 1921. (2) Dick is in America at present. (3) His latest films are *Twenty-one* and *The Enchanted Cottage*. (4) "Peter Pan" has not been chosen, at the time of writing this.

T. W. M. (Leicester).—I've forwarded your letter to Jack Root.

BARTHELMITE (South Africa).—I've passed on your carol with a recommendation to mercy. (1) Dick Barthelmess's little daughter is about eighteen months now. (2) Niles Welch was "Dumbell" in *Rags to Riches*.

MARY (Brixton).—Comedies don't count for the "Faults" page. (1) Send to Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, for a list of film stars postcards. You will find one of your favourite Helene Chadwick.

FAN (Middlesboro).—There's a nice signed photo of Hugh Miller (as requested) waiting for you in the Editor's office. Hugh Miller left it here for you; he unfortunately lost your letter with a bundle of others whilst travelling. Send it along and I'll forward it to you with his letter.

RUDY - FOR - EVER (Glasgow).—"Day Dreams," by Rudolph Valentino, can be obtained from The American Book Co., Ltd., 149, Strand, London, price 10/6.



Percy Marmont with a photo of himself in  
"The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

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"Just a word in praise of that wonderful actress, Pola Negri, who, I notice, has been the object of much slamming by Up! Fans! critics, real, And At 'Em! and would be.

Everyone seems to be throwing brickbats. Doesn't anyone admire her? If so, what are they about to allow her to be criticised without uttering a word of protest. Come on, Negri fans! Up for the defence. Don't let Pola be chipped to bits. She's an honest - to - goodness actress, and I'll always stand by her if nobody else will. Words cannot express my admiration for her."—*Defender of Pola (Kent).*

"I thought perhaps readers of PICTUREGOER would like to hear how fortunate I have been when writing to my favourite Stars," writes C. R.

*A Fortunate Film Fan.* (Manor Park). During Rudolph's stay over here, I sent him a photo which he kindly autographed for me and which means a great deal to me. From Monte Blue I had a very interesting letter signed just "Monte" and with it a photo autographed "To Cynthia from Monte." Dorothy Mackaill, with whom I fell in love after seeing *The Fighting Blade*, autographed her photo this way: 'To Cynthia Ridler, Sincerely yours, etc.' It was not written, however, but pen painted in white, which shows how thoughtful and painstaking some stars are with their mail. Lila Lee wrote me a delightful note, also Alice Calhoun, and I have had short epistles from Norman Kerry and Virginia Valli. And now, before closing, I must say how very much I enjoy PICTUREGOER and — the pictures of Rudolph Valentino therein. It's a hint for more, and I'm hoping you will oblige.

"Just because our dearly beloved Wally has passed away," moans *Wallyeen* (London, S.W.), "is it fair to expect his matchless work to die with him? Wally *Semper Fidelis*. is one whom the gods loved — he had to die young, but his work mustn't die. Can't you, Mr. Thinker, please buck up the rest of the Clan Wallace? I always think

## What Do You Think?

YOUR VIEWS  
AND OURS

Dessie  
Love

of Wally as a draught of clean, fresh, joy-giving air. Valentino of the rolling eyes is incense-laden air, heavy and lulling, but never invigorating. Wally, with his perfect features, splendid physique, gay, boyish smile and laughing eyes was the embodiment of youthful zest, the very spirit of the Great Outdoors. He had none of Valentino's sophistication, though he was clever and cultured. He had the sensitiveness, chivalry, and pace of a refined nature, yet the jaw and fists of a born fighter. His smile was his greatest asset. Valentino's smile wins him victories—Wally's won him —faithful friends. Wally Reid shook hands with the world when he smiled. Please print these few lines. They may serve as a further plea for a general Rally."

"I agree with *Chaplinmaniac* (Surbiton), re Keaton and Semon," writes *Duke of Monmouth* (London).

"Yet when I went to *The Four Horsemen*, I had hardly finished drying my eyes at the end before the audience were in shrieks of laughter over Larry Semon's antics. Charlie Chaplin is undoubtedly apart from all other comedians, and has anybody noticed that in every one of his films there is something unmistakably English, which proves that a man cannot belong to any nation but the one he was born in.

'For he himself has said it  
—And it's greatly to his credit,

He remains an Englishman!"

Apropos of *Peter Pan*, has anybody thought of Peter Dear?

I should like to know how many people really like Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan—they would keep me away from any cinema. Child prodigies have always been an abomination, but it is a great relief to know that we have child actors of our own who can compete easily with those two in point of talent, and yet they never make their presence in a film too obvious. Films are not written especially to show off their pretty tricks till the audience are mesmerised. Maurice Thompson, Peter Dear, and Bunty Foss (whose work in *This Freedom* in the opening scenes was wonderful) I think are equal to any Yankee kid." [I agree with

you my lord Duke that the genus yclept is sometimes an abomination. But think of Jackie Coogan, and Bobby Connelly, and Breezy Eason, and hold your peace.]

"Some fans seem to be quite incapable of appreciating a star without running down others, even when the others are too different for intelligent comparison.

*Taking up the son.* I cordially agree with 'S.S.M.' that Milton Sills is a good, natural actor, but why the diatribe against 'Valentino, Novarro and Novello?' Personally I have a strong suspicion that S.S.M. loves alliteration—those three names *do* sound well together, I know! I confess that I have never seen Novello, but judging by his ultra-artistic photographs I am quite prepared to take S.S.M.'s word for him. And Valentino, though he can act, is apt to be very stagey sometimes. But Ramon Novarro! Surely it is only because his name 'goes' so well that he is added to the list. If S.S.M., or anyone else, thinks he is unnatural, I am sorry for them. He is *always* natural—just simple and charming and very, very beautiful. His versatility is wonderful and he lives his parts. Has S.S.M. seen *Scaramouche*? Praise Milton Sills by all means—he is excellent—but not at the expense of the best romantic actor on the screen!"—*Balance*.

THE THINKER.



## Time for odd jobs on wash-day!



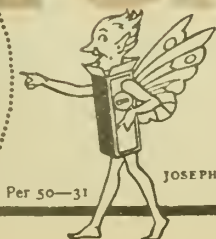
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constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

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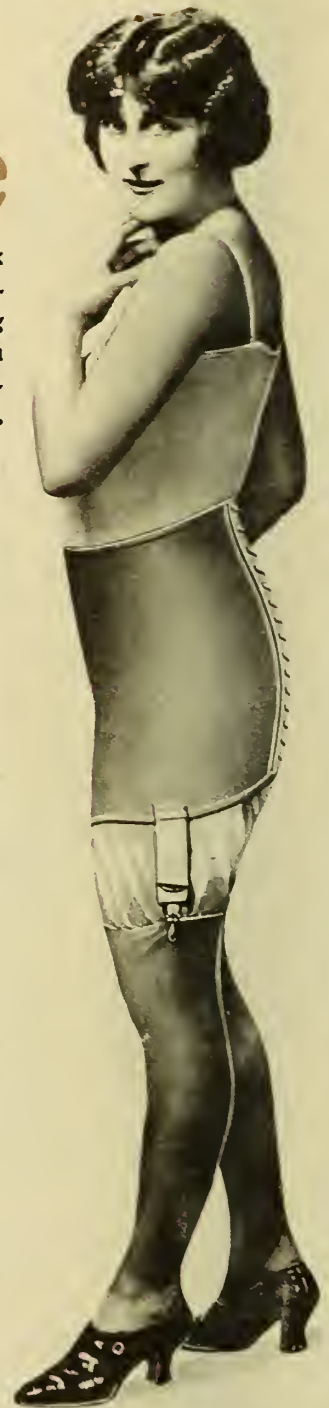
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Nora Le Breton



**BETTY BRONSON**

*In whose diminutive heelless shoes every film actress would give worlds to stand. "Peter Pan" Betty is a New Jersey girl, and was born on November 17, 1906. She has brown hair and blue eyes and is 4 ft. 8 in. tall.*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



Marie Prevost

"I believe," says Ramon Novarro, "that life was invented in order to play." All the other stars believe that playing was invented in order to live.

In the bad old days of the bad old films, the wicked villain always repented if he met little Willie on the stairs in his nightgown. Now-a-days little Willie wears pyjamas—but the wicked villain repents just the same.

Norma Talmadge has had quite a lot of trouble deciding what to say in a screen marriage service, at which a real clergyman presided. If she said "I will" it might have made a very nice legal mess. After much thought she hit on "I won't" instead. I suppose it would have been too much to expect an actress of the silent drama to say nothing at all.

Having made *The Storm*, House Peters is now going to make *The Tornado*. That's all right, but what will he do next? After Lon Chaney had made *The Shock* he perpetrated *The Hunchback*. See my point?



House Peters.

Kenneth Harlan, I see, is going to marry Marie Prevost. After the experience Marie has had in being the Other Woman, Kenneth's a brave man.

The day of motor-race films seems to be over, and now everyone at the Lasky Studio is learning to bicycle for the big race scenes at "Open All Night," Viola Dana's new feature. It is not true that Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy are to be co-starred in a scooter film shortly.



Mack Sennett.

In the climax of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" Gloria Swanson appears at a society fete as a lady of old Egypt brought to life. Ah, what is home without a mummy!

Charlie Chaplin had a brother, Syd Chaplin. Syd is now going to be "Charlie's Aunt."

What do you think a producer would do if he were given a perfectly free hand in choosing his cast—a million dollar cast for which all "limits were withdrawn." Chaplin? Nazimova? Wallace Beery? Gloria Swanson? Well, the producer of "Smouldering Fires" chose Laura la Plante, Tully Marshall, and Robert Ellis. If it wasn't for the law of libel—!

"Greater praise hath no pictures than these," announces a certain famous film firm. But if their pictures are as bad as their grammar—!



Wallace Beery.

In "The Law of the Sierras" Maurice Flynn plays one scene entirely with his feet. Some day perhaps we shall find a leading man who can play one scene entirely with his head.



Maurice Flynn.

Fay Compton says that the first essential of good acting is to make your mind a blank so that the director can transmit his ideas through you. Since most directors haven't got any ideas it's no wonder most films are a bit empty.

From a French film advertisement—"Harold Lloyd, in 'A Wolf's Hunger,' with little Bebe Daniels, an infant prodigy who knows all the tricks of the trade and who has already gained a fame equal to that of Jackie Coogan." Of course we always knew that women were much younger than they looked.

Colleen Moore is growing cabbages and celery in her garden, because she plays the part of a farmer's wife in "So Big." We know quite a lot of producers who have grown lemons in the studio—and even then didn't know what to do.

Estelle Taylor is the latest member of the "No Make-up" Club, which includes Colleen Moore, and a lot of others. They have pledged themselves not to use rouge and lipstick and powder in public any longer. It all sounds suspiciously like an "All Make-up" Club to me!



Estelle Taylor.



# PERDITA- OF Kensington

Uneasy  
lies the head  
that wears two wigs

"In *Decameron Nights*," I said to Ivy Duke, "I noticed you were wearing a lovely wig of long fair hair and—"

"Stop," commanded Ivy. "I know. It wasn't my fault. I *knew* you'd spot it. I *know* your lynx-eyed readers will spot it. I *KNOW* Guy is going to be made to pay for dozens of stamps when I answer all the indignant letters I shall get about it. I told Herbert Wilcox so and he laughed and said he'd cut it out. But he hasn't. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What *are* we to do about it?"

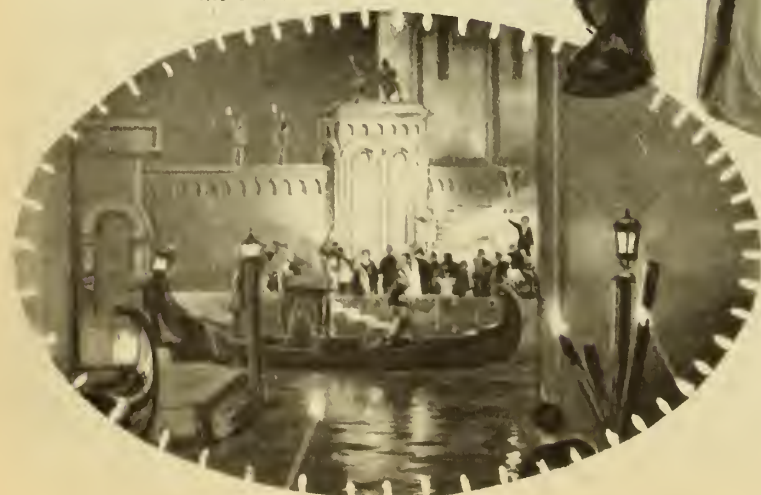
"I don't know," I replied, somewhat mystified. "What's in a wig, anyway?"

"Please," said Ivy Duke, almost tearfully, "Please, don't talk about it."

So we went upstairs to her pretty Kensington sitting room and talked weather and about Germany's climate



Top: A fine exterior Venetian setting in "*Decameron Nights*." Above: Werner Krauss, Herbert Wilcox (centre) and Ivy Duke ("Perdita") snapped between scenes in Decla studios. Right: Ivy Duke as "Perdita." Below: Venice, another excellent exterior built inside the studio.



Right: A present day picture of Ivy Duke. (Photo by Foulsham and Banfield).







as compared with ours and about Rapallo, Italy, where Guy Newall and Ivy Duke went a'filming a year or two back and where Guy's book, "Husband Love" was originally conceived.

As it was late evening, we partook of liquid refreshment, and, very diplomatically, since something about *Decameron Nights* seemed to have upset Ivy, I managed to get her talking of it.

For your information I may state right here that it is Herbert Wilcox's best film. The lighting and settings are beautiful, with one exception, the costumes good, though not of any particular period, and the acting excellent, especially on the part of Werner Krauss who plays the hero's father.

"Perdita, the lost Princess," whom Ivy Duke impersonates so charmingly looks a dream of loveliness throughout.

"I have only a few dramatic scenes," this "Princess" of Kensington volunteered, at length. "At the end, where I am kidnapped and 'Saladin' rescues me and then when my lover is killed and I die of grief. 'Saladin,' Lionel Barrymore, was rather amusing. He said he didn't like working in Germany, and he was always full of this or that grievance, with his wife and myself laughing at him all the time, so that I thought he'd take an aeroplane back home when we were finished. Not a bit of it. He signed another contract and he's there still."

Guy Newall and his little friend "Battistini" came in just as I was leaving. The Italian, who is very tiny, is an interesting fellow, and follows Ivy Duke like an adoring dog. Guy Newall came to the gate with me and I had to ask him what was wrong with "Perdita's" golden locks, anyway.

Said Guy. "Why, she has gorgeous flowing locks for half of one reel, then suddenly, for no reason whatever, except that the camera-man liked the general effect better, they made her wear a semi-bob for the rest of the sequence."

I had to confess I hadn't noticed it. But I expect you will. Don't all write in at once though, there'll be no half-crowns this time. JOSIE P. LEDERER.

Top:  
Ivy Duke  
and Randle Ayrton.  
Left: Randle Ayrton and Hanna  
Ralph. Above: Ivy  
Duke. A camera  
study by Foulsham  
and Banfield.



Above: "Ricciardo," (Randle Ayrton) presents "Perdita" (Ivy Duke) to "Violante" (Hanna Ralph).



# Romany Reels

Gypsy life, with its colourful charm, lends romance to the dullest story. Come a'wandering then, with the celluloid "Chis" and "Chals."

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead, who whilst watching a romantic Romany story unfold itself on the screen, hath never himself agreed with the lady who "Sate at her window late," and who sighed to be "off with the raggle-taggle gypsies, oh!" It looks such a delightful, care-free existence, viewed from a velvet

tip-up in the one and threepennies, and not the least of its attractions is its picturesqueness. Its clusters of sturdy ragged children, playing round the camp fire, its bold, handsome men and women with their quaintly becoming costumes.

It is this picturesque glamour and the halo of mystery and romance surrounding the vagabond gypsy life, that makes it a popular subject for stage and screen plays, for Romany scenes will lend colour to the dullest story. There are moments in *The Bohemian Girl* when, watching the soft haze of smoke, curling slowly upward above the camp fires, one can almost smell that scent of burning leaves, associated from time immemorial with gypsy encampments. The strange, midnight betrothal of the two lovers in this film is one of its most quaintly interesting scenes, and it illustrates an authentic gypsy custom still in use.

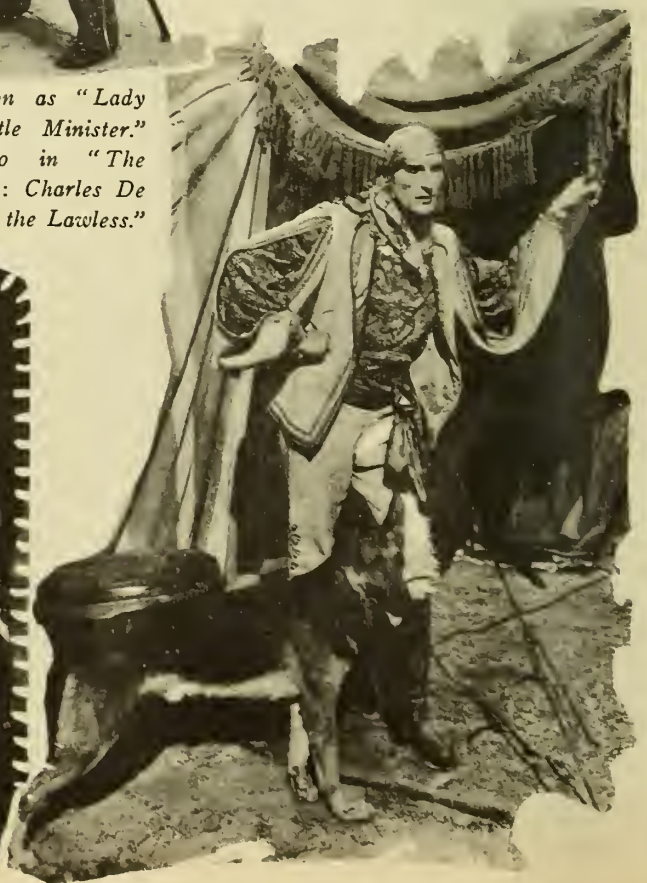
Many more of these unique customs are to be found in Romany pictures. In *The Little Minister*, that sweetest of all gypsy stories, "Gavin Dishart," the little minister is married to "Babbie" "over the tongs," a perfectly legal method of marriage used by the true gypsies.



Above: Priscilla Dean makes an excellent gypsy maid. Below: Pola Negri illustrating a Romany way of settling an argument in "The Spanish Dancer."



Above: Betty Compson as "Lady Babbie" in "The Little Minister." Below: Ivor Novello in "The Bohemian Girl." Right: Charles De Roche in "The Law of the Lawless."





The themes of these Romany films are mixed. There is the old, old story of the nobleman's child, stolen away by the gypsies, and restored years later, by a freak of Fortune to her former rank and riches. There is the old, old story of the gypsy's child, adopted by a nobleman as his own. (N.B. Can any kind reader tell me why our leading aristocracy—on the screen—have such a weakness for gypsy children, and, *vice versa*, why do film gypsies, whose caravans are already considerably overburdened with children, invariably add to the number by sneaking other people's whenever they can lay hands on 'em?). But this is a digression—we were speaking of film plots.

To continue, then, there is also the old, old story of the Romany lass who attracts the notice of a King. The Monarch marries her to a Count, so that she may occupy a high enough station in life to be worthy of his attentions, and plans to kill off her unfortunate husband at the first opportunity. Of course the gypsy heroine discovers that the man she has been married to is one to whom she has previously plighted a secret troth, and, of course, a kind Providence intervenes to save her lover from death, and the King is forced to retire outwitted from the field.

From a careful study of films of this description I have been able to arrange what is, I hope, a fairly accurate catalogue of gypsy types.

First, of course, there is the Gypsy Queen. You can spot her at once by the size of her ear-rings and the size of her temper. Certain Leap Year propensities and a total lack of self-

Below: *Under the Greenwood tree.*  
Gypsies on their native heath in  
"Southern Love."

Right: Director Victor Fleming explaining to Theodore Kosloff's specially trained gypsy ballet exactly what he expects of them in "The Law of The Lawless." Kosloff himself is seen on the right.



Left: Nazimova was a gypsy in "Toys of Fate."



Marie Prevost wore this spectacular gypsy costume in "Kissed."



Gypsies by choice: Carlyle Blackwell, Madge Stuart, and Albert Clare in "The Beloved Vagabond."

consciousness are her chief characteristics.

The Gypsy King may be either one of two things: a very villainous villain with a dangerous habit of "knifing" people, with very little excuse, or else one who hides a kind heart beneath a rough exterior and is fond of children and animals.

There are also a whole collection of smaller fry. For instance, the girl who shakes a tambourine and a shapely leg in the villages they pass through, and has two quarrelsome lovers in the camp; the old hag with piercing eyes and untidy hair, who utters words of wisdom and of warning, of which nobody takes any notice until it's too late. And there is the handsome young man with nice refined manners, who turns out to be Lord Marmaduke Montmorency's eldest son who, straying into the forest in his infancy, was stolen by the gypsies. But there is great appeal in a gypsy film. Its vividness, its melodrama, its romance—the careless, wandering life, so different, usually from that of the onlookers—stirs a fugitive longing in their hearts, and for at least five minutes they are consumed by an overwhelming desire to feel the "wind on the heath," and taste the joys of life with the roving, rollicking, raggle-taggle Romanies.

E. E. BARRETT.





# My Trip

Rudy in a tweed suit looks quite as romantic as Rudy in Ruffles.

Rudy and his wife were in England when this instalment went to press.

santly, that much talked of state of beatitude, the Brotherhood of Man. All peoples are my friends, and what more tremendous thing could happen to a man than this?

We all know how precious friendship is. We all, or most of us know how *rare* it is, when it is real. When it is true. We have heard, and thought, that if a man has one friend upon whom he can rely, or, at best, two or three he is indeed blessed among men.

These thoughts, not coherent or detailed, but the essence of these thoughts rushed in gratefully upon me, as I alighted upon French soil, with Herbertot grasping me by the hand and four hundred of his countrymen and women grouped around, light of warmth and welcome upon their faces.

Vive La France is the most ringing phrase upon which I can end this first page of my Diary written in France . . . to-morrow, more of what happened that first day!



Hotel Plaza-Athenée,  
August 1st.

Rue de  
Rivoli, Paris,  
through which  
Rudy and Nata-  
cha motored  
every  
day.

On the whole, we had a pleasant enough trip, and Natacha, for one enjoyed it better, I think, than she would have done in an open plane. This one was kinder to her hat and hair.

We landed, gracefully and without accident at Le Bourget. To be frank, no one of us was sorry.

Before we had left, several telegrams had come to us from France. One was from Jacques Herbertot, owner of the Theatre des Champs Elysees and editor of le Theatre et Comedie Illustree and several other magazines and newspapers. He had told us that he would meet us and that a dinner had been scheduled for us the night after our arrival.

France.

When we alighted at Le Bourget, there must have been four hundred people there to meet us.

In one sense I was more touched than I was even at the reception accorded me in London. For, after all, in London my films were fairly well-known. They were more in touch with what I had been doing, what the film world in general is doing, here in America. But in France I had anticipated no such recognition.

I think it was that reception that gave me, or emphasised, at any rate, the feeling I now have of warm love for all the countries of the world. Thus far on my trip I have been made to feel, so plea-

France has always seemed to me to be symbolized best by a proud and beautiful woman. A woman with light laughter: yes, maybe, but with the blood of an undying courage running in her veins. And France despoiled is, to me, like a beautiful woman despoiled by vandal hands. A desecration.

I said to Natacha before we reached France that I might be evading what I should face, but I felt that I did not care to see the battlefields of France, and as few of the ruins as I could gaze upon. To me, the wounds of the earth, the despoliation of all that architectural and ancestral beauty would be like gashes in fair flesh. Vandalism.

I felt almost superstitious about alighting upon French soil. I am sensitive to pre-impressions such as these. My imagination runs on ahead of my body, creating images, imagining things that, almost always, fortunately, I am never called upon to actually witness.

I told Natacha some of these dreads, and she told me not to fear for France, for the gay insouciance of the country, masking with motley and bells a beautiful silver courage, would never waver nor break down.

And so it seemed to me, a bird in the air, I alighted upon French soil.



# Abroad

by

## RUDOLPH VALENTINO

They left, however, before the premiere of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

And there were the four hundred people waving their handkerchiefs at us as we began the landing. Natacha and I, looking out, could dimly discern them as we swooped eastward.

"This," I said to Natacha, enraptured "is both the way one should land in Frand and the way one should be received."

As I have written, I did not expect an ovation nor, indeed, any token of recognition in particular while in Paris. I had imagined myself practically an unknown on French soil. But it is, I think, also characteristic of the French people that no one who has achieved, however, slightly, in whatever line, whether familiar to them or otherwise, is an unknown. Their spontaneous hearts, their hearts that are so many cups eager for beauty, reach out to all of us who attempt the Arts.

Hebertot, hand outstretched, first greeted me. And then I shook hands with as many as could reach me before we were whirled away in Hebertot's car to the Hotel Plaza-Athenée, the best hotel in Paris.

On the ride over Hebertot told me that a great dinner had been planned for us the same night, at which would be most of the editors

*Below: A Sunday morning stroll in the Bois, Paris.*



most of the French gatherings, I imagine, there was an air of glitter and gaiety about all that stimulates even without the aid of wine. Most of the talk ran to pictures. The editors and actors who were present,

alike, wanted to know "all about it."

I do believe in a certain degree of publicity. I do *not* believe in going about as a shrouded, mysterious and inaccessible figure; but there is a limit to all things. And I have been occasionally asked questions which transcend that limit.

(Continued on page 65.)

All ready to set forth for Deauville, the famous French watering place. Natacha is behind the camera, that's why you can't see her.

actors, authors, and other celebrities in or about Paris at that time. He told me that they are all intensely interested in the cinema in America, and how we work, and all about studio conditions and production activities and the like.

The dinner was a brilliant affair. Like



# Mae Murray at Home

The screen's exotic butterfly-girl is in private life a business-like little lady, with a keen, active brain, and a passion for hard work.

**M**ae Murray is one of the hardest working stars in the business. Her daily routine sounds like a street car conductor's. She is called at 4.30 a.m. Then she has her bath. At 5.15 her breakfast is served. (Note: She has a hard time keeping servants because of her severe morning hours).

The star eats only a tiny piece of toast with some orange juice or acup of coffee for breakfast. So she gives herself fifteen minutes. This breakfast she eats in the breakfast nook, like an ordinary working woman, though it is daintily served.

**F**rom 5.30 to 6.30, Mae Murray spends the time in making up for work, as she prefers to make up before leaving home. At 6.30 she leaves for location, which is an hour's drive. If she is going to the studio, she gives herself a little less time.

At 7.45 the first shots are taken so as to get the early morning sun. At 1.0 p.m. Mae Murray eats lunch on location—a lunch brought in from the nearest cafe and eaten in her car, or merely a basket lunch which her maid has brought along. From 2 to 4 p.m. there is more shooting of scenes on location. At 5 o'clock the company leaves for the studio to see the rushes in the projection room.

Seven o'clock sees her at home. From 7 to 8 she luxuriates in a bath and a fresh dinner dress.

"I always dress for dinner, even when Bob and I have no guests," said Mae Murray. "It takes me away from my work-a-day mood. Of course Bob and I have to talk shop a lot, and we do it principally during this quiet hour. But

*Left: Mae Murray, who is to play "Sonia" in "The Merry Widow," under Eric Von Stroheim's direction. Below: Mae and her husband Robert Z. Leonard in their Hollywood garden.*



he has a study upstairs, and if nobody comes in for the evening, we spend it up there, he smoking and I lounging in a deep chair, where we talk books and stories, direction, action—everything in connection with pictures, even sordid business matters. If a certain picture isn't going as well as we anticipated, we always get busy and think up the reason—if we can.

**T**en o'clock nearly always sees Mae Murray in bed. Sometimes she retires earlier when her routine ends a little earlier.

Between pictures, she exercises a great deal—tennis, golf, swimming, walking, driving a car.

The star works over her stories, assisting Leonard with the continuity, sometimes writing almost the whole of it herself.

Between scenes she wastes no time, but keeps business engagements on the set, dictates letters, sees interviewers, discusses problems with her husband-director and cameraman, or reads some new book, preferably philosophy or poetry.

Between pictures Mae Murray attends to her various charitable projects, reads stories, cuts and titles pictures, sees her dressmaker and hairdresser, and attends to a hundred other matters connected with the "beauty chase" which the professional beauty must see to.

To me there is a wistful sadness about Mae Murray, despite the delightfully devilish ladies she plays on the screen.

She is the soul of promptness, and is one of those rare people who can make their schedules come true. If she said to me that she would meet me in Paris next January 1st at ten minutes past one a.m., at a given spot, I'd be sure she would keep her word. For food, she likes chicken chop-suey especially, fresh fruit, graham bread, many vegetables, little meat. And she is an ardent picture fan! GRACE KINGSLEY.



# Filming in Tunisia

by  
Jerrold  
Robertshaw.

The famous British character actor records his impressions of Africa.

**Y**es, no doubt Rex Ingram is a genius or he wouldn't have selected me to play an American Missionary in his new film! At the first sight of me, his staff (who are not afflicted with genius) especially the German element, groaned inaudibly and cackled behind his back at the chief's blunder. It mattered little to me, who had yearned through

Left: "Kada," the bright young Arab orphan, now Rex and Alice Ingram's adopted son.



Above: Bedouins in full gallop. A scene from "The Arab."



Circle: Rex Ingram beside the ancient Roman aqueduct that leads into Tunis, Africa. Left: Alexandresco, a noted Roumanian actress who has a part in "The Arab." Below: Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, a young Arabian friend and Rex Ingram photographed in the ancient Roman Colosseum at El Djem.



long winter seasons for the sunshine and blue seas of the south. But the snag appeared when Rex wired me to let my beard and moustache grow. I slept on it and dreamed on it, then egged on by my intimate friends and my own objections, I directed my agent to wire at once that I could not grow a beard, "could not" meaning if necessary, "would not."

**W**hat was to become of my beautiful leisure by the azure sea, and I expected to have plenty of leisure, when my chief companion, myself, would gradually become unrecognisable. However, Adelqui Millar, the peacemaker, though far from peaceful, who was leaving London for Paris to join Rex Ingram, guaranteed to make it all right with the latter. I was determined to see the sun, and a beard was possibly to be the price. Yet I instinctively relied on Millar. Adelqui Millar (Migliar) is a masterful Aurocanian Chilean hidalgo, and a wonderful film "Canio."

On our arrival in Paris we found Ingram had left for Tunis to choose locations. Three or four days in Paris under Millar's supervision was something of a revelation, which was accentuated on our return to Paris after two months. I found the climate of Paris much superior to London and as a place to live in far pleasanter. The Cabarets rapidly became a habit and several times we considered it useless to go to bed and called for our café au lait wherever we happened to be. But these bad habits were only consolidated on our return from Tunis.

**I**n mid-December we left by the night train to Marseilles. Remembering my earlier experiences I had continually held forth to the Company, mostly Americans from Los Angeles, that they would wake up in the train to another and better world, in sunshine more brilliant than in California, with a sea of indescribable blue. Funny how we





(Photo by Navana).

Jerrold Robertshaw, his usual clean-shaven self once again.

always remember the rosy side of the picture. Alas! it was not to be. My Riviera was in tears, and the Americans scoffed at the driving rain and lowering sky, enveloping the chateau d'If of Monte Cristo fame, in a miniature waterspout. We embarked, still hoping for calm seas and sunshine on our journey to the south.

The calm sea drove me hurriedly to my berth in the midst of a flamboyant game of poker in the smoke-room. I lingered in my berth for obvious reasons, anyhow I neither ate nor drank, and hid the grisly down on my chin, which was gradually beginning to hide me from myself. After two nights, in the early dawn we rode into the calm water of the canal, which crosses the shallow lagoon of Tunis. At a depth of two feet this large stretch of water hides the sewerage of 3,000 years, commencing with that of old Carthage. No matter, here was our blue sky and sunshine, far more important to me than the variegated mob of Arabs. I'd seen them or their fathers more than 20 years before on the same spot. In the early morn Rex Ingram came up and greeted me with his usual fascinating smile and looking very sporty in a dark blue, tight fitting French cap, riding breeches and boots. He complimented me on my beard and my spirits fell. I looked at Millar, who winked, and I hoped again.

Our Hotel in Tunis, the Majestic, belied its name, yet was quite pretty and summery. I shared a large room with a young Italian Marchese, di Campo by

name, who was essaying his first film engagement and afterwards thoroughly justified Rex Ingram's choice. But it devolved on me to teach him how to make up, to fold his turban correctly, and to tie his sash. Like Beau Brummel and his cravat, the Marchese counted his day a happy one if his turban happened to be flawless. It is time to introduce the stars Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry (Mrs. Rex Ingram) whom I first met in Paris. They are both quite charming. Novarro, like myself, Millar, Maxubian and another Frenchman growing beards. Ingram seemed to regard us all from a horticultural point of view. He took a profound, but unobtrusive delight in watching our

beautiful, with her dark auburn hair and grey eyes. Novarro is somewhat of a genius at music, extemporises on the piano and has a melodious voice. His is a genuine simple character, somewhat shy and retiring.

Another remarkable member of the company was a fair Roumanian lady, a true brunette, tall and thin yet graceful, who looked like a French fashion plate. She certainly had a genius for dress, each day seemed to produce a still more startling creation, gowns, cloaks, headdresses and face make-up, all very striking, if at times ludicrous. The company also included a little Italian hunchback with a heart of gold.

I had not danced for 20 years and feeling very much out of it I promptly took a few lessons at 40 francs per lesson, from the male instructor, a French youth who spoke no English (very few French people do speak English) so that I was continually racking my brains to make myself understood and finding it more difficult still to follow what they were saying to me.

Below: Jerrold Robertshaw as "Hava-Hava" in "The Bird of Paradise."



Rex and Kada in native dress.

beavers grow from day to day, merely experimentally, as it turned out, as they disappeared by his direction one by one, first Novarro's, then Millar's, then to my infinite relief, my own, but alas! with a request to let my moustache grow "*la premiere de ma vie et la derniere*" as I apologetically informed one of my French dancing partners.

The poor Frenchmen of the company developed marvellous beards. Maxubian, formerly Sarah Bernhardt's leading man, looked the bearded Turk to the life. Frenchmen don't mind beards, although I discovered that French women, after pretending to like them in the past, now thoroughly dislike them.

Novarro, a Mexican, spoke American with a charming Castilian accent. Millar's English had likewise the Spanish brogue. Alice Terry is fundamentally kind-hearted and happy, both absolutely necessary to feminine charm. She has also a very keen sense of humour, and all the time radiantly





The language question was a perennial joke, especially among Rex Ingram's American staff, who scarcely knew a word of French. I became quite proficient as an interpreter, although scoffed at by the two Cosmopolites Millar and di Campo, who seemed to be able to speak anything.

The first week or so at Tunis we spent in viewing the town in all its phases, not the least interesting being its nocturnal Cabaret life commencing at midnight with an occasional purely scientific visit to shadier haunts. One was always impressed by the orderly, businesslike and polite way in which these places were conducted. We were out to view life in all its phases and to the student of human nature they were invaluable. While we were sight-seeing on our own, Rex Ingram was dashing about with his staff in motor cars looking for suitable locations.

In the midst of our evening festivities, he had a habit of suddenly wanting to see our film make-ups and costumes. It was wonderful the instinctive taste and discrimination he displayed in the curl of a brim or the height of a collar, the slope of a shoulder or the waist of a coat. Another great quality, and perhaps his chief one, was, never to rest until he had secured exactly what he wanted. Herein lies the secret of his success, he always gives you a finished product.

Behold us at 8 a.m., after café au lait, madcup and dressed, a motley mixture of Arab and European, Novarro as an Arab chief, far darker than usual, but with his usual pleasant smile, Millar towering and strong as another Arab, Alice Terry smiling and chirpy, even at that early hour. The sun usually shone

*Below: Jerrold Robertshaw as the Doctor, Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro in a dramatic moment in "The Arab."*

*Reading downwards: Rex Ingram with one of the native "extras." Jerrold Robertshaw, Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro in "The Arab." Rex Ingram with "Shorty," the Arabian dwarf who has an important role in "The Arab."*



brilliantly, but it was never half as warm as I expected and it rained quite two days per week. This disgusted me shinc. The North African climate is nothing like so fine and brilliant as that of the Riviera, although 500 miles further south, nor can Tunis be compared to Algiers as a place of residence and neither of them to Nice.

The chief location for our picture was Sidi Buseid, an Arab village 15 miles away, overlooking old Carthage and the sea. Ingram's smile had gained over the whole population. The sheikh was a tall, handsome, portly man with a moustache, a round jolly face and a grip of iron, by no means dark and looked like a Yorkshireman or a Scotchman. Our interpreter, Medalji, a Turk in European dress spoke only Arabic and French. The next link in the language chain was supplied by Comte de Lemure, Ingram's French secretary who spoke good English, so that the Sheikh's Arabic passed through Medalji, then in French to Lemure to be transmitted into good American to Ingram. The latter's French, like mine, was, to say the least, scholastic. Our Manager Rehfeld's French, was not only American but Teutonic, yet terribly glib. One day I heard him shouting to the Arab-French children, "*Venez a la middle de la picture.*" That settled me and hereafter I showed more respect to the Teuton, who used to brag humorously that the Germans are Belgian children.

Soon after we arrived at Tunis the great French Tragedian M. de Max arrived at our hotel, to fulfill a few nights engagement at the theatre. Unfortunately he became dangerously ill and could not appear. For several days his life was despaired of, but I am glad to say that he gradually recovered. After 25 years





I was surprised to find how much of old Carthage had been unearthed. An American Company has laid bare some wonderful buildings, among them, a unique Roman theatre with its stage stretching right across one end of the auditorium and the governor's box on the left with three or four steps leading down towards the stage.

It was not difficult to imagine the Roman crowds surging in and out of the entrances. The Byzantine churches were also very interesting with rows of marble columns mostly broken and beautiful tessellated floors ornamented by various figures, the fish symbol especially being very prominent. Most of these remains belong to the period when North Africa had been reconquered from the Vandals by Byzantine-Roman armies under Belisarius. It was very saddening to think of those teeming millions of Romans, most of whom, certainly ended their lives in blood and horror. The conquering Arab made a clean sweep this time, there is every evidence to show that he spared neither man, woman, nor child.

Yet the Roman life cannot be hid. Most of the columns in the various mosques are Roman, 1,400 years old. You see bits of Rome sticking out of Moslem walls, the water courses that irrigate the orange groves are Roman. The way the Arab, in a very short space had obliterated the whole Eastern Roman Empire was nothing short of miraculous and yet, there it is before your very eyes. One curiously examined the Arab crowd clustered round the camera, the descendants of the conquerors, now conquered in their turn. Yet they look hefty and dour enough and if properly organised I'm sure would give a good account of them-



Above: "Rheba," an Arab girl whose screen potentialities were discovered by Rex Ingram. Left: Jerrold Robertshaw (photo Vaughn and Freeman). Below: Rex, Alice and Ramon on location.



Above: Rex Ingram and his company at the oasis of Gabes in North Africa. Five Bedouin tribes assembled from the Sahara to work in this movie.

selves. There is a strange mixture of type, some of the old bearded men have the real Roman nose and European expression. Others, equally venerable and always dignified, possess the Semitic hooked nose and hawk-like mien of the true Arab, and looking strangely like Shylock. Some have a Hindoo or Persian aspect. Their complexions vary from North European to darkest negroid. The negro indeed, seems to have become part of their life, you see various shades of negroid mixture and in is quite a common thing for a pure bred Arab to marry a negress. As far as I could see, there were no prejudices whatever against the negro.

One never sees the faces of Arab women. In Tunisia, all are covered by a tight-fitting black mask, reminding one of the Fifth of November. The only women's faces you do see, are the Jewesses in white trousers, the Bedouin women, and the Europeans. Yet these Moslem women showed an intense, if furtive, interest in our proceedings. The rehearsals in the street, of some scene in the film, brought many veiled and unveiled faces to their casements. After all they were women, and perhaps

felt the instinctive longing to be film-stars.

Though bright, the atmosphere was not warm and I was glad to wear my ulster while waiting about for my turn to be photographed. Still, though disappointing, it was certainly much preferable to the brouillarde of old London. It has its charm, the feeling that you are actually cheating the weather and stealing a bit of sunshine out of your turn, so to speak. Yet I've heard people say they prefer our climate. "Chacun a son gout" as the French never do say at least, I never heard them.

Another most charming location was an ancient Moorish villa with large courtyard. Like many such, it had a bathing tank for the Arab ladies, about ten yards square, well up in the third

(Continued on page 60).





Left: Harry Morey as the brutal South Seas Captain, prevented by Ramon Novarro from flogging the unhappy native in "Where the Pavement Ends." Below: The hold-up, a favourite movie crime. Constance Talmadge and Kenneth Harlan in "The Primitive Lover."



Below: A scene from "Garments of Truth," demonstrating clearly that Truth is not always pleasant.



Above: Buck Jones cracks a crib in "Paradon My Nerve."

the same thing only he doesn't blame the pictures for that!

If he thought a little, though, he would surely realise that these crime films he decries with such parrot-like insistence, are less of a curse than a blessing to those who daily watch them.

They usually act as a sort of safety valve—a medium through which the respectable may play with fire, and remain themselves unsinged. These people do not watch crime on the films in order, immediately afterwards, to go and do likewise. If the picture had made as much impression on their minds as our judges would like to believe, then the end of the film must also do its part in persuading them back again to the paths of virtue: For in almost every crime film there is the invariable moral attached, and the end is always the same—a triumphant picture of evil overcome by good. What fan, I wonder, can tell me of any film in which the perpetrators of crime didn't "get their's" in the last two

or three reels. Not one, I'll be bound! "Dr. Mabuse" for all his cleverness, eventually found himself no match for "Sherlock Holmes." Eric Von Stroheim has come to an unpleasant end in every one of his villainous screen impersonations. Ruin blighted the lives of the evil doers in *The Innocent Sinner*. One went to a decidedly squashy death in the arms of an octopus, while jail and ignominy were the portion of the others. No better fate overtook the sinners in *The Mail Man* and *The Unknown Purple*.

Fair fans who determine to go a-vamping, a la Pola Negri in *Bella Donna* and films of that ilk, feel their enthusiasm cooling when they witness the end of her dazzling career of fascination. Small boys fired to a pitch of enthusiasm by the devilry of their favourite serial villains, must surely stop and think when at the end of fifteen episodes containing every crime under the sun, they are all systematically exterminated, and the pure young hero and heroine are left triumphant.

(Continued on page 54).

Below: Justifiable violence by Malcolm McGregor in "All the Brothers Were Valiant."





# The Covered Wagon Girl

She is one of those really natural girls who are just born to be liked. Perhaps that is why she was sent to England to represent the American screen at the Kinema Garden Party.

*Left and below: Smiling and serious studies of Lois Wilson.*



**Y**ou'd like her immensely--Lois Wilson, "The Covered Wagon Girl."

She is one of those really natural girls who are just born to be liked. There is no affectation about her nor any of the "up-stageyness" with which some screen players become afflicted when they reach the stellar heights. But she has the poise and assurance of a woman much older than her twenty-odd years; she has a memory for names, faces and facts that would do credit to a historian; and she has a keen insight into human nature.

I made a mistake in the time appointed for my interview with Lois and arrived at her hotel just half an hour too early. But it made no difference to the hospitable Miss Wilson.

"You're ever so early and I'm not dressed yet," she called out from her bedroom as I entered her suite at the Savoy Hotel, "but come right in. I'm ever so glad to see you."

In two minutes I was settled in an armchair fascinatedly watching Lois as she arranged her masses of wavy golden-brown hair.

"You have not yet fallen to the lure of the hairdresser's scissors, then," I remarked.

"Oh! No! I could never bring myself to have my hair bobbed," Lois replied. "It's not that I dislike bobbed hair. On some girls I think it is perfectly charming. But, somehow, I just don't fancy myself with shorn locks."

"Is it true that you were more or less dragged into the movies by your hair?" I asked, while the subject of hair was uppermost.

"Yes. It was rather funny, but it was certainly an original method of making one's debut on the screen," laughed Lois.

"You see, I was visiting relatives in Chicago where I was fortunate enough to meet Lois Weber. Miss Weber and I became very friendly and I was invited to visit Hollywood with my cousins when Miss Weber returned and to see the movies in the making at her Studio. I had always been frightfully keen on things theatrical and had longed almost from babyhood, to be an actress so you can guess how intrigued I was at the prospect of seeing the real 'insides' of a movie studio.

"And it was while my cousins, two other girl friends and I were waiting for Miss Weber in one of the rooms just off the 'set' where she was working that a casting director mistook us for extras waiting for work.

"Noticing my long hair, which I then wore in a 'pigtail,' he beckoned to me to follow him out of the room, saying: 'Just what I wanted—a girl with thick, long hair. Come right along with me.'

"My friends were all quite scared, but I was bubbling over with excitement, instantly realising that here was the very opportunity for which I had longed.

"All I had to do was to don peasant girl attire and be dragged into a scene by my hair; but, how I enjoyed the novelty of it all!"

The picture, of course, was



*Above: With Holmes E. Herbert in "Another Scandal." Left: Adding final touches to her make up.*

*The Dumb Girl of Portici, Anna Pavlova's one and only film venture which Lois Weber produced.*

"Miss Weber was so pleased with my initial screen effort," Lois went on, "that she offered to take me on as a member of her company if my parents would give their consent. It is obvious that I obtained the consent all right! I



Below: Lois with Tom Meighan in "Our Leading Citizen"



Above: Lois Wilson in "The Lost Romance."

hat of the same colour which suited her golden-brown hair and her fair complexion perfectly. As she seated herself on the edge of the bed and dangled her legs like any schoolgirl I realised (Continued on page 54).

Left: With Richard Dix, in "The Call of the Canyon"



Left: Lois was an appealing heroine in "The Covered Wagon." Circle: As "Miss Lulu Bett," a fine character study of an unappreciated woman.



feared at first that my people might object to my taking up the screen as a career; but they gave their consent at once when they found how keen I was to become a filmactress. They helped me tremendously with cheery encouragement and promised to move to Hollywood if I made good."

"You were a school teacher before this opportunity to enter the movies turned up, weren't you?" I asked.

"Oh! My! Yes! For a fortnight!" and Lois's eyes twinkled merrily. "During my school days



I was filled with two consuming ambitions. I wanted to go on the stage or be a teacher. There seemed no opportunity for just an ordinary girl in Birmingham, Alabama, to become an actress so I turned the idea down and concentrated on my secondary ambition and worked for my teaching diploma. I gained this at the rather unusually early age of fifteen and felt terribly aged and important to realise that I was considered fit to teach any grade—form, you call it in England, I believe—in a grammar school!

"I began by deputising for a teacher who was away. Never shall I forget that class, which consisted of boys and girls of all ages and sizes, it seemed to

me. Like youngsters all the world over they recognised a novice and set to work to 'play me up!' At the end of a fortnight I had decided that I was not a born teacher; and, as my people did not insist on my remaining in a profession in which I was not happy, I just left off being a teacher!"

"And you're very glad now, I'm sure?"

"Indeed, yes! I've never finished being grateful to those youngsters!"

By this time Lois had discarded her pale pink crepe de chine wrapper and donned a simple little powder blue dress and a picture



**RUTH CLIFFORD**

*As she appears in "Abraham Lincoln." This versatile star commenced her career opposite Rupert Julian in Universal films and her latest is "The Tornado," which was made in the wilds of Idaho.*





**JAMES KIRKWOOD**

*Holds the screen's championship for damaging himself on location. He is married to Lila Lee who nursed him through his last accident. He is now playing "Gerald Cranston" in "Gerald Cranston's Lady."*



**WILLIAM S. HART**

*Threatened to retire from the screen every year for many years. He actually did it once, but has come back again in "Wild Bill Hickox" which is on view this month.*





**PATSY RUTH MILLER**

*One of the few lucky girls who was invited to go into the movies. Patsy was seen at a fashionable Bathing Beach by a producer who lost no time in securing her services.*



**GERALD AMES**

*One of the first British film favourites and still going stronger than ever. Gerry shines alike as hero or villain and is winning golden opinions on tour in Godfrey Tearle's rôle in "The Fake."*





Above: Afternoon dress of plum coloured velvet and embroidered muslin. Note the saucy little hat trimmed with hand-made flowers.

# Peggy "Poshes Up"



Right: School frock of plain blue gingham, hand smocked. The Peter Pan collar and deep hem are worked in running stitch of black silk.



Above: A "Best Frock" of palest pink chiffon, hand embroidered with sprays of deeper pink roses and trimmed with rows of val lace and ribbon.

Below: Dancing frock of cream lace over china silk, trimmed with narrow satin ribbon. The hat is composed of the same materials.



Above: House dress of navy blue soft satin, with collar, cuffs and sash of ivory English silk.

Left: Another school frock, of terracotta, bound and trimmed with ribbon of exactly the same shade.



# What Love means to Me

by  
LILLIAN  
GISH

"What did you think of it?" Lillian Gish asked me on the day following the world premiere of *The White Sister*.

And so we drifted into a discussion of the concluding scenes of that photoplay, in which "Sister Angela" keeps her vows to the church while her love for a man is annihilated.

It was late afternoon in the Vanderbilt Hotel, and the frail Lillian was lying on a couch, resting from the excitement and thrills of the night before, a night which concluded with a fifteen minute long distance telephone call to Mother Gish up in the mountains.

"It's amusing," Lillian remarked, "to read the remarks of one or two reviewers who believe that *The White Sister* has an unhappy ending.

"For love means two things to a woman. Above all it means happiness, and those of us who can find happiness in love for a man should cherish that love and hold it holy," she told me.

"To the other sort of woman, love means satisfaction. It means satisfaction of vanity for one thing. This sort of woman wants to possess a man, she wants to have the world know that she has the power of holding a man. And she wants the man for what he can give her in material goods, quite apart from any happiness. There is a finer type of woman, however, a rare type, who holds something beyond mere happiness and mere material satisfaction. Angela is of this type. Sensitive, with eyes uplifted from the earth, she first seeks happiness from a man.

"Then this man is apparently wrested away from her by a fate stronger than any human power. Where can she renew her hope, her faith? To what can she turn?



"Love means something different to every woman," says Lillian Gish. "Those of us who can find happiness in love for a man should cherish that love and hold it holy."

have fled from Rome, she might have left Italy, and she might have begun life anew with him. But even if the world had forgotten that she had broken her vows, she herself could never have forgotten.

"So Angela, in the picture, takes the one and only path. The Japanese, you know, are reputed to be ready to commit harikari if they feel their honour has been besmirched. Angela feels the same. When her lover takes her in his arms and kisses her, the lips that would have passionately met his own, are cold and lifeless, and she tears herself away from him and drives evil thoughts from her mind by telling the beads of her rosary.

"This is what love means to a woman of Angela's type. Love means something different to every woman. To one it means a home, children, the thought that a loving being is near at every moment. To another love means the meeting of minds on an equal plane, the smoothing of life's rough edges by a loving hand.

To another love means the sharing of great things, a mutual accord and helpfulness, the lifting of one's life from the plane of every day living to a level of almost sublime joy."

When Lillian has told you this interpretation of the character she plays in *The White Sister*, you begin to understand why she was able to give so realistic and so finely restrained a portrait of the Italian heroine of the tale. She had taken that character to her own heart and before giving screen life to Angela had thoroughly understood her. So, when you see *The White Sister*, recall that behind the mask of Lillian's face beats the heart of a girl who held honour higher than anything else in the world, higher even than love. PAUL ROCHESTER

"Because she is a Catholic she turns to the church. And when, later, her lover returns and she finds she has taken a step which turns her forever from him, she is met with a problem which is almost transcendental. She has the choice between love and honour.

"Love means nothing when you have no happiness, and what happiness could Angela have had if she had forsaken her vows? She would have been an outcast nun and her lover a broken officer of the army. She might



In a room in the hospital of Bon Saveur, France, in the year 1840, an old man of sixty-two, a ragged unkempt, staring creature, stood before a broken mirror and saw strange reflections that the mirror did not show. A dirty rag was tied jauntily about this scarecrow's neck, a dingy brocaded dressing-gown hung from its gaunt shoulders. The old man winced before what he saw in the mirror of memory and passed a lean and shaking hand across his eyes. But the closed eyes could not unsee the things of once-awhile; the shaking hands could not blot out those things that the eyes had seen. The old man's name was George Bryan Brummel, and he was a pauper of no means whatsoever. But once, long ago, they had called him Beau and bowed before him.

His lean hands dropped and he looked again into the mirror. No, it was not this shrunken, doddering old imbecile that it gave back to him. He saw in its senile glass a young and beautiful youth with the most perfect profile in all England, the whitest linen, the handsomest coat. Old Brummel, the pauper in his mean abode? Nay—Captain George Brummel of the Tenth Hussars. And then his old eyes faltered and rested a moment on the foul slum beneath his window. 1840? Could this be? He had thought—thought for the moment . . . He glanced again at the glass. Why it was! Strange fancies! Silly fancies! Brush them away. It was

1798.

And he was dashing young Captain Brummel of the Tenth Hussars. Dashing, yes—and but twenty. But, happy, gay? No. Save in that happiness which comes of sweetest sorrow. He stood in the moon-flooded garden of Alvanley House and waited for a bride . . . another's bride . . . to say good-bye.

"Margery!" he called softly for the tenth time; and now at last she came.

She flew to his arms and remained in his embrace as if she would make life itself halt for these few precious minutes. A quaint string orchestra played softly somewhere within the house. Without in the street was the sound of rolling wheels.

"It must be soon?" he whispered.



"Very soon," she replied. "I think that is the Prince come now. Very shortly they will come to take me."

A dark shadow fell across the lawn, unseen by the lovers. Mrs. Wertham, mother of this unwilling bride-to-be, stared for a long moment in keenest astonishment and then vanished into the house.

#### CHARACTERS.

George Bryan Brummel

JOHN BARRYMORE

Lady Margaret Alvanley

MARY ASTOR

George, Prince of Wales

WILLARD LOUIS

Frederica Charlotte, Princess of

Wales - - - IRENE RICH

Mortimer - - - ALEC B. FRANCIS

Lady Hester Stanhope CARMEL MYERS

Lord Alvanley WILLIAM HUMPHREYS

Lord Byron ANDRE DE BERANGER

Manly - - - MICHAEL DARK

"Poodle" Byng - J. J. RICHARDSON

"Lord Alvanley," she whispered, taking aside the bridegroom, under the surprised glances of the assembled guests. A big man and

almost a great man, Lord Alvanley, if an old man, to be the husband of the young girl in her lover's arms outside in the moon-filled garden. Lord Alvanley, Colonel of the Tenth Hussars . . .

"Where, Madame," he asked coolly, "is Margery. The Prince has arrived and it is full time for the ceremony to commence."

"Something is wrong, Lord Alvanley," Mrs. Wertham replied. "Will you be so good as to step into the garden?"

Excited and alarmed by the woman's odd manner, Lord Alvanley complied, and soon he was face to face with the embracing pair.

"Brummel!" he said sharply, recognising the young Hussar of his regiment. "What does this mean?"

Young Brummel drew his cloak around the girl as if to give her protection against this nobleman who, having bought her from her parents, must soon be her only protector before the law; but he did not speak. It was the girl who replied.

"It means—good-bye," she answered simply, and Brummel winced before the words as if he had been struck.

"What!" the mother swung round pale-faced and trembling at the lips.

"Would you disgrace us before the Prince himself for this upstart nobody?"

Brummel bowed. "No, Madame," he said. "The good-bye was for me."

He took the girl's limp, cold hand and bent over it in a gesture that was to become famous. "For ever—and for ever—and for ever," he whispered.

"Good-bye, George—good-bye, my own true love," said the girl, oblivious of the outraged listeners. "I will never forget you . . . Some day," he voice sank to the merest whisper, heard only by him—"some day I may come . . ."

"Now!" said Alvanley authoritatively.

"Come, my girl, you will forget him as soon as you are Lady Alvanley—and that will be immediately. The Prince is here and the ceremony can commence at once."

He took the hand of Margery and led her away, followed by her mother. Brummel, his head bowed in very agony, turned away.

He looked up, this tattered old man in the shadowy room. A long time ago—a very long time ago, far down the years, sad and gay and brilliant.



He stared at the shabby wreck looking back at him from the mirror and he squared his shoulders as once he had squared them in the moon-filled gardens of Alvanley House. Then a voice seemed to call him. "Sir." He swung round and his feeble eyes flashed round his pitiful room. It had seemed to be Mortimer—Mortimer, that priceless valet. "Mortimer!" he called; but no answer came. The room was empty. Ah, yes—that was long ago, that day when Mortimer . . . He stared into the glass again. Yes, long ago. Far back down the years. In—let him think—if his doddering old wits would let him—in

1808.

"Sir."

"What is it, Mortimer?"

"Abrahams is here again."

Beau Brummel smiled, regarding with well-bred satisfaction the polish of his nails.

"Persistent ass!" said he. "When was he here before, Mortimer?"

"A year ago, sir."

"How disgusting."

"And there are others, sir," said Mortimer nervously. "Bailiffs—and they won't go without some money this time."

Beau elegantly raised his eyebrows.

"Our debts, good Mortimer?" he said.

"Close on seven thousand, sir."

"Our assets?"

"None, sir," replied the faithful man with a sigh. "Even the house here is under a mortgage and the man is becoming impatient. Ah, sir, if only . . . if only . . ."

"Patience, excellent Mortimer! Your master is a man of brains still. Did I tell you of my adventure in the Knightsbridge tavern last night? With the Prince? I did not? Well, I was the only one there who knew the Prince to be the Prince. It was a low affair—gambling and such things. There was a fight. There would have been a scandal at the very least—perhaps worse—if things had been allowed to take their course. But they were not, my dear Mortimer. I and my sword came to the Prince's rescue and I made a new friend. I rescued him from the brawlers in the tavern and thereby made a new friend. Not at all a bad sort of a fellow, the Prince, Mortimer. I must introduce him to you—I think you might do him good. He will be calling shortly!"

He rose with a triumphant smile.

"Give me," he said, "my brocaded dressing gown and I will talk to these low fellows who are here expecting money." He slipped on the gown and surveyed himself in the mirror. "Wheels," he whispered. "See if that is the Prince's lackey. I expect him at any moment with a message. If it

should be he, admit him and these duns and bailiffs' fellows at the same time."

"It is he indeed, sir," said Mortimer at the window.

"Admit them all," said Beau.

They came in together—a motley crowd; duns, indignant and long-waiting tradesmen, bailiffs' officers, and the Prince's lackey. From the others Beau elegantly raised his eyebrows. "Our debts, good Mortimer?" he said.



turned with a disdainful smile, addressing only the last.

"Well, fellow?"

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales desires to pay his compliments to Mr. Brummel at four o'clock this afternoon," that worthy announced respectfully.

A distinct wave of awe passed down the dunning line before the dashing beau. Bailiff's man looked at bailiff's man and all of them noticeably hesitated. One who had entered with hat on head now rather timidly uncovered.

"Ah, let me see," Brummel consulted an elaborately-decorated tablet which hung on the wall. "Four o'clock . . . Yes. We are afraid fellow, that four o'clock is not to our pleasure." The duns gasped. "Inform the Prince that we will see him at four-thirty."

"Very good, sir."

The lackey withdrew, his good work done. Abrahams, speaking for the others, stood forward a pace and addressed Beau.

"In the matter of these bills, sir—"

"Well?"

"If you would allow us to leave them over until some time more convenient to yourself . . ."

"Very well. I will do that."

The duns withdrew, and Beau with a smile led the way back into his dressing room.

"We are clever and we are fortunate, Mortimer," he said drily. "We are—to be frank—but a pauper, but how elegantly a pauper, my good Mortimer. Duns fall before us like blades of grass. The Prince courts our company. At Bath and in the fashionable parlours of the Mall we are ourselves a Prince. We set the fashion, and as we dress, so does the best manhood of this nation dress. What matters the state of our purse? We are great—we are famous . . ."

With Mortimer's assistance he began to attire himself with the most scrupulous care. "And we are loved," he added.

Mortimer, used to his moods and whims, waited.

"Loved, yes," said Beau.

"But she was sold by her mother to a richer man." He

sat and stared reflectively out of the window. "I wonder how she fares, Mortimer? Little news reaches me of her. I wonder if she cares. She will hear of me, of how I lead the fashion of a nation and am the very smartest man in London Town. I wonder if she can guess that this is a—a drug to me, that as I must do something, I do this; that under the finest waistcoat in the land a

broken heart is beating? Broken? Nay, Mortimer, this is no way to talk. Not broken-hearted. Did not she say that some day she would come to me. The old fool that is her husband is a very old fool. Some day he must go—and then . . ."

He rose abruptly.

"It was good of my uncle to leave me that inheritance, but he left it too late," he said. "And now it is gone. Mortimer, the great Brummel must use his wits, or he will soon be at the end of them. Hark! the bell. This will be the Prince, I doubt not. I will receive him here, Mortimer."

It was some two hours later that Beau explained to the faithful Mortimer the ingenious way in which he had succeeded in entrenching himself.

"Little Lord Manly and Poodle Byng—with his inevitable dog under his arm—agreed that it was the most adroit touch. I took a length of silk and neatly folded it under the chin. I invented the cravat and presented it to the Prince. The little fat fellow was delighted, Mortimer, and he is to wear it in Pall Mall to-morrow. A personal triumph! We can soar now to the greatest heights. And then there is this matter of the Lady Hester Stanhope. Consider it, Mortimer. The Lady Hester desires me. The Prince desires the Lady Hester. I—not desir-



ing the Lady Hester in the least—gracefully stand down. The little fat fellow takes on the notion that I am invaluable to him. His mind cannot hold two notions at once, I am afraid. He will never see how invaluable he is to me. We are for ever established. Under his wing we will go down many years of triumph."

And under the Royal wing Beau Brummel did indeed do this thing. Gloriously insolvent he rode the wave of fashion on its crest and thought that so he must ride gloriously to the end. Alas! The duns might wait, but not for ever. Lady Hester might be easily disposed of, but not in every way. Tales crept to the ears of the Prince—some true, some lying tales that came from the Lady Hester. It was said that gambling debts remained unpaid too long, and some for ever. Lord Alvanley, hating Brummel for holding still his wife's affection, scrupled not to poison the Prince's mind against his favourite. Years of triumph, and then—other years. Beau felt his old hold to be weakening. And one night at a great ball in Carlton House matters came to a head at last. The Prince, being no longer useful, must be discarded. How best to discard him was Beau's thought.

Margery, Lady Alvanley, was there. Once or twice since her marriage they had met, met and looked into each other's eyes and seen what only they could see there. An added sadness was in her eyes now, sadness for this tragic waste of so much brilliance. The Prince, as usual drunk, seeking to cheer the lady, pressed obviously unwelcome advances on the lady. And it was then that Beau presumed to interrupt.

"Be good enough," he commanded, "to leave the lady unmolested."

Aghast, the other guests fell back before the Prince's fury. In Lady Alvanley's eye was a tear, but only one saw that.

When the first blast of the Prince's fury was spent, Brummel carelessly took a pinch of snuff with his famous gesture.

"Ah," he drawled in his lightest tones, "I perceive I am not welcome here. Be so good, Wales, as to ring for my coach."

Sweet memory—memory of triumph, though triumph vanished. Doddering old Brummel smiled at the senile reflection in the mirror, and nodded with feeble gaiety. Long ago! but still how fresh . . . That was the night before his final thrust, his final triumph—and his first defeat. Twenty-seven weary years before . . .

1813.

IT was morning in the Mall, a gay spring morning. All of London's best society was assembled to see what would happen when the two famous Georges should meet, for the story of the encounter at Carlton House had gone the rounds like a lightning flash. All? But the Lady Alvanley was not there.

Beau was chatting with Lady Moira and Lord Byron when the Prince appeared upon the scene. Then abruptly he ceased and began to walk away.

"Surely," said Lady Moira with the gentlest sneer, "you will not leave before the Prince arrives?"

To which Beau bowed gallantly and remained.

The Prince stopped. "Good day,

*Then there was the matter of the Lady Hester Stanhope, who would not suffer herself to be easily disposed of.*

Lady Moira and Lord Byron," he said pointedly; and then—"We are having another little supper at Carlton House to-night. We desire the presence of all our good friends. Will you come, Lady Moira and you too, Byron?"

They breathed an acceptance and the Prince turned away, calmly smiling, supreme behind his supreme snub, satisfied that once again the honours were with him. He was a yard away . . .

Then Beau Brummel turned to Byron and said with magnificent impudence:

"Who's your fat friend, George?"

A triumph, but the last. The lightning flashed again, the news went round and from out their lairs came the waiting wolves. Creditors by the dozen fell upon him, and a night came when he and Mortimer on the end of the old Dover pier said good-bye to England and the scenes of Beau Brummel's greatness.

The smile was gone from the old face.

The shabby background behind his old face, seen in the mirror, was no untrue background now. It needed no effort of mind to call back that other shabby place that sheltered him ten years before, in

1830,

that cheap rooming-house in Calais. Mortimer had been with him still then, an ageing Mortimer as he himself was ageing, but faithful to the last. He recalled that on that fateful afternoon the dear old fellow had been urging him to sell his love letters.

"A wonderful collection," he had agreed. "From all the greatest ladies in the land. How I have been loved in my time, Mortimer. And how little I have loved . . ."





He sighed. Said Mortimer:

"The publishers would clamour for them. On what you would make, you might re-establish yourself once more, sir. The Prince is now the King of England. What happened unfortunately happened long ago, and the King in his good fortune would surely forgive the past. With the money to establish you—"

"Mortimer," said Beau suddenly, lifting the love letters aloft—"bring me a taper."

It was done. Quickly Beau thrust the mass into the flame and watched the letters burn to black powder.

"So do I save these dear ladies from their own indiscretions. Who knows that I shall not yet set still another fashion—the fashion of virtue. We are low, Mortimer, but who shall say that we are finished yet?"

There was a knock on the door.

"A visitor! Mortimer! But it is seventeen years since last I had a caller. Who can it be? The door, Mortimer—the door!"

Mortimer opened the door and into the room, frailly, falteringly, stepped—Lady Margery Albanley, a feeble lady of fifty now, with greying hair. Their eyes met and there was no need for formalities. She said simply:

"My husband is dead. I have been many months in finding you. You must let me help you."

Beau drew himself up, wrapped in his frayed old dressing-gown, last remnant of his former splendour, and bowed with all his old gallantry.

"Madame," he said, "for you but to live and be yourself is sufficient."

"Has it always been sufficient—for you?" Margery asked. "There were many women . . ."

Beau shrugged his shoulders but made no answer.

"There was Lady Hester Stanhope."

"I was bored and she amused me."

"And the Duchess—"

"I was lonely and she was kind."

"Oh, my dear," cried the woman, and the man seized her and pressed a long, long kiss on her upturned lips.

"You must go," he said brokenly. "I am not worthy now. I could not accept your sacrifice. Margery—our happiness could never be."

Mournfully the two men watched her departure, the gallant Beau and the faithful Mortimer. Then, brokenly still, a changed man, Beau turned to his servant when the last trace of the boat that bore him from her for ever could be seen no longer.

"Take my last snuff-box," he said, "and sell it in the town. It will have some slight value for what I used to be. On what it brings we will return to England and there, Mortimer, you will leave my service. Yes, yes, indeed—do not protest. How can I feed two mouths now? How can I feed one?"

Old Mortimer bowed his head that his old master might not see the tears that were in his eyes.

Ten years ago. And now—?

In his bare, forlorn-looking



Old Brummel in his dismal old room.

chamber, in this year of 1840, the old man of sixty-two, this ragged, unkempt, staring creature, turned from the broken mirror with a sigh. Where now, he wondered, was Mortimer. Did he prosper? Was he dead? And Margery? He did not know. No news of them came through to him now. He was alone—forsaken and forgotten. And this very day, his landlady, patient no longer before his grand lies, had called him pauper . . .

His old body hobbled about the shabby room, his old mind feebly tried to grasp again at those forgotten splendours. The door opened, but at first he did not see. And when he saw he did not rightly understand. It was Mortimer. Yes, but . . . Clothed so splendidly . . . Then he prospered? But . . . He passed his hands across his dimming eyes and tried to think. Mortimer? Mortimer was his good and faithful servant, surely?

"I shall want—covers for twelve, Mortimer," he said grandly, waving a bony hand. "The Prince will be here. He said eight o'clock, but I said eighty-three, and by gad! eighty three it is to be. A powerful ally, Mortimer. Under his wing we will fly down many years of triumph still. Little Manly will be here—drunk, as usual . . . Poodle Byng . . . Lady Hester . . . and . . . and Margery . . ."

In spite of himself old Mortimer found himself peering into the shadows trying to see the things that Brummel saw. But in vain. Nothing but the blank wall of the shabby room was there. He shivered as Beau went on.

"Ah—his Royal Highness. Thrice welcome, George, by George! I've a new hat buckle to show you—"

He crumpled suddenly and Mortimer caught the spare frame tenderly in his arms. "Oh, sir," he cried helplessly, "what can I do for you?"

"Margery," came the feeble voice, "my own true love—for ever and for ever . . ."

"Sir—oh, sir!" cried Mortimer.

Eerily through tangled hair the maddened eyes gleamed.

Dragging the rags of that once famous dressing-gown about him, he drew himself up, and somehow through all that misery and squalor,

that sickness and decay, he was the old Beau still.

"Mortimer," he gasped "dismiss the rabble . . . We are—fatigued . . . It grows—dark. Dismiss the rabble, Mortimer . . . Margery—Margery . . ."

He tottered and fell and Mortimer laid him gently on the couch.

"What—what can I do, sir?" he asked brokenly, bending over the wasted form.

But Mortimer could do nothing. The great Beau Brummel was dead.



# Jungle Heroines

New Friends under a familiar Trademark.



Above: Hedda Nova and Frank Glendon the stars of this series of Jungle screenplays.



Reading downwards: The gamble for a wife in "The Lion's Mate." Hedda Nova in "Beasts of the Veldt," and Left: Anna May, the elephant, plays nursemaid in "The Jungle Heroine."

complete this series of films which cleverly combine the educational and dramatic.

HOW easy it is to make animals—even the wildest of the forest beasts—act for the screen is demonstrated by Colonel William Selig in the new series of short films he has just completed, entitled *The Jungle Stories*.

In the majority of animal films one finds that the four-legged actors play the leading parts, but Colonel Selig has cast them in minor but still important roles, and the incidents in which they take part might easily be slices from real life.

To make animals act naturally is even more difficult than persuading them to perform a series of tricks which have been taught them after hours of patience and perseverance on the parts of both pupil and teacher.

For *The Jungle Stories* Colonel Selig has gone to the forests in all parts of the world, the animals are seen in their own natural surroundings whilst playing special roles in the film. Tigers, leopards, lion and crocodiles are introduced, whilst perhaps Anna May, the elephant and Mary, the chimpanzee, carry off the highest acting honours.

In *The Jungle Heroine*, Anna May is the pet of the wife of a rubber planter, and when the black nurse is lax in his work, Anna May deputises for him. She is moreover, the real heroine in the story for she rescues her master and his baby daughter from certain death.

Mary is one of the cleverest chimpanzees in captivity and is the real pet of the Selig zoo. She is never chained or caged but has the freedom of the studio. In *Beasts of the Veldt*, Mary protects her mistress from assault by her brute of a husband, and finally strangles him. Mary moreover, is camera-wise, for in the "close-ups" she has seen to it that her face is turned well to the lens in order that her expressions should be easily registered.

*The Jungle Tragedy, The Last Man, The Were Tiger, and The Lion's Mate*

The difficulties which Colonel Selig had to surmount in producing *The Jungle Stories* were many. It took him two years to find the stories he required, then he went to great trouble to ensure the correct backgrounds. For each film a man who had lived in each of the jungle districts introduced was engaged to superintend the building of sets etc. Then this enterprising producer had to secure natives of each district to take part in the films, for in the majority of them only three or four white people appear.



# British Studio Gossip

Ivy Duke, who is on tour at the moment with Guy Newall, in his play "Husband Love," is enthusiastic in her praise of the U. F. A. studios near Berlin, where *Decameron Nights* was filmed. "They are enormous," she said. "When I tell you that their permanent staff is a hundred and sixty strong, without counting the directors and players you will have an idea of their size. Usually four producers work there at the same time, and all scenes, exteriors as well as interiors are shot there. Beautiful grounds surround the studios; almost like parks, and Guy and I never missed a day whether I was working or not, because we found so much of interest going on there. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks came and watched us work one afternoon, and I was awfully glad I wasn't doing much because I had a nice long chat with them."

Right: Isobel Elsom as the charwoman in "The Love Story of Alette Brunton," a fine character make-up. Below: Clive Brooke and Alice Joyce in "The Passionate Adventure."



Lionel Barrymore and Ivy Duke as "Saladin" and "Perdita" in "Decameron Nights."

## The Passionate Adventure.

Some of the sets in *The Passionate Adventure* are unique, especially the large hall which is seen so many times and from so many different angles during the progress of the story. Graham Cutts tells me it was specially designed so as to give a minimum of two hundred different camera angles. The movie itself will doubtless be popular, for it is well acted, beautifully costumed and ably directed. But it lacks humour, and its story is more or less a rehashing of *Between Two Women*. It seemed to me that Marjorie Daw and Lillian Hall Davies, in their fair wigs looked remarkably alike and something might have been made of this resemblance in the story, which gave Lillian Hall Davies very little to do except look charmingly pretty.

## Two Fine Character Studies.

Isobel Elsom's best screen work to date has gone into *The Love Story of Alette Brunton*, which was trade-shown last month. As both the unhappy aristocrat and the falsely accused woman of the slums her emotional work was restrained and excellent, and she looked and was totally different in each role. The camera is kind to Isobel, she is one of the few stars who screen exactly as they are, most of them looks years older in celluloid. Isobel Elsom has recently finished work on *Who Is the Man?* a screen version of "Daniel," a St. James's theatre success of a year or two ago, at Samuelson's, where Langhorne Burton has been playing opposite her.

## Good News for Fans.

So many queries have reached me since Cecil Hepworth announced that Hepworth's were no more as to whether Alma Taylor would retire, go to America, or work for another Com-



Left: Tubby Phillips in "Messenger Boy Comedies." "Messenger"



Right: Ralph Forbes and Yvonne Thomas in "Owd Bob"





pany. I am very pleased to be able to tell the world that Alma is not going to retire. Far from it. She is well away with her first picture made out of Hepworth studies, under Sidney Morgan's direction. From Walton to St. Margaret's is not such a very far cry, and though Alma will doubtless miss her old director she has an exceedingly able new one and everybody is looking forward eagerly to seeing the film.

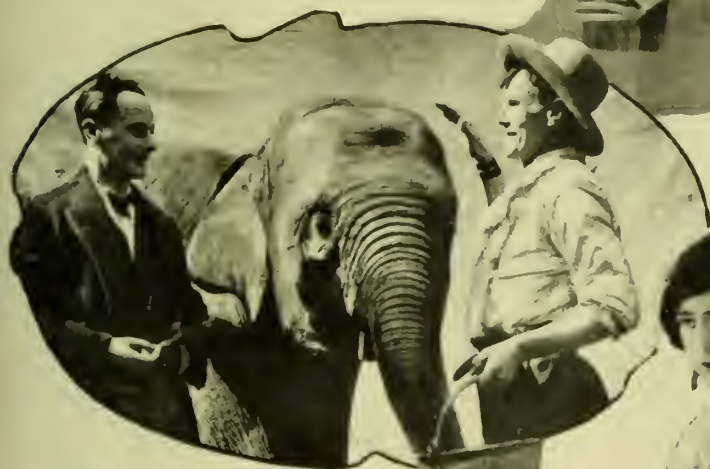
#### A Twentieth Century Cinderella.

Yvonne Thomas, who is seen here with Ralph Forbes in a scene from *Owd Bob*, an Atlantic Union production directed by Henry Edwards, screens very much like Chrissie White. She is a slight, dainty maid who looks about seventeen, but owns to twenty and a bittuck and has had a unique career. For Yvonne is a Cinderella who went to the ball without any aid from her fairy godmother. "Indeed," she laughed, when I told her this. "I don't think I ever had a fairy godmother. There weren't any fairies around when I started my film career, so I just hung on and watched every opportunity closely till the one came my way. And it didn't come, really, it had

Left: James Carew and Jameson Thomas in "The Drum," one of Stoll's "Strand Magazine" series.



Ivor Novello and Dorothy Batley in a comedy interlude in "The Rat."



Edwards and his wife Chrissie White, are at present holiday making abroad.

#### Back to Stageland.

Fred Wright has returned to the stage and is on tour in the part of "The Doctor" in "White Cargo." Joan Clarkson is playing lead in the stage version of *Alf's Button* on tour. A. Bromley Davenport, too, is behind the footlights in "The Claimant," but he will probably leave the cast soon to play in "Husband Love" with Guy Newall and Ivy Duke.

#### Concerning "Husband Love."

By the way have you read "Husband Love" yet? If not why not? It is a refreshingly original romance, written in Guy Newall's best whimsical fashion, and its characters are remarkably life-like. Perhaps this is unavoidable, since they were taken from life. "Husband Love" has a chapter about a dog which will give every dog lover a most uncomfortable lump in the throat. It ought to make a delightful play and Guy Newall told me he is looking forward to the filming of it next spring.

#### Brothers In and Out of their Make-Up.

Leon and Charles Quartermaine are both in *The Eleventh Commandment* playing the brothers Mountford. They are brothers in real life, and it is not often that actors are allowed to carry their relationships over into their work.

Above: George Cooper, Stewart Rome and a four footed player on location. Right: Fay Compton as "Ruth Parchester" listens to her sister's confession. Lillian Hall-Davies plays Fay's sister.

to be fetched." Yvonne, who starred in *Land of My Fathers*, has been a author, scenario editor and assistant producer in her time. She has many amusing stories to tell of the inside workings of the movie machinery and I have asked her to give PICTUREGOER readers the benefit of them.

We hope to publish the result next month. *Owd Bob*, which is a screen version of the well known Alfred Ollivant story was screened mostly in Cumberland, and Fisher White, Grace Lane, Frank Stanmore and Jane Carew, besides the sheep-dog who plays "Owd Bob" support the stars. Henry





# Captain Blood in Celluloid

Sabatini's fast-moving romance of effectively kinematized

It is an interesting and somewhat difficult task to catch up with a motion picture star of such magnitude as Jack Warren Kerrigan when he is not in the midst of actual work. But to find him on location when in the filming of a picture and to get an interview is to accomplish the almost impossible.

Lady Luck must have been at my right elbow for not only did I find him at work but gained the much sought for interview. Mr. Kerrigan was in character for the name part that he is now playing in Sabatini's *Captain Blood* for the Vitagraph Company. Director David Smith graciously loaned

Above: "Captain Blood" in dress, and (below), undress uniform.



Colonial and sea life has been in America.

picture that would interest a star as a vehicle upon which to ride to fame once again.

In true kinema fashion Mr. Kerrigan runs the gamut of roles in his new picture. It is a new departure, so he explained as he had tried character parts but once and then eight years ago in *Samson*. From the gentleman of 1685, with the attendant foibles of dress and manner, to an abject slave is a great span to carry by make-up, and then the regeneration through the career of the romantic pirate chieftain to the position of Governor of Jamaica are all to be taken in this part and found within his ability. I found him a slave.



Below: Warren Kerrigan and Albert E. Smith.



President Albert E. Smith (left), Warren Kerrigan and Director David Smith discussing "Captain Blood."

Sabatini's *Captain Blood* is a fast moving story of colonial life and sea romance that stirred the English world in the later 17th Century. The beginning of the story is laid in England during the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth and travels with Captain Blood to the Antilles, where from a slave market he becomes the most famed of all the pirates of that time. Love interest and the inherent love to be a worthy man

in the eyes of a maid make Captain Blood supreme, with his tempered sense of justice he is admirably fitted to the abilities of Mr. Kerrigan.

The above digression about a book which has been read by nearly everyone may not seem necessary and is dwelt on solely to show the type of

Director David Smith pointed to a group of unshaven, dirty individuals in torn garments and said, "There's Mr. Kerrigan, and if you will just wait a moment he will be free."

"Mr. Kerrigan!" I gasped. Which one of those dejected fellows was he? I had always pictured him in mind as my hero of romance, and there I saw nothing but vagabonds. A sun arc sputtered behind us and as the light flooded the faces of the line of slaves Mr. Kerrigan became a personality. There was no mistaking him. He stood out from among his fellow companions in misery. Wan and marked of face, brow beaten in mien, with eyes that held the slumbering fires of rebellion only partly hidden by a quality of compassion for his captors—still there was no denying the broad intellectual forehead, patrician nose and the bearing of an artist.

My questions came fast when the opportunity presented itself and, I

his star to me for questioning.

Jack Kerrigan has been away from the screen for some four years and has but just lately returned to his old-time popularity. This picture is the third that he has acted since his return and gives promise to be the best in his entire long career.





know, must have bored him, although he assured me that on the subject of this new picture he would not tire. He loved "Captain Blood" and believed himself fortunate to be able to make alive one of Sabatini's brain people.

"I sat up all night to finish the book," he exclaimed, "and wanted to begin the part immediately. What a craftsman the author is; how deft in solving the most difficult situations." His mobile face lighted as his mind in retrospection recalled some of the coups at sea.

"The character delineation is carefully and truthfully drawn, sustained until the last—I wanted to play the part!"

The love interest? I felt that I could venture.

Then it was that I saw the magnetism of the man. He turned slowly to face me and the smile that has endeared him to thousands began creeping around the corners of his mouth, up to his eyes ran—large, soft brown eyes that flash emotion as the facets

of a diamond. He was a lover, he is still one, and always will be to his admirers the most romantic mover of hearts, no matter what is his guise.

"That," and his teeth gleamed in a smile of open confession, "is very little shown in this film, but it is there." His low, well modulated voice carried richness of tone as he grew serious in explaining.

"Little love interest is actually shown as we generally see it in pictures, but, of course, it is there. It is there as in all things but Sabatini has handled it as a

*Left: Jean Paige, who plays "Arabella Bishop," and Bottom: Rehearsing the Army in the Vitagraph studios.*



*Above: Jack Warren Kerrigan's latest portrait.*

*Left: As "Captain Blood" in peace and war-time get up.*

deft motive force to be unseen in display but felt, rather, in the development of the action and in the final culmination of Blood's regeneration."

This speech sounded to me a little serious, perhaps, but Mr. Kerrigan is serious at times, and pleasantly so.

"The costuming I like, and the character work is interesting," his puckering brows betrayed the fact that he had given careful thought to that part of his work. A flexing of the jaw muscles brought out startling lines of determination, a vigorous face, and as he abruptly broke into laughter, it bespoke of a regular man behind his gentlemanly polish—

"How I look to the sea battles and boarding fights!"

"Mr. Kerrigan, Mr. Kerrigan."

It was Director David Smith calling and I knew I was to be finished. But in those short minutes I had gleaned enough. I had visited a slave and found — well, Sabatini's "Captain Blood" alive.





# One Minute in Hot Water

"That's George O'Hara," says Louise Lorraine, who plays opposite George in the "Fighting Blood" series. "He's a gentle roughneck and he's the kind of youth who would make a good husband."

*George O'Hara who is the fighting star of a new boxing series.*

"If there is such a thing as a gentle roughneck, he is it!"

Thus did Louise Lorraine characterise young George O'Hara, star in H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" pictures, which are now in course of production in Hollywood. And Louise ought to know, when you come to consider the matter, because she is playing the leading feminine part in the new series, and her film romance with the hero is reeling merrily along at the present writing.

"I don't know whether that describes him or not," qualified Louise, carefully considering the matter. "Not very well, I imagine, after all, because he's really not a caveman in any sense. But you know how it is: without thinking, many people are likely to decide at once that a 'fight picture' must have a certain amount of roughness in its make-up, and that the players themselves are somewhat lacking in polish. In the minds of some people the very mention of prize fighting, even though it may be termed 'boxing,' brings up visions of brutality and low, prehistoric brows.

"I have found that no one could be further removed from the generally accepted idea of a professional fighter than George. He is really a high brow in his unprofessional moments—has all sorts of abstruse philosophical works in his library, and is a regular history hound. Also, he dotes on poetry, and translates from the Greek! But, sh!

He keeps that last dark from the rank-and-file!

"And an awfully nice thing about George: He is so careful and considerate of all his players—though it must be admitted that there are times when his opponents in the ring think he is the least considerate person in the

world! But it is all a matter of making the scene realistic—of making the picture good.

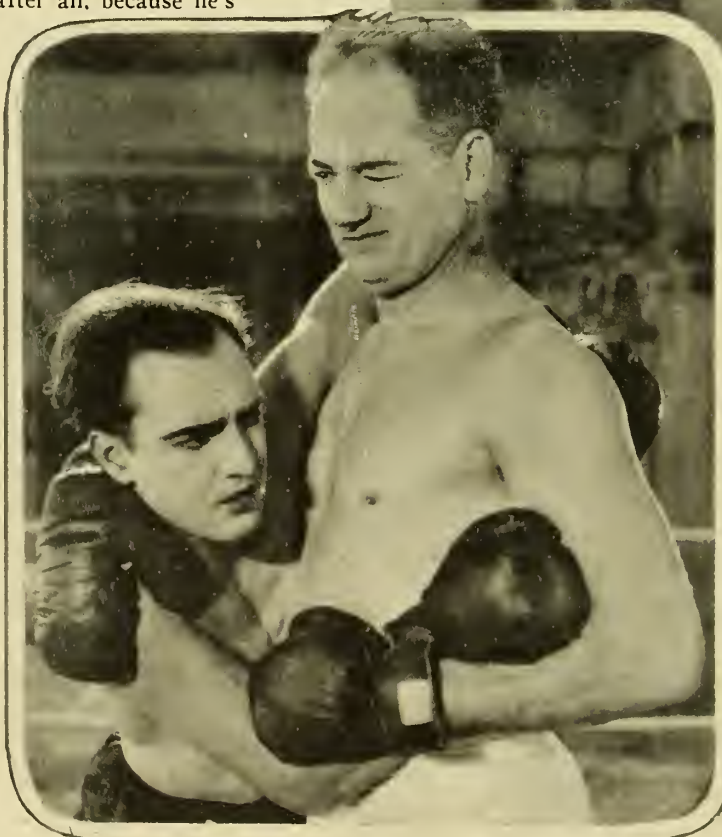
Louise Lorraine is a charming little person, with a simple directness that is very pleasing. Apparently she derives pleasure from the very fact that she is alive.

"It is true," she admitted, "that I had a certain amount of misgiving about the prize fight angle in the *Fighting Blood* pictures—a feeling that perhaps the atmosphere might not turn out to be quite as 'nice' as one might wish, and that the whole environment might carry more of the sporting element than the acting. "But I soon discovered that I was entirely mistaken. There isn't even one of those so-called cauliflower ears in the company. Far from an atmosphere of coarseness about the pictures, there is only the feeling of joyousness and youth, and, on our part, interest in what new adventures the next story will provide for us."

"That brings up a question," I said. "Do you marry the hero at the end of the series?"

"Really and truly," answered Louise with a quizzical smile, "I don't know."

MILDRED CURTIS.





# A Captivating Colleen

If you were to ask me why D. W. Griffith was like Rex Ingram I should reply that the former discovered Colleen Moore. What I mean is that between them they seem to have discovered every star in the film firmament, and if the former hadn't it is odds on that the latter would. This sounds a bit mixed, but it's all right really if you think about it! Anyway, the great D.W.G. did discover Colleen, though I doubt if even he knew at the beginning that he had found a star. He knew he had found a wistful, elfin flapper, with an Irish temperament—which was what he was looking for—but it wasn't long before he discovered that he had struck a goldmine by accident. The speed with which Colleen has come into the front rank has been one of the most remarkable things in the recent history of motion pictures.

It is only two years ago since *The Lotus Eaters* came over and set everyone asking who was this new juvenile lead playing opposite John Barrymore. Now she is being starred in special productions, and her name stuck up in huge electrics, with the usual result that alluring perfumes and a whole host of other products of the commercial world are named after her. In fact she is now so famous, and so much in demand that it is very difficult indeed to get an interview with her. If you look for her out West

Colleen was a captivating baby.



A wistful, elfin flapper, with one blue eye and one brown eye, and a real Irish temperament—in other words Colleen Moore.



Above: With her husband, John McCormick. Left: Colleen improving the shining hour.

she is in New York. And when you trail her to New York she has just left for California. All the big directors seem to be wanting Colleen Moore parts at the moment: indeed she has been so busy that she has hardly had time to get married, and could only squeeze in a day and a half for her honeymoon. However I caught her. Needs must when the—er—Editor of PICTUREGOER drives! I caught her. What an epic of endeavour lies hidden in those simple words! It was really quite simple. Colleen was in the mountains resting. I was in the mountains—but I was not resting. Therefore I caught her. At least I didn't catch her—I caught John. John is her husband. He is much easier to catch than Colleen.

"I want to meet your wife," I said sternly.

"Sure," said Mr. McCormick. John doesn't mind how many people meet his wife, he's so proud of her. They've only been married a short time and it's very difficult for them to realise yet that it's quite an ordinary thing that has happened to lots of other people at various times. They're all like that at first. Then they get to know interviewers. After that it's a job for a man who combines the qualities of a Sherlock Holmes and a bloodhound!

Above: However. An everyday snapshot of Colleen.

"Sure," said John, and took me straight to her.

She was inside her car at the time. Right inside it. Inside the engine in fact . . . and she was murmuring those soothing persuasions that a motorist





*Above: Colleen and a companion listen in.*

*Right: She likes a small close-fitting hat because it keeps her hair tidy.*



*Below: With John McCormick in "The Huntress."*



*Above: An unusual study. Colleen in "The Devil's Claim," a Sessue Hayakawa film.*

addresses to an engine that has gone on strike.

John took it away from her and did it—whatever it was. It was thoughtful of him. It left Colleen to my tender mercies. We wandered off to a conveniently adjoining rock and sat down.

"Now which do you want to talk about?" said Colleen, "my husband or my career?"

"What I really want to ask about," I replied, "is whether you actually

have one blue and one green-brown eye."

"They're staring you straight in the face," she said, "you can see for yourself."

I did. She had.

"Anything else you'd like to know?" she went on. "I've got a perfectly good nose, too, my very own. I know it's a bit small and funny, but I'm not going to have it altered, although my

friend Helen Ferguson is always urging me to do so. Her new nose is a great success," she added, laughing.

"I have a great admiration for your friend, but I don't wish to speak about her at the moment. I want to talk about—"

"John McCormick?" asked Colleen mischievously.

"Mrs. John McCormick," I said with firmness.

"Oh, you can't," said Colleen, "she has so little past history to talk about. But I'll tell you about Kathleen Morrison if you like."

"Who's Kathleen Morrison anyhow?" I asked.

"Mrs. John McCormick," said Colleen.

Oh yes! She's Irish all right!

"You see I'm half Scotch and half Irish," she explained. "That's where I got my mixture of names. But I think Colleen Moore's better for a screen player, don't you?"

"You are the one and only," I murmured politely.

"No I'm not at all. I've got a brother Cleve who's going to be a perfectly wonderful moving picture actor before he has finished. Johnny has promised to give him a leading part with me some day. He's just out of college you know, and we found him a small part in my film *The Perfect Flapper*. He's going to be great."

"I'm sure he is," I said, "but what about his sister who's great already?"

"I don't know anything about great," said Colleen, "I know I'm busy. I've been busy for years. I've been busy ever since I came out of my convent school and graduated from the Detroit Conservatory of Music. Did you know that I was going to be a professional pianist?" she broke off.







Above: With the "Perfect Flapper" doll which is really a vanity case.

"I knew you played beautifully," I answered.

"I play a lot. I love it. But I've given up all my ambitions that way. You see I never finished my training. I was in the middle of it when I and my mother were staying with relatives in Chicago, and we happened to meet Mr. Griffith at a dinner party. I was crazy to meet him, for I had always been fond of acting and of the movies, and had an immense admiration for the stars and the big directors. But when Mr. Griffith began to talk to me I suddenly went shy, and I must have acted like a fool. However, to my great surprise he suddenly asked me whether I would like to become a motion picture actress. I told him I would love it better than anything in the world.

Mother nudged me—but I didn't care. Mr. Griffith said that if I would leave for California the next day he would give me a chance to make good in one of his films. I spent half that night arguing with mother. She didn't want me to go at all, nor did Daddy. They both thought me crazy. However, I got my way. I usually do," she added with a smile.

"People with one blue eye and one brown," I began.

Colleen interrupted. "Oh yes, I know they're supposed to be pig-headed, perhaps it's Irish. Pigs and potatoes, you know," she said, waving her hand airily.

I felt a little lost. One does feel a little lost with Colleen. Her conversa-

tion kind of sizzles. She gives a remarkably good imitation of an electric spark. I got more bewildered the more I tried to think of a suitable retort. I fell back on the business in hand. "And what happened to little Kathleen Morrison in California?" I asked.

"She arrived in Los Angeles on a Friday. On the following Monday she began work in her first picture. It was in *The Bad Boy* which Mr. Griffith was making with Bobby Harron. She—I, I mean—spent a year with Griffith playing in *The Old-fashioned Young Man* and *Hands Up*. Then I did a lot more serious films.



Reading downwards:  
Colleen's new Chipmink coat, a gift from her husband.  
Small circle:  
In her "Wall Flower" make up. Large circle:  
With Milton Sills in a love scene from "Flaming Youth."

Pathos was my line in those days. I played opposite Monroe Salisbury, Sessue Hayakawa, Charles Ray and Tom Mix, and did quite a lot of work for Selig. But I didn't really care for tragic parts. I have always believed that laughter is so much greater than tears. It is easy enough to make your audience cry by mere experience and ability, but the gift of humour comes spontaneously and to few. I have always coveted it for myself. That is why I was glad of the opportunity to put my ambitions to the test under Al Christie, and I enjoyed every moment of my time with him, as a pure comedienne.

It was while I was there that I made *So Long Letty*, with Walter Hiers. People seem to remember it," she added naively.

"I'm sorry," I answered, "but for my own part I always think of you as a second Lillian Gish. I never remember that you have been a comedienne at all. My first impression of you came from your wonderful work as a Hindu girl with Hayakawa in *The Devil's Claim*. I have never forgotten it."

"You and Mr. Neilan would agree then," said Colleen with a ripple of laughter. "I think it was my Hindu girl that really gave me my big chance. Mr. Neilan tells me that he had his eye on me for a long time, and *The Devil's Chains* decided him. He sent for me one day when I was playing in comedy, and told me that he wanted me for a long-term contract. I jumped at the chance and decided that it would be better to resign myself to serious acting for the future. That was the beginning of my real career."

I remembered a rumour that I had heard that Colleen Moore was considered one of Neilan's greatest dis-







Above: A scene from "Painted People."

coveries . . . that is as a star. D.W.G. was certainly the first to see an actress and recognise her as such. Neilan intended to star Colleen, not in tragedies or comedies, but in those pictures that portray real life on the screen. The varying studies of laughter and tears that Neilan himself loves, and Colleen knows so well how

Below: Colleen Moore, Ernest Torrence, and Malcolm McGregor in "Broken Chains."



to interpret. Since then other directors have carried on the good work along these lines, so that it doesn't much matter whether Colleen wants to laugh or cry—her directors have got it all arranged for her, and it looks as though everybody would be satisfied.

"I like to submerge my own personality completely in the part I am playing," broke in Colleen with a torrent of words. "I'm only happy when my parts give me a wide range of emotions and character to express. That is why I so much enjoyed my first part with Mr. Neilan in *Dinty*. I

Below: Colleen as the ultra-modern flapper in "Flaming Youth."



played the dual role of a light-hearted girl and of a saddened and ageing woman. It was a bit of a strain for the inexperienced actress that I was then, but Mr. Neilan seemed satisfied. So was Mr. Vidor. He liked my work in *Dinty* so much that he borrowed me from Goldwyn to make *The Sky Pilot* in Canada.

"After that New York again to make *The Lotus Eaters*. Oh," with a little shiver of happiness, "that thrills me even now when I think of it. I was chosen out of hundreds of other girls to play in it opposite John Barrymore, my idol from childhood. I never thought I should ever really have the chance. It was glorious."

She went off into a happy dream of recollections, from which I had to rouse her rather sharply. It was growing late. John had nearly finished doing whatever it was he was doing to the car, and I had not yet discovered what ultimately became of Kathleen Morrison. "And since *The Lotus Eaters*?" I asked helpfully.

"Gracious, I can't remember the order," said Colleen, "there've been dozens since that happened. I know there was *Broken Chains* and *Slippy McGee*, and later on *April Showers*, *The Huntress*, *Flaming Youth*, *The Perfect Flapper*, *The Swamp Angel* and *Flirting With Love*. Next week I shall be back again beginning work on the star part in *So Big*. Incidentally," she said, "I've been getting married, as you know. I remember when that was all right!"

"Long ago?" I asked.

Milton Sills and Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth"



"Last August—August 18th to be exact. August's my lucky month you know. The first is my birthday, then in August I met Mr. Griffith at that dinner party. I signed my contract with Christie in August. Then in (Continued on page 47.)





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# Movie Mirthmaking

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It's a serious business being funny. Reel-ly funny, that is. Have you ever considered the concentrated thought that lies behind the mere flinging of a custard pie? The careful planning of a situation that raises spontaneous laughter from your lips? And all the other hundred and one little serious bits of side splitting farce that go to make up our movie comedies. Probably you have never given a thought to any of these things. You take your film fare upon its laugh-provoking merits and care little or nothing that what to you is simply light amusement is a regular business to those behind the scenes.

Nevertheless, being funny is a business and a very serious one to those who have to earn their living by it. Though quite a number of gags in film comedies are spontaneous flashes of humour from the actors themselves, as many more are the outcome of weeks of systematic brainwork by men kept specially for that purpose. Down at the Hal Roach studios they say that if you happen upon a group of men who look as though they're discussing the details of somebody's funeral, you can be sure that these are the studio gag-men, arranging some of those flashes of wit and farcical humour that are destined to bring tears of mirth to the eyes of thousands when they take celluloid form.

Mack Sennett especially deserves your admiring attention for he is the father of all comedy. It was he who first discovered the comic possibilities of the custard pie. The film chase with all its breathlessly ludicrous excitement, the

bathing girl in all her varying modes, these and scores of other comedy attractions originated with him. He first discovered, too, the possibilities of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, and others whose names are now



Above: Buster Keaton in "Sherlock Jr." Below: Dorothy Devore and Tully Marshall in "Hold your Breath."



Above: Louise Fazenda in "Main Street"

almost bywords amongst nations. And he's still making the world laugh with films in which much of the humour comes from his own fertile brain.

Everybody knows what Charlie Chaplin has done, since the days when he earned 250 dollars a week with Mack Sennett. But not everybody knows of the tremendously hard work that has gone into the making of even the smallest of these comedies of his.

The same thing applies to Buster Keaton who was clever enough to realise the pressing need for originality, and hit upon a peculiarly frozen, unsmiling expression as a means of acquiring distinction amongst the famous. To Harold Lloyd who improves with every film he gives us, and who thinks out half his own gags and stories. And to Louise Fazenda, who isn't afraid of spoiling her looks in the interests of laughter.

Think of all these, you film fans who have hitherto paid no heed to the personalities and brains behind these comedies you laugh at and forget, and remember that it takes something more than a red nose and a string of sausages to make a clown. It is the heart that beats beneath Punchinello's motley that helps him to win his way, through laughter, to the hearts of his audience.

E.E.B.



Eddie Barry and Betty Compso, in a Christie Comedy of the 1913 vintage.



## CAPTIVATING COLLEEN

(Continued from page 44.)

another August I went to Marshall Neilan, and in still another I got my big contract from Goldwyn. So you see August really has been my lucky month: it isn't just a superstition."

"An Irish girl," I murmured, "and not superstitious?"

"I've only one," said Colleen, "one pet superstition of my very own. I won't change my dressing room, nor do up the little room that I have already. I did it once, and immediately the company closed down. I signed another contract, and almost immediately was foolish enough to decorate my room again. That company bust . . . so never again, although they are trying to persuade me, now that I am playing star parts to take one of the big star dressing rooms, like Corinne Griffith and the other girls, but no fear! And, do you know I've been doing a bit of 'extra' work again? Just to see what it felt like. It happened when John Francis Dillon, who directed *Flaming Youth* was on a visit to me, and we went round the town together and found them shooting Hollywood scenes for *Sundown*. So, just for devilry, I suppose, Frank Mayo, who was standing on the street corner cried, 'Come on Colleen, here's Adolphe Menjou, Syd Chaplin and your humble just signed on for a crowd scene. Come, girl, do your bit.' Hullo, here's John," she broke off.

What John said exactly I can't remember. It was a mixture of strange words in which I caught Magneto, Contact points, and various other mysteries of the motoring art. Colleen appeared to have forgotten my existence in her eagerness to learn just what had been the matter with that mule-like engine. I decided that the time had come for me to fade away.

Colleen is one of the most natural stars to whom I have ever talked. She has the refreshing candour of a child, and the vim and sparkle of all her Irish ancestry. It runs in her veins.

She has not found any royal road to success, other than the royal road that always lies open to talent and hard work. The only thing about Colleen is that, having found the road she has travelled along it at a remarkable speed, and has never looked back. To my mind she had only one dangerous moment. That was when some rather too-clever director discovered that she might, with very little difficulty, be moulded into a clever copy of Lillian Gish. But originality, fortunately, will out. The dangerous moment passed, and in *Flaming Youth* and her other modern parts the real untrammelled Colleen is back with us again, with all her quaint characteristics and loveabilities. Only there is an added touch of maturity, that extra poise and ballast which her volatile youth could never quite attain.



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# TOM & TONY



*A precarious pose, for a very slight movement on the part of either horse or man might mean a nasty tumble. But Tony knows when to put a little action into it and when not to. And this emphatically a "not to."*



*Tom emulating the famous statue that stands in Piccadilly. His base is equally secure though his costume is different. Still to his fans, Tom in any costume is good for the eyes.*



*Wild West garb becomes Tom Mix best, 'tis said, but we'll say he looks good to us in the tamer garb in which he appears above.*



*Tony's back makes an excellent sofa. Only wants a cushion or two and there you are.*



*"Tom's whiskers," says Tony "are tickling my knees; he really ought to shave twice a day"*

There are no more popular pair of partners on the screen than Tom Mix and "Tony" Mix. "Tony" who is as intelligent as it's humanly possible for a horse to be is quite one of the Mix family, goes wherever they go, and is probably the highest rated animal actor extant. Besides carrying more

than his weight in life and accident assurance, he has his old-age pension waiting for him, for Tom has set aside a certain sum of money for "Tony" to live upon when he is past work. As for Mix himself, he is too well known to need any description. He and Tony are filming Zane Grey stories these days.





# Bobbed hair for YOU?

Laura La Plante,  
starring in  
Universal Pictures

SOME women look altogether charming with bobbed hair, but others do not. Brave, therefore, is the girl who decides to risk it. But those who favour bobbing and those who do not have this advantage in common, that they can make their hair richer, cleaner, more lustrous and more wavy by means of the simple, inexpensive Lavona treatment.

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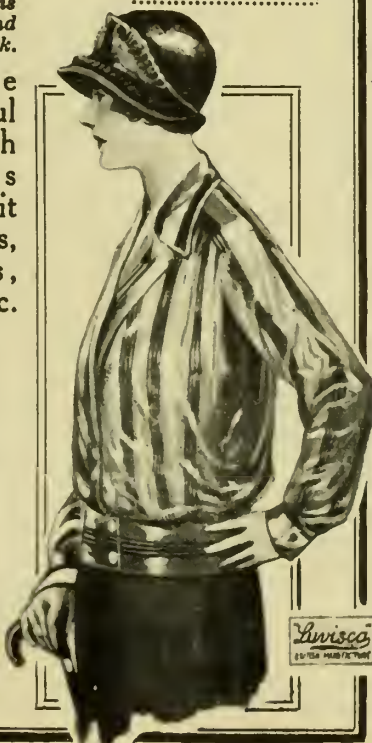
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MARY.

There's a dear little lady, so dainty and fair  
With the loveliest eyes, and the glossiest hair.  
Folks say she's a star and she is you can bet.  
You ask me her name? Why, it's Mary Odette.

LYNETTE (Bristol).

## IF I WERE A FAN.

If I were a fan I should probably gush  
As other fans do who write carols and mush

To the stars that they worship (I cannot tell why).

If I were a star I should probably smirk  
As other stars do, when I read their poor work,  
In praise of my smile, or the flash of my eye.

But being myself I can only feel pain  
To think that my fellows are quite so insane,  
And pray preservation from fandom—or die!

MYSELF (Herts).

## TO THE BEERY BROTHERS.

Dear Wallace and Noah, I write this to you  
For you are my fav'rites, and that is quite true.  
O'er Rudolph and Ramon the other girls bawl  
But villains are my choice, and you're best of all.

I loved your work Wallace, in Doug's *Robin Hood*  
As "Richard the First" you were awfully good,  
But your part in *White Tiger*, I think I liked best—

You look really stunning when faultlessly dressed.

And Noah, in some films, you've frightened me so—

In *To the Last Man* you were wicked you know—

And yet if you want to you know that you can

Be a perfectly lovable, charming old man.

No matter what role, whether wicked or good,

I'd go miles to see you as every fan should.

My love for you both surely never will die

So, Wallace and Noah, I'll bid you "Good-bye."

VAMPYRE (Beckenham).

## COLLEEN

Of all the famous movie stars  
That I have ever seen  
There's one who really beats the rest  
And loud I hail her Queen.

You ask to know the lady's name  
That fondly I adore?  
The answer's simple as can be—  
Of course it's Colleen Moore!

MURIEL (Essex).

## MY HERO.

I tried to find the movie man I really held most dear,  
But I'd so many favourites, across the Pond and here—  
I gazed on Valentino, as a dark, distinguished Sheik  
And vowed I'd found my idol, but oh!  
I must be weak

For once again I wavered on beholding Lewis Stone,

While Richard Talmadge with his stunts quite staggered me, I own.

Each time I saw Frank Mayo my infatuation grew

Until I gave my heart away to stalwart Monte Blue.

... But all these little passions are done with now and past

I've really found my Hero, my mind's made up at last

'Tis George of "Let George Do It" and although he doesn't act

I'm filled with admiration for his patience and his tact.

Don't know the colour of his eyes, or if he's short or tall,

In spite of this I know that now I like him best of all.

M. W. (Maida Vale).

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2]

### How Did It get There.

In *Flaming Passion* "Mimi" takes "Steve's" signet ring off his right hand and puts it on her own finger. He is then called away to another room and she is left alone, gazing tenderly at the ring on her finger. But in the very next scene, "Steve" still has the ring on his own hand. E.N.W. (Portsmouth).

### Iron Locks Do Not a Prison Make!

Bebe Daniels in *The Exciters* shuts the front door of her home in Tony Moreno's face, and then goes to her own room, locking the door. Tony Moreno forces an entrance through her window, and at sight of him she runs out through the door without stopping to unlock it. He calls her back and they make up their quarrel. Neither of them touches the door, but when her parents come to look for her, they find it still locked, although she has previously left the room.

F.J. (Barrow-in-Furness).

### A Mask Mystery.

Mae Murray gives a Russian dance in *Fashion Row*, in which all the guests are masked. She gives her mask to a friend, and walks away. The friend calls her back and she turns round with the mask in her hand. How did she get it back?

M. R. (Halifax).

### The Train that took the Wrong Turning.

In *Many Adventures* featuring Hurricane Hutch, the heroine leaves Devon in the London express, the engine of which is plainly marked L.N.E.R. Since when has that railway found its way into Devon?

D.E.M. (London)

### A Quick-Change Artist.

Near the commencement of *The Whip*, the villain, "Baron Sartoris," while talking to the heroine, "Diana Beverley," in her garden, is called away suddenly to the telephone. When he left her he was wearing a plain dark suit and a trilby, but when he picks up the telephone receiver he has on a striped suit, and a straw hat. However, when he rejoins his companion he is again seen in a trilby, though he is still wearing the striped suit. What happened to his original hat?

M. M. H. (Surrey).

### The Yacht with Two Names.

A sub-title in *The Marriage Cheat* states that the name of Adolphe Menjou's yacht is "Wayfarer," but when we see the vessel the name "Sultana" is printed on the bows. Did it play a dual role in the film?

I. J. R. (Colchester).





**D.** W. Griffith paid a flying visit to London last month in connection with his picture *America*, which under its altered title *Love and Sacrifice* was banned by the British Board of Censorship as being Anti-British. By way of protest against this Griffith showed the film to a representative gathering of the press and certainly, as seen by us there was nothing Anti-British about it. But it had been cut heavily both before and after it was viewed by T. P. O'Connor. In the course of one of his speeches on that occasion Griffith remarked, "The picture, *Love and Sacrifice*, is of no consequence. It is the fact that I, who love Britain and the British have been called Anti-British that has brought me here to-day." We agree with Mr. Griffith entirely.

The film is interesting only because of its exquisite photographic effects. The story is negligible, though the first part has enough historical interest to be worth while, to Americans, at any rate. Lionel Barrymore is good enough as the rascally Butler, and Carol Dempster, Ralph Graves, and some well chosen types have leading roles. But the "Griffith touches" which have so endeared his movies to us are conspicuously absent. D. W. Griffith himself was a hundred per cent. more interesting, we thought.

Rather older than his photographs suggest, with long, smooth, fast greying hair, heavy lidded eyes, and a strange, inscrutable face, Griffith reminded us forcibly of the late Sir Henry Irving. He is undoubtedly the Svengali of the Movies, and his mesmeric powers lie, not so much in his eyes, as in his long, fine hands, and his voice, which he uses with masterly skill. He speaks slowly, and has his own methods of pronunciation, saying, for instance, "Sacrifiss" for "sacrifice," and occasionally making disyllables of vowels. But we see no earthly reason why *Love and Sacrifice*, as it now stands should be shut out of our kinemas, and it is up to any Griffith fans who want to see it to write to the Powers that Be and ask for the ban to be lifted.

Eugene O'Brien is playing opposite Mae Busch and Ben Alexander in First National's *Frivolous Sal*. Lewis Stone returns to the same company for the lead in *Fashions For Men*.

They have re-titled Norma Talmadge's *Fight* and it will be eventually released as *The Only Woman*.

You will be sorry to hear that Dick Talmadge has been stunting once too often, and is lying, seriously injured, in a Californian nursing home. We wish Dick a speedy recovery.

Marjorie Daw and Lou Tellegen are the stars in a Victor Hugo Halperin production now being made. It is titled *Greater Than Marriage* and is a screen version of "Joan Thursday," Louis Joseph Vane's well known novel.

William Fox and John Golden have recently formed a £1,000,000 company and have brought seven famous American plays for immediate screening. One only amongst them has been performed this side, though. They are "Lightnin'," which ran four years on end in New York, "Howdy Folks," "Thank-U," "Chicken Feed," "The First Year," "The Wheel," (in which Phyllis Neilson Terry starred in London), and "Seventh Heaven." The last named is a French story and will be filmed in France under John Golden's supervision.

Rosemary Davies, sister of Marion Davies has just completed her first movie. Its working title was *Souls Adrift*, which will doubtless be altered.

For the first time in her career, Mae Murray played extra the other day. With a whole bunch of stars and directors she was visiting Pauline Frederick, whilst that star was working on *Mrs. Paramor*. Pauline, who was due to play some dinner party scenes happened to remark that they were





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Theodore Von Eltz and Louse Fazenda with their director looking at "vistas" from "Being Respectable."

wanting a few "extras" for guests, so Mae Murray, Robert Leonard, Hobart Henley, May McAvoy, Aileen Pringle, Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert volunteered their services. Look out for them when you see the film.

Dick Barthelmess having settled all differences with Inspiration Film has just finished *Classmates* for this company.

Rudolph Valentino has come back with flying colours in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, which has been filling the London Pavilion to overflowing and looks like running for years. The romance is beautifully staged and costumed and altogether good entertainment, though many reels are devoted to gorgeous but rather pointless scenes at the French Court and Versailles. Rudolph himself, overcome either by shyness or modesty, departed suddenly for Italy a day or two before the premiere, at which it was hoped he would be present. His next picture will be made for Ritz Carlton films, though he has another Paramount feature *A Sainted Devil* nearly due for release.

PARAMOUNT will release *Peter Pan* in America on December 28th, in two hundred and fifty cities simultaneously. All sorts of "tie ups" have been arranged: manufacturers for "Peter Pan" kid's clothes, Peter Pan dresses, Peter Pan fountain pens, etc. Evidently America enjoys that sort of thing. It looks a bit cheap to us dyed-in-the-wool Barrie lovers that we are this side.

Despite the fact that it is ten years since she first became a screen star and that even then she was nearly thirty, Pauline Frederick is still the

greatest dramatic artiste in the movies. In *Three Women*, privately shown in London last month, she plays a *passé* but pleasure-loving widow, who makes a final effort to capture a husband before age finally overtakes her, but is worsted in the fight by her own daughter (played by May McAvoy). Pauline's work is finer than ever; but she has grown as thin as any flapper and one rather misses the statuesque beauty of *Zaza*, *The Spider*, etc. Lew Cody plays the utterly worthless prize sought after by the three women, the third being Marie Prevost.

Lon Chaney is perfectly happy, having just been assigned the title role in *The Monster*. He has laid in a fresh stock of face pads, and some weird and wonderful examples of hirsute art.

Like most good things Wright's Coal Tar Soap has hosts of imitators. Many of these are put on the market in similar form and wrappings so that intending purchasers of Wright's have been known to arrive home bringing with them, in all innocence, something which isn't the right thing, and nothing near being the Wright thing. So readers are warned to insist upon Wright's Coal Tar and accept no substitutes if they want soap that is absolutely pure and safe.

Jackie Coogan, with his parents and his governess and his Press Agent and his manager and his secretary, are occupying the Royal suite at the Savoy at the time of going to press. He has spent a strenuous four days, sampling Westminster Abbey, and other London attractions, including a typically damp London, which gave the small visitor a cold. We hope to say more on the subject of Jackie in the November issue.



# Leah Baird

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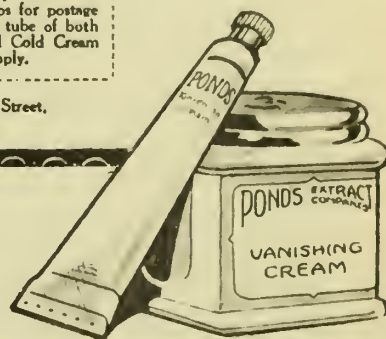
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## THE COVERED WAGON GIRL

(Continued from page 23.)

how much younger Lois really is than she has seemed to be in many of her roles on the screen. Almost the first thing one notices about her is the intense dark brown-ness of her eyes which are in direct contrast with her almost golden hair.

As soon as Lois had proved that she was making good in pictures the Wilson family moved from the old home town in Alabama to make their home with her in Hollywood. Lois has three younger sisters, Alberta, Janice and Constance, who, though immensely proud of their famous sister, have shown, as yet, little desire to follow her to screen fame.

"Some day, perhaps," she said, when questioned on the subject of matrimony in connection with Lois Wilson, "I shall meet my ideal man. Among many other virtues he must possess is a keen sense of humour. It is the lack of this quality in one or other, or both, of the partners that wrecks many a marriage. Yes, my ideal man must certainly possess a real sense of humour. He must also be gentle yet strong, courageous and—oh he must be heaps of things! For the present I am utterly absorbed in my career and am content to remain a bachelor-girl."

"When you do renounce celibacy," I asked, looking ahead, perhaps not far—who knows?—"shall you give up your screen career?"

"Well, that depends on the man whoever he may be. I should not want to leave the studios for good for I love my work so very much," she replied.

In response to a query on the matter Lois declared that she liked best to play simple, homely, comedy-drama roles as in *What Every Woman Knows*; *Miss Lulu Bett*; and *Only Thirty-Eight*.

"I loved my role in *The Covered Wagon*," said the heroine of this great

picture of the pioneer days of the West, "but I don't want to go on always playing such roles. Thoroughly domestic, homely characterisations appeal to me far more."

"Talking of making-up—I think your make-up in *Only Thirty-Eight* was wonderful, Miss Wilson. How ever did you do it?"

"Oh, I use very little make-up, as little as possible, always. I believe that expression counts for more than grease paint. One can so easily make oneself look older or younger by feeling that way. Then I always get one of the older character actors at the Studio, Theodore Roberts, for instance, to advise me for any special make-up."

Lois Wilson has a long list of successful films to her credit among which are—besides those already mentioned: *The City of Silent Men* with Thomas Meighan, *The Lost Romance*, *The Gold Dredgers* while she was leading woman for the late Wallace Reid; *Miss Lulu Bett*, *The World's Champion*, *Is Matrimony a Failure?* *The Call of the Canyon*, and then, her two latest, *Icebound* and *Pied Piper Malone*.

Lois Wilson has played for many different directors for all of whom she has great admiration, but William De Mille wins special meed of praise from her. He has taught her a great deal, she declares, and the beautifully artistic finish of all his films appeals particularly to her love of beauty.

Though Miss Wilson does not care to be called an "out-doors" girl, she is very fond of tennis and golf and spends much of her spare time in playing one or other of these games. She is also an omnivorous reader, and is, altogether, a thoroughly genuine home-loving girl.

D. OWSTON-BOOTH.



H. B. Warner and Gloria Swanson in the last scene of "Zaza."



## KINEMA CRIMES

(Continued from page 21.)

Clerks and cashiers, though they may enjoy seeing it done on the screen, won't want to kill the bank manager after they have witnessed the end of the murderer in *The Midnight Alarm*, and I see no reason why Harry Morey's brutal conduct in *Where the Pavement Ends* should foster an orgy of errand-boy-kicking amongst suburban tradesmen, especially when they see that he too was not immune from a terrible justice.

Just occasionally, of course, a film criminal will brace up in time and reform, thus doing away with the need to kill him. He has joined the winning side in the eternal war of good and evil and is immune from further harm.

Whether he is killed or merely reformed is of little consequence so long as the point of the story remains the same—that only the nice respectable people flourish in this world of ours. That, whatever perils may beset them in the beginning, those who stick to the path of virtue will always come out on top and have the laugh of their evil-minded enemies in the long run.

And if little Tommy, entranced by "One-Eyed Dick's" villainous method of holding up the mail, fails to profit by the awful moral of Dick's ultimate execution, is it the fault of the folk who made the film, or of Tommy's own obtuseness in seeing the point? The real reason must be that Tommy has more highly developed criminal tendencies than his neighbours, and consequently is not satisfied with merely watching the excursions of others into crime, but must take the plunge for himself.

Therefore, the case against the crime film being "not proven," let learned judges cackle as they will, we may still enjoy our Saturday night thriller every week. For as long as a certain percentage of us remain respectable, murder, robbery with and without violence, arson, all the crimes catalogued and uncatalogued, will continue to entertain us on the screen.

E. E. BARRETT.



Sessue Hayakawa in disguise (with Beaver) in "Yu San's Devotion."



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Bebe Daniels and Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

**Beau Brummel (F. B. O.; Oct. 13).**

A screen adaptation of a well known American play, with John Barrymore in a fine character study of an interesting personality. Supporting him are Willard Louis, A. B. Francis, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Carmel Myers, William Humphrey, Templar Staxe, Richard Tucker, André de Beranger, Claire de Lorez, James A. Marcus, Betty Brice, John J. Richardson, Roland Rushton and Clarissa Selwyn. Excellent Georgian romance.

**The Breathless Moment (European; Oct. 13).**

William Desmond, Charlotte Merriam, Harry Van Meter, Lucille Hutton, and John Stepping in a bright story about two crooks who reformed. Good entertainment.

**Being Respectable (F. B. O.; Oct. 27).**

A dramatic triangle story very well produced and acted by Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Irene Rich, Louise Fazenda, Theo Von Eltz, Eulalie Jensen, Frank Cuiner, and Sidney Bracey. Good entertainment.

**The Code of the Wilderness (Vita-graph; Oct. 13).**

According to it, one man's life is as good as another's, and courts of law are a drug on the market. Alice Calhoun and John Bowers star, with Alan Hale, Charlotte Merriam, Otis Harlan and Kitty Bradbury in support. Good Western fare.

**Don't Doubt Your Husband (Jury; Oct. 13).**

Viola Dana in a good light comedy about a jealous wife. Supporting the star are Alan Forrest, Winifred Bryson, John Patrick, Willard Louis, Robert Dunbar and Adele Watson.

**East Side, West Side (Pathé; Oct. 13).**

Eileen Percy, Kenneth Harlan and Wally Van in a romance in which the different social standards of poverty and riches are overcome by a pair of young lovers. Fair entertainment.

**Excitement (European; Oct. 20).**

Introduces a new star, Laura La Plante. An unusual and original burlesque drama

about a girl who wanted, thrills and how her cave-man husband cured her. William Welsh, Edward Hearn, Frances Raymond, George Fisher, Fay Tincher, Albert Hatt, Bert Roach and Lon Poff support. A capital comedy.

**The Fast Steppers (European; Oct. 13).**

A new series of two reelers based on Gerald Beaumont's fine racetrack yarns. Billy Sullivan stars, with Shannon Day, Duke R. Lee, Cesare Gravina, Bert Woodruff and Frank Kingsley in support. The titles are, *The Fiddling Doll*, *The Empty Stall*, *The Xmas Handicap*, *The Shooting Star* and *The Hot Dog Special*. Excellent entertainment.

**The Fighting Adventurer (European; Oct. 27).**

An exciting burlesque melodrama of adventures in America and China starring Pat O'Malley, Mary Astor, Warner Oland and Raymond Hatton. Good entertainment.

**Flaming Youth (Ass. First National; Oct. 27).**

The story of an ultra modern American society mother and her three flapper daughters. An excellent characterisation is given by Colleen Moore, who is supported by Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter,

(Continued on page 58).



Renée Adorée and John Gilbert in "A Man's Mate."



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Harry Myers and "Young Doug" in "Stephen Steps Out."

Gibbon, Joseph W. Guard, Esther Ralston, John Fox Junr., Florence D. Lee and Noel Stuart. Good melodramatic fare.

**Lilies of the Field**  
(Ass. First National; Oct. 13).

Domestic triangle drama, beautifully dressed and played by Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Alma Bennett, Sylvia Breamer, Myrtle Stedman, Crawford Kent, Charley Murray, Phyllis Haver, Cissy Fitzgerald, Charles Gerrard and Mammy Peters. Good social stuff.

Sylvia Breamer, Myrtle Steadman, Betty Francisco, Phillips Smalley, Walter McGrail, Ben Lyon, Gene Carrado and Gertrude Astor. For Jazz lovers, mainly.

**Flowing Gold** (Ass. First National; Oct. 6).

Adapted from Rex Beach's story of an Alaskan oil boom with a thrilling climax. Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills star, with Alice Calhoun, Crawford Kent, John Roche, Cissy Fitzgerald, Josephine Crowell, Bert Woodruff and Charles Sellon in support. Good entertainment.

**Frontier Loves** (Gaumont; Oct. 6).

The romance of a Spanish dancing girl and a smuggler well produced and played by Lucie Labass, Josef Winter, Agelo Ferrari, Kalman Zatomy, Louis Ralph, Greta Bergen, Arthur Bergen, Ari Anzo, and Lydia Potchina. Good dramatic romance.

**The Great White Way** (Goldwyn; Oct. 13).

Sporting melodrama with a horse race, Tex Rickard, plenty of stage atmosphere, and Ziegfeld and his famous follies to pad out a diffuse and disjointed story. Anita Stewart stars, with T. Roy Barnes opposite and a cast which includes Oscar Shaw, Dore Davidson, Stanley Forde and Pete Hartley.

**Hoodman Blind** (Fox; Oct. 6).

Spectacular seafaring melodrama concerning a jealous husband. All-star cast includes Gladys Hulette, David Butler, Frank Campeau, Marc McDermott, Trilby Clark, Regina Connelly and Eddie Gribbon.

**The Innocent Cheat** (Wardour; Oct. 27).

A very serious study of motherlove, vigorously acted by Roy Stewart, Kathleen Kirkham, Sidney de Gray, George Hernandez and Rhea Mitchell. Fair entertainment.

**The Isle of Doubt** (Western Import; Oct. 16).

Wyndham Standing as a modern cave-man who abducts his own wife. The cast includes Dorothy Mackail, George Fawcett, and Marie R. Burke. Fair entertainment.

**Jack O'Clubs** (European; Oct. 6).

The love affairs of a pugnacious policeman and a cabaret girl. Played by Herbert Rawlinson, Ruth Dwyer, Eddie

**The Lone Chance** (Fox; Oct. 30).

Fair melodrama with John Gilbert as a man who is bribed to confess to a murder and go to prison instead of the heroine. Evelyn Brent opposite, also John Milligan, Edwin B. Tilton, Harry Todd and Frank Beal.

**The Lone Star Ranger** (Fox; Oct. 20).

Plenty of reckless riding by Tom Mix as the Ranger hero of Zane Grey's well known adventure story. Billie Dove, William Conklin, L. C. Shrumway, Tom Lingham, Stanton Heek and "Tony" support the star. Good Western romance.

**Love and a Whirlwind** (Cosmograph; Oct. 20).

Clive Brook, Edward O'Neill, Marjorie Hume and Reginald Fox in a British made screen version of Helen Prothero Lewis's mystery story. Fair entertainment.

**A Man's Mate** (Fox; Oct. 2).

Underworld melodrama starring John Gilbert, with Renée Adoreé, Wilfred North, Thomas Mills, Noble Johnson, Patterson Dial and James Neill also in the cast. Good entertainment.

**The Marriage Circle** (Gaumont; Oct. 20).

The month's best screen comedy. An

ingenious matrimonial tangle, complicated and sophisticated but presenting an excellent example of film technique. Directed by Lubitsch and played by Adolphe Menjou, Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Creighton Hale, Florence Vidor, and Harry Myers. Don't miss it.

**The Master Man** (Inter. Cine; Oct. 2).

Frank Keenan produced as well as starred in this story of crook American politics, which is very good melodrama and has a fine cast comprising Kathleen Kirkham, J. Barney Sherry, Joseph J. Dowling, Joseph McManus and Jack Bramwell.

**Miriam Rozella** (Astra National; Oct. 27).

A screen version of the popular B. L. Farjeon novel about a girl who sold herself to a young roué for the sake of her mother and little brother. All star cast includes Owen Nares, Ben Webster, Russell Thorndike, Gertrude McAvoy, Mary Brough, Nina Boucicault and Moyna McGill. Fair social drama.

**The Mystery of the Green Flame**  
(Western Import; Oct. 30).

J. Warren Kerrigan in an intriguing detective mystery drama with a surprise ending. The cast also includes Fritz Brunette, Edwin Wallock, Claire Du Brey, Jay Morley, Myles McCarthy and William Moran. Good entertainment.

**Not a Drum was Heard** (Fox; Oct. 9).

A cowboy drama of sentiment and sacrifice, starring Buck Jones with Betty Boretton, Frank Campean, Rhody Hathaway, Al Fremont, Micky McBain, and William Scott in support. For cowboy lovers only.

**Ride For Your Life** (European; Oct. 27).

Hard riding, fast shooting Western drama with Hoot Gibson as a cowboy who masquerades as a bandit for the sake of a girl. Laura La Plante opposite, also Robert McKim, Harry Todd, Howard Truesdell, Fred Humes, Clark Comstock, M. George Fernandez and William Robert Daly. Excellent entertainment.

**The Road to Nowhere** (Fox; Oct. 27).

The story of a girl who defied convention and what happened to her afterwards. Very well played by Percy Marmont, Betty Bouton, Grace Mosse,



Alice Calhoun and John Bowers in "The Code of the Wilderness."



Frank Warren, St. Louis. Will please lovers of...

**The Romance of a Queen (Goldwyn; Oct. 6).**

An efficient screen version of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" with some remarkably effective backgrounds and an excellent piece of characterisation on the part of Aileen Pringle, the star. Conrad Nagel, and John Sainpolis and Nigel de Brulier head a good cast.

**The Shadow of the East (Fox; Oct. 13).**

Our old friend the Sheik well out in a desert story by the author of "The Sheik." Oriental colour, harem beauties, deserts, and Frank Mayo, Mildred Harris, Norman Kerry, Evelyn Brent and Joseph Swickard. Romance lovers will revel in it.

**The Secret of the Pueblo (Gaumont; Oct. 23).**

A very good Westerner with an interesting plot concerning a plot of land, and some fine riding stunts and scenery. Neal Hart stars, with Hazel Deane opposite, and Hamilton Morese, Burt Wilson, Laura Roerzing, Monty Montague and Tom Grimes in the cast.

**San Yan's Devotion (Stoll; Oct. 27).**

Sessue Hayakawa making the best of an impossible part in a film that is reminiscent of a very old fashioned serial. Tsuru Aoki opposite the star, also H. Nicholls Bates, Fred Raynham, Tom Coventry, H. Agar Lyons, L. Leslie and Jeff Barlow. For Sessue fans only.

**The Spanish Dancer (Paramount; Oct. 13).**

The romance of a gypsy who becomes a Countess. Excellent settings, a fair plot, and an all-star cast but a disappointing movie. Pola Negri stars with Antonio Moreno, Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Kathlyn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Edward Kipling, Dawn O'Day and Robert Agnew supporting.

**The Speed King (Unity; Oct. 30).**

Dick Talmadge in a whirling comedy on Ruritanian lines. The star takes a dual role and is supported by Harry Van Meter, Mark Fenton and Virginia Warwick. Excellent stunt fare.

...ount; Oct. 20). makes his bow in adventure and supporting cast includes Theodore Roberts, Noah Beery, Harry Myers, Frank Currier, James O. Barrows, Fannie Midgley, Bertram Johns, George Field, Maurice Freeman, Fred Warren, Pat Moore and Frank Nelson.

**Those Who Dance (Ass. First National; Oct. 20).**

A detective drama containing much Prohibitionist propaganda but interesting nevertheless. Blanche Sweet stars, supported by Bessie Love, Warner Baxter, Robert Agnew, John Sainpolis, Lucille Rickson, Matthew Betz, Lydia Knott, Charles Delaney, Jack Perrin and W. S. McDonough.

**Three O'Clock in the Morning (War-dour; Oct. 13).**

A gay little story about a flapper who loses her head and plunges wildly into cabaret life. Cast also includes Edmund Breese, Mary Carr, Edna May Oliver, Richard Thorpe, William Bailey and Russell Griffin. Good entertainment.

**To the Ladies (Paramount; Oct. 6).**

Edward Horton, Theodore Roberts, Helen Jerome Eddy and Louise Dresser in an excellent business comedy-romance, directed by James Cruze.

**The Unknown To-morrow (Stoll; Oct. 6).**

An Austrian production featuring Maria Corda. Melodramatic mystery story about a wife who, warned by a mystic, took her fate into her own hands. Good entertainment.

**A Virtuous Fool (W. & F.; Oct. 10).**

A thrilling story of stage and society life in New York starring Elaine Hammerstein, supported by Kathlyn Williams, Elliott Dexter, Eloise Goodall, Richard Wayne, Harold Goodwin, Henry Barous and Marshall Neilan.

**The White Sister (Jury; Oct. 27).**

A beautiful picturisation of F. Marion Crawford's story, though not faithful to the original. Lillian Gish stars, with Ronald Colman opposite. Cast also includes Gail Kane, J. Barney Sherry



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Charles Lane, Sig. Serena, Juliette La Violette, Ramon Ibanez, Alfredo Martinelli, Carloni Talli, Antonio Barda and Giuseppe Pavoni. Good if a trifle slow.

**The White Shadow** (W. & F.; Oct. 27).

Betty Compson in a dual role in a story by the author of "Woman to Woman." Picturesque backgrounds of England and Switzerland but an unconvincing continuity. Clive Brook, Henry Victor, A. B. Imeson, Daisy Campbell and Olaf Hytton support the star. Good entertainment.

**Wild Bill Hickok** (Paramount; Oct. 23).

The strong, silent Westerner of the screen, William S. Hart comes back in this stirring story of Abe Lincoln's times. Ethel Guy Terry, Kathleen O'Connor, James Farley, Jack Gardner, Carl Gerard, William Dyer, Bert Spottle, Leo Willis and Naida Carle form a capable supporting cast. Good pioneering romance.

**Yolanda** (Goldwyn; Oct. 20).

Marion Davies in a pretty-pretty costume drama very nicely staged and dressed. Lyn Harding, Holbrook Blinn and Ralph Graves head a long cast. Fair entertainment.

**Zaza** (Paramount; Oct. 27).

A modernised version of the favourite story of a tempestuous but fascinating French actress. Gloria Swanson is excellent as the heroine, and H. B. Warner, Mary Thurman, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Lucille La Verne, Yvonne Hughes, Riley Hatch and Roger Lytton play smaller roles well.

**Just Out.**

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For  
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The nume-  
very prou-  
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that the latter  
I know not.  
for picking o  
types. A  
dwarf about 3  
very ugly, yet in  
became Ingram  
would relieve his natural managerial  
irritation on Shorty's posterior. No  
amount of rough horseplay dismayed  
Shorty. I was making my periodically  
futile attempt to stop cigarette smoking,  
and would give Shorty a few francs at  
intervals, to buy cigarettes, on condition  
that I had one when the desire became  
irresistible. While the bulk of the  
company were away at Gabès, a small  
arab town on the coast, facing Tripoli  
and two days' journey to the South, I  
not being wanted for that location, and  
longing to see a real oasis, took train  
for Tozeur, the terminus of the one line  
railway into the desert, also two days'  
journey and about 500 miles west of  
Gabes.

The first day took us past millions of  
olive trees. In the middle of lunch on  
the train, I was startled by the sight of  
a Coliseum exactly like the one at  
Rome and within 300 yards of me  
towering up into the clear air, accentua-  
ting the meanness of the Arab dwellings  
clustered about it. It was the renowned  
Roman amphitheatre of El Djem.  
Later at Sfax the old Moorish fortifi-  
cations impressed me, and the troops of  
Spahis on Arab horses, the former as  
usual of all shades of negro. By the  
way, the table d'hôte luncheon men-  
tioned above, along with preliminary  
vermouth, followed by small bottle of  
Burgundy, coffee and liqueur and cigar  
came to 13 francs, about 3/- in our  
money.

In the late afternoon we left Sfax  
for Tozeur, and through a region,  
where it rains perhaps once a year,  
the thought of which pleased me  
mightily. At long last, I had arrived  
at eternal sunshine. The night journey  
grew colder and colder, but my great  
coat and couverture kept me cosy and  
warm. I awoke in the early hours and

that the Captain was  
seriously thinking of asking the  
passengers to put on their life-belts.

After misery comes bliss, sometimes,  
and the morning journey from Mar-  
seilles to Nice was bliss indeed. We  
both revelled in the brilliant sunshine  
and the beauty of the coastline. Also  
after 4 hours fast the *dejeuner* was  
thrice welcome. Surely the Riviera is  
the most charming place on earth. I  
prefer it to Como, Venice or Honolulu;  
and how cheaply you can live there if  
you really wish, and what a dreary,  
difficult old doldrum of a country ours  
appears, to anyone who has lived in  
pleasant places abroad.

I travelled to Rapallo and back to see  
my sister and to view the whole Riviera  
for future residential projects. I  
should have a difficult task to make up  
my mind as to which place I should  
prefer to live in, they are all to me  
equally beautiful. After rejoining the  
company at Marseilles, we took train  
for Paris. The inevitable grey sky  
appeared at Lyons, but the climate of  
Paris again proved itself superior to  
London. What a beautiful city Paris  
is, especially its statues, good taste  
everywhere, and no absurd restrictions.

The only impolite people are the taxi-  
drivers, but one expects that in all  
countries. It was quite a treat to meet  
the company again at the Studio, in-  
cluding Shorty, the dwarf, who pre-  
sented me with another cigarette.  
People say that Americans don't like  
us; I am sure that these Americans did  
like us, with the exception of one or  
two, and they happened to be German  
Americans. After the usual somewhat  
hectic period in Paris, my charming  
holiday came to an end. In London my  
moustache was only tolerated for two  
minutes and I became my old, ugly  
self once more.



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Jose Collins	Baby Peggy
Betty Compson (2)	Eileen Percy
Fay Compton	House Peters (2)
Jackie Coogan	Mary Philbin
Gladys Cooper	Mary Pickford
Bebe Daniels	Marie Prevost
Marion Davies	Theodore Roberts
Mildred Davis	George Robey
Reginald Denny	Rod la Rocque
Richard Dix	Ruth Roland
Ivy Duke (2)	Stewart Rome
Josephine Earle	Gregory Scott
Douglas Fairbanks	Milton Sills
Elsie Ferguson	Lewis Stone
Harrison Ford	Eric Von Stroheim
Hoot Gibson	John Stuart
John Gilbert	Madge Stuart
Lillian Gish	Gloria Swanson
Gaston Glass (2)	Blanche Sweet
Corinne Griffith (2)	Constance Talmadge
Elaine Hammerstein	Norma Talmadge (3)
Hope Hampton	Conway Tearle
Kenneth Harlan	Alice Terry (4)
Wanda Hawley	Phyllis Neilson
Violet Hopson	Terry
Marjorie Hume	Queenie Thomas
Charles Hutchison	Rudolph Valen-
Justine Johnson	tino (5)
Leatrice Joy (2)	Henry Victor
Alice Joyce	Niles Welch
Norman Kerry	Pearl White
Cullen Landis	Earle Williams
Matheson Lang (2)	Lois Wilson
Harold Lloyd	Claire Windsor



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Milton Sills  
Gloria Swanson  
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# Let George Do It



D. A. B.—The preponderance of American film gossip in PICTUREGOER doesn't mean that the Editor is lacking in patriotism. It's simply because the number of British pictures being made don't provide us with enough gossip to fill more than a quarter of the space in the paper. That's that!

C. S. T. (Ireland).—Sorry to damp your young enthusiasm, but the chances of your finding screen work are about a hundred to one. I should give up the idea and find some other mission in life.

RICHELIEU (London).—You're certainly a loyal reader. (1) Theodore Kosloff was born in Moscow. (2) He entered the Imperial Russian Ballet School when he was eight years, and numbered amongst his fellow pupils Nijinski, Mordkin and Pavlova. During 1912-1914 he toured the principal towns of the world, causing a sensation wherever he went with his marvellous dancing. Soon after that he took up film work. He has also a dancing school in Los.

M. S. (Cambridge).—Two years is a long time to remain immune from feminine curiosity. No wonder you "sit and yell with laughter" over my pages. You must have some natural outlet, poor child. (1) I'll forward your letter to Pauline Frederick if you send it to me. A three-halfpenny stamp on the envelope will be enough.

ESME (Muswell Hill).—If you want to call me "Dearest" there's no reason why you shouldn't do so—on paper. (1) August 1923 PICTUREGOER had Flora le Breton on the cover. (2) You can get a copy of this or any other back number at our Publishing Dept., Arne Street, price 1/3 post free. (3) I've handed your carol to the right department, with a strong recommendation to mercy.

IVOR ENTHUSIAST (No address).—Says "Please excuse my writing," and adds "I am Scotch." That accounts for it, of course—I never could write well myself with somebody else's pen. (I hope this isn't too deep for one of your tender years, Enthusiast). To atone for my rudeness, here's the information you want. (1) Ivor Novello's mother is a widow. (2) Gladys Cooper isn't married now. (3) The thought of being "loved

forever" proves irresistible. You shall have that interview with Ivor if the Editor can be prevailed upon to grant it.

D. B. (Herne Bay), and ANOTHER BOWERSITE (Brondesbury).—Letters forwarded.

D. P. (Birmingham).—(1) Pauline Frederick was born August 12th, 1886. (2) Release date of her latest film *Three Women* hasn't been fixed yet.

J. H. (Hove).—Letter forwarded to Pola Negri. (1) Pola was once married to Count Dombiski, but she isn't married now. (2) She lives in Hollywood. (3) The only studio near Brighton is at Shoreham, but this is at present closed, with no near prospect of re-opening.

PAULA (Kilmarnock).—Sorry to disappoint you Paula, but some of my readers are much more inquisitive than you. (1) Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden, about twenty-eight years ago. (2) Leatrice Joy born in New Orleans about twenty-seven years ago. (3) Monte Blue born in Indianapolis in 1890. (3) Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, on May 24th. He doesn't say what year. I think he will let you have a signed photo of himself if you ask nicely.

BOY (S. Wales).—Your notepaper makes up in beauty what your letter lacks in length. I've forwarded your letter to Ivor.

ANON (Birkenhead).—I certainly won't publish your name if you really think it would have such a disastrous effect on your family. I've forwarded your letter to Richard Barthelmess.

HAZEL (London).—(1) You'll find an art plate of Robert Frazer in June 1924 PICTUREGOER. (2) Some of his films not yet released are *Bread* with Mae Busch, and *Men* with Pola Negri.

INTERESTED (Kensington).—Thanks for your questionless letter—you're a man after my own heart (you notice I take your masculinity for granted for obvious reasons!) I've never read "The Third Round," so I don't know whether I agree with you or not anent its screen possibilities.

CYNTHIA (Hove).—Letter forwarded to Henry Victor.

C. C. D. (Bath).—(1) Forrest Stanley

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Mildred Harris and Norman Kerry in  
"The Shadow of the East."



played opposite Agnes Ayres in *Forbidden Fruit*. (2) Catherine Calvert is an American. Her latest film release was *The Indian Love Lyrics*.

NORA S. (Lichfield).—I've forwarded your letter to Reginald Denny. Of course I wish you luck, Nora.

DOREM (Paignton).—Thanks duly earned. (1) Clive Brook's address is c/o Thomas Ince Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Pearl White has acted in several two feature films, but most of her work has been done in serials.

A. M. (Eastbourne).—Try Jury's, 19-21, Lower Street, W.I. for stills from *Scaramouche*.

D. C. T. (London).—(1) Write to Jury's for particulars of the music used in *Little Old New York*. (2) Betty Balfour has done vaudeville work, but she was never called anything but "Betty Balfour." The "Baby Betty" you saw in 1916 was another girl, who was touring round at about the same time.

RUDOLPH MAD (Ipswich).—I don't mind how frenziedly you adore Rudolph, but, for the love of Pete, child, do it quietly!

DOROTHY (Staffs).—Letter forwarded to Ramon Navarro.

E. H. (Lancs).—Letters forwarded on arrival. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

DREAMER (Wells).—Of course call me "George." (1) Monte Blue is an American, part Cherokee Indian. His address c/o Lasky Studios, 1520. Vine Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Mary Thurman is American, and was born in Utah. (3) Try Ass. First National, 37-39, Oxford Street, London, W.I. for cast of *Hurricane's Gal*.

J. C. R. (Edinburgh).—(1) Mae Marsh born November 9th, 1897, at Madrid, New Mexico, America. (2) She's married to Louis Lee Arms, and has a five-year old

daughter Mary. (3) I think she would send you a photo if you ask nicely. (4) You'll find an interview with her in September 1922 PICTUREGOER, obtainable from our Publishing Dept., Arne Street, Long Acre, W.C.2. (5) Haven't had news of Marie Walcamp for some time. When I do I'll let you know.

C. T. (Portsmouth).—(1) Letter forwarded on arrival—hope you've had an answer by now. (2) Jameson Thomas was a provincial stage actor when he was seen by Herbert Wilcox and offered the role of "Omar" in *Chu Chin Chow*. (3) Yes. Conway Tearle has been married before.

BROWN EYES (Halifax).—(1) Rudolph and his wife have never played in films together. (2) Barbara La Marr has black hair and eyes. She was originally a dancer on the legitimate stage when she was only seven years old, and continued dancing until she was in her teens. Then she became a scenario writer for Fox Film Co., and from there graduated to the acting side of the movies. (4) Betty Balfour is no relation to Lord Balfour. (5) I've passed on your carol with my blessing.

BLACK EYES (London).—The "Eyes" have it this month! (1) You have such a strong imagination that there's no need for me to give you "a nice description" of myself. (1) Jackie Coogan's about nine years old now. (2) He is an only child to date. (3) Bebe Daniels isn't married. (4) Richard Dix was born 1894.

LOTTIE (Manchester).—Can't say whether Valentino's book of poems is obtainable in Manchester. Why not write to the London address given in last month's PICTUREGOER, and ask them to send it to you.

M. B. (Hornsea).—I have obliged.

LUCRETIA (Manchester).—(1) *The Fighting Blade* was adapted from a novel. First National Film Co., could probably tell you where this is obtainable. (2) I quite agree with all you say about filmable novels. Why not suggest your favourites to some of the leading film companies?

ELSIE (Manchester).—Sorry I can't let you have the chest measurements of Mahlon Hamilton and William Farnum. Next time they're here I'll go over them with a tape measure for you. (1) Mahlon Hamilton is 6 ft. in height and weighs 185 lbs. He was born June 15th, 1899. (2) William Farnum is 5 ft. 10½ ins. in height, weighs 195 lbs. and was born July 4th, 1876. (3) Mahlon Hamilton isn't married now. (4) The name of the man who played "Japhet" in *The Adventures of Japhet*, is Charles Weith.

C. R. (London).—Thanks for wishes—same to you! (1) Louise Lorraine born Oct. 1st, 1901, in San Francisco, of Spanish and French parents. She has black hair and brown eyes and is 5 ft. 1 in. in height. Try European Films, Ltd., 167, Wardour Street, W.I. for a picture of her.

F. P. (London).—Thanks for pointing those out. The culprit has been severely reprimanded and is now in sackcloth and ashes.

NOVARRITE (London).—Thanks for the "bit of your mind." If the rest of its up to sample I think you'd be well advised if you gave me the lot! (1) Marion Davies was born 1898. She isn't married. (2) Lois Wilson was born June 28th, about 26 years ago. (3) Richard Dix, whose real name is Richard Brimmer, was born at St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1894. He isn't married. (4) Harrison Ford was born 1892. (5) Ramon Navarro born February 6th, 1899, at Buango, Mexico. "The darlings" next film, after *Ben Hur* hasn't been decided yet. (6) Send letters to film stars c/o this office—I haven't room to spare for all the addresses you want. Enclose plain stamped envelope always.

M. B. (Grimsby).—(1) Ivor Novello was "Count Andrea Scipione" in *Carnival* film. (2) George O'Hara was born in New York City, in 1902, but he doesn't publish his birthday. (2) He has just finished making *The Telephone Girl* series of films, with Alberta Vaughan. (3) His real name's George O'Hara. (4) F. B. O. stands for Film Booking Offices. Write again when you want to—I'll try to bear up.

COWBOY & MIX SUPPORTER (Birmingham).—(1) I'm afraid there isn't much chance of your getting re-issues of any of Tom Mix's films at the moment. (2) Tom hasn't broadcast any intention of coming to England just yet. (3) Address of Fox Film Co., is 13, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.I. (4) I've forwarded your letter to Tom.

E. M. (Richmond).—Letter to Lewis Stone forwarded.

I. L. (Croydon).—It's a pleasure to hear from someone who doesn't want to go on the films. I've forwarded your epistle to Leatrice Joy.

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## MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 13.)

Once the general public began to go into the studios and watched the mechanical processes of the making of pictures, just then was some of the illusion necessarily destroyed for them. And how can man live by bread alone?

Beauty was never meant to be probed. Illusion must wear a veil. Art must conceal art if it is to please and allure.

Still further along the same line, both in Paris and London I was not only questioned intelligently and interestedly, but I was also *quoted correctly*. No single one of them took "poetic licence" or any licence at all with what I told them. It was an enormous satisfaction and one for which I am immensely grateful."

Paris, August 5th.

The first thing I had to do here in Paris was to get an automobile, because the rest of our route lies by way of the motor-method.

Natacha remained patient with a marvellous degree of fortitude during "The travail of the cars," as we called it, but when we were finally fixed at Voisin, she sighed, "Now for Poirer!"

It flatters me that Natacha, with her exquisite and unflinching good taste, and discrimination, would not go to Poirer without me. "No, Rudy," she said to me, "I want you to choose my gowns."

When she said that I thought to myself that that pretty well proves the frequently argued fact as to whether women dress for men, or for other women. If women are truly feminine, I believe that they dress for men.

Hébertot 'phoned to-day and has invited us to the Grand Prix at Deauville. He has engaged a whole villa for three days, he said, because there is to be such a tremendous crowd. Little, stuffy back rooms are going at six hundred francs a day. Something fantastic, it seems to me. Natacha and I accepted with pleasure and excitement.

Here we are at Deauville.

Outside my window the rain washes down in torrents. Such a rain as I expected in London and didn't get, and never dreamed of in Deauville, and here it is! Travelling is a capricious business. A thing of many moods.

When I made this philosophical (?) observation to Natacha she said that I doubtlessly compared it to women . . . but I told her that I never compared anything to women . . . anything, that is, save flowers and France and song.

We had a rather amusing trip down. I suppose it was more amusing to me than it was to Natacha.

In the morning Jacques Hébertot called at our hotel in his car, and, with some flurry and pleasant stir and bustle. Natacha and I got into the open car, the closed one being loaded up as was intended.

(Another fascinating instalment next month.)

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A pale sallow skin is due to the fact that it does not contain enough blood to nourish it properly. Also under-nourishment causes blemishes, enlarged pores and coarse, rough, greasy skin conditions. Ordinary cosmetics and so-called complexion beautifiers do little good in such cases. The skin must be nourished from the outside until it becomes rejuvenated and normal blood circulation re-established. For this purpose nothing is so quickly beneficial as predigested buttermilk and olive oil. They are natural skin-foods easily absorbed by the pores and assimilated by the tissues. When properly predigested by artificial means they become absolutely non-greasy. Your chemist can prepare them for you in a few days, or you can obtain them already prepared in Crème Tokalon. This wonderful cream is the real secret of the marvellous complexion and lovely skin of many a famous actress and social leader. A few of the many well-known actresses who recommend it are shown here. The great Sarah Bernhardt, who looked so remarkably youthful even at 77, used Crème Tokalon up to the time of her death.

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# What Do? You Think?

**YOUR  
VIEWS  
AND  
OURS**



"I can't think why movie fans have not raved over Charles ('Buck') Jones, instead of the dandy Rudy. In looks he would knock all the Valentinos, Novarros, and Novellos into cocked hats. In physique he would make all the Elmos, Sansonias, and Sandows appear mere babies. His punch would knock Dempsey into a jelly. His acting ability would put Matheson Lang in the shade. In fact a million Rudolfs, a billion Tom Mix's would not come up to the making of a quarter of 'Buck.' 'Buck' is the 'one and only' King of the Cowboys, not Tom Mix."

"'Buck' for Ever (Southampton)."

Ivor has many staunch adherents. Witness these two effusions. "I write to defend Ivor Novello. Since 'Balance' has never seen him on the films, I can understand her views, but as S.S.M. evidently has, I feel that I must stick up for him."

Ivor's acting is extremely true to the parts he has to portray, but most of his films up to now, have not given him really natural parts to play, and after all, the actor cannot help the virtues, vices, and funny ways of the character he is playing! But I think that when 'The Rat,' his latest stage success, is filmed, it will give him more scope, although of course the charm of his voice will be lost.

Those who have seen 'The Rat' must admit that he is a wonderful, natural actor. I should like to know how many other readers hold my opinion." *Defender (Sussex).*

"I should like to join 'Balance' in her defence of the 'O's.' I think each of them wonderful, but I am sorry that she has not seen Novello. It is her loss, he is

*Ivor Defensor.* the best of all, his range is wonderful. S.S.M. has labelled

him unnatural as a lover, and that makes me wonder if S.S.M. really knows much about nature. So far as I know about lovers, Ivor makes love very much as all men do, and for those who watch him, if they have any imagination at all, he gives in his hands, in his eyes, in the very poise of his beautiful head, the impression that here is the love felt by all living creatures, concentrated in one gloriously human lover, Ivor Novello." *Wild Rose (England).*

"I heard someone say casually the other day, 'Why do they have sub-titles?' No he wasn't daft but I wondered if he really meant what he said. The sub-

*Are Sub-titles Necessary?* title is one of the most important parts of the film, whether it be drama or comedy, interest or travel. The spectator gives the sub-title as much attention as the play itself. Why? Merely because it plays such a vital part in it. A film is next to useless without a sub-title. What would there be to distinguish what the various players were saying. 'Let us go out to the ball to-night,' and 'Is there any toffee left?' would seem both the same to the non-lipreader. Besides ingenious sub-titles add either pathos or humour to a film. Therefore—it is as necessary to the play as the players therein." *C.A.B.S. (Edinburgh).*

"I wonder what part of the PICTUREGOER most of your readers turn to first," reflects *I.M.H. (Surrey)*. "If it were cut down to four pages and two

*What's Yours?* of these were just Picturegoers' Guide

I should still think the paper worth its money. It enables me to cut out all films not worth seeing and also to trace players (not stars) whose work I am keen upon. Please give "George" my best wishes and thanks. Since he forwarded a letter for me some time back, I have corresponded regularly with a film favourite, exchanged photos and all that sort of thing, you know. But, owing to a little distance of some 6,000 miles the romance may not go any further—who knows? I'm sure I don't" [This raises an interesting point. What do you turn to first of all?]

"I do not think 'Peter Pan' should be played by an actress. There is not one who would look young enough. 'Peter' and 'Wendy'

*For the Love of Pete(r), Desist!* were children, therefore should be played by children. Now

who could be more charming than little Peter Dear? Ever since I first saw him on the screen, I have always thought he would make an admirable 'Peter Pan.' What do you say, Thinker?"—*Lover of Peter (Malvern)*. [The question of who shall play "Peter Pan" has now been settled once and for all. But "Wendy" is as yet uncast, so send in votes for your favourite star]

"S.S.M., Lancaster Gate, in your August issue of the PICTUREGOER voices my opinion exactly of Milton Sills and the very fine work he does as a screen

*Milt's Admirer.* actor. Since I saw him first with C. K. Young in *The*

*Reason Why*, etc., I have never seen any man who satisfies me so completely, and I have placed him far away the first among the talented multitude of movie stars. He always gives of his very best, whether the story is poor or great or medium. He sinks "Milton Sills" entirely and for the time being lives the man he is portraying. I always feel that if I could walk out of the audience and into the screen, I should be able to take hold of him and I think that speaks 'volums' as the saying goes. I like strong films best, which have something to think about in them. *S.S.M. (Manchester).*

THE THINKER.





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Dorothy Davenport  
Will Rogers  
Queenie Thomas  
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*Anna May Wong*





### HELENE D'ALGY AND RUDOLPH VALENTINO

*In "A Sainted Devil," Rudolph Valentino has a role reminiscent of his first success, "Julio," in "The Four Horsemen." He has decided to remain in the Lasky fold after all, his future films to be released by that company.*



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## Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



May McAvoy.

publicity agent misinforms me that May McAvoy has gone to Italy to play *Ben Hur*. How could she, seeing *Hur* was a him? Someone has blundered.

After seeing *The Thief of Bagdad*, I suggest that Douglas Bareshanks is a more appropriate name for the star.

"Identical," says the dictionary, means "not different." Future editions, I understand, will contain a reference to motion picture plots.

Gloria Swanson, I read, spends 626,000 dollars on her wardrobe every year. That's the price of stardom. Ah well! The woman always pays!

They call a place where nuns live a nunnery. But the place where directors live isn't called a directory. Queer, ain't it?

They say that historical spectacles are going out of fashion, and that producers can find no further use for them. Funny—they were all quite easy to see through.

"We want new stories," bawl the directors. What about using up the miles of film Von Stroheim cuts out of his pictures, under new titles?



Von Stroheim.

Picture Man, Picture Man, where have you been?

I've been to London to look at their screen.

Picture Man, Picture Man, what did you there?

I bought up a lemon, and sold them a pair!



Harold Lloyd.

Harold Lloyd's latest stunt is to take up golf. How these young men sow their wild oaths!

"Yes," he said proudly, "six stars in one

film, and not a wrong word. Why, the company was in tears when the work ended."

"Say," said the other, "does 'tears' rhyme with 'fears' or with 'flares'?"

"Clothes are an actual hardship," says Richard Dix. "Unfortunately they form a very important phase of making pictures." We should never have believed it, Richard, if you hadn't told us.

Norma Shearer is making *Empty Hands* with Jack Holt. Maybe, maybe, but I guess they're both making full pockets.



Norma Shearer.

They say that when Lon Chaney was bound to the wheel and flogged in *The Hunchback*, the audience of other players sobbed. I also sobbed when I saw the picture, but for a different reason—O, quite a different reason.

Miss Du Pont says her name is a handicap as everyone thinks she's high and mighty. Well, why not change it to Margaret Armstrong—which was what she was christened?



Miss Du Pont.

Every star has a good "side," say the cameramen. There are some stars, of course, that are all "side."

Neither Chaplin nor Harold Lloyd ever uses a scenario. But most other directors use one, and how on earth some of them manage to make the bunk they do—!

In spite of all the matrimonial troubles of movie stars, I don't believe the rumour that "The Wedding March" is going to be America's new National Anthem.

Not content with having doubles for stars they now have doubles for valuable animals. And even quite unknown players will have "doubles" if someone else will stand treat.

They called the film *The Worst Woman in Hollywood*. The censors objected. They called the film *The Best Woman in Hollywood*. Now do the censors think they changed the plot—or hasn't it got one?

The public are said to be tired of costume pictures. Mae Murray has always been convinced of this.



Mae Murray.



# Their Fatal Beauty

Good looks are not an entirely unmixed blessing. He of the perfect profile and she of the faultless features sometimes yearn to get out of their grooves and do a little acting once in a while.

film—why let the ravages of emotion distort and spoil the classic loveliness of our matinee idols?

But the idols themselves, unfortunately for them, do not always see eye to eye with their box-office



Above: Ramon Novarro

Small circle: Corinne Griffith.

To would-be screen stars, eager to win dramatic laurels, there is nothing more fatal than the possession of perfect loveliness. Their fate is sealed from the moment they first set foot in a casting director's office. They are the lilies of the field, the ornaments of Screenland, cast always for purely decorative roles in which all they have to do is to exercise their natural talent for looking beautiful. The fact that they may have brains as well as beauty is rarely taken into consideration. Often, of course, they haven't, but one does occasionally come across a matinee idol, who, given a chance, could act with a fair amount of intelligence. The reason that so many of them never have that chance, lies mainly with the public. The majority of picturegoers don't want to see their idols act so long as they provide them with something good to look at.

Take Ivor Novello's case. He is a clever composer and musician, a stage actor of no mean ability, and part-author of a successful play, but it is for none of these things that he is famous. Indeed, I believe half his admirers know very little about these accomplishments of his.

To them he is the man with the perfect profile, and they care not at all whether he is capable of registering an emotion, so long as he keeps this systematically turned towards the camera. After all there are plenty of plainer folk to contribute the right proportion of dramatic flavouring to a

Below: Ivor Novello.



patrons. Like "Merton of the Movies," they yearn to give the public something "better and finer." They want to break away from the conventional roles of milk-and-water heroes



Above: Phyllis Haver, a bathing beauty first and last. Left Circle: Marion Davies in "Janice Meredith."

and heroines in which time and time again they have been cast. Sometimes, if they are clever or lucky enough, they do succeed



Katherine MacDonald fought hard to live down the sobriquet of "The most beautiful woman in America."



in rising triumphantly over the reputation for beauty which their previous films have brought them. But more often than not they fail dismally and are forced back into the groove from which a conservative public are loath to see them go.

For years Norman Kerry struggled with weak, ineffectual parts that called for nothing more important than a perfectly creased trouser leg and slick hair, until he showed us in *Merry-Go-Round* that he could be something more than an animated tailor's dummy.

Rudolph Valentino had the same difficulty to contend with, after he had gained a reputation as a "romantic lover." But he had by this time gained such a host of enthusiastic fans willing to see him in any sort of film, that he could afford to rebel against those in authority. He had a hard fight for it,

becoming a professional beauty.

It is a significant fact that hardly any of our great actors and actresses are, strictly speaking, beautiful. That, perhaps, is the main reason why they are great. Nobody has ever taken them on face values. They have had to work for their recognition, and in the working they have developed personality and a dramatic sense that their lovelier brethren have never been allowed to need. That is the whole secret of their success—they have had almost to re-model themselves into somebody else.

Whereas the beautiful are never encouraged to be anything other than themselves, and are consequently less able to submerge self in the interpretation of their screen roles.

In other words, they suffer from the burden of beauty!

E. E. BARRETT.



*Above: Kenneth Harlan had to fight hard for the role of "The Virginian." Usually he is cast for society roles like this one.*

but he has gained his point at last, and now it will be nobody's fault but his own if he does not prove himself an actor.

Then there is Katherine MacDonald whose name has long been almost a synonym for beauty on the American screen. Nobody has ever seen her in a film likely to stand out by reason of its dramatic value. She has never been anything but beautiful in any role she has essayed—but then she has never played any part that has called for anything beyond mere physical loveliness. And yet, who knows that she had not the potentialities of a successful actress, hidden behind the mask of beauty on which she has learnt to depend?

Little Mary Philbin is a star whose beauty may either make her or break her, if she is to become an actress of any account.

Let us hope she will never be tempted to take the easy road to film fame by

*Reading downwards: Claire Windsor, Carlyle Blackwell, Herbert Rawlinson, Mary Philbin, and Owen Nares and Gertrude McCoy.*





Lubitsch came. He saw Marie Prevost and watched her work. Then he went straight out and said there were not many great actresses in America, but that little Marie Prevost was right at the top of the list.

When Marie flashes on to a screen I always sit up and heave a sigh of relief. For then I know that things will begin to move—violently.

Things always do move with Marie Prevost. The slowest film speeds up at her coming. That is her charm, her peculiar quality of stimulation; her "aliveness," which communicates life to everyone who watches her.

Marie is a real child of nature. Whatever part she may be playing at the moment, she plays it with her whole self, keeping nothing back of her personality, subduing none of it. Marie is Marie, first and foremost. A perverse, troubling little person, full of moods and desires, petulant, flattering, and always brimful of life. One instant she will be coaxing, another will find her defiant. But whatever is the mood of the moment, the screen will reflect it with perfect frankness. That is why Marie is such a pleasure to watch after the well-schooled, artificial stars whom we see day after day.

Perhaps her early life and training had a more direct bearing on Marie's film technique than is generally acknowledged. She has no place in her life for the artificial lights, the silks and velvets of luxurious villainy, which set out the beauty of so many stars in their brightest lustre. Marie is an out-of-doors girl. Her father was a famous athlete, and little Marie, long before her age could boast of two figures, used to wrap up in furs and tam-o'-shanter and tramp out with him into the Canadian snows, where she would sport a toboggan and pair of



Above: Marie in horn-rims, an unusual state of affairs.

skis with the best man of them all. She learnt very early to be a great little rider, and nothing on four legs can worry her at all. But it was through the water, so to speak, that she first came to the screen.

For Marie Prevost, in the beginning, was a bathing beauty. Mack Sennett saw her one day when she was out with a movie friend of hers, and was struck by her face and fine carriage, her impudence and freshness. He gave her a test and found to his joy that not only was this girl a beauty but a first-class swimmer. Enough for Mack. He prides himself on never letting a potential star slip through his fingers. Marie was engaged on the spot.

Of all the famous Sennett bathing girls, Marie Prevost is the most famous. Gloria Swanson's career there was dazzling but brief. Phyllis Haver ran her a close second. But Marie led the Sennett ranks through a long series of pictures, played in the water and out of it, in the crowd and out of it, and finally graduated to star parts with Sennett in his five and six-reel comedies. As the heroine in *A Small Town Idol* she made her first big hit, and she followed it up with *Down on the Farm*, in which she and her friend Louise Fazenda shared honours.

But Marie deserted the waves after a time, and started work on independent productions. A natural ambition, but, to my mind, a mistake, which it has taken a long while and a good deal of luck to put right. For Marie needs clever handling, and careful casting when it comes to serious dramatic roles! She is not every producer's star. That very spontaneity and vivid life which gives power to her work, can also be a source of very great weakness. It is apt to grow unruly, to tear the web of a plot. Marie is *too* natural when she takes the matter into her own masterful little hands. She has only a slight sense of pictorial values, and no sense at all of gravity. What else could you expect from a comedy star with French-Irish ancestry? She brings to the screen a heritage of pluck and pure nature, which it is the pro-

Below: She is an enthusiastic gardener.







Above: With Monte Blue in "Being Respectable."

ducer's task to turn to advantage and beauty. If he can't do it—well, who can blame Marie? She has given of her best.

It was not until Ernst Lubitsch came along that Marie really came into her own. She had made a number of pictures since leaving the Sennett fold, all competent, all lively, none of them of any particular value either to art in general or to Marie Prevost's art in particular. There was *Siren Stuff*, *The Married Flapper*, and *The Beautiful and Damned*. There were others. But not until Lubitsch arrived at the Warner Brothers studio was there anything of real importance.

He came. He saw Marie. He watched her work. He went straight out and said that there were not many great actresses in America, but that little Marie Prevost was right at the top of the list. Nobody had thought of that before. Marie had been regarded as a pretty, useful girl with plenty of spirits and ability; a good all-round player with many advantages as an athlete. But a great actress—!

However, Lubitsch was quite clear about it. He went all round Hollywood and New York looking at other screen actresses; he even directed Mary Pickford; and he always came back to Marie. He said he would make good his word if they gave him the chance. He asked for Marie in the leading part of *The Marriage Circle*. And he got her.

What followed is common knowledge. As the flirtatious, cunning little wife who coveted her friend's husband, and ended up by catching her friend's husband's friend, she played one of the biggest parts of the film year in the biggest possible way. Lubitsch made good his claim. Marie made good her reputation. The German producer has

who have not learnt how to live gloriously. She turns up a pretty nose at conventional virtue. She has no inhibitions, nor any regard for barriers that generations before her and around her have set up. Will she find a permanent place among the real artists on the screen? Or will she—like so many others before her—find that her very success is her undoing? Somehow I think she is made of the stuff that will laugh at that Bogey. Marie will do what she pleases

E. R. THOMPSON.

Right: A photo of Marie Prevost in her Mack Sennett Days.



Circle: Marie and director Beaudine burning the evidence. (She was once one of Mack Sennett's star Bathing Beauties).

had plenty of practice with temperaments, after many years of work in Berlin with the queen of temperamental actresses, Pola Negri, and he knew just how to control that lively nature of Marie's, how to press nature into the service of art, how to balance her petulance with her pleading, her passions with her pride. He made Marie represent to America very much what Pola represents to the world.

The Marie Prevost of *The Marriage Circle*, and again of *Three Women*, her latest picture under Lubitsch's banner, is, like Marie herself, a true child of life. She does what she wants, she says what she pleases. She flashes from laughter to fury, from boredom to tense enjoyment; she has a fine scorn. Her understanding of the art of living is complete and startling, and has bred no tolerance but rather a keen irony, which mocks the small misfortunes and accidents of ordinary people



In "The Night of Nights."



# Our Honours List

A Guide to the Best Films of the Month.



Ernst Germain as "Baruch" in  
"The Ancient Law."

There are a dozen reasons why *The Thief of Bagdad* should head the Honours List for this month. I might select it for its lovely settings, its fairy palaces and stairways and bazaars; for its lights and sense of colour, its burning glow through the black and white of the photography, as though the whole studio had been bathed in a sunset of red and gold. I might choose it for the new grace which has crept into the movements of Douglas Fairbanks, a sort of dancer's grace of rhythm and line, a mimicry of movement

"*The Thief of Bagdad*" is the first film fantasy.

such as the old harlequins used to boast and which, in the theatre, has died with them. But on the whole I prefer to set *The Thief of Bagdad* at the head of my list as the first film fantasy.

There have been short fairy tales told on the screen before, and whole scenes of modern films have been given up to fairy tale interludes, or charades of the old nursery tales. Marion Davies has been generous with these, and her art director, Joseph Urban, always made of them

an imaginative delight. But there has never yet been made—except in Germany, where *Cinderella* charmed the Berlin audiences last year—a full-length fairy story with all the fascinating impossibilities of wishing apples and magic horses and cloaks of darkness. The very things which the screen can do to perfection have hitherto been kept from us, the very tricks which delight the photographer's heart have been reserved for serious moods, for allowing the star to play a dual role, for visions and ghosts and



A comedy interlude in "The Ancient Law." the use of miniature settings.

But at last a producer has had the courage to turn the camera's cunning to good account, and has given us a real fairy tale in celluloid. *The Thief of Bagdad* is prodigal in fairy stuff.

Indeed, it is so lavish with magic as to be almost careless, using each machine of enchantment for a short minute and flinging it away. It offers us a magic rope which climbs endlessly up into the sky, a winged horse and a magic crystal, an apple which can bring back life after life has gone, and a magic carpet which carries three men on its back, and on which the Thief and his beautiful princess are finally wafted away over the halls and bazaars of Bagdad, through the narrow doorways and away over gate and the desert to a fairy land of their own. There is a cloak of invisibility, under which the Thief carries off his princess from her





enemies, twinkling through the black marble of the palace like a transparent tongue of flame.

*The Ancient Law* is a film that finds its way into the Honours List in spite of itself. It is rather a curiosity among German films. It seems to have drawn away, almost unconsciously, from the manner of its country, and taken on a strange, un-German volatility that is at once its weakness and its charm. The theme of the film, which is the clash between genius and religion in a young Jewish boy who longs to be an actor, and the corresponding clash between love and etiquette in the heart of an Archduchess who loves a commoner, is sombre enough. But this minor theme is played in a major key, played light-heartedly, in spite of its grey background of the Ghetto.



Above & below: Scenes from "The Thief of Bagdad."  
Bottom right: Valentino and Bebe Daniels in "Monsieur Beaucaire."



Above: Rudolph Valentino, Oswald Yorke, and Downing Clarke in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

The discrepancy lies perhaps in the figure of "Baruch," the hero, who is young and boyish, hardly strong enough to carry the solemnity of the drama to a climax in the grand manner. Around him the picture has fallen into a series of exquisite vignettes and charming little cameo-portraits; the quality of acting, photography, production is light as a feather, rather flitting, rather bird-like. It is altogether a light-hearted film, missing the grandeur of Germany by a hair's breadth, almost as though a French hand had touched it by the way.

The third place in our Honours List must go to the film which brings back Valentino to the screen after his two years' absence, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Booth Tarkington wrote a good story about the barber-prince who set all Bath by the ears for the sake of a beautiful but stony-hearted lady and

her red rose, and Sidney Olcott, the producer, has brought this sword-and-red-heel story to the screen with a keenness, a sense of period and of atmosphere, only too rarely found in the costume pictures which have recently been turned out, three for a dollar, from the American studios.

This *Beaucaire* has a point to it as well as a sparkle. It has also an unusual feeling for beauty, a love of things old and dignified, and some exteriors like a Watteau painting.

There is a love scene in an old English garden, in the moonlight, by a terrace, which is too restrained and beautiful to be quickly forgotten. Then there is Valentino himself—the old Valentino of *Blood and Sand*. If you like him, don't be afraid to meet *Monsieur Beaucaire*. He'll not disappoint you.

THE PICTUREGOER CRITIC.





# Stellar Supports

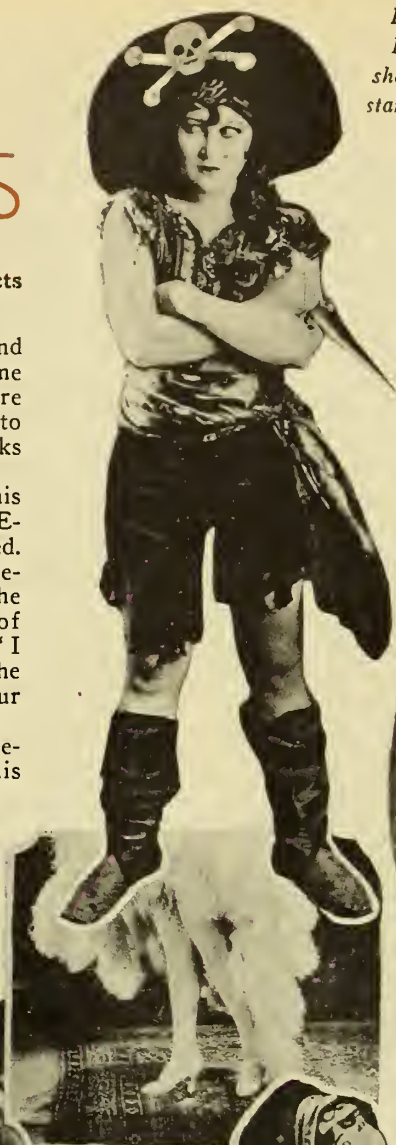
From the knee down; some new aspects of your favourite stars.

Can any of my well-informed and sophisticated readers tell me what disgraceful quality there is about the human leg likely to cause a blush to burn upon the cheeks of the young?

When I suggested the subject of this article to the Editor of PICTUREGOER he looked faintly troubled. "You'll have to write it with discretion," he told me. "Personally," he added, with that sublime sacrifice of self so characteristic of Editors, "I don't mind *what* you say about the stars' extremities, but some of our readers are of tender years."

I suppose there is a mysterious something about legs that warrants this remark—I really can't say. All I know is that some legs are fat and some thin, some bandy and some bow, some good to look upon and others the very reverse.

Right: A bit of Betty Compson in "Woman to Woman."



Left: Cecile Evans whose shapely under-standings carry 100,000 dollars insurance.

There was a time when a film star's legs seemed no different to me than the legs of any ordinary person. They were just that part of the human mechanism necessary to enable one to move about. Very inconvenient to do without, of course, but negligible from a dramatic point of view. Recently, however, I have changed my mind. Legs, I find, loom large in the Hollywood chronicle of fame. Shapely ones



Mack Sennett girls are always shapely. Gladys Tennyson (above) is a very fine sample.



Above: The from Los the way of shoes and

latest in stockings, garters.

Right: Margaret Livingstone, a new star who shakes a leg with the best in "The Follies Girl."



are rated high. Those of Julia Faye, supposed to be amongst the loveliest in Hollywood, have doubled for many a star whose own extremities would not bear the cruel exposure of a close-up. Mack Sennett has had those of Cecile Evans insured for 100,000 dollars, which is the highest valuation put on any pair of legs in Hollywood.

But it is not only from this—shall I say artistic?—point of view that the legs of the famous are to be considered. They have a dramatic value that is unmistakeable when one studies them upon the silver sheet. It is customary to call a man an "actor to his fingertips." Why not "an actor to the tips of his toes?"

Think for a moment of Lillian Gish. Perhaps you have always been to engrossed with those fluttering hands of hers and the wistful, tearful smile to pay much attention to the rest of her. The next time you see her in a film keep your eyes on her feet! They're worth watching, for she can express more of human emotion with them than many another actress does with her whole body. Watch them subside from little, half-unconscious skips of joy into a state of quiet expectancy. Frightened they can be on occasion—hesitant, uncertain. Terror is as easily



shown in the movements of those tiny faltering feet as in her large blue eyes.

Then, too, there is Mary Pickford. Mary might truthfully be billed as "The girl with the most appealing legs in Filmdom." Who could resist the dimpled knee that appears above a wrinkled sock, the rounded toes of the little shoe that the name of Mary instinctively conjures up? Legs with personality these, that run and jump—have you noticed the captivatingly childish way they twinkle over the ground?—and play childish pranks as though their owner were a feminine "Peter Pan" who had never really grown up, but just pretended to, occasionally, for propriety's sake.

Of a totally different style, equally distinctive in their way, are the legs of Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. Those of the former are straight and strong, capable of performing athletic feats and stunts that no other man on the screen can accomplish with quite the same air. Those of the latter—but what need is there to speak of Charlie Chaplin? Everybody knows that inimitable walk of his—the comedy he alone can express with the merest movement of a leg.

Two other people who can express a variety of emotions with their legs are Harold Lloyd and Charles Ray. From the knee downwards there is a similarity about these two that is very noticeable in some of their films. See Harold Lloyd in *Girl Shy* and then

*Reading downwards*  
Kathlyn Williams,  
Julia Faye,  
whose feet  
have figured  
in uncoun-  
ted close-ups  
as "doubles"  
for those of  
other stars.

Lon Chaney in a legless role;  
Harry Langden puts the shoe  
on the wrong foot in "*Picking  
Peaches*." His victim is

Eugenia  
Gilbert.



*Above: If six feet equal two yards in long measure what do these six feet equal in dollars? The answer's in millions.*

try and conjure up a vision of Ray in some of his old comedies—the gawky country boy type that made him famous. Both these actors have the same awkward, bashful way of standing in moments of embarrassment, the same way of shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, the same characteristic walk, half hesitant, half defiant. In my opinion their legs are amongst the most expressive in Filmland.

Lon Chaney might be called the man with india-rubber legs. Usually they are twisted out of all recognition, as in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, when he played the part of "Quasimodo" the dwarf. Or he will make them disappear altogether by strapping them up behind him in some strange way known only to himself, as he did in the role of the cripple "Blizzard" in *The Penalty*. But that is a marvel of make-up rather than of dramatic talent. Lon Chaney does not act with his legs as Lillian, Mary and Douglas, Chaplin, Lloyd and Ray, and scores of other artistes of the camera.

To be an artiste of distinction it is necessary to have a power of expression that goes beyond mere facial contortions. Even one's legs must have personality!

E. E. BARRETT.





# My Trip Abroad

Rudolph philosophises at Deauville, and then moves on with his wife and family (of Pekinese) to Juan Les Pines, Nice.

*Deauville, August 9th.*

Natacha and I were quite thrilled about going to the Casino.

Natacha arrayed herself in her most gorgeous Poiret creation. A "Poiret paradox," I call them, because their simplicity is so confounded with their quality of seductiveness. Which is the *nth* degree of perfection to which a woman's gown can go—or anything else for the matter of that.

Well, and so, thus arrayed, we betook ourselves to the Casino, thinking to be dazzled by the fair women and exquisitely-tailored men.

It was most uninteresting!

The people were most uninteresting!

There were no smart women. Literally none at all. There were no smart men. There was not even that aura, that atmosphere of the ultra-sophisticated, the ultra-smart that we had so confidently looked forward to seeking.

The people were mostly tourists, who had come there, no doubt, on the same mission of curiosity that had brought our disappointed selves. They were talking and laughing in loud voices, trying to make for themselves the gay and abandoned time they had thought to find ready-made for them. Any day, on Fifth Avenue, any evening in any cafe of London, Paris or New York, strolling in by the sheerest coincidence, I have found smarter-looking women and more correct-looking men.

And the cuisine was worse than the people. Poor Hébertot seemed to feel that he was somehow responsible for the badly dressed women and the poorly served food. He explained that most of the really smart people were at distances away and that, anyway, Deauville was not what it had once been.

Doubtless Deauville is much like the places in New York. One winter the Ritz will be *the* place, where at tea time and at dinner foregather the orchid-gathering of New York. Another

here at Deauville, when I have seen the faces of the men; the hardened, painted, pitifully striving faces of the women, I think how much better it really is to be the humble blade of grass that knows the pulse of the earth, the warmth and nourishment of natural surroundings that ask so little and give so much, rather than a transplanted flower that is growing unhealthfully out of its native soil.

Rather life, I think, than a semblance of life!

The faces of some of the women; painted and hardened, set in lines of laughter, forced and unnatural to them. Women who would have been far happier, had they but known it, at home in some simple place tending their plants and flowers, watching their babies grow up, gossiping with their neighbours for the sake of the fillip of excitement. If people could only be taught to read their own hearts, to know what is in their hearts. One of the saddest and truest cries in all the world is the cry of the Arab when he says, "Only God and I know what is in my heart!"

And the men there. Dead dreams staring from their hollow eyes, like so many ravaged

ghosts. Tired men. Desperate men. Men at that very moment contemplating suicide. Men to whom life could have been sound and sweet, who had soured it and embittered it for the lust of gold.

One man there to-night was pointed out to me as having lost 16,000,000 francs during the season. In the half hour that I was there, looking on, he lost 3,000,000 more. His face looked to me as though he had lost his immortal soul.

I remained an onlooker, more interested, really, in the tragic human



winter it will be the Biltmore, the Ambassadors, the smaller places such as Pierre's and the Avignon and so on. People are much like sheep. One goes and the others follow. That has been said before concerning a number of different things, but it is equally true of places where people dress to eat, and eat to dress.

Sometimes, when I have spent an evening in such a place as the Casino



# By RUDOLPH VALENTINO

pantomimes that were being unconsciously enacted for me than I was in the gaming itself. I didn't join the play for the chief reason that gambling doesn't interest me. It never has and I daresay now, that it never will. It is one of the fevers of man that I have happily escaped.

Natacha took the same interest in the gaming rooms as I did; the human drama being there enacted. Men without their masks. Women with their masks of paint and powder all too pitifully transparent. Toys. Victims. Money-mummers. Tragedies . . .

*Deauville, August 10th.*

To-day we have spent in motoring about the country with Hébertot. They are among the most pleasant hours we have spent since we left American shores.

As we motored with swift ease over the level roads of Normandy, viewing the quaint Norman cottages, catching glimpses of the Normandy peasants, the old sailor type of Normandy peasant, I felt very much akin to them, very near . . . and curiously responsive. I wanted to wave my hat in my hand, to shout out to them, "Why, how do you do there . . . here I am . . . back again . . . after . . . how long a while . . . no matter . . . here am I!"

I think I did wave my hat a trifle and Hébertot thought I had recognised someone I knew. I had, but he wouldn't have quite got my point of view without considerable explanation, and I

Norman family it is, too, by the way, for generations upon generations, and in the old place he showed us the very bedroom in which William the Conqueror had slept before he went to England

On the ride home, I took some pictures here and there along the way, of some of the old Norman types. It was most enjoyable. Natacha makes fun of my photography and told me when we started home in earnest, after I had proclaimed the fact that I had had my



*Natacha  
Rambova  
(Mrs. Rudolph  
Valentino) photo-  
graphed in front of  
the Nice chateau  
of her parents,  
Mr. & Mrs.  
Hudnut*



*Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino and their large family of small dogs.*

wanted to drink in sensation, not expound an abstract theory.

The most interesting part in the ride, really, was an ancient Normandy farmhouse to which Hébertot took us. The lovely, traditional old place had belonged to his family, a very ancient

fill of photography for the day, that she didn't know *what* type of man would appear on my film, since I had doubtless taken three or four on the same negative.

I have, since, proudly proved her wrong . . . in some cases.

*Deauville, August 11th.*

More motoring to-day. Luncheon at a charming little inn overlooking the sea. Wine of the country. Normandy women serving us. Smell of milk and butter and fresh eggs and mounds of sweetly-smelling bread. Comfort. Rest. Tranquility. Contentment. A Normandy peasant . . . with the luscious country rolling back of him and the smitten sea sprawling at his feet . . . what more could the heart of a man desire? Why travel farther to find Nirvana?

To-night, the Casino again.

Some friends of ours from Paris, the owner of the Swedish ballet and a motion picture director, joined us and with this and that we managed to stay up until two or three in the morning.

Oh I forgot to say that on our motor trip this morning we visited an ancient monastery in the pure Gothic style. It is now a farmhouse, as so many of the ancient missions and so forth are. Before being a monastery it was a castle and now in its reduced state (or isn't it a reduced state after all?) the huge, sunken guardroom or Salle des Gardes, is used as a sheep-run during the night. Thus does Time transform all things and all places with ghostly, mocking finger tips, and the



alchemy of traditional touch. The archways are still standing, and a little way from there are the ruins of the ancient mortuary chapel, where the mother of William the Conqueror is purported to be buried. We were told a legend to the effect that this lady retired into a convent at some time during her later maturity and was there interred.

To-morrow we start back to Paris

*Paris, August 14th.*

One very charming thing happened to me this morning. One of the very many charming things Hébertot has done for me since I have been in Paris. I admired tremendously a marvellous Dauberman-Pincher dog of his and this morning he sent his chauffeur to me with another dog of the same species, an equally beautiful specimen. He came in person a little later, and asked me how I liked him. I told him I was quite mad about the animal and would like to buy him. Hébertot told me that I must accept him "as a present, a souvenir," and now I am the proud possessor of Kabir. Natacha and I named him after considerable eager discussion. You might have thought that it was the christening of a child, so particular we were about the suitability of the name to the beast. Another member of our family to travel with us!

And to-morrow we start on our journey. We have planned to make Avignon our first stop *en route* to Nice and Natacha's parents.

We leave Paris. We leave by road who did arrive by air! I left London with a sort of sombre joy of regret, if that is quite clear. A heavy melancholy shot with a heavy joy that I had walked the London pavements and breathed the London air. I shall leave Paris jauntily, with a smile and a wave, even as, jauntily and happily, Paris saluted me upon my arrival.

The spirit of Paris is young and triumphant over heart-break and despair. *Vive la France! Vive la France!*

And to-morrow we turn our faces to the South!

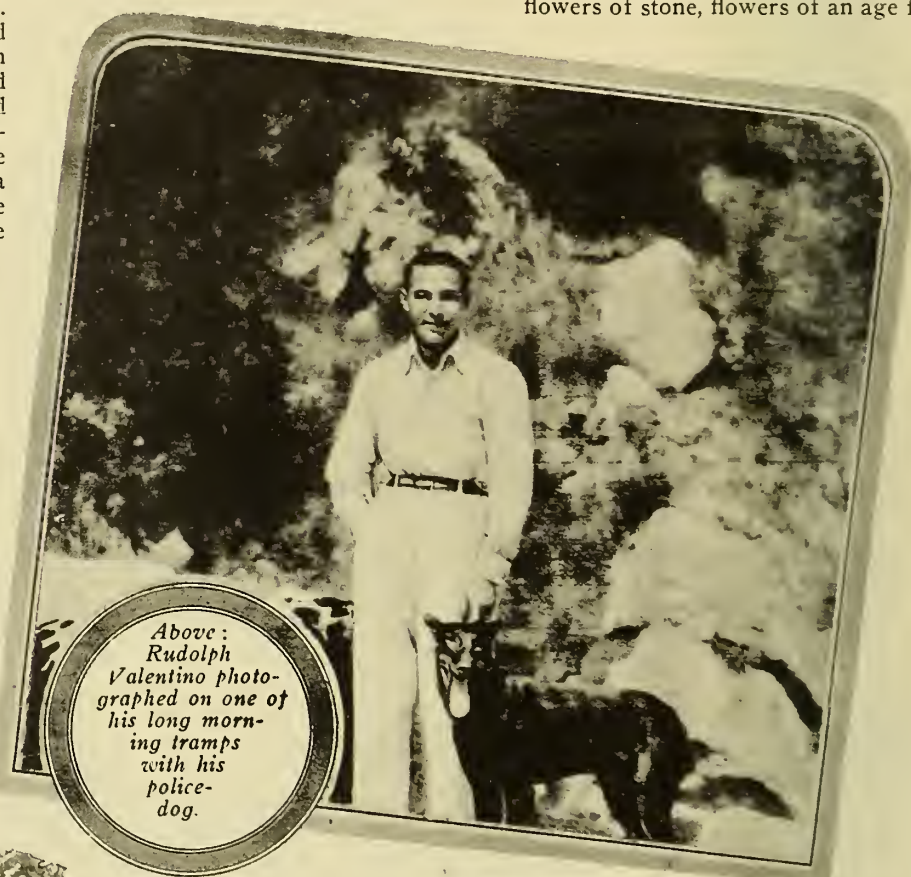
*Nice, August 18th.*

Our first night in Nice, at the Chateau Juan Les Pins, was a wonderfully restful one, following, as it did, the fatigue of the motor trip from Paris. We were both glad to get there.

We left Paris with one extra dog, the Pincher-Dauberman given us by M. Hébertot; with several extra "bits" of baggage containing mostly, Natacha's Poiret gowns, with a heart full of regret and with as many good wishes and invitations to return as we could absorb. We had come to court Paris as a half-shy stranger. We left her as a warm friend to whom we hope soon to return

Our first stop was at Avignon. We stopped there and had a most delicious luncheon. The inns in France are the places where you get the best food. Small towns. Small inns. Unforgettable spots. The wine of the region is Chablis and it is served in carafes instead of in bottles. Since we left America we have not had a cocktail. I have said before that the French do not go in for what is commonly known as "strong drink." The strong drinking one hears about in Paris is not done by Frenchmen, but by tourists who have their own shakers and use 'em if they want a good one!

The country we rode through *en route* to Nice was simply a town with beautiful castles. They stood here, there and everywhere, like gigantic flowers of stone, flowers of an age fore-



Above:  
Rudolph  
Valentino photo-  
graphed on one of  
his long morn-  
ing tramps  
with his  
police-  
dog.



Natacha Rambova Valentino and her Pekes outside the chateau.

gone, but scarce forgotten. Almost every hill, peaking against the low-lying sky, has some chateau, some beautiful country places. Places where you feel as though you should linger, should absorb, so that going on, you would surely not forget.

We put up for the night at Bourges and the next morning took the road to Nice.

Most of our route I had planned carefully ahead of time, charting our eating places and resting places as nearly as might be. But now and then I would be behind schedule or ahead of schedule and we would have to go adventuring for the spot whereon to rest our weary heads.

(Continued on page 60.)



# A Woman who Understands

BY VINCENT DE SOLA

I have before me four photographs of Shirley Mason. Two of these are full face portraits, and two are profile pictures. Each seems to reveal a different mood, but each exhibits the same careful formation and weighed proportions that lead me to declare her unusually practical.

She is not a visionary; she prefers facts. This is what her face tells me at the first scrutiny. Its character harmony is excellent, and only in the mouth do I find contradictions to the main thread of a very concrete personality.

The eyes are alert and wide-awake, but their shape and placing with relationship to the lids and brows, would seem to indicate that she is a subjective type, somewhat self-focussed. Things outside, therefore, would not greatly affect her. She is interested in them not objectively, but mainly because of their reaction on herself.

She is not sceptical in type, and trusts easily, believing without hesitation in the good faith of those with whom she has to deal. There is loyalty present, and great faithfulness to those whom she loves. But the mouth adds the contradiction—and it is through our contradictions that we are each of us individuals—of being easily swayed through the affections. I should deduce from this contradiction that she regards all ties that touch her deeply with unswerving fidelity, and that beyond this depth she has a range of lesser feeling where emotions may come and go without great personal significance to her.

She is not idealistic in type, but at the same time she is not one of those who have ceased to be idealistic through contact with the world, and have grown bitter therefore. The high practicality of her nature makes her take life as it is and find it good.

The features are definite and strong. Eyes, mouth, and nose would say that she is self-reliant and capable. Feminine as are the contours of the face, there are indications present that she has, to an unusual degree, an understanding of masculine minds and traits.



*Shirley Mason has, according to De Sola, an unusual amount of understanding of masculine minds and traits.*

This is the face of a person strong in practicality, distinguished by carefulness and thoroughness. The eyes are searching and thoughtful. This is a nature inclined to trust rather than suspect. Warm sympathy and kindness are indicated, and the ability to rise to great heights of self-sacrifice in love. The personality is somewhat self-focussed and attempts to win its desires with a slow driving force rather than by nervous and unconsidered impulses.

Her humour is deep and personal, but not very broad. Life is not funny to such a person as this, any more than it is tragic. Her humour springs almost solely as a reaction from her own seriousness of purpose. She is ambitious, but the mouth and chin point out a great fondness for pleasure and some degree of likeable indolence. She would dislike restlessness and nervousness and aimless energy.

Many of the traits of character in this face declare its possessor to be somewhat domestic in type. The maternal instinct is also marked, but this is mitigated by the slow, driving

force of her ambition. To attain her ends she is capable of great self-sacrifice.

I like the touch of philosophy in the face, so seldom seen in the faces of the "theatre type." There

is no cruelty in the face, but rather a large, general kindness. She is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, the lips tell us. I deduce from this and other signs that she does not live in the future, but in the immediate and practical present.

Her force of will is marked. She shows the trait of patience in an uncanny degree, and it would seem that nothing could resist her carefulness and thoroughness in prosecuting a desired end. The disposition is fairly even, though it is the type that when once aroused becomes almost ruthless.

She would discard indolence and patience and her analogous traits for the moment, to become tensed and tiger-swift.

There is more sentiment in the face than emotion. The temperament is, for the most part, under the command of calm, practical, reasoning faculties.

The lips and eyes both show a knowledge of tact, but appear to be outspoken as well. Not easily wounded by the obvious, she can nevertheless be hurt by things which I cannot quite define.

There is some feminine vanity in the face and a good deal of curiosity regarding those in whom she is at all interested. Her curiosity, in other words, is like her humour—deep, but not broad. Hers is, to a great extent, a sub-conscious nature as both the eyes and the formation of the brow tell me. She permits herself to be guided very often by a simple instinct. She is not keenly introspective in spite of her practical attitude, and often regards herself in one mood in quite a different light than in another.

But she has unusual persistence, and she is capable of winning to the goal she desires with her array of what may be called "success" traits. But her practicality would prevent her from pursuing the aims of many of the younger group of film stars.



# The Search Perpetual

by

## DAVID SMITH

The word "Types" forms the be-all and end-all, the middle, and the whole of a Casting Director's existence. David Smith says so, he is Casting Director for the Vitagraph Co., so he ought to know.

**Y**ou may know of a girl who looks like the Empress Josephine or a fellow with a head that Adonis might have coveted; or a baby with a tip-tilted nose, an angelic temper and a capacity for doing without its mother for a space of two hours. You may know of a girl who is young, exquisite to look upon, innocently attractive, and yet the possessor of much worldly experience; and a woman with the air of a regular "vamp" who is, at heart, a sweet-natured, trusting

the eyes of disapproval upon the wine while it is red, can yet assume the inglorious mannerisms of the lady who has gazed upon the wine whilst red, until the bottle has been emptied! (for film purposes.) And so on *ad finitum*.

Of course, there are millions of people who want to act for films and never will. There are, perhaps, scores who want to act for films, and may. Out of the never-ending stream of applications which arrive at the studios with a persistence worthy of the



Above: Sheldon Lewis and Laura La Varnie give a lovely pair of character studies in "Orphans of the Storm."

soul, with a habit of making everybody happy.

I say you may know all these sort of people; but, on the other hand (the most likely hand of the two) you may not!

But, maybe, you aren't a Casting Director for a Film Company. Maybe you don't bother, anyway, about "types" . . . unless one happens to strike you as being the sort that would make life worth living—beside you!

**T**ypes! The word forms the be-all and end-all, the middle, and the whole of a Casting Director's existence. He must know and study "types" until there is left no shred of a possibility that the day will come when he cannot produce one, any one of them, to order. He must know of the man who can behave like a butler, and is willing to be a butler for the space of a day, a week, or a month, as required. He must know of the woman who, whilst turning



Right: Otto Lederer whose Hebrew characterisations earned him stardom.



Reading downwards: Helen Ferguson's looks gained her the coveted star role in "Hungry Hearts;" Betty Balfour, a perfect London type; and Nick de Ruiz as "Kuroff" in "Baru." methods of a political candidate, there are, perhaps, two a month that look "possible." The Casting Director has to keep a note of every "possible" film artist, with a photograph and all particulars of experience, specific recommendations and potentialities.

In addition to this, the C.D. has already on his books the names of hundreds of reliable,

experienced artists, who are ready to obey his commands.

Even so, the task of casting a new picture is no mean one. Easy enough to settle the question of the leading lady and the leading man; perhaps of the two or three other important characters in the plot. But there the simplicity ends. There are, perhaps, a score of minor characters which must be interpreted . . . and it is the Casting Director's



job to find the *right* artist for every role, however small, for a good film director will brook no "ragged" performance from anyone in the cast, no matter how insignificant the role they may be playing.

Oft-times, the colossal Book of Record is of precious little use. The C.D. wades through it. Ah! *here* is the lady who might play the flower-girl! Right! A hurried communication to the lady in question. Several days' delay. Then a reply to the effect that she has accepted an engagement with the So-and-So Company and won't be

Right: Dale Fuller in "Greed."



Left: Robert Edson as "Sapt" with "The Prisoner of Zenda."

He's got to. He's paid to solve problems, and he'd lose his job if he didn't.

But it is in the question of "crowds" that the Casting Director proves that he's made of the right stuff for his job. When you see the thousands of bits of humanity rushing and scurrying across the screen, does it ever strike you that, in some instances at least, every one of those people have been *selected*? Out of the thousands of people who would be willing to play in film crowds, there are many who are not fitted, even for that relatively unimportant task. They are the sort who would find it well-nigh impossible to abstain from taking a

(Continued on page 47).



Above: Human Wrecks in "Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness." The one on the right is Victor Seastrom.

free for another six weeks. Try again! The next attempt fails. The lady is down with influenza, and strictly forbidden to think of work for two months. Try again! The lady is willing to accept the part, but she has just played a much more important role for the —Company. Will we increase the remuneration? No, we won't. We can't. It wouldn't be fair. She's only asked to play a *tiny* part.. We are willing to pay for her services exactly what we think they are worth. She bristles. So do we. She's "off" the list.

And so the jolly little problem goes on, until it works itself out . . . or until the Casting Director works it out.



This man, Anton Vaverde bears a striking physical resemblance to the late Franz Joseph of Austria, hence his assumption of that role in "Merry Go Round."



Above: Otis Hartan as "Corliss" in "Captain Blood," a shining example of what a pleasant-faced man can make of himself with the assistance of his make-up box and a little perseverance (and spirit gum).



Elinor Glyn (centre) with John Gilbert and Aileen Pringle.



# Studio Smiles

## YVONNE THOMAS

You've doubtless seen Yvonne Thomas on the screen, in "The Money Habit," "Sally Bishop," and "Owd Bob." Come into the studio with her as you read her reminiscences

It will doubtless seem strange to those who are interested enough to read this article, that as an artist, I should know anything much about the technical side of the screen; therefore, it behoves me to explain that when I was very young (Yes, I *must* have been very 'young'!) my ambition was to become a "Movie star." With much optimism, practically no money, and still less influence, I set forth as many others have done, confident of winning through.

Alas! after weary weeks of trying,



Above: Yvonne Thomas and John Stuart in "Land of My Fathers."

usually quite unsuccessfully to obtain interviews with producers, I was faced with overwhelming defeat. Disillusioned and in despair, I turned my attention to a story I had been writing during these unhappy weeks, and decided as a last desperate plunge to send it to a firm, and see if I could sell it as a film story.

A little later to my utter astonishment I received a letter from the firm asking me to call, and upon doing so was offered a job on the scenario staff. Of course this meant giving up all thoughts of acting, the fact of which nearly broke my heart,

Left: Yvonne Thomas (Photo by Ernest Mills).

but owing to the still more broken state of my pocket, I was forced to accept, and it was whilst with this firm that I obtained my first "peep behind the scenes" in a film studio.

It was during the filming of (Ibsen's) "Pillars of Society" that I was initiated into the gentle art of "faking." It happened that the leading man, owing to his stage work, was unable to accompany the rest of the cast to Norway for exteriors, and this necessitated some of the outdoor scenes in which he appeared being "matched up" in England, with the scenes taken abroad.

All went well, until a certain part was reached where the leading lady had to walk from her house into an orchard to meet her lover. The walk into the orchard was taken in Norway in May, whilst the actual meeting in supposedly another part of the same orchard had to take place in England. Imagine the producer's dilemma, upon returning to England in the middle of July, when he suddenly remembered that apple trees do not bloom in this month! The producer and staff sat up well into the night trying to solve the problem of how to match up the scene. Dawn came, and found the entire company with a ladder apiece, tying paper flowers on to the apple trees, arranging them carefully to hide the already growing fruit! The artists arrived for the day's work, and found a beautiful orchard in full bloom, and, let me

Below: A garden scene from "Land of My Fathers."





whisper, when the film was shown, not even the sternest critic detected the fake!

It is amazing the fascination the screen has for the leisured classes. These members of society, seem to imagine that filming is an amusing method of killing time, until they have sampled a real day's work in a studio, and then usually the craze dies a sudden death. During the filming of a drawing room scene, in one picture, there happened to be amongst the crowd one of these girls who, to do her credit, was very pretty indeed and beautifully dressed in a black sequin gown. Owing to her appearance, she was placed well in front of the set, with her back to some powerful arc-lamps, and was instructed at a given signal to turn round and greet a couple who would cross the room.

When all was ready, something went wrong with the camera, and took about five minutes to fix again... At last the scene was taken, and at the signal the lady turned gracefully round and greeted the couple... A gasp from the producer, and tittering from the crowd... I looked up from my script and saw that the back of the lady's frock had entirely disappeared. The sequins had melted under the strong lights, and all that remained of them, was a sticky mess trickling down somewhere in the region of her waist. I rushed forward with a cloak and escorted the unhappy girl to her dressing

Below:  
Yvonne in  
Fancy dress.



room, where, she confided to me, as I helped her out of the remaining piece of gown, and scraped the melted sequins off her back, that she did not think that filming was half the fun she had been led to suppose!

When assisting in the first production of Fred Karno's famous comedies, the "Early Birds," a very funny incident occurred in a poor neighbourhood where we were taking exteriors. The scene was one where a down and out V.C. is discovered upon some steps in a state of collapse, without the



Reading  
downwards:  
Two  
studies of  
Yvonne  
Thomas  
by The  
At Home  
Studios and  
Yvonne and  
John Stuart in  
a love scene  
from "Land of  
My Fathers."

money for a night's lodging. It was one of those pathetic touches, often found in slapstick comedy.

The actor was made up to look very ill, and incidentally was playing his part to perfection. Naturally an interested crowd of onlookers gathered to watch proceedings. Suddenly, in the most tense part, a dear old lady, followed by a burly chauffeur, broke through the crowd, dashed up to the actor, felt his head and pulse, ordered her chauffeur to carry him to her car, and turning to



the gaping crowd exclaimed, "How dare you see this poor man die here like this?" Of course, everyone laughed, and the producer stepped forward to explain matters. The old lady on hearing the truth, took it all in good part, and was thoroughly amused at her mistake.

Whilst on the technical side of films, I learned a lot, and the experience was well worth while, but when, not long afterwards, my opportunity to act came along, I knew that my old love still held first place in my heart.

In conclusion, perhaps I may tell a little tale against myself, especially as throughout this article I have been telling tales against other people. Whilst filming in my last picture *Owd Bob* for Henry Edwards, we were taking exteriors at Walton, and I could not help noticing that the onlookers regarded me as an unwelcome intruder, probably because they did not like the idea of anyone but Chrissie White (though it is quite by this lady's wish that she is taking a short rest from filming) playing in a Henry Edwards production.

Anyhow this is the conversation I overheard just behind me, taking place between two loyal village girls.

"Who is she?" asked one.

"I dunno," replied the other. "Suppose she thinks she's a second Chrissie White!"

"Go on," was the disgusted retort, "if she's the second Chrissie White, then I reckon I'm the second Alma Taylor."

Not flattering? No, not quite, but I could not but admire their loyalty to their favourite.





### LAURA LA PLANTE

*Commenced her screen career as a Christie Comedy girl, but was borrowed by Charles Ray for one picture and never returned. She is a Universal star these days, in "Butterfly," "Young Ideas" and "The Lightning Lover."*



**MALCOLM TOD**

*A favourite British leading man who threatens to desert us for America very soon. Malcolm has been filming abroad the best part of this year in "L'Image" and "Cabin D'Amour."*



**MATT MOORE**

*Since he played opposite Mary Pickford in "Pride of the Clan," Matt Moore has had a varied screen career. He was born in Ireland in 1883 and is the youngest of four famous brothers.*



**LOUISE FAZENDA**

*Who delights in trying to make the world believe she is comically ugly, since she seldom appears in a film as she looks in real life. Seems a pity to camouflage such a pretty little lady.*



**MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE**

*Was leading lady in several Douglas Fairbanks films and starred by herself in "Trumpet Island," "The Hope," and the newest Hollywood story, "Behold This Woman," in which you can see her this month.*



# The Screen Fashion Plate



Moleskin and monkey fur form this delightfully cosy-looking wrap worn by Lillian Hall Davis.



Aileen Pringle's exotic-looking evening cloak made of royal blue satin brocaded in heavy gold thread.



Above: This chinchilla garment cost Alice Joyce over £3,000 and is as beautiful inside as it is out.



Left: Mae Murray, too, favours chinchilla, and the childish-looking cloak she wears made a big hole in her banking account.



Right: Marjorie Daw's black and silver dance wrap, trimmed with the fashionable untidy-looking collar of ostrich strands.



# Footlights or Shadows?

by ELIZABETH LONERGAN

## Nº3 EDMUND LOWE.

Edmund Lowe started out to be a lawyer, taught English Literature in College and with this excellent groundwork drifted into theatrical work. At College he took part in the Santa Clara Mission Play, portraying almost every role. His stage debut was Nance O'Neil in "La Tosca" and one of his best stories is about that first night which almost wrecked his career as well as the show itself.

Instead of making a dignified entrance as one of the courtliest of the courtiers, his slippery shoes caused him to slide along, knocking over several other actors and making a comedy of the very dramatic moment! Mr. Lowe lived down the disgrace of his stage debut and before he retired into pictures, was leading man for Julia Marlowe, Leonore Ulric and other well known American stars.

I asked him which he preferred stage or screen and he said: "I feel that while methods and treatment are different that one helps the other and that particularly stage training is invaluable in screen work. The dramatic work is helpful in the matter of timing the movement with the line to be interpreted while the Screen teaches pantomime which is useful



on the stage. When the time comes that the voice and screen can be synchronised, it will closely connect the two. But the stage gives the reality and science cannot yet supplant it; possibly the picture of the future may be able to do so."

His definition of an ideal career is "Six months pictures and six months on the stage!" showing that he is not afraid of hard work, for his year's programme contains no vacation plans! Like all players, he hopes to get to England some time to make a picture. He spent several weeks in Honolulu while *The White Flower* in which Betty Compson was starred, was made and three weeks at Panama for *In The Night Watch*. Then came *In The Palace of the King* in which Lowe was featured with Blanche Sweet and next he was starred with Florence Vidor in Tom Ince's production *Barbara Fritchie* which is soon to be released.

He is at the moment working on *The Fool*, in which he plays the spiritual "Rev. Gilchrist" which is the part James Kirkwood made famous in New York and Henry Ainley is now playing in London. The minister is called "The Fool" because he tries to follow the teaching of Christ in this modern day, when the true meaning of Christ is lost sight of in the mad rush for power and wealth. Harry Millarde of *Over the Hill* fame is directing.

Mr. Lowe is a San Francisco boy, a "Native Son" as they call them. He is tall and good looking, folks who appreciate a clever mind and attractive manners cannot fail to like him as much off the screen as they do in his pictures.

Reading downwards: Edmund Lowe in "*Nellie, The Beautiful Cloak Model.*"

Circle: With the late Martha Mansfield in "*The Silent Command*"; a full length study of Edmund; and

Left: In "*In The Palace of The King.*"





# Secrets

by JOHN FLEMING



In an hour Sir John Carlton might be dead. The famous specialist said it would be an hour—one way or the other, life or death. In their several ways the family of Sir John awaited the striking of the hour.

The wife, Lady Carlton, a slight bowed figure with grey hair peeping from beneath a white cap, knelt beside the bed, her eyes alternately on her stricken husband, and the great man who had come to save him, if human aid could. The others were in a little ante-room leading off from the bedroom itself.

In their several ways . . .

John, now fifty-two, at the door of the ante-room, watching the pathetic figure of his mother.

Robert yawning. For he did so many other things so much better than he waited.

Audrey smoking, trying not to seem bored.

Lady Lessingham, Blanche Carlton that was, a widow, in a mood of systematic complaint.

John it was who felt the situation most keenly. "Poor little mother . . ." he thought, and was startled to hear that his thoughts formed themselves into words, muttered in low, scarcely audible tones. "Poor little mother. She loves him now, I do believe, as much as she loved him fifty-five years ago, when she gave up the world for his sake. . . ."

He could scarcely take his eyes from his waiting mother through the door, but some last peevish protest of one of the others caused him to turn and rest his gaze for a moment on them. Lady Lessingham was walking up and down the room, rather in a manner which suggested that the train was late. Robert was staring moodily at his feet. Audrey was sitting on the edge of the table, swinging her legs . . .

"This waiting is ghastly for us all," sighed Blanche. "I can't say that I have a very great opinion of these so-called wonderful men of science. Either they know he will get better or they know he won't, I say. One way or the other. Why don't they say. And why an hour in any case, I'd like to know."

"When a man is seventy-seven and

has double pneumonia," said Audrey, lighting a fresh cigarette, "only a miracle can save him."

And Robert yawned again.

John lowered his eyes, feeling unable to face them.

"A miracle will save him," he said softly.

"What?" said Robert.

"Mother," said John.

"Mother?"

"Mother is the miracle that will save him."

"Oh," said Robert.

Audrey's face hardened as she edged her way off the table. "Father has simply made a slave of mother all their married life," she said. "Mother has just had to be at his beck and call all those fifty-five years."

"That's right," Robert supplemented. "If mother is out of his sight for five minutes it's 'Mary—come here, I want you.' How's she stood it all these years is beyond me."

John left the door and came into the ante-room to be beside them. How different they were, he thought, one from another. Some like mother in

some ways, some like her in others, and all in some way totally unlike her at all. Himself? He wondered. But he thought he understood.

"Not a bad thing for a woman to hear, if you should ask me," was his comment. "'Mary—come here, I want you.' He does want her—every minute. What is wrong with that?"

"You are a sentimentalist," said Audrey with a sniff.

A tiny footstep sounded across the room and the "children" fell silent and turned. It was mother.

"You—you aren't—quarrelling—now?" she said simply and looked in the eyes of each in turn.

Some of them met her gaze, some looked away. Audrey laid down her cigarette, but took it up a moment later.

"We were saying—" she began, but meeting the eyes of Robert left it at that and said no more.

Lady Carlton walked across to a quaint little secretaire that stood beneath a window in the corner of the room, a little shrine where she kept the few things that were private and personal and sacred to her. She sat





"It will be a hard life at first," he said.

It had been born with their love and side by side with it had grown old in their service. It was a quaint old book. It seemed to have silver hair and a dainty white cap. It was perfumed with lavender, and none of the "children" there had ever read a word of it. Mother turned its pages gently, reverently. It seemed almost an act of religion with her. She spoke softly but in such low tones that only John could catch a word, and then but a word or two here and there.

"I remember it all," she said.

"I remember the very first day, and the very first moment. I had gone to father's office one day, and John was a clerk there. I dropped my parasol and he stooped and picked it up for me. When he handed it back he looked at me, and I knew I was 'in love.' . . .

"I felt so tiny, so small to be in love, for love is a great big thing, much bigger than any of us when first we meet it. We must grow up with love. . . But small as I was I knew that love had come to me

that day, and something in John's eyes told me that he knew love had come to him. Although we had not exchanged a word, we had a secret to share. It was the first secret I had ever had apart from my parents.

"We met again, of course, and then John sent me letters. The most beautiful letters they were, and I have them still, locked in a drawer here. I answered them, and we had to use the greatest diplomacy. Susan—how she comes back to me; I see her now, though she has been called away these many years—Susan, my maid, acted as carrier, and nobody but the three of us knew of their existence. My first little secret. . .

"And then one day I told my father. . .

"Told him. You never knew your grandfather Marlowe, children, not to remember him. In temper he was terrible and he was terrible that night. 'A clerk!' he said, and seemed to think he had said all that mattered when he uttered those two words. 'But not a mere clerk, father,' said I, and your father never was that. But papa would hear no more. I—I was locked in my bedroom and watched by the servants,

day and night, and forbidden ever again to correspond with John.

"Well, well . . . Some parents forget what love has been to them . . . And some don't. . . On the second night John came for me, climbed the ivy on the wall of our old house at Blackheath. I opened the window and admitted him and he told me to prepare, at once that we were to be married next day, and proceed to America. It would be a hard life at first, he said, but we would win through.

"I did as he told me. Always I have done as he told me. And we were married and went to America and—it was a hard life. A hard life in a hard land. . . Day and night John worked for me, making friends, making enemies, making his—our—fortune. Enemies, yes. One night they came for him, cut-throats from a mining camp, for some part he had played in a brawl, and when they fought it was a fight to the death. Father's friends stood by us and they barricaded the camp. We all fought through to dawn, and my first-born, the little brother you never knew, a mite in his cradle, died that night . . .

"But I stood by John. I did not tell him till all was over. Lest his resolve, which was the only thing that held us all together—lest it should break under the strain—I did not tell him, but nursed the little corpse for four hours, until we won. John needed me then. He always—needed me . . .

"Strong years. But we were together . . .

"I remember how we went away, yes—and I remember how we came back. Not as we went, children. We came back wealthy and respected. And for the great way in which your father represented his country out there they gave him his knighthood, and I was—Lady Carlton. Proud days, and we were still together. One of the proudest was when my father came to me and acknowledged that he had been mistaken about John—and that I had been right.

"And then. . . I remember . . .

"I remember Mrs. Mainwaring. From her I first learnt that in the past . . . that John had secrets, too—secrets at which I had never guessed, emotions I had never suspected or shared, passions . . . Mrs. Mainwaring. She came.

"It seemed at first as if the very world had collapsed for me. It seemed as if I had ceased to live, and that my feelings at that moment were a mocking echo of life that had been, many long ages ago. My John. . . Not my John . . . I was like a rose beneath a cruel heel. How could life ever be the same for me again?

She came, and she sneered at my love for John—my paltry love, as she called it. She said that I could never feel for John the passion that she felt, and I smiled, for that was true enough, I do not doubt. She told me I could never love him as she loved him, and at that too I smiled. And then she said

before it and slipped a well-shone key into the feebling lock. She raised the lid.

"What are you going to do, dear?" Robert asked.

"I thought I'd just look over the diary I've kept all these years, dear," she replied. "I've kept it up to date since the first time I ever met your father, and . . . I thought that if I read over some of the things we have done together, brought back the past again, perhaps it might . . . Do you know what I mean?"

"A revitaliser?" asked John gently. And she smiled and nodded.

"That's it, dear. You understand. Somehow, you always understand."

Trying in one way and another to pass that dreadful time away, smoking, thinking, feeling, fidgeting, the "children" gathered round the old lady. In some way they sensed the inner fight that was going on within her heart to save the life of her husband in the next room, and they knew that if it could be done mother would do it. She turned the leaves of the fading book, and had to peer at the fading ink on its pages before she could read, well as she knew most of it by heart.



that John could never love me as he loved her, never had, never could. I was unworthy of him, that I was but a mother of children and not a man's woman. Oh, the things she said, the barbs she thrust into my poor bleeding heart . . .

"I had the children, she said, and they must content me. I dare not claim the man. No longer was he my man. Would I dare to keep him. She seemed to threaten, and then to plead.

"It was the night little John here first wore long trousers. It was my birthday, and my husband was to come home early to a little party in celebration. You children were sitting up late as a special treat. You would see Mrs. Mainwaring. But you would not understand.

"Yes, I remember. I remember my very thoughts at that hour. The bitterness did not remain long, for how can bitterness remain where love is. And I did love John. That was my anchor, the great fact that held me firm in that awful crisis. I loved John. Whatever he had done, I loved him, as steadfastly as on that first day when he took up my dropped parasol for me. Without that I should have died. But I loved him, not for the fine days but for all time, however fine and noble he might prove, however evil he might be. He was my man, my one man, my only man. And the knowledge of that enabled me to smile in the face of Mrs. Mainwaring.

"She had not been the only one. I found things out. She told me, and little things that had seemed only strange at the time, things I had overseen but not understood, flamed up now in their true significance. Why should I cease to love him. He was my man, and men are but men. I married him not for a saint but for a man, and—he needed me.

"Mrs. Mainwaring said she had come to me to ask me for John.

"He will never dare ask for his own freedom," she said. "And so I come to ask for it for him. I have talked it over with him. The settlement will be generous. You shall have the children. He will do all he can to make the divorce proceedings easy for you if you will but take them. Proofs . . .

"I remember that I looked at her, still smiling, and seemed then to resent her so very little.

"You want John?" I asked.

"She nodded.

"And John wants you?"

"Yes, she said, John wanted her, as no man had ever wanted woman before.

"Then," said I, "John shall have you." For John's wish was my wish, I loved him so well.

"It all came back to me then—the past. The dazzling days when first our paths crossed—his stand for me against my father—our elopement—and those dreadful, hard days out West. I don't know that I blamed him much. I had seen him soiled and blood-stained out there in the terrible West. What was

I that I should point the finger of scorn at what other stains may have clung to him. Wrong we all have in common. Nobility is rare and must be treasured. I must think only the best of him, remember the noble things he had done in the past and cherish them. And though our love might be shattered now I must treasure the memory of it when it flourished. Poor John, I thought.

"Yes," I said to Mrs. Mainwaring, "you shall have him."

"She almost began to thank me!

"If he wants you," said I.

"And I saw a strange light in her eyes at that.

"Yes, it was the night of my birthday, and John came home early. As we talked, Mrs. Mainwaring and I, I heard his light step in the hall, but she did not. He opened the door, as quietly as always he opened the door, and he came in. She did not see him, but he saw her.

"For a few moments longer she went on talking and he heard all. I shall never forget the look that was in his eyes. Mrs. Mainwaring was between us, her back to him, and I was watching him. At length she seemed to suspect

*"It was a fight to the death."*

and she rose and swung round.

"You!" she said. "John!"

"And then he came forward and looked at me.

"Well?" he said.

"But I had nothing then to say. I turned to Mrs. Mainwaring and asked her to explain.

"She explained. . . She told him most of the things she had said to me, and most of the things I had said to her. She told him that I had said he could go.

"You mean this?" he asked, turning on me.

"I said, John," I replied, "that if so it is that you wish to go, you shall go. I will not stand in your way. If your desire is to be free, you are free. I will do whatever you wish.

"He could not speak for some moments. Then he went to Mrs. Mainwaring and laid one hand none too gently on her shoulder.

"Very well," he said. "Very well. As soon as I am free I will marry you. It—it is the punishment that both of us deserve for our sins. . .

"It was like—what was it like? How can I say. It was like the rainbow after the storm, and it was like something a million times grander than that. . . She stared at him, and from him to me, and then without another





word she walked out of the house, and I—I scarcely knew how things stood then.

"But when we were alone together once more John fell on his knees at my feet—and the last time he had done that was the night before he received his knighthood. Many years ago, and it seemed longer then than it seems now. . .

"He begged forgiveness, and yet he said that if I wished it he would go. He told me all, not Mrs. Mainwaring alone . . . all . . . He purged his soul and stood before me clean, and begged forgiveness.

"He begged forgiveness, and yet he was willing to renounce all for what he had done. He was willing to take his punishment too. He would go, he said, and never see me any more. He would go loving me as he had never loved me before, wanting me as never yet had he wanted anything on earth—he would go into solitude and take that solitude as his punishment. It was for me to say.

"It is not for you to beg forgiveness,' I reminded him. 'I married you for what you are, and if you want me, John dear—I am—here. . .'

"If he wanted me and if he needed me—that was how I looked at it. No, it was not for him to seek either forgiveness or punishment; it was not for me either to forgive or punish. Ours only to love. No shipwreck we might make of our lives would wipe out the past. No shipwreck in the past could be atoned for by shipwreck in the future. 'Ours only to love,' I reminded him, 'and if there is still love left to us we should be grateful and forget all else. If you love me and I love you what else matters? If you want me . . . that is the balance in which all lies. For if you want me love between us can never die. I—I want you, John.'

"And I want you, my dear,' said he. 'Want you and do not dare to tell you so. It is like—like asking a reward for my sins . . .'

"No,' I said; and I think he knew what I meant.

"That night it seemed that we were married again. The past was gone—even the good past seemed little in face of the promise of—the future. We stood arm in arm, before this little desk here and I took up my pen and made an entry in this little book. A long time ago. The little desk then lacked chips it has to-day. The little

#### CHARACTERS.

Lady Carlton	-	NORMA TALMADGE
Sir John Carlton	-	EUGENE O'BRIEN
Robert Carlton	-	FRANK ELLIOTT
John Carlton	-	GEORGE COWELL
Audrey Carlton	-	CLARISSA SELWYNNE
Blanche Carlton	-	ALICE DAY
Susan	-	PATTERSON DIAL
Miss Channing	-	CLAIRE McDOWELL
Mrs. Mainwaring	-	GERTRUDE ASTOR
Mr. Marlowe	-	GEORGE NICHOLS
Mrs. Marlowe	-	EMILY FITZROY
Lady Lessington	-	FLORENCE WIX
Arbuthnot	-	WINTER HALL
Dr. McGovern	-	CHARLES OGLE
Bob	-	HARVEY CLARK

*Narrated by permission from the Ass. First National film of the same name.*

book was scarcely stained by time. Its cover was pink then, not faded brown.

"I made a little entry and I closed the book. The book that was to hold the story of our lives together—rough times and smooth times, good and bad, the better and the worse for which we had taken each other. Our little story . . . I am glad that I have kept it, to show me in the future the shine and the shadow of the past. It is like a picture of our life, to look at again and again, finding therein inspiration. A picture that only we could have painted, a story that only we could have told. Yes, I am glad I kept it, built it, made it.

"I close it now. . . The same book. . . . Forty years afterwards. John needed me then. Needed me so much that he put aside all for me, as I would have put aside all for him. He needed me—forty years ago. . .

"I think perhaps he needs me still."

Old Lady Carlton's lips ceased to move. Her eyes were dimmed with tears. Her children, who had seen so much and heard so little, rose from her feet and resumed their pacing along the quiet room. Deathly still it seemed. The day was fading outside. There were lamps along the street, but no lamp was lighted there. John, young John, fifty-two now, remained by his mother's chair, looking down on her. Blanche no longer protested but was silent. Robert no longer fidgeted.

A clock was to be heard, grinning its grinning tick; and then it seemed to be not a grin but a gentle compassionate smile, and then a lullaby to soothe trouble from these tiny, tortured humans. Audrey threw a match on the fire and it spluttered to flame and died away. A moment like the end of a chapter. Almost the turning of some great invisible page by the firm hand of Fate could be heard. A breathless stillness. A new chapter . . . What would it hold? Good or ill?

The children looked at their mother and seemed to know that she knew. She looked at them and shook her head, sadly, sweetly, still hopefully.

"I thought I heard—?" Audrey's voice was strangely hushed, and none of the others dared to ask her what it was that she had thought she heard.

Feebly the old lady rose, assisted by her eldest son, and walked to the old secretaire. Into its recess she laid the old and time-stained book. She locked with the shiny key the feeble lock. Then she walked back to her chair and sat again.

"Yes," she said, "he needed me then, and perhaps—perhaps there will be another entry to make in the old book. It has lasted so long, it does not seem that it can close for ever now. How can the story be ended. . ."

A beam of light shone across the floor, startling them all. The door behind them was open and they turned towards it. Framed there, like a mere black outline of a man, was the famous specialist. In his hand his spectacles dangled. They could not see his face.

"Yes—?" the whisper came from all of them.

"He is well now. He will live," said the great man.

Lady Carlton rose tottering to her feet, like a woman dazed. At first she did not move, as if movement had left her for ever. Then from the sick room came a man's voice, weak but eager—the voice of her husband.

"Mary—come here. I want you. . ."

Lady Carlton gave one glance at her four children, and a little tired smile spread over her features. Then she turned to the door.

"Yes, John," she said.



"He could not speak for some moments. Then he went to Mrs. Mainwaring and laid a hand, none too gently, on her shoulder."



# Tom Douglas

The twenty-year-old Kentucky boy who came to London to play "Merton of the Movies."

"Kentucky," replied Tom. "Sho' as yo' born." "We have a biggish estate there. Not so big as it was before the war, when we had hundreds and hundreds of slaves. We lost pretty near everything in that war—and did you know that my name's Tom Jefferson Douglas? After the Jefferson who's an

London endorsed "that Montague girl's" verdict and said with her "He's a nice kid!"

In "Mirage" which is rather strong fare, he plays an eighteen year old Hungarian boy, who falls violently in love with an adventuress and is horribly disillusioned by that lady. The play is comedy-tragedy, one might say, for the disillusioned youth's pitiful little catastrophe is wildly funny.

(Continued on page 60).



Tom came over fully prepared to face the rigours of a British Winter (Photo by Foulsham and Baufield).

Tom Douglas met me at the door of his Bond Street flat with a full tea-cup in one hand and an empty plate in the other.

"Hello," he said, "do you take milk and sugar? And cream? Try these cakes, they're absolutely IT."

Which is quite the ideal greeting from interviewed to interviewer, I think.

Foreign papers—and movie-stars—please copy.

Tom disposed of me by waving me into an armchair, wherein I disposed of his good cheer. Then he disposed of himself by sinking into a bigger one opposite me and resigning himself to the inevitable questionnaire.

"Of course I'm delighted to have struck lucky with my play," he said. "It was rather a pity about 'Merton' wasn't it? But somehow, from the very first night I felt British audiences didn't take to it like our Yankee ones did. Maybe they're not as well up in movies. I dunno."

He scratched a fair head with a very long forefinger.

"Poor Mert," he mused. "He had a pretty hard time of it, and there are lots like him in America. Glenn Hunter, who created him for one, and yours truly, too, a little. I ran away from home when I was so high, you know, to go on the stage. I never went back nor saw the folks again until I had made good. And then they forgave me.

"Where was 'home'?" I enquired. "What part of America do you come from?"



With Jean de Casuilis in "Fata Morgana." (Photo by Sacha).

ancestor of mine, and our old house is the one that inspired 'My Old Kentucky Home.'

He has done a great deal of stage work for such a boy—he's only twenty, and he doesn't look all of that, although he's tall. Has played in Booth Tarkington plays and once he spent the winter as Adele Astaire's dancing partner in cabaret shows. He's very proud of that fact.

Tom surely loves his love with an A. The walls of his flat are nearly covered with beautiful photographs of Adele Astaire. The remaining space is devoted to sea pictures.

His first film work was with Griffith in *The Country Flapper*, and several other Dorothy Gish pictures. Then he was with Fox's in *Footfalls*, and Hodkinson in *Free Air*, after which he came to London to play "Merton," and



He has an ingratiating smile. (Photo by Dorothy Wilding).



# British Studio Gossip

Having seen a good deal of Jack Buchanan from t'other side of the footlights it was in pleasurable anticipation of a laugh or two that I invaded Gaumont studios one sunny afternoon. But I was doomed to disappointment. It seemed to be a solemn occasion judging by the music which greeted me first. There were only two people before the camera, both Jacks and both busily occupied in seeing how many assorted drinks they could put away in a given time. Geo. Cooper with a stop-watch was refereeing.

"Yes," he said, subsiding into his chair, "that seems just about the goods. Camera."

Thirstily I crept a little nearer and hid myself behind a sofa. I rather wanted to hear why the two young fellows in flannels were having that private orgy and where the women and song were.

## Leading Him Astray.

"Sin," hissed Jack Buchanan, right into the ear of the other Jack, who seemed very full of some sort of spirits. Buchanan poured the youngster another glass (of whisky this time) and then poured into his not unwilling ear a very full and complete explanation of the first word he'd use. This I only heard about, I wasn't permitted to listen-in to the harangue, but was ignominiously yanked away by Gaumont's publicity man whose fatherly fear of hurting my sensitive feelings is equalled only by his not entirely ungrounded fear of things which never happened getting into print. (He was once a journalist himself.) So from a safe distance, well out of earshot, I watched Jack and Jack imbibing until my mouth grew parched in sympathy.

## And Another Little Drink—

I counted the bottles that once had been full. There was Gin, Grand Marnier, Benedictine, Black and White Comte de Reddy, 1924 Vintage, Creme de Menthe, Orange Curacao, Hollands, Maraschino, Lime Juice, Soda Water, Lithia, Cider, Ginger Beer, and a Tantalus which remained tantalisingly full throughout.

"Jack Buchanan," someone kindly explained to me, "is playing a wicked father trying to lead his son straight to perdition." I must say Jack did it

*Reading downwards:*  
Matheson Lang and Joan Lockton in "White Slip-pers," Lang's new seafaring film. Jack Buchanan with Gladys Jennings (in boat) on location for "The Happy Ending." George Cooper is seen directing from the boat next door and the man behind the camera is Billy Shenton who was responsible for the beautiful photography of "Mary, Queen of Scots."



Right:  
Fred Kitchen  
Left: Sydney Fairbrother.



extremely well and seemed to enjoy it. So did the erring son (Jack Hobbs, who, however, took his work (and his drinks) so seriously that he refused to get up when George Cooper at last said "Cut." and they carried him to a sofa and left him to sleep it off. But Buchanan was made of sterner stuff, or else he was more at home with "property drinks." Anyway we had quite an interesting chat.

## The Happy Ending.

"My part," he said, "is quite an unconventional one for I am the villain for ninety-nine hundredths of the film but manage to make a tragic exit as the hero. No, it isn't exactly easy, but it is worth while. Though, of course, I don't think I am cut out for heavy roles. I mean to make other films, but comedies, like 'Battling Butler,' playing characters, more or less like my musical comedy self."

We talked about comedy, that most difficult of all arts and we disagreed quite warmly over the meaning of "low comedy."





*Above: Joan Morgan and John Hamilton in "The Shadow of Egypt."  
Below: John Stuart and Queenie Thomas in "The Alley of Golden Hearts."*

"Low comedy," quoth Jack, "is my way of raising laughs. Leslie Henson's a low comedian, too. When comedy is 'low' it stoops to anything—using anything, I mean," he corrected himself. "Falls, gags, chairs, tables, anything and everything that will raise a laugh." I don't agree, but that's neither here nor there.

In case you've never seen Jack Buchanan *sans* make-up you may like to know that he is quite easy on the eyes. Very tall and loosely put together, with dark grey eyes and crisply curling dark hair. Said eyes are never quite serious, though Jack himself is a very serious young man and discusses trivial things in that "This-is-a-matter-of-life-and-death-to-me" fashion that most really funny men specialise in.

*Below: Jean Jay (the Norma Talmadge girl) and Jack Powell.*



*Above: David Hawthorne marries Betty Faire in "The Presumption of Stanley Hay."*

because both sinners asked the producer if he wanted any retakes and both looked quite disappointed when he said he didn't.

#### What's in a Name?

Malcolm Tod called on me full of righteous indignation because I had written him down with two "d's" to his name instead of one. I hereby recant, but who would have thought a little "d" too many would have mattered to an ex-soldier like Malcolm? It did, though. He waxed quite indignant and even threatened to come and play the Swanee whistle outside my office door if I did not repent in print. I said I would if only he wouldn't carry out that awful threat and we parted good friends. Tod, by the way, along with Hugh Miller and Julianne Johnstone are in Constantinople filming "The City of Temptation," under Walter Niebuhr's direction. Both the Britishers are great travellers, Malcolm's no sooner home than he's off again and Hugh Miller only comes to England to buy his cigarettes.

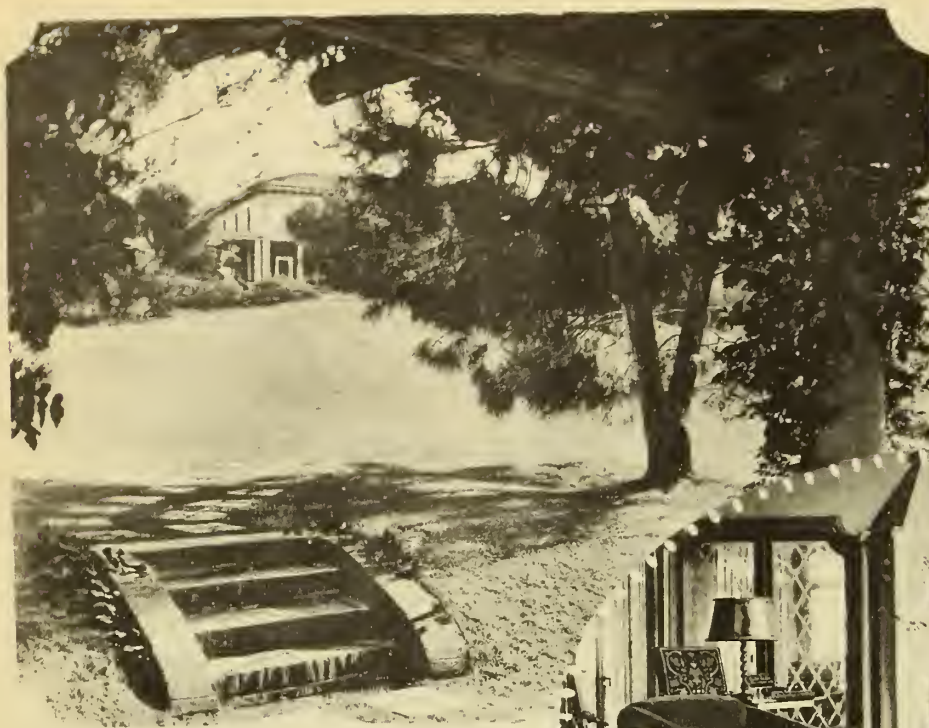
#### And Another Little Trip—

His work promises well, though. He is highly-strung and very responsive, and uses eyes and mouth to make his points. He screens well too, and considering his here-there-and-everywhere briskness upon the stage, very reposefully. He said he had had a wonderful time on the river, especially the day he played conquering hero and fished Fay Compton out of the Thames. He contemplates taking "Toni" to



# A Movie

Cecil B. De Mille keeps his ultra-ornate ideas of interior decoration solely for screen use. His own rooms are luxurious and handsome, but decidedly on the side of severe simplicity.



Above: Rear view of De Mille's Hollywood home, showing a portion of the palatial hillside grounds.



Above: His private study has an Italian fireplace, and light brown walls with dark brown panelling. The furniture is upholstered in dull red. Left: The many-pillared living room is pale grey, with blue and bold panels and red chairs. Below: One corner of the same room, and Cecil De Mille himself.





# Maker's Homies

He has also a private ranch out in the Sierra Madre mountains, twenty miles from Hollywood. It is a man's retreat with many rooms worthy of a club and goes by the name of "Paradise."



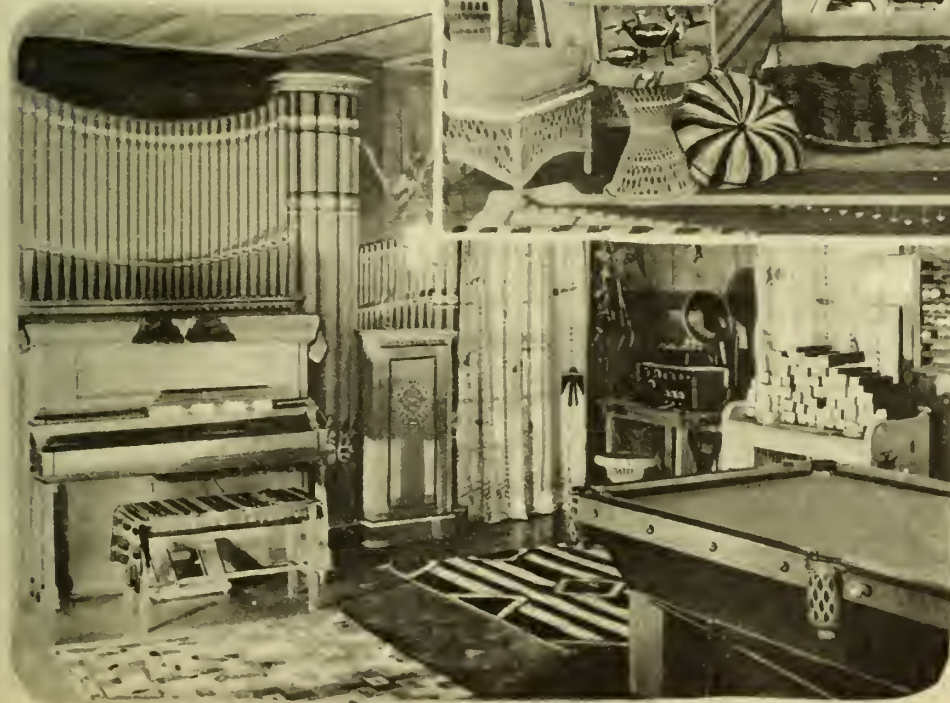
Above: The manogany-panelled dining room of the Hollywood house. Note the curious frieze around the walls.



Above: Cecil de Mille's dressing room. He never uses an inside bedroom, sleeping winter and summer in an open Californian sleeping porch. The bed on the left is designed for use, not for a De Mille movie!



Above: A mammoth fireplace in one of the clubrooms of "Paradise." Before these crackling logs De Mille worked out the most important situations in "The Ten Commandments."



Left: Organ corner of "Paradise." This organ has now been replaced by the largest pipe organ ever made for a private residence, a 25,000 dollar Hope Jones unit.



# Taking a Chance

The "Three Cheers" girl who made good as a movie star.

When one of our budding young lights wanders off to foreign fields to seek that most coveted of earthly possessions, fame and success, we are apt to shake a finger of disapproval at our wayward child but when word comes back that our prodigal has achieved the elusive prize, then we are glad to proclaim her as one of England's own daughters.

Such is the case with Lillian Rich, who left her native London hearth some three years ago with visions of a screen career.

Now this is nothing out of the ordinary as thousands of girls arrive in Hollywood every year, feeling confident that their talent will soon be recognised by those who manage the destinies of the silent drama. But for everyone who makes good, there are a hundred who return home with only disappointment and un-

Two characteristic studies of Lillian Rich.



fulfilled dreams as their reward. Not so with Lillian for she has not returned home but instead come newspaper articles and critical reviews which indicate that her popularity is ever increasing. Her beauty and acting have both received unstinted praise.

She took a chance.

Before leaving England, she had never had a screen test made nor done any strictly dramatic acting. Dancing and a part in Harry Lauder's revue "Three Cheers," were her only claim to dramatic ability.

She arrived in Hollywood unheralded, her praises unsung. An avalanche of other beauties, well press-agented and with greater experience came at about the same time but among the few left to-day is the most inconspicuous arrival of them all, Lillian Rich.

Lillian was born and educated in Herne Hill, and studied dancing until she left school to go on the stage.

Musical comedy then attracted her and she switched to this as a means of advancement. She still felt that she had not found her proper niche in the dramatic world and looked to the screen as a fulfilment of her ambitions. The desire became overwhelming and she took the big step of her life, going to a strange country among strange people to make her fame.

Courage and pluck are two attributes of this little lady and it appears that they are the keystones to her success. One of the first trials given her in motion-pictures was a part requiring horse-riding ability. Lillian did not say she had never been on a horse in her life but intimated that she was just suited for the part. And she was, for after a week of bumps and jolts, she became a proficient horsewoman.

Although in pictures only a little over two years, Lillian has played opposite Hoot Gibson, Herbert Rawlinson, Harry Carey, Frank Mayo and Douglas MacLean. Just now she's with Universal in *The Pointing Finger* and *The Phantom Horseman*.

Each year the Wampas Society, composed of motion picture advertisers on America's western coast, select those whom they consider to be the new outstanding feminine stars of the past year. This year Lillian Rich had that honour conferred upon her and was presented as one of the Baby Stars at the big Wampas Ball given in San Francisco.



She is of medium height and very graceful.



# The Cherokee Blues

by MURIEL WALKER



Monte Blue has Cherokee blood in his veins. He's a "heap good Indian" all right.

It was in Hollywood, on one of those glorious days that California knows so well, a day of flowers and vivid sky and sunshine that I caught him at the Warner Brothers studio, between the shots of his newest picture *Deburau*—I beg its pardon—*The Lover of Camille*. (Don't ask me why producers buy a perfectly good title that everyone knows and then change it to something that nobody has ever heard of!)

"Where can I find Mr. Blue?" I asked.

They looked down their nose a little at my English accent, and told me that I should find him in his dressing room—studying.

He was. He was reading Sarah Bernhardt's "Life," with that serious concentration and grip of technicalities which has had so much to do with his success. I had always heard that he took his dramatic work very seriously, and that he spent all his spare time while a picture was in the making in the study of stage work as other great actors and actresses had viewed it.

When he heard that I was from England he sprang up and gripped me warmly by the hand. "Proud to meet you," he said, "I love England. Your country and Australia have always helped me much by their frank and friendly criticism. They have encouraged me by their fine appreciation of my work. The finest letters I have received came from them. Indeed, I am planning a tour of Europe in the near future with the hope of meeting personally my many unknown friends beyond the seas. Now," he added, with his frank, pleasant smile, "what do you want to know about me?"

Right:  
As  
*"Deburau"*  
Below:  
With  
Margaret  
Seddon  
in  
*"Brass"*



Blues are all the rage this season. We have with us the Limehouse Blues, the Broadway Blues, and the Bedtime Blues. Likewise the Cherokee Blues, which are more cheerful than the others since they feature Monte of that ilk.

"Will you tell me how you began?"

"I began quite at the beginning," said Monte with a smile. "What would you think of me as a carpenter, or a lumber jack?"

I murmured something in horrified amazement, and he smiled more broadly than ever.

"Fact," he continued, "I once worked for a dollar and a half a day, doing excavation work on the Griffith lot, and I did good work there, too, and I don't care who knows it. I was really engaged to dig graves for a cemetery scene in *Enoch Arden*, but they quickly promoted me to scene-shifting, and then to the very much better role of a windmill! And though I was invisible inside the plaster and pasteboard body of the mill where I had to turn the wings, I felt I was in the picture right enough."

"Is it true," I asked, "that you spent a lot of your time 'doubling' for stunt actors in your early days?"

"It's quite true," said Monte, "but I spent even more in hospital, recovering from the effects of the doubling. Still, it was all good fun," he added.







A snapshot taken in Warner Bros studio with Irene Rich and Baby Bruce Guerin.

"and I'm used to roughing it. But you don't really want to know all about that, do you?"

I assured him that I did, and he told me in rapid succession how he ran away from school when he was a small boy and joined the Navy, where he spent many years in strange ports and among strange people; how he knocked about Montana and Wyoming for a while as a cowboy, and struck lumber camps in the North Pacific country; and how he finally, still quite a young man, drifted to California and the region of the film studios.

"And then," I asked, "came the graves and the windmill?"

"Sure," he answered, "and I might be turning the wings of that mill still if it hadn't been for my talents as an orator."

"Stop a moment," I broke in, "have you been an orator too?"

"Of sorts," said Monte. "I—"

I looked at him firmly. "If there's anything else you've been," I said "let's hear it right now and have done with it. My heart's too weak to stand these sudden shocks. Is there anything else you've done?"

"Just one or two things," said Monte with a grin, "hardly worth counting."

"Yes?" I said hopefully.

"Well, I've sold newspapers at the corner of Washington and Meridian Street, if that's any use to you. And then—"

"Yes?" I said—still more hopefully.

"I was a fireman on the New York Central Railway until I was smashed up in a train wreck that took me four hours to dig out and a whole year to patch together again."

"Any more?" I asked, as he stopped.

"You're insatiable," said Monte. "Well, I've been a circus clown, too."

I joined the Zouave Troop in Ringling Brothers Circus, a drill team with an act lasting fifteen minutes, and we used to travel around all sorts of one-horse places. It was great. Then they wanted me to be a real clown as well—white paint you know, and all that sort of thing—and I did it for a year; but when I'd satisfied my desire for travel I threw it up and quit."

"You haven't been a miner, or a shop assistant or anything like that, I suppose?" I inquired sarcastically.

"Yes," replied Monte simply.

"Yes? Which of them?"

"Both of them."

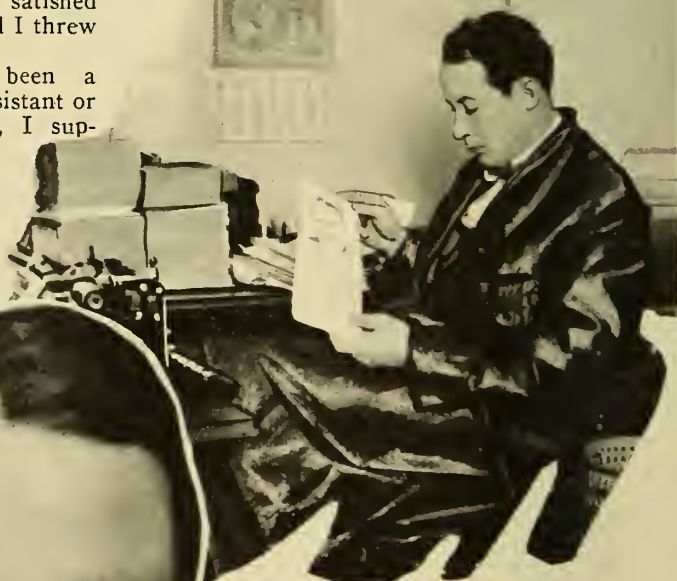


His is a cheery smile.

"It's a pity you were not born in England," I retorted. "You might have been a Cabinet Minister."

"Well," he said, "that's just what I've always wanted to be. I got bitten by the political bug when I was working in a logging camp near Spokane in

Monte in "The Prodigal Knight."



Above: Monte's mating nest is quite a mile and a half long.

the State of Washington, and I've never got over it. I'd heard a great deal about the fight between Capital and Labour way down in the coal mining districts, and when I joined the logging camp I became a full-fledged Socialist and started in to preach the gospel to the other lumber-jacks. I'd always thought myself a bit of an orator when I was still in school, and now went at



Left: Monte introduces Muriel Walker to the Cherokee Blues.

Below: His latest photo.



it with all my might. However the police of Spokane didn't seem to think much of me or of my speeches. Anyway I found it wiser to quit and carry my gospel over to Seattle on the coast. But that wasn't much better: the authorities gave me marching orders, so I found my way over to Wyoming and joined the Bar-S Ranch at the last of the real frontier towns—Big Piney."

"And did that end your excursions into oratory?"

"Not a bit," said Monte. "Wasn't I just telling you? Didn't I start in to say how it saved me from the windmill? One day in the noon hour I was standing on a tub in a

corner of the studio addressing the men on the rights of Labour, just as I always did in the lumber camp. I thought I was doing finely, and was flying up to all heights of oratory when suddenly I noticed a queer look come

Below: A Radio joke. Was it John Henry?



Above: With Mae Murray in "Mlle. Midnight."

over the faces of my audience, and a sort of tendency of the men in the back rows to slip out on the quiet. I turned around, and there was Griffith, just at my shoulder. I can tell you I was plumb scared for my job; but all he said was 'Keep it up, young fellow; I like to hear you.' A few days later he sent for me and told me that he had written a small part for me into his new film, *The Absentee*, a sort of tub-

thumping orator's part, which he told me would make my name. It didn't do that, but it kept me going, and started me definitely in a film career."

"I can't remember you in any of Griffith's early films," I said.

"Guess you can't," said Monte. "I was hardly in any of them. Besides, I had a trick moustache in those days,



and used to play 'heavies' before I was labelled as a stunt man. I made one of my best friends in those days—Douglas Fairbanks. If you ever have a chance of saying anything nice about him—say it. There isn't a whiter man on the screen. He gave me all sorts of odd jobs in his early films when he was working for Triangle. He thought I should make a good 'heavy,' and introduced me to Mary Pickford, who was also starring with Triangle about that time. I had a good part in her picture *M'Liss*, as the Indian who killed M'Liss's father."

"Yes," I said, "I remember you, and how much I was struck with your make-up and Indian appearance."

"Not much wonder," said Monte, "for I've good Indian blood in my veins. Didn't you know that I belonged to the Cherokees? It's one of the things in my life that I'm proudest of, and I'm always glad when I hear that I've pleased them with any work that I've done. Really it's due to the Cherokees that I gave up my 'heavy' work and took to more heroic parts. They sent me a letter written by the chiefs of the



tribe, asking me never to undertake in future characters that were villainous or immoral, and promising to make up for any loss of money that might come to me through being a loyal Cherokee and holding to this contract."

"I suppose Danton. . ." I began.

"Yes," said Monte, "they were a little worried about Danton, but they got over it. Anyway, I was telling you about Fairbanks. He got me my first big part as Mary Pickford's leading man in *Johanna Enlists* by making me up and dressing me for the role, and getting Miss Pickford to see me quite unexpectedly, not knowing in the least who I was. She'd been against my having the part before, for she had always thought of me as a 'heavy,' but when she saw the man that Fairbanks had turned out she handed the part over to me on the spot. And that was really the beginning. From then I seem to have gone straight forward, with good leading parts all the time."

"Let me see," I broke in, "there was *Everywoman* and *The White Man*, *The Thirteenth Commandment* and *The Fighting Schoolmaster*. . ."

"Yes," said Monte, "and there was *Private Pettigrew's Girl*, with Ethel Clayton—by the way, a great little woman that: I can't ever forget the kind things she did for me during the making of that picture—and then *Something to Think About*, with Gloria Swanson, *Peacock Alley*, with Mae Murray, and my favourite, *The Kentuckians*."

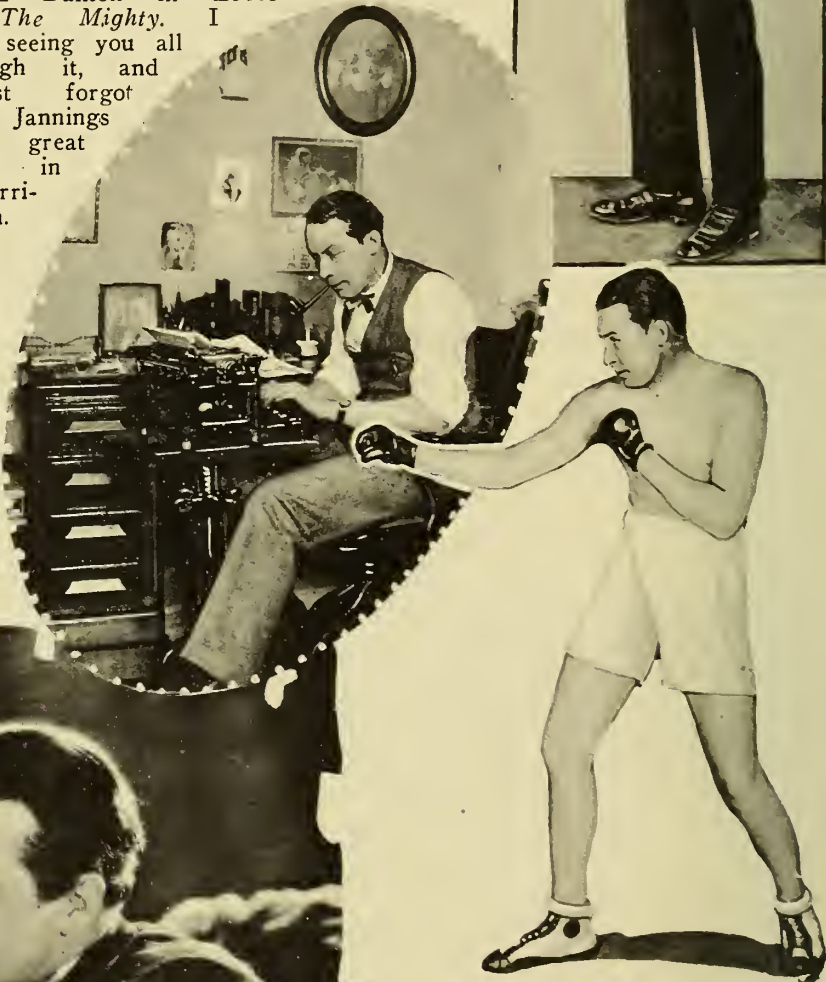
"More oratory," I said.

"Great oratory," he corrected. "I can tell you that film thrilled me all the time I was making it. I felt all the fighting spirit in me spring up when I had those speeches to make. Somehow

I'm always at my best in the part of an orator. I suppose because it's so very much a part of me myself. Anyway it gave me the biggest chance and the greatest pleasure of all my screen career—Danton, in *Orphans of The Storm*. I don't think I shall ever forget the impression that working for that picture under Griffith made on me. Nor, above all, the day when the big Tribunal scene was going to be shot. Somehow, standing up to harangue that mob, with Griffith's influence behind me, and all my own ideals back of me, it seemed as if life and death really did hang on the effect I made."

"I'm glad," I said, "that Danton is your favourite part. Every time I see the *Orphans* I marvel at it anew. I know it quite spoilt for me the clever work of Jannings when he played Danton in *Loves of The Mighty*. I kept seeing you all through it, and almost forgot that Jannings is a great artist in my irritation."

Monte  
in one  
of his  
pet  
films  
"The  
Fighting  
School-  
master."



Above: Two kinds of handiwork. He's good at both.



Above: Monte and Marie Prevost, an ideal pair of screen lovers in "How To Educate a Wife."

"They're clever, the Germans," said Monte reflectively, "but somehow their ways aren't my ways. We don't seem to see things from the same angle, even in picture making. Lubitsch, for instance, a genius if ever there was one—it was a pleasure to work with him in *The Marriage Circle*, but somehow I never felt comfortable. I never felt I could breathe properly. Perhaps though," he added, "it's just that I am not overfond of modern, domestic stories, and am certainly sick of the  
(Continued on page 60).





Miss  
**Kathleen Vaughan**

*The Charming Screen Star writes. —*

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*THE CREAM OF FASCINATION*



# Directors I Have Met

## № 12 MILLARD WEBB

"Hollywood's Baby Director" is the unofficial title bestowed upon Millard Webb, whose years of experience of this world number only twenty-nine. He started his career by playing child parts on the stage and later he graduated to the screen where he

director has a future before him. His wit and humour and a contagiously happy disposition are his main characteristics, and they make him a general favourite with everyone in the studio, from prop boy to star. But what most struck me about him was his wonderful patience. Not once have I ever seen him lose his temper, though he has sometimes had to go over a scene an exasperating number of times before he can get what he wants out of the actors. The splendid training he has had in practically every department of the film business has stood him in good stead, and has given him a technical knowledge rivalled by very few of his fellow directors.

He once said to me:

"Do you know I have often blessed those old acting days of mine, before I took up the producing side of the business. You've no idea what a difference it makes to be able to feel that you yourself can do what you are telling an actor to do." He laughed, a joyful sort of laugh that is not the least of his attractions to those who work with him. "There are times," he said, "when I have been so carried away by the emotions that I am trying to get others to portray that I have found myself unconsciously acting with the actor or actress that I am directing."

*The Marriage Vow* was Millard Webb's first picture. He wrote the scenario himself — incidentally his accomplishments number scenario and short story writing—and the picture when it was shown in Los Angeles created more of a stir than the first effort of Monta Bell, another young director who has just found his feet in the movie industry.

Webb was born in Kentucky and educated there and in California. His family live in Chicago now. He is a widower, and has a little daughter "Girlie" by name, who adores her father, and is herself adored in return. The baby is kept strictly away from the movie atmosphere of the director's life, and he makes it his proud boast that she has never been inside a studio.

He told me that he is a great believer in music on the set when he is directing.

"It seems to give the artistes the emotional stimulus they need," he said. "After all, it is a difficult task for any man to come into a studio, feeling normally cheerful and immediately get right into the heart of a tragic role. He must have an atmosphere created about him to help him lose sight of himself, and get him into an appropriate frame of mind."

Millard Webb has been asked to go to Germany to direct a picture and when he crosses the "pond" he hopes to be able to find time for a trip to England, for he is a great admirer of all things British.

M. W.

Reading downwards: Scenes from "*Her Marriage Vow*" and two studies of its author and director.

played leading roles with a number of well-known stars.

But he had always had a desire to direct, and when a chance for him to go on to the producing side came along, he took it at once. He was assistant director for the film *Not Guilty*, amongst others, and he also helped S. A. Franklin direct *Oliver Twist* and *Ishmael* for Fox. And now he is a fully-fledged director for Warner Brothers, signed on for a long term contract.

When I first met Millard Webb he was directing Monte Blue in a scene from *Her Marriage Vow*, and, watching him, I was able to understand why everyone who knows him thinks this young





## THE SEARCH PERPETUAL

(Continued from page 21).

peep at the camera whilst the scene was in progress; and this is a colossal sin in the film world. Unless the story expressly demands it (and this is only rarely) any one who looks direct into the camera lens invests the scene with an air of "play-acting" and artificiality which is death to the success of a picture.

The Casting Director must be able to judge, from a hurried survey of his supers, whether or not they all are capable of giving the right atmosphere to the scene. In cases where he knows they are incapable, he must camouflage that natural and humane emotion of sorrow and pity for the unfortunate one, and tell the subject of the doubt that he won't do!

He must be tactful and observant; firm and yet courteous; alive to possibilities and impervious to pleadings. He must know the "film" value of a face before it is filmed; and he must never make mistakes. Mistakes in the casting of an artist will inevitably mean loss of money, time and patience.

The Casting Director is little heard-of outside the studio, although he is (sometimes for ulterior motives!—but more often for natural ones) a well-liked and respected member of the studio staff. His job is a stiff one, but he enjoys it, for it brings him into touch with all sorts and conditions of men... thus making life one perpetual picture-book of "types" and all they represent.

### Jackie Coogan Goes Shopping.

Jackie Coogan spent two whole mornings shopping whilst he was in London. Besides several gifts for his mother, he paid a visit to 169, Piccadilly and purchased a couple of the well-known "Revelation" Expanding suitcases. "Gee," said Jackie, when these were opened out, "I wish I could grow as fast as that!"



## The Price They Pay

For prettier teeth is simply combating film

**WHEN** you see pearly teeth—teeth which add so much to beauty—please remember this.

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The method is at your call. This offers you a ten-day test. Send the coupon for it.

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Film is the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay.

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After long research, two effective ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

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### Many new effects

Pepsodent brings many new effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Watch its results for a few days. They will amaze and delight you.

### Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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You will gain a new conception of what clean teeth mean. And you will never return to methods of the past. Cut out coupon now.

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A scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Give full address. Write plainly.  
Only one tube to a family.

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# John O'London Town

John Hamilton was born at Hampstead hence the appellation.

With Marjorie Daw in "The Passionate Adventure."



Above: Rolf Leslie, John Hamilton (lying down) and Molly Johnson in "The Mystery of Brudenell Court."

Dish cloths dipped in silver paint formed John Hamilton's first stage costume, when at the age of six he made his debut in *The Knight in Shining Armour* in an amateur production of the piece.

"The dish cloths did it," says Hamilton, "I had stage fever before that, but that settled the matter and although I had to go back to school that shining armour haunted me, and I longed for the time when, as a real actor I might wear a real coat of mail."

Although John Hamilton, who now bids fair to become one of our leading juveniles, always took part in amateur theatrical shows whenever he got the chance, it was not until after the war that he had the opportunity of making his debut on the London stage. He then appeared as "Laurie" in "Little Women," and then as "Charley" in "Charley's Aunt." In "The Blue Lagoon" he played "Dick" and this performance secured for him a two years' contract with Mr. J. E. Vedrenne.

It was whilst he was playing in "Secrets" that what this modest young actor describes as "the wonderful thing happened to him." Always as hard up as most enthusiastic and ambitious young actors, Hamilton was one day at his Bank making enquiries about his

Above: A profile study (photo by Vaughan and Freeman). Right: In "The Blue Lagoon."



balance, or the lack of it on the right side. When the news that he was "slightly overdrawn" was communicated to him his face registered such a wonderful expression that the interest of a man standing by was aroused. Hamilton knew nothing of this until six months later, when Mr. Graham Cutts told him how he had discovered his name and whereabouts.

Cutts, having found Hamilton and realising that there were possibilities in him, engaged him for a small part (almost insignificant in fact) in *The White Shadow*. Hamilton, on seeing his contract for filming signed, could scarcely believe his eyes; but when he had to enact a scene with Betty Compson and when this well-known star complimented him on his performance, he began to believe that he had actually entered the realms of the film.

One of the *Old Man in the Corner* series gave Hamilton his next chance. He was re-engaged for *The Mystery of Brudenell Court*, and *After Dark*, all of which are Stoll productions.

The selection of Hamilton for the part of a cad in *Money Isn't Everything* gave him plenty of opportunity for acting, "but," he says with a sigh, "I hope people won't think I really am like that in real life."

He was recently chosen to play an important part in the new Astra-National production *The Shadow of Egypt* which is being directed by Sydney Morgan.

John Hamilton has arrived and he will go far—it is to be hoped that English producers will keep an eye on him and not allow him to go West—to America, or East—to Germany, as have the majority of our worth-while English film actors.



# LenaLastik Underwear

(REGD.)

Miss Alice Calhoun, the celebrated Vitagraph Star, says :—

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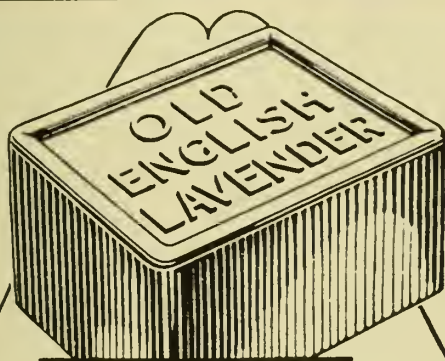
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# Kinema Carols



Harry  
Myers.

## TO NIGEL.

There is a star upon the screen  
I'd dearly love to marry,  
He is the darling of my heart—  
Tall, handsome Nigel Barrie.

E. J. (Cheshire).

## THE RED LETTER DAY.

Why is all this jubilation?  
Why is everyone so gay?  
What's the cause of our elation?—  
PICTUREGOER'S out to-day!

Photos, interviews and stories,  
Favourite stars of screen and stage,  
Then, to crown these other glories,  
Comes the knowing George's page.

That's the cause of our elation,  
That is why we're all so gay,  
Once a month comes this sensation—  
Would that it were every day!

D. M. (Farncombe).

## TO-J. WARREN KERRIGAN.

Of all the heroes on the screen,  
The best is, to my mind,  
Jack Kerrigan, who's acting leaves  
The others far behind.

He scored successes years ago,  
And still he's finding fame—  
If I'd seen handsome Warren first,  
I'd vetoe Rudolph tame!

KEEN ON KERRIGAN (Honor Oak Park)

## VICTOR McLAGLEN.

No song sing I to Rudy V.  
Or Ramon with his youthful grace;  
Ricardo has no lure for me,  
Nor Ivor of the soulful face.

No thrill I get from Monte Blue,  
Nor Rod with all his ardent fire;  
To one dear British star I'm true,  
Of him I never, never tire!

My hero's nearly six-foot three,

And oh! he has a smile  
So wide and full of boyish glee,  
It makes life seem worth while.

I've loved my hero long I vow—  
For three long years and more—  
And foreign charms won't change me  
now—

'Tis Victor I adore!

IRENE (Wimbledon).

## IN PRAISE OF IVOR.

I've yet to meet the charming girl  
Who doesn't worship Conway Tearle,  
I know the nicest little boy,  
Who wants a Ma like Leatrice Joy.

Another star—they call her Pearl—  
My men friends vote an "Ideal Girl."  
My best chum raves of Ramon's eyes,  
He's just a god from out the skies.

But I'm "fed up" with all this clatter,  
These great folk to me don't matter,  
For lately in my post there came  
A photo signed with his dear name.

These others touch me not at all,  
They'll never cause my tears to fall.  
My star's a much more charming fellow,  
He's Ivor, David, "Rat," Novello.

MARION (Dudley).

## TO BETTY.

Those folk who write long poems  
may be wise,  
But "worth" is not another word for  
"size,"

And though my verse, is weak in many  
ways,  
It's lovely subject certainly repays  
For all its faults, so hail, 'fore all the  
screen,  
Sweet Betty Blythe—of more than  
Sheba Queen!

H. M. (Doncaster).

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2]

### Where Did He Change?

When Buck Jones, in *Big Dan*, goes to the rescue of the heroine, he is wearing a dark suit, but when he reaches her he is wearing light trousers and a tennis shirt. Surely he did not change going along in the car?

F. E. P. (Catford).

### Before the Times.

In *The Favourite of the King*, featuring Bert Lytell and Betty Compson, a sailing ship is shown flying the Union Jack. But the date of the story was 1607 and at that time there was no union between the three countries of England, Scotland and Ireland.

A. E. (Manchester).

### Another Locked Door Mystery!

After the Egyptian party the husband (Huntley Gordon) enters his wife's (Gloria Swanson) apartments, locking both doors and putting the keys in his pocket. After arguing and quarrelling with her, he leaves the room in a temper without unlocking the doors.

B. J. (Richmond).

### Ringing the Changes.

In the film *Vanity Fair*, during the quarrel between Rawdon Crawley, Becky Sharp, and Lord Steynes, Rawdon snatches the rings from Becky's hands and throws them at Lord Steynes. As Becky holds up her hands in horror she is still wearing the rings, but when ordered to her room by Rawdon the rings have gone again.

P.H. (Bath).

### Where Did You Get That Hat, Phil?

In *Beasts of Paradise* (The Tide-water Episode) Phil Grant (William Desmond) is forced on board the Cyclops, where he is tied up. He is seen here *without* a cap. Later he escapes and is pursued to the end of the ship's boom, where presumably he finds a cap, for he is seen to be wearing one.

N. P. (Wimbledon).

### Who Picked Them Up?

The heroine in *The White Shadow* throws a number of papers on the floor, in an impatient moment. These are scattered all over the place, yet a moment later, when she is walking out of the room with the lawyer, the floor is clear and the papers gone without any visible assistance.

C. C. (Nottingham).

### Methusaleh!

In *The Adventures of Pat*, "Pat," the dog, rescues a little girl from a dirty pond into which she had fallen. A minute later her dress is clean and dry again. How did she manage it?

V. W. (Bedford).



**E**lsie Ferguson will not be seen in the film version of "The Swan" after all. She has had a tiff with the director, M. Buchowetski and resigned. It is probable that Lillian Gish will take her place. Germany is also angling for Lillian to play "Marguerite" opposite Emil Janning's "Mephisto" in *Faust*.

**M**ilton Sills is walking around Hollywood in all the pride and glory of a brand new homegrown moustache and the realisation of a life's ambition. For the new contract he has just signed stipulates that he is to be allowed to direct as well as act. We sympathise, but we'll miss Milt from before the camera when he goes behind it.

**B**oth Jackie Coogan and Ramon Novarro had the privilege of a special audience with the Pope, which included the blessing of His Holiness. Ramon asked for a photographer when he went to the Vatican and was accordingly "shot" in about five different positions. Don't know whether he thought we shouldn't believe it of him without ocular evidence. But they're very fine pictures anyway.

**R**onald Colman is playing opposite Doris Kenyon in *A Thief in Paradise*. The more we see of this youngster's work the better we like it. His next release this side will be *Tarnish*. *Romola* seems to be a long while coming across.

**T**he cast of *Peter Pan* is complete at last. Mary Brian, another "unknown" plays "Wendy" to Betty Bronson's "Peter," Virginia Browne Faire "Tinker Bell" (Brenon must have concluded she spelled her name with a y instead of an e), Anna May Wong "Tiger Lily," Cyril Chadwick "Mr. Darling," and Ernest Torrence "Captain Hook."

**G**loria Swanson is having a gorgeous time in Paris. She had about eighty pressmen waiting for her at the Chillon when she arrived, and all bursting to know everything that could be told about *Madame Sans-Gene* her new film. This seems to be an affair of national interest, for all sorts of priceless relics have been loaned by the French Government. Snuff boxes, a watch fob Napoleon used to wear, a fan which belonged to Marie Louise, reticules, and the famous costume



Napoleon wore when he and Josephine were crowned at Notre Dame are some of them. The costume department is in the hands of Rene Hubert, whose work in *Monsieur Beaucaire* had much to do with its success. Warwick Ward is a British member of the cast.

**P**ercy Marmont has finished starring in *The Clean Heart*, the A. S. M. Hutchinson story directed by Stuart Blackton.

**N**orma Talmadge has established a record in her new film *The Lady*. This was completed in thirty-two days and Director Frank Borzage boasts that hardly an hour was wasted once work had started because the preparations had been so thorough that sets and everything else were ready almost before they were needed.

**I**t was bound to come. The Arrow Collar Man, Reed Howes, whose classic features are as well known in America as Mr. Kruschen's are here, has gone on the screen and will be starred in a special series of eight productions.

**A**n interesting coming production will be *So This is Marriage*, from a Carey Wilson story, which is to be directed by Robert Henley and will star Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor.

**I**n striking contrast to the speedy screening of Norma Talmadge's new film referred to above is the Fox feature *The Iron Horse*, which took three years to complete. It was

directed by John Ford, erstwhile "prop" man with his brother Francis, the popular serial star. John is a young man to have taken on such a big job, for *The Iron Horse* has a cast that runs into thousands. But he has knocked about the world a good deal, and has a wide knowledge of men and things. The movie is an epic of the railroad, and was photographed in Old Mexico, Nevada, Dakota, Wyoming and the Californian mountains. It should be showing in London by the time you are reading this.

**T**he advance guard of the big fleet of Pirate films that is to invade England next year was shown privately (if one can be private in the Albert Hall) last month. If all the others come up to *The Sea Hawk's* standard, then movie lovers can shake hands with themselves. It is founded on Raphael Sabatini's story, but the story doesn't count for so much as the stirring sea stuff in it. Huge Spanish galleons and British frigates with their graceful lines and myriads sails meet and fight and sail the sparkling waters in a way that thrills you again and again. There are sea fights, and a pirate raid on a Cornish castle, there is a hero who is our old friend "The Sheik" disguised as a Barbary pirate.

**T**here is Enid Bennett, prettier than ever, if a bit uncertain of character, there is Wallace Beery in the best acting part of all, and there are Frank Lloyd's two favourite bits of location. I'm not going to tell you what they are, but if you've seen many Frank Lloyd movies you'll remember them. They were both well out in *Ashes of Vengeance*. The ships, though, are the real stars of *The Sea Hawk*, Miss Silver Heron, and her Moorish and Spanish sisters deserve to go into electrician's instant. But, quite without prejudice be it understood, we could not help a passing regret that England is not more to the fore in filming stories like these. We are a seagoing nation, yet we leave America to film tales like *The Sea Hawk* and *Captain Blood*.

**T**om Mix is going to achieve one of his boyhood ambitions. He is going to play "Dick Turpin" in a Dick Turpin film, and of course "Tony" will be "Black Bess." Of course, Mix's "Dick" will be a very different person from Matheson Lang's "Dick," but





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should be interesting. At one time Maurice Elvey was thinking of directing him, but now plans have been altered and J. G. Blystone will have the task.

Charles Ray's new film is called *The Desert Fiddler*, and he has Betty Blythe and Barbara Bedford as his leading ladies.

James Kirkwood Junr., who first saw the light in the Good Samaritan Hospital has red hair exactly like his daddy's who, by the way has gone back to the stage again. J. K. likes the footlights best, he must do, else he wouldn't calmly accept an offer that left him 1,500 dollars a week poorer than if he stayed in the movies.

Ambitious plans are afoot to make Tampa, Florida another Film City like unto Hollywood. A company has been formed with a capital of five million dollars, which declares it will spend ten million if need be, on the job. They have bought 30,000 acres between the Alafa and Little Manatee territories, and they reckon to accommodate a hundred producers at a time. A whole army of castles, temples, balconies, etc., will be on hand always. Now who says the industry is on its last legs?

Pola Negri is to have the star role in *East of Suez*, the film rights of which were acquired by Paramounts long ago.

From the ground up my lady must be perfect in every detail when she walks abroad if she is to feel thoroughly happy. Therefore, if you, reader, are of the fair sex, turn to page 53 and study the dainty footwear shown thereon. If you are a mere man, you won't need telling, you'll have

done so already. Abbotts (the Phit Eesi people) have an unusually fascinating array of dance and walking shoes to offer this winter, and their new Brochure, which a P.C. to branch 58, Regent Street will bring you by return post makes excellent reading for every dance lover.

Now that we are getting nearer to Xmas, shops and shopping have an added interest of their own. For gifts as well as for your own use Luvisca products are well nigh ideal, and for blouses, shirts, pyjamas, etc., a length would make a fine Xmas box. Luvisca prices have gone down since September, and the plain shades are now 3/6 instead of 4/6 per yard and the striped designs 3/3 instead of 3/11. In a dress length that means a considerable saving—enough to buy pearl buttons and things to trim it with, anyway. There are plenty of pretty and smart ready-to-wear garments on sale in Luvisca, and these, too, have been correspondingly reduced. Ask your draper about it next time you are in there.

"Preserve it with Ponds," is the latest slogan current in Womanhood—"Zog it off" and "Rub-it-in" having had their day though these did not refer to the complexion. But "Preserve it with Ponds" does. We all know the sad story of the empty stable, but there are sadder tales than that. Therefore, be warned in time and if you've a clear skin and wish to keep it smooth and unwrinkled use Pond's Vanishing Cream every morning and as often as you like during the day. Pond's Cold Cream should be massaged well into the skin with the finger tips at night, it soothes the skin and really preserves its natural bloom besides helping to ward off every kind of blemish.



Edmund Lowe and Barbara La Marr in "The White Moth."



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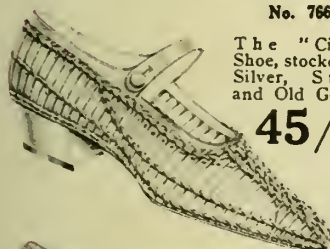
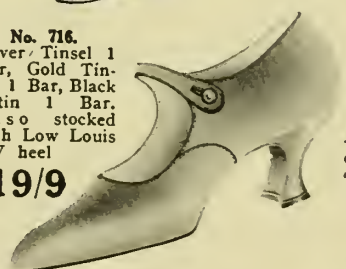
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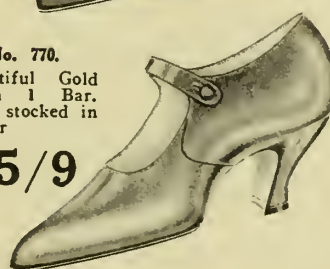
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Mahlon Hamilton and Betty Blythe in "The Recoil."

**The Ancient Law** (Stanley Gibson; Nov. 10).

The story of a young man's struggle between ambition, love, and duty, containing much excellent character work and some interesting picturisations of Jewish customs and ceremonies. Played by Robert Garrison, Margaret Schlegel, Armand Valentin, Henry Porten, Abraham Morewski, and Ernst Germain. Excellent entertainment.

**The Arizona Express** (Fox; Nov. 17).

Excellent full-blooded railway melodrama starring Pauline Starke and David Butler, with Evelyn Brent, Harold Goodwin, Ann Cornwall, Francis MacDonald, Frank Beal and William Humphrey in support.

**Babbitt** (F. B. O.; Nov. 24).

The romance of a middle-aged business man, being well kinematised from Sinclair Lewis's book. Willard Louis stars, with Mary Alden, Carmel Myers, Raymond McKee, Virginia Lewis, Gertrude Olmsted, Dale Fuller, and Cissy Fitzgerald supporting. Good but a trifle slow.

**Big Brother** (Paramount; Nov. 24).

Sentimental but sincere crook drama with a strong child interest. Tom Moore heads a good cast which includes Edith Roberts, Raymond Hatton, Joe King, Mickey Bennett, Charles Henderson, Paul Panzer, William Black, Yvonne Hughes and Charles Hammond.

**Big Stakes** (Wardour; Nov. 10).

J. B. Warner in a cowboy story about two men and one woman. Plenty of fights, action, and riding. Elinor Fair opposite the star, also Les Bates, Wilmae Carson, H. S. Carr, and Robert Grey. Good entertainment.

**A Boy of Flanders** (Jury; Nov. 24).

Jackie Coogan in a very picturesque costume story founded on Ouida's story "A Dog of Flanders." Teddy Sennett, Josef Swickard, Nigel de Brulier, Lionel Belmore, Nell Craig, Jean Carpenter, and Russ Powell, form a fine supporting cast. Excellent entertainment.

**Buster Keaton Comedies** (Jury; Nov. 3 and 17).

**The Frozen North** (Nov. 3) with Buster and Phyllis Haver, and **Day Dreams** (Nov. 17). Ingenious and original screenfare.

**Captain January** (Wardour; Nov. 10).

All about a baby who is rescued from a shipwreck by a lighthouse-keeper on the Maine coast and becomes a "little mother" there. Baby Peggy is featured, supported by Hobart Bosworth, Irene Rich, Harry T. Morey, John Merkyl, Lincoln Stedman, Emmett King and Barbara Tennant. Good entertainment.

**Claude Duval** (Gaumont; Nov. 3).

The best all-British costume play to date. Telling a rather involved story about the famous highwayman with Nigel Barrie as "Claude," and Fay Compton, Hugh Miller, Betty Faire, James Lindsay, A. B. Imeson, Tom Coventry, Charles Ashton and a long list of minor roles. Excellent costume drama.

**The Dancing Cheat** (European; Nov. 24).

Alice Lake as a cabaret dancer, in a strong story of passion and intrigue with a startling climax. Herbert Rawlinson, Robert Walker and Edwin Brady head the supporting cast. Good dramatic fare.



**Don't Call It Love** (Paramount; Nov. 17).

A William De Mille production with a slight story concerning the life and loves of a famous opera singer. All star cast includes Agnes Ayres, Nita Naldi, Jack Holt, Theodore Kosloff, Rod La Rocque, Robert Edeson, and Julia Faye. Fair entertainment.

**The Famous Morgan Pearls** (Western Import; Nov. 13).

Crook mystery melodrama with a rather crude but interesting story of a girl's attempt to save her father from being branded a thief. Ora Carew, Jay Morley, and Wal Stevens play the principal parts.

**The Fast Express** (European; Nov. 15).

William Duncan and Edith Johnson in a fast moving serial with a story which is a mixture of Western drama and the railroad. Good of its class.

**The Governor's Lady** (Fox; Nov. 10).

Jane Grey in a Mary Alden part in a domestic drama directed by Harry Millarde founded on the well known play. Robert T. Haines, Ann Luther, Frazer Coulter, and Leslie Austin comprise a good cast. Sob stuff.

**The Heritage of the Desert** (Paramount; Nov. 10).

Ernest Torrence and Bebe Daniels in a Zane Grey story that is by way of being a sequel to "The Covered Wagon." Noah Beery, Lloyd Hughes, Annie Schaefer, James Mason, Richard R. Neill, and Earl Metcalfe also appear. Very good Prairie melodrama.

**Her Marriage Vow** (F. B. O.; Nov. 10).

Signalises the return of Beverley Bayne, who stars in this domestic drama, supported by Monte Blue, Willard Louis, Margaret Livingstone and a long cast. Good entertainment.

**Her Temporary Husband** (Ass. First National; Nov. 10).

A matrimonial mix-up well acted by Owen Moore, Sydney Chaplin, Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall, Charles Gerrard, George Cooper, Chuck Reisner, and John Patrick. Farcical fare.



Tom Santschi and Evelyn Brent in "The Plunderers."

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Rodney La Rocque and Nita Naldi in "Don't Call It Love."

**Icebound** (Paramount; Nov. 3).

The story of a pretty girl who inherits a wild youth in a will, and makes a real man out of him because she loves him. Played by Lois Wilson, Richard Dix, Alice Chapin, John Daly Murphy, Edna May Oliva, Vera Reynolds, Ethel Wales, and Frank Shannon. Good entertainment.

**Is Money Everything** (W. & F.; Nov. 24).

Just about what the title would lead you to expect, a time worn theme, but a vivid and capably-handled story. Norman Kerry (without his moustache) stars, and Miriam Cooper, Martha Mansfield, William Armstrong, William Barling, Lawrence Brooks and H. Murphy support.

**Love Letters** (Fox; Nov. 20).

Shirley Mason in a mystery drama with a surprise ending. Gordon Edwards, Alma Francis, William Irving and John Millgan also appear. Good popular fare.

**Madame Guillotine** (Western Import; Nov. 3).

An Italian production with a spectacular story of the French Revolution, starring the late Amletto Novelli, supported by Lyda Borelli, R. Fabiani and R. Barmi.

**Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model** (Goldwyn; Nov. 3).

Very satisfying melodrama, with many thrills, quite a little humour, and a fine cast comprising, Claire Windsor, Betsy Ann Hisle, Edmund Lowe, Lew Cody, Mae Busch, Raymond Griffith, Hobart Bosworth, Lilyan Tashman, Dorothy Cummings, Will Walling, Mayme Kelso and William Orlamond.

**The Night Message** (European; Nov. 10).

Our dear old friend the feud story in a new dress and with an original trust.

Also Gladys Hulette, Charles Cruz, Margaret Seddon, Norman N. Rankow, Robert Gordon, Edgar Kennedy and Joseph W. Girard. Good entertainment.

**Pavements of Gold** (Butchers; Nov. 3).

Concerns a doctor, and a woman who married for wealth. Well acted by Agnes Ayres, Percy Marmont, Robert McKim, Kathlyn Williams, George Siegmund, John George, Rosa Rosanova, Otto Lederer, and William Orlamond. Romance for the uncritical only.

**The Phantom Horseman** (European; Nov. 10).

Jack Hoxie in a very wild Westerner, with a mysterious highwayman as its central figure. Lillian Rich, Wade Boteler and Neil McKinnon head the supporting cast. Fair entertainment.

**The Plunderer** (Fox; Nov. 24).

An average mining melodrama with a good cast, comprising Frank Mayo, Evelyn Brent, Tom Santschi, James Mason, Peggy Shaw, Edward Phillips and Dan Mason.

**The Recoil** (Goldwyn; Nov. 24).

Rather a draggy movie adapted from Rex Beach's story of the same name. Lavish settings and good acting by Betty Blythe, Mahlon Hamilton, Clive Brook, Fred Paul, Ernest Hilliard

**Restless Wives** (Wardour; Nov. 24).

Very good business romance presenting the familiar problem of the absorbed husband and the neglected wife. Played by Doris Kenyon, James Rennie, Montague Love, Edmund Breese, Burr McIntosh, Cort Albertson and Naomi Childers.

**Reveill  ** (Gaumont; Nov. 10).

A story of the war and its aftermath with Betty Balfour as its star, and Frank Stanmore, Henrietta Watson, (Continued on page 58).



## Miss Betty Blythe

starring in "The Spitfire" writes:

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*Aileen Pringle and Huntley Gordon in "True as Steel."*

Ralph Forbes, Stewart Rome, Donald Searle, Sydney Fairbrother, Buena Bent, Simeon Stuart, Walter Tennyson, and Gertrude Sterrol in support. Excellent though tearful entertainment.

**Secrets** (Ass. First National; Nov. 17).

Romantic drama founded upon the popular play with Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien as the lovers, Patterson Dial, Emily Fitzroy, Claire McDowell, Gertrude Astor, Francis Feeney and George Cowl, Alice Day, Charles Ogle, May Giraci and Clarissa Selwynne, Winter Hall, Winston Meller and Florence Wix. Excellent entertainment.

**The Shooting of Dan McGrew** (Jury; Nov. 10).

An Alaskan drama written around Robert Service's well-known poem. Featuring Barbara La Marr and Percy Marmont, supported by Lew Cody, Mac Busch, Max Ascher, Fred Warren, George Siegmann, Eagle Eye, Milla Davenport, and Phillippe de Lacy. Excellent dramatic fare.

**The Signal Tower** (European; Nov. 3).

Wallace Beery, Virginia Valli, Frankie Davis, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Dot Farley, James O. Barrows and J. Farrell MacDonald in a fast-action thrill melodrama of railway life. Excellent of its kind.

**Sodom and Gomorrah** (F. B. O.; Nov. 3).

A story of modern society with an elaborate biblical inset, featuring Lucy Doraine. Good spectacular drama.

**The Telephone Girl Series** (Wardour; Nov. 3).

Short comedies featuring Alberta Vaughan, supported by George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Douglas Gerrard, Charles King, Kit Guard, and Al Cooke. Good light entertainment.

**Temporary Marriage** (Pathé; Nov. 24).

The story of a domestic upheaval and a divorce that never materialised. Mildred Davis stars, with Tully Marshall, Myrtle Stedman, Kenneth Harlan, Maude George, and Stuart Holmes in close the competition for acting honours. Good entertainment.

**Trailing Wild Animals** (Jury; Nov. 3).

One of the best of its kind ever made. The Martin-Johnson's penetrate still further into hitherto unexplored parts of Africa and show you some amazing studies of wild animals in their native haunts. A fine and amusing educational.

**The Trouble Shooter** (Fox; Nov. 3).

A fairly good Tom Mix feature with Tom, Tony, and stunts, but very little else. Kathleen Key opposite the star, also, J. Gunnis Davis, Mike Donlin, Dolores Rousse, Charles McHugh, and Al Freemont.

**True as Steel** (Goldwyn; Nov. 27).

A husband-and-wife story in which the wife is the business man with the

usual business man's temptations to which she nearly, but not quite, succumbs. Capably acted by Aileen Pringle, Huntley Gordon, Louise Fazenda, Eleanor Boardman, Louis Payne, William Haines, Norman Kerry, and Lucien Littlefield. Good entertainment.

**Twenty-one** (Ass. First National; Nov. 3).

Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill in the story of a molly-coddle who struggles to become a man so as to marry the girl he loves. Dorothy Cumming, Joan Simpson, Joe King, Elsie Lawson, and Bradley Barker support. Good but a bit slow.

**The Unknown Purple** (W. & F.; Nov. 10).

Henry B. Walthall in a sensational melodrama with a purple ray as its chief point of interest. Alice Lake, Stuart Holmes, Helen Ferguson, Frankie Lee, Ethel Grey Terry, James Morrison, Johnnie Arthur, Brinsley Shaw, Richard Wayne and Mike Donlin lend capable support. Excellent mystery drama.

**The Unwanted** (Napoleon; Nov. 17).

A war story containing fine and convincing scenes of a great tank advance, and some beautiful Venetian and Swiss exteriors. Aubrey Smith stars, with Lillian Hall Davis, Francis Lister Mary Dibley, Nora Swinburne, and James Reardon in support. Good popular fare.

**West of the Water Tower** (Paramount; Nov. 20).

A story of American small town life in which the characterisation is the main feature. Excellent acting by Glenn Hunter, May McAvoy, Ernest Torrence, George Fawcett, Zasu Pitts, Charles Abbe, Annie Schroeder, Edward Elkas, Joe Burke, and Gladys Feldman.

**The White Moth** (Ass. First National; Nov. 24).

Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle in a colourful story about a dancer in Paris. Charles de Roche, Ben Lyon, Edna Murphy, Josie Sedwick, Kathleen Kirkham and William Orlamond support the stars. Artificial stage and society drama.



*Ernst Lubitsch, Pauline Frederick, Lew Cody and the technical staff looking at a bit of "Three Women" in Warner Bros. studios.*



## THE CHEROKEE BLUES (Continued from page 44.)

tired husband parts that I have been playing recently for Warner Brothers, Brass, and Main Street, *Lucretia Lombard* and *The Marriage Circle*, and one or two other husband-and-wife-dramas after the same pattern as these. However, I'm playing *Debureau* now, and I hope I shall enjoy that more. Perhaps my old clowning work will come in useful here," he added with a smile.

"You always seem to me to be an outdoor man," I said, thinking of him particularly in *The Kentuckians*, and in his early Fairbanks films.

"You sure have hit the bull's-eye and rung the bell in once," said Monte with a broad grin. Then he added more seriously, "Outdoor life has always been essential to my work in motion pictures. I've always tried to be the true American, the real American of the big spaces. . ."

"If you add 'where men are men,' I'll throw something at you," I interrupted.

"Nix on the rough stuff," grinned Monte. "But all the same they did overwork it, didn't they?" Anyway, the public likes best the things it can

understand easiest, and what, after all, is easier to understand than a man with clean ideals and a clean mind, who has borrowed something from Nature in every one of her moods, and sees something beautiful in every sunset and every hill? The real American, to me, is a man whose simplicity of soul makes him gentle and enduring and true—in a word, a man from the Great Outdoors."

He broke off suddenly. "What bunk I'm talking," he said, "you'll think me all sorts of a highbrow and a fool. I guess I feel things too much sometimes, and they come out in the wrong sort of words. It's best to hold your tongue when you really feel things, and then you don't run the risk of making a fool of yourself. I've learned that often, suffered, too, from neglecting it when I get up on to tubs and spout. Ah well, I've said it now, and I suppose in due course it will all appear in print to be brought up ever afterwards as evidence against me!"

"It will," I said, as we shook hands. And it has. In proof of which you have only to read this article!

## TOM DOUGLAS (Continued from page 35.)

"Like Merton," observed Tom, "I have a low-comedy face, and I'll never be able to aspire to real tragedy."

But it's a nice face. It can boast of very bright brown eyes, deepset below level brows and a good square forehead. An indeterminate kind of a nose, which doesn't by any means meet with its owner's approbation (he's forever saying rude things about it), and a beyish grin which is very appealing.

Before I left Tom took me all over his flat of which he is justly proud.

The interior decoration is all his own work and is really delightful. There is a guest room, all white and black and red, with a tiny beading of red around even the door panels to match. His own room has a plethora of mirrors and an ornate bedstead that would turn Cecile De Mille green with envy. Also much fine crystal; and his dressing room is exactly like that of a movie star in a Hollywood studio, with its glass topped table, and huge cupboards with sliding doors. This is all white, but the bedroom is mainly blue. Tom explained everything with housewifely pride.

He wants to make more movies this side. He wants to film *Captain Courageous* and *Stalky* and other schoolboy tales. He says he thinks there's room for them and he asked me very earnestly to try to find out what the public thinks. Therefore, it is up to you, who read these lines to write Tom and tell him.

Tom is writing a play, in collaboration with another gifted youngster, Hermione Baddeley; he said it was to

be a comedy of youth.

He told me some amusing experiences of his in Switzerland and Paris where he recuperated after the severe illness that followed "Merton" and then we said "Au revoir," because it was getting near to theatre time.

Since then he has signed on to make a series of films in this country, so he's evidently a man of his word. He is absolutely the same ingenuous kid off the stage as he is on it, so that if you've seen Tom in "Fata Morgana" you've met Thomas Jefferson Douglas (Douglas is his mother's maiden name) as he is himself.

And he certainly knows how to treat interviewers! JOSIE P. LEDERER.



Betty Doyle, an English girl now working in Hollywood opposite William Desmond.

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## MY TRIP ABROAD by Rudolph Valentino.

(Continued from page 18.)

we might sleep or eat. Wondering if the next turn of the road would bring us to some enchanted spot where we would rest for the night or fare in the middle of the day. Adventure.

I thoroughly enjoyed it all, but I think that that was, perhaps, more than a little bit selfish of me. For it was rather too much for Natacha.

The coming up and going down incessantly on serpentine mountain paths. The fact that we went a matter of some 850 kilometres in that brief time and the further fact, joyful to me, but not so joyful to her, that they have no speed laws here. You can go as fast as you want to go, and the consequences are on your head and no one else's. Naturally, in the town, you have to slow down a bit, but on the country roads you can go top speed—up to the very limit of your motor's capacity. My motor's capacity, I may say, was exceedingly good.

Bourges, I must say, is where Philippe the Beautiful and his Italian wife, an "Este" or a "Medici," I forget which, lie buried. The Cathedral was closed as we speeded by, and as we wanted to make Nice in the evening, we kept on going.

We had to go through Grenoble.

The gods being with us, we finally arrived in Nice at nine o'clock in the evening—and no thanks to me, either, I was told in rather wobbly accents by Natacha.

Perhaps she was right. As a matter of fact, not only the gods but the roads were with me on my trip to Nice. The roads were exceptionally good and in each town there were huge posters where one can see the names and the directions without the bothersome slowing down and inquiring here and there, there and everywhere. The characters on the posters are fully six inches high, so that you can easily decipher them going ninety miles an hour—which is practically if not literally what I did.

Oh, yes, and I had another help, too, a very great one. I flatter myself on my sense of direction, but perhaps I should first of all flatter the Royal Auto Club of Paris. This commendable organisation made me a chart of the towns and roads. Each separate and individual road has a separate and individual number. Each separate and individual town has a red stone with the number of the road in black thereon, thus dramatically and definitely marking it. Even the roads play the *Rouge et Noir*! For instance, the cities from Bourges to Grenoble number the Road No. 6. So, even if you pass the sign unseeing, if you take the wrong road, say No. 7 and look at the chart you see that you are wrong and are guided back to the right crossing.

When I indulge in a slight fit of boastfulness about the eminent and

dexterous fashion in which I navigated and circumnavigated the roads, if I may use a nautical term for motoring, I am gently but firmly reminded of the many and ingenious devices placed along the way to keep "a young man from going wrong." And honesty compels me to admit that I didn't deserve a great deal of credit. Only for the fact that I did not keep the car on the road when it had every appearance of leaving it, wheel by wheel.

Natacha is nervous enough. All women all beautiful women, surely are highly, delicately and very finely organised. They are strung like a priceless Stradivarius. They respond as an apple tree responds to April breezes. But if Natacha had not had, as well, a nerve of steel and so genuine an appreciation for what she could see of the scenery as we sped through it, no doubt she would have been even more unstrung than she was.

Natacha says she thinks the gods have nothing to do with motoring—and less to do with motorists of my particular genus, or specie, or whatever you call them.

But the point of this night's writing is that we finally and securely arrived at the Chateau Juan Les Pins to-night at nine o'clock. The stir and welcome, the giving and taking of the story of our trip, the solicitude and mutual talk and excitement, I will tell when I write my diary to-morrow.

It has been all that I could do to write what I have written here to-night. Natacha says that I seem to be possessed of and by this diary of mine; that no doubt with my last expiring breath I would inscribe some theory, some philosophy, or some detail, of the trip we are taking. For I have written

this instalment to-night not only practically but literally writhing with pain. My hands practically and literally refuse close. My index fingers are all but paralyzed. Natacha pricked my hand with a pin and I will swear that I couldn't feel it . . . all from grasping the wheel as I have been grasping it on our ride from Avignon and Paris.

I have callouses all over both hands and my shoulder and arm muscles are horribly out of commission from the terrific pumping up and down in the narrow mountain passes. Somehow, I don't complain. The trip was joyously worth the pain, I feel now—and so is writing in this diary.

Now I shall go to bed. And surely, surely I shall sleep to-night if never I have slept before. I can feel sleep drugging my weary eyes, until the lids close of their own accord and I have to open them again by sheer force of will. I can feel sleep creeping up, up, covering my limbs, my arms, my tired head, as though a warm garment were being drawn over me, softly, almost imperceptibly, obscuring me.

Juan Les Pins, Nice, August 19th.

We have had a delicious first day. One of the really pleasurable excitements of life is getting together in a family group after the group has been separated and dispersed for a considerable period of time.

Natacha's mother and father, "Muzzie" and "Uncle Dick" (Mr. and Mrs. Hudnut) came to Nice a year ago to rebuild and "do-over" the chateau which Uncle Dick had given over to the government as a hospital during the war. When he retired from business, they came to Nice to settle down largely because it had long been a dream with them to do this very thing.

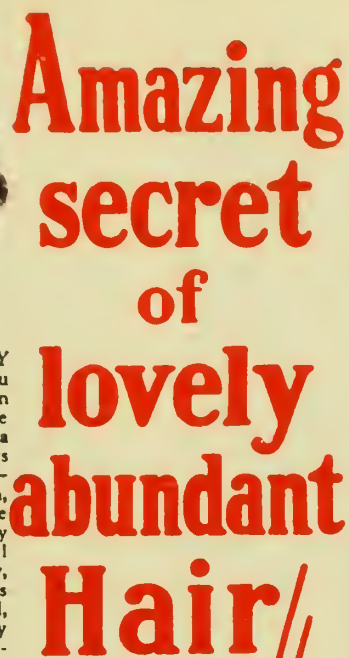
They had lived on the Riviera off and on for years.

(To be continued.)

Rudolph Valentino in his dressing room at Paramount studios during the filming of "Monsieur Beaucaire."







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Viola Dana - George Baker & Bruce Guerin

S. D. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—(1) The dates given in "Picturegoers' Guide" refer to releases in the London district only. Pictures are very often shown in the Provinces some time before London audiences see them—and vice versa.

PONICA (Manchester).—Glad to make your acquaintance, Ponica. (1) The little girl who played the part of the niece in *Gentle Julia* was Mary Arthur. (2) Mae Marsh's next release will be *Arabella*. (3) I'll do my best to get you a photo of Lionel Barrymore, sometime.

BABS (Walsall).—Letter forwarded to Reginald Denny. (1) Ramon Novarro born Feb. 6th, 1899, in Mexico. His real name is Saminiegos. (2) Ivor Novello will film "The Rat" after the play has ended its run, but he has not chosen the cast yet. (3) There is no truth in the rumour that Gladys Cooper and Ivor Novello are engaged.

P. L. (Grimsby).—Letter forwarded to Lillian Rich. Don't mention it!

DENYS (Blairgowrie).—Thanks for thanks! (1) Clive Brook and Flora Le Breton were the hero and heroine of *Through Fire and Water*. (2) Anna Q. Nilsson is married to John M. Gunnerson. (3) Anna was born in Ystad, Sweden, but she doesn't publish the date. (4) There may be another Kinematograph Garden Party next year, but I can't say for certain. (5) "Faults" Competition is quite genuine. Your two examples may be printed in due course. Yes, I know I am a blessing and a boon to mankind.

A LANCASHIRE LASS (Lancashire).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Lewis Stone's real name is Lewis Stone. (3) *The Lost World* is Lewis Stone's last completed picture, and he's now at work on *Fashions For Men*.

RAMONAN GEORGE (Shrewsbury).—Thanks for bouquet. I admire your colour scheme. (1) Ramon Novarro isn't married yet, so there's no need for you to get any madder.

D. I. M. M. (Bournemouth).—Letters forwarded. (1) Rex Ingram is neither dead nor ill, he is still film making despite rumours.

LOVER OF OLD FAVOURITES (Rochester).—(1) George Beban made a film called *The Sign of the Rose*, adapted from the

one-act play of that name. (2) George Beban, Jr., is not acting in films now.

H. A. T. I. (Barnes).—Letter forwarded to Ramon Novarro.

LILY (Hampstead).—I'm a wonderful man altogether, Lily. (1) Address Alla Nazimova c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Aileen Pringle was born in San Francisco, California about 26 years ago. She is the wife of the Governor of Jamaica.

GWYNNE (London).—I wouldn't "squash" you for worlds, Gwynne. (1) Of course I'll forward your letter to Agnes Ayres. (2) Quite a lot of film stars read their own fan letters, although they have to keep secretaries to answer most of them.

OLIVE (Bristol).—Letter forwarded. Glad you like your "Carols" prize.

JIMSEY (New Southgate).—(1) Dinky Dean made his film debut in *The Pilgrim* with Charlie Chaplin. (2) Lon Chaney is certainly not a Chinaman, but an American of Italian origin. An art plate of him appeared in October 1922 PICTUREGOER, and an illustrated interview in August 1922 issue. Glad to hear I rank with Tom Meighan in your affections.

A. H. (Amersham).—Letter forwarded to Rudolph. Job had nothing on me when it comes to patience.

DOROTHY (Sheffield).—(1) I'll do my best to get an interview with your favourite, Fay Compton, later on. One appeared in April 1922 PICTUREGOER, obtainable at our Publishing Dept. (2) Some of Fay Compton's films to date are *An Old Wife's Tale*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, *The House of Peril*, *Diana of the Crossways*, *Mary Queen of Scots*, *This Freedom*, *Claude Duval* and *The Eleventh Commandment*. The latter isn't released yet. (3) Gloria Swanson has been married twice and Barbara La Marr six times. (4) Barbara La Marr wore her own hair in *Thy Name is Woman*.

NEGRI FAN (Surrey).—Have forwarded your letter to Pola Negri. I think she would send you an autographed photo if you ask nicely.

WANT TO KNOW (London).—You're not alone in your affliction. (1) Try Famous Lasky, 166—170, Wardour Street, W.1.

for stills from *The Ten Commandments*.

Sorry, no casts given in these pages now.

BRIGHT EYES (Letchworth).—(1) Letter to Lois Wilson forwarded on arrival. (2) Most stars answer their fan mail, so you may hope for a reply.

MARION (Bruton).—(1) Address Colleen Moore c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Yes, her birthday is August 1st. (3) No description of me, Marion—I couldn't do myself justice! Glad to hear that I've taken such a good place in your youthful heart.

COUNTRY GIRL (From the country, I suppose?).—(1) I know of several so-called "Schools for Kinema Acting." My advice to you is—have nothing to do with any of them.

BERYL (Bristol).—Letter forwarded.

PIP (Brixton).—Glad I appear to be a brilliant young man. (1) The lady had been married before but not the gentleman. (2) Norman Kerry is a bachelor to date. (3) So far as I know Rex Davis is on tour with "The Borsal Boy" sketch.

CARROTS (Bristol).—(1) You may breathe again. Ramon Novarro isn't married or even engaged, to date. (2) Pearl White's address is c/o Eclair Studios, Paris, France. (3) Ramon's eyes are brown.

D. B. (London).—Letter forwarded. Thanks for good wishes.

2X—3Y (Northumberland).—If forwarding letters were the main characteristics of an angel, I should have been supplied with my halo and harp long ago. I've forwarded yours.

IVOR'S ADMIRER (London).—I'm sorry I sound such an ogre that you have to "screw up your courage" before writing to me. (1) Ivor Novello's address is 11, Aldwych, W.C.2. (2) He will probably send you a photo if you ask. (3) Nothing has been settled yet about the filming of *The Rat*. (4) It isn't likely that any of Ivor's films will be re-issued just now.

VALERIE (Wanstead).—(1) Your favourite, Guy Newall, hasn't been in the limelight very much just lately because he has been doing very little film work. He has been writing a book, "Husband Love," which will be published this year. (2) *What the Butler Saw* is his latest film. (3) He's married to Ivy Duke. (4) Write to him c/o these offices, and I'll see that the letter is forwarded. (5) Guy was born May 25th, 1885. He's 5ft. 11ins. in height.

E. J. S. (London).—Write to Ivor Novello for a signed photo at 11, Aldwych, Strand, W.C.2.

MAID OF KENT (Essex).—Hope you've heard from Ramon by now. (1) I'll try my persuasive powers on the Editor for another interview with Ramon Novarro later on. (2) We always have at least two pages of British Studio Gossip in PICTUREGOER.

PEGGY (South Africa).—(1) Wallace Reid's films are too numerous to relate, but some of them are:—*The Birth of a Nation*, *Carmen*, *Joan the Woman*, *You're Fired*, *The Love Burglar*, *Excuse my Dust*, *The Dancin' Fool*, *Sick Abed*, *Always Audacious*, *The Charm School*, *The Love Special*, *Too Much Speed*, *The Prodigal Knight*, and *Clarence*. (2) Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper are neither engaged or married so far as I know. (3) Neither is Lois Wilson engaged to Richard Dix. (4) My face is a strictly private affair, and not to be gazed upon by the masses.

ADOLPHE (Redditch).—You win. Where do I come in? (1) Betty Compson was



married, some little time ago to James Cruze, her producer. (2) Write her c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. (3) I think she would answer your letter if you write nicely.

ROBIN (Melbourne).—(1) No, there's only one of me, Robin. I admit I'm a wonderful man. (2) I've forwarded your letter to Mae.

READER (Brighton).—Letter forwarded to Pauline Frederick.

E. T. (Bedford).—That was a slip of the pen. I apologise to Tom Mix for making a blonde of him.

G. L. G. (Gillingham).—(1) Send in those questions again. (2) I'll do my best to get you an art plate of Richard Dix.

LOVE OF OLD FAVOURITE (Rochester).—(1) Olga Petrova has been playing on the New York stage for some time, and has left the screen, probably for good. (2) George Beban's latest picture is *The Sign of the Rose*, the film version of his famous one-act stage play of the same name.

O. N. (Southport).—Your carol isn't quite good enough to print. But keep on trying.

E. A. (Honor Oak Park).—Glad the article on J. Warren Kerrigan met with your approval. Yes, I'll certainly let you have news of him in PICTUREGOER, but at present he's not doing much film work.

DAISY (Stratford).—(1) Cecil Humphreys is touring in a stage production at present. (2) He's married to Gladys Mason and has a little son. No, I'm not an old lady, Daisy. No old lady could do my job for the length of time I've been at it, and still be alive to tell the tale. It needs a man of iron like myself to survive the storm of questions that daily descends on PICTUREGOER offices.

HELEN MACGREGOR (Midlothian).—Your nicely-worded and tactful little appeal as usual has gone to my hard heart, and the milk of human kindness once more flows freely on your behalf, ma wee Scotch vamp. (1) Norman Kerry is American and was born in New York. But his mother, who has recently died, came from Budapest. (2) I haven't heard anything of those three stars for some time. Mary Glynn, I believe, is playing on the legitimate stage in America. (3) Not even a snap of me, though it's yourself that asks, Helen. I shouldn't like to disillusion you.

NAZIMOVA-LOVER (Cambridge).—Nazimova's coming back to the screen at last, in a film called *Madonnas of the Street*, directed by Edmund Carewe.

RENEE (Yorkshire).—I've forwarded your letter to Dick Barthelmess. (1) I'm afraid it won't be easy to get a personal reply from Dick. Film stars have so much fan mail that it would be impossible to answer it all themselves, so they have to employ secretaries. (2) You'll find Rudolph Valentino's address in another answer on these pages, if you want to try your luck again.

R. E. R. (Westcliffe-on-Sea).—(1) Irene Castle is in London at the time of writing, but I expect she will have returned to America by the time this appears in print. She has recently married and is retiring from both screen and stage. (2) Her next and last release will be *Slim Shoulders*.

CINEMA LOVER (Southampton).—Glad to hear PICTUREGOER is such a family favourite. (1) You'll find Rudolph's address above.

WHISKERS (Burton-on-Trent).—(1) I've forwarded your letter to Ivy Duke and your "Think" to my dear old pal "The

Thinker." (2) The film in which Rudolph played with Nazimova was *Camille*. It was released August 28th, 1922.

S. R. (Hammersmith).—All faults must be witnessed, please.

PAULINE (South Africa).—(1) Pauline Frederick's last film was *Let Not Man Put Asunder*. (2) Page article on Pauline in July, 1923 PICTUREGOER, interview in February, 1922, and an art plate in Jan., 1921 issue. Apologies returned, with thanks! My name's "George"—why not use it?

B. G. (Stockport).—Sorry to hear you're ill in bed. Hope you'll soon be better. (1) Milton Sills was the hero in *The Isle of Lost Ships*, and Anna Q. Nilsson was the heroine. (2) The guillotine in *Orphans of the Storm* was made specially for the film.

LULU (Scotland).—Yes. George is my name. (1) I'll do my best to get you that interview with Ivor Novello later on, but we've had rather a lot about him lately. (2) Matheson Lang is about six-foot tall. He was born in Dundee in 1879. (3) Ivor Novello is 5ft. 11ins. in height. His favourite hobby is music—composing and playing. (4) Marguerite de La Motte was born in Duluth, America, on June 22nd.

MOONYEN (Orpington).—Glad to hear from you again, in spite of the accompanying questions. I have a very forgiving nature. (1) No art plate of Pola Negri, but an illustrated interview appeared in January, 1923 issue. (2) Nita Naldi doesn't publish her weight. (3) Pola Negri's real name is Appolonia Chalopez—but in the interests of suffering fandom she changed it to something more pronounceable. (4) Can't say whether *Smilin' Through* will be re-issued. Probably.

LE BRETONIC.—One minute I'm an angel, the next I'm a brick, according to you fans. The latter's my choice—a halo doesn't suit my own special brand of beauty. (1) Alice Calhoun, not Lois Wilson, in *Angel of Crooked Street*. (2) The film you're thinking of is *What Every Woman Knows*, from Sir James Barrie's play of that name. (3) Flora Le Breton is about 24 years old. She isn't married yet, so there's no need to seek an early grave. (4) Her address is 34, Nevyn Square, Earl's Court.

X. Y. Z. (Berks).—I've forwarded your letter to Anna Q. Thanks for the promise to send those questions another day. Procrastination may be the thief of time—but it's the very good friend of "George."

ROBERT (Crewe).—Sorry I couldn't see you, Robert, but press day is press day—and a printer howling for his copy is like unto a bear deprived of its cubs. Even I daren't face it.

CONNIE (Forest Hill).—Letter forwarded to Matheson Lang. (1) You might try Ideal Films, Ltd. 86-88, Wardour Street, W.1., for a photo of Clive Brook.

G. L. (Swansea).—Thanks for thanks.

OLIVE (Bristol).—Letter forwarded to Mary Piekford.

PEGEE—(1) Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., has started screen work and made his film debut in *Stephen Steps Out*. (2) Sorry to damp your young enthusiasm, but it certainly is hard to get on the films, even if you "are pretty and can row, dance, ride and do heaps of other things." Read what Chrissie White has to say about it in the July PICTUREGOER. (3) No art plate of me, Peggie. I'm proof against flattery, threats or cajolings.



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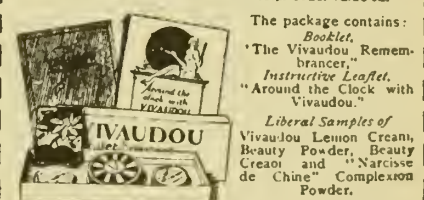
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MARGERY (Putney).—I'm afraid I'm no art critic—it takes me all my time being an encyclopædia. Why don't you write to the Art Editor of one of the big Publishers for an opinion?

E. D.—Letters forwarded. Yes, I was at the Garden Party for a short time.

CHIQUITA (Hove).—(1) Address Tom Meighan, c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Matheson Lang has just finished a new Stoll film, *White Slippers*. Address him c/o Stoll Studios, Temple Road, Cricklewood. (3) Tom Meighan's next film will be *Piper Malone*.

NONETTE.—Glad you like PICTUREGOER. I've forwarded your letters.

FELIX (Hull).—Ditto, Felix.

M. H. (London).—(1) Gladys Cooper's address is c/o Adelphi Theatre, Strand, W.C.2.

CHRISTINE (London).—It's more than my life's worth to publish your "carol," Christine. Try again—with somewhat milder tactics.

J. L. (Surrey).—(1) Arthur Carewe was the father, "Paul Savelli," in *Daddy*.

WINNIE (Dublin).—I'm sorry I sound so forbidding. Six months is a long time to take screwing up your courage to write.

(1) Art plate of Richard Dix in July, 1922 PICTUREGOER; and an interview in March, 1923 issue.

E. G. AMOORE (New Zealand).—Always glad to help a fellow sufferer. I've passed your letter on.

B. N. B. (Bradford).

—(1) Try Jury's Imperial Pictures, 19-21, Tower Street, for photos of Lewis Stone.

(2) A two page article on Lewis Stone appeared in August 1923 issue, and an art plate in November 1923. (3) You can get most back numbers from our Publishing Dept., price 1/3 post free.

J. S. R. (South Africa).—(1) Viola Dana was born 1898. (2) She has been a widow for some years. (3) Her latest completed film is *Merton of the Movies*. (4) She is the sister of Edna Flurgrath and Shirley Mason.

VETERAN (Wimbledon).—Your favourite George K. Anderson, the original "Broncho Billy" retired from the screen some years ago, and I have had no news of him since. (2) Nedah

Bertram is, I believe, dead, but I can't say whether appendicitis was the cause. (3) No photos available of either of them now.

A. C. S. (Scarborough).—Wants to know how he can get his two children on the screen. The answer is—you can't. Child actors—actors of any sort, in fact, are a drug on the market just now.

I. A. D. (Fulham).—I've passed on your "poem" with a recommendation to mercy.

N. N. (London).—There's no prospect of *The Sheik* being re-issued just now. It has been round the cinemas twice already, but no doubt it will come forth like a giant refreshed bye and bye.

L. S. (Esher).—Bouquets and brickbats noted and duly distributed. (1) Eleanor Boardman has not deserted the screen. You'll see her next in *The Wine of Youth*. (2) *The Scarlet Pimpernel* was filmed by Fox's some time back. Fred Terry holds all the screen and stage rights this side, so it was never shown in Great Britain.

THE QUIZZY NIBS (Accrington).—Your "pomme de terre," as you call it, is most appropriate. (1) David Butler and Malcolm MacGregor are two distinct persons. That was a mistake in captioning. (2)

Sorry, I haven't Margaret Leahy's address. Why not ask the "Daily Sketch"? (3) When Pola Negri shoots John De Roche in *The Cheat* it is her dress that he retains in his hand. (4) Tom Meighan has been married about ten years, and has no children. His wife is Frances Ring. (5) Norman Kerry was born in New York, of Irish descent. I'll answer the others next time, if I remember. You've had one over the usual number as it is, my children.

JACKIE'S ADMIRER (Surbiton).—(1) Your little favourite has fair hair and brown eyes. (2) He was born on October 31st, 1914, in Los Angeles.

E. K. R. B. (Upminster).—An art plate of Mahlon Hamilton appeared in Sept. 1922 PICTUREGOER, but I'll do my best to get you another later on.

B. F. (London).—(1) Clive Brook has a Bungalow in Los Angeles, where he is esconced with his wife, Mildred Evelyn, and his baby daughter. (2) Address him c/o Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

CHILDLOVER (Dublin).—Much as I should like to help you and your fellow astrologers to "astrologé," I fear it can't be done. The hour of birth of our leading film stars is a tall order even for such a well-informed, intelligent, and obliging young man as myself. (1) Peter Dear is nine and a half, but I have no record of his birthday. (2) Art plate of Peter appeared in November 1923 PICTUREGOER, obtainable at our Publishing Dept., 1/3 post free. (3) Some of his films are: *The Grass Orphan*, *The Fruitful Vine*, *The Wandering Jew*, *Guy Fawkes*, and *The Royal Oak*.

MARY (Orpington).—(1) Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Walter Morasco.

NEWCOMER (Scarborough).—I've forwarded your letter and hope you get an answer soon. Taking the blessing of a grateful man, newcomer, for your questionless letter.

RUBY (Brockhurst).—Glad you think me such a little ray of sunshine. (1) Charles Ray was born March 15th, 1891. His next release will be *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. He has just finished work on a picture called *Smith*, made under his new contract with Ince, and is now working on *The Desert Fiddler*. (2) Anna Q. Nilsson's next release is *The Fire Patrol*. She has just started on *Inez*. (3) I've forwarded your carol with my blessing.

GOLLYWOGGLES (Swansea).—Your many demands for interviews, art plates, etc., have been duly noted. I'll see what can be done about it. (1) There's no set rule about the time it takes for a film star to answer fan mail. (2) Billy Sullivan is a boxer. He played in *The Leather Pusher* series after Reginald Denny had an illness that prevented him from continuing in them. (3) Successful "Carolers" are rewarded with a bound volume of "Pictures."

SUNSHINE (South Africa).—Pleased to meet you, Sunshine. If you live up to

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your name, you're more than welcome here. (1) Gladys Walton was born April 14th, 1904. She's married. (2) Charlie Chaplin has only had one wife so far—Mildred Harris. (3) Mae Murray was born in 1886. She's married to Robert Z. Leonard. (4) Bessie Love was born September 10th, 1898. She isn't married to date. (5) Ramon Novarro born Feb. 6th, 1899, and Ivor Novello in 1893. Neither of them are married.

**BROWN EYES** (Halifax).—I'm "squeezing" your answers in as requested. (1) Mrs. Valentino generally acts as art director of Rudolph's films. (2) Barbara La Marr has black hair and eyes. (3) She has been on the screen since she was in her teens, and is twenty-six years old. (4) Betty Balfour is no relation to Lord Balfour. (5) I've passed on your "Carol."

**MEREDITH** (Cheshire).—Of course you may call me George, and of course I will be a "dear, kind man," though I've no doubt it will be a terrible strain on my part and yours. (1) Colleen Moore was born August 19th, 1900. She's married to John McCormick. (2) Gloria Swanson was at one time married to Wallace Beery. She afterwards became the wife of Herbert Samborn. Not married now. (3) Yes, Rudolph's eyes are brown.

**BETTY** (Hove).—Letter forwarded. Glad you love PICTUREGOER and my encyclopædic self.

**A PICTUREGOERITE** (Balham).—Arthur Edmund Carewe was the name of "the Sheik person" in *The Song of Love*.

**F. L.** (Burnley).—Letter forwarded on arrival.

**N. I. R.** (Surrey).—No art plate of Wallace MacDonald so far. I'll do my best to get you one later. His latest picture is *The Sea Hawk*. I've forwarded your letter.

**MARIO** (Glasgow).—(1) Pola Negri was born in Dromberg, Poland, on Jan. 3rd, 1899. (2) Address her c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

**ALTHEA** (Walsall).—Has been a total abstainer from questions for three whole years, but feminine curiosity has at last got the better of her. (1) Ivor Novello was born Jan. 15th, 1894, at Cardiff. (2) His father was Mr. Novello. (3) Matheson Lang is married to Hutin Britten. (4) They have no children.

**M. N.** (Clacton).—Letter forwarded.

**PADDY** (Ireland).—Sure, and it's arning your gratitude I am by forwarding the letter straight away, Paddy me dear. (1) Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, and they have a little daughter Thomasina.

**NIGELLA** (Gillingham).—(1) Richard Talmadge is an Italian. He's about 5 ft. 10 in. in height. (2) Sorry I haven't his birth date. (3) I'll see what the Editor has to say about an art plate of Norma Talmadge's husband.

**PICTUREGOER** (Clapham).—I've forwarded your little boy's letter to Tom Mix, and hope he will get a reply soon.

**DOUGLAS FOR EVER** (Brussels).—Glad to meet all four of you. Thanks for thanks—I deserve it! (1) An interview with Douglas Fairbanks appeared in June, 1923 PICTUREGOER. I can't promise you another just yet. (2) An illustrated article on *The Thief of Bagdad*, appeared in September, 1924 PICTUREGOER, and two pages of pictures from *Robin Hood* in March 1923 issue. (3) You can obtain most back numbers from our Publishing Dept., price 1/3 post free. (4) Send me your letter to Douglas in a plain stamped envelope, and I'll see that it goes to the right address. (5) His next film hasn't been announced yet.

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"Buck for Ever" has started a small cyclone around these parts. Letters of agreement and disagreement have come in so fast and so

*To The Persistent Pen-Pushers.*

furiously that I daren't print them. The same applies to the red-hot Rudy-fans, inspired Ivor-Invokers, and Matheson Lang Moaners, who seem to have spent the greater part of the month at their writing desks. Well, I've carefully perused all your epistles and you all have my sympathy. But I'm strictly neutral, so don't start slinging brickbats hitherwards. Your defences are most able, "Romeo could learn quite a lot about loving from Rudy," says *Rudy's Champion (Wilts.)* "Rudy, Ramon and Ivor are simply sublime," writes *W. T. (London)*. And so on *ad infinitum*. More power to your elbows, my little ones, your efforts keep the post office going and gladden THE THINKER'S heart.

"As an American at present living in England, I should like to say how interesting I find your paper and specially your page of discussions. I've always been interested in British films, since I saw Clive Brook and Fay Compton in *This Freedom*. I must say it amuses me intensely to hear of everyone raving over Valentino, Novarro, Milton Sills, Buck Jones, etc., when there are so many

Britishers better than they; this conclusion I have arrived at after carefully studying the players in both countries. Of all of them I award the palm to Clive Brook, and next to him would place Dick Barthelmess.

"I think the former the most perfect example of a Britisher and a gentleman that one could find anywhere, his characterisations are always perfect—*A Bouquet for Brook*. witness his dual role in *Out to Win*."

I venture to say that no other actor could have played the difficult part of the hero in *Woman to Woman* so perfectly. He is remarkably good-looking if a trifle stern, and as strong a personality as one could wish to find. I take off my hat to him now that Ince has secured him. I repeat that England's loss is America's gain. For THE PICTUREGOER I have nothing but praise, it is so level-headed and fair-minded, not like some of our hysterical movie magazines." — *Yank (Grimsby)*.

"How is it that fans are not fonder of Alice Terry?" enquires *Harley (Ireland)*. "I place her as the most beautiful actress on the screen, without exception. She is also one of the few who can really act, and has a wonderfully expressive face. Alice never grimaces, nor exaggerates—sure signs of mediocrity. The

finest comment on her was a subtitle in *The Conquering Power* which read, 'My cousin has a face like an angel.' Alice Terry has a 'good' face and that is the best description I can give about it. I think I could write more than you could ever read in the praise of Alice Terry."

[If you saw the quantity of fan letters we forward to Alice Terry, you'd retract your query, *Harley* Mind Rex Ingram doesn't get on your track, he'll be here about the time this issue is on sale.]

*C. H. B. (Blaydes)*.

"I have read with much interest, various readers' views concerning types of screen heroes, especially 'The Perfect Lover' type. I should like to voice my opinions on certain 'types' with the hope of finding out how many agree and how many disagree with them. For good looks, good acting and good dress give me Rudolph Valentino; for strength and manliness, John Bowers; for dash and daring, Richard Barthelmess (as in *The Fighting Blade*); for the youthful lover, Cullen Landis; but as the PERFECT lover, give me Harrison Ford. What do you think?"

*Fordite (Bristol)*.

"Herewith one or two suggestions for your January number. Firstly, to Hades with 'Planet' articles and 'Health and Beauty' stuff! Mr. Thinker, you asked us what we thought, we've told you. Drop "Stars at Home," and give us souvenirs of films as in early numbers of THE PICTUREGOER. Increase British Pages to four, give us better paper in 1924. We won't desert our paper, we started in 1914 and we have all PICTURES vols. We want ours to be the premier paper of all."—*Six Improvers (Small Heath, B'ham)*. [Motion seconded, my friends. We'll see what we can do towards it in the Xmas issue. Sorry we can't oblige you re Advert. pages, we would if we could, believe me.]

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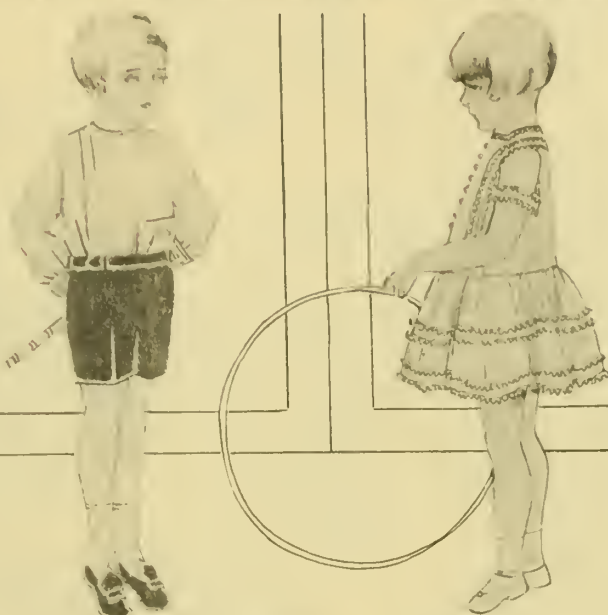
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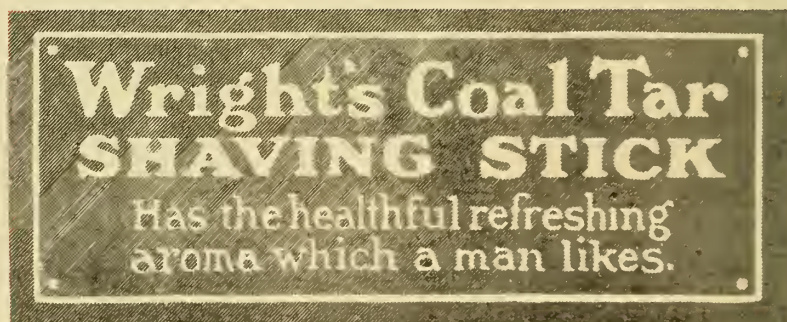


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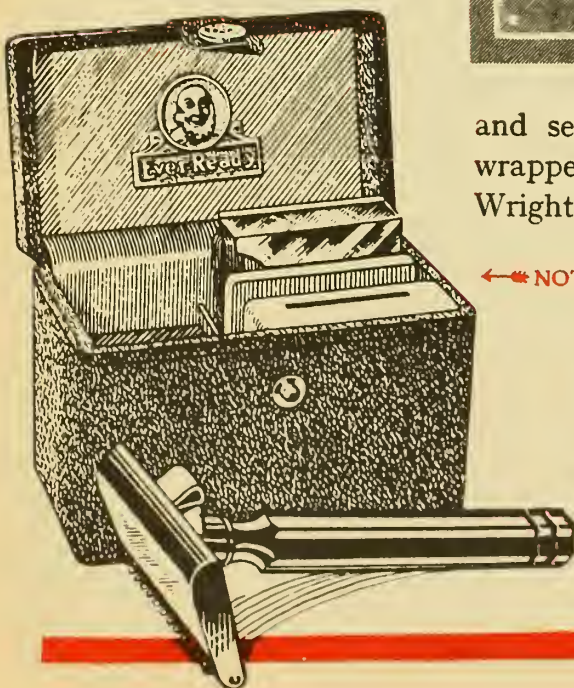


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POPULARITY CONTEST

### FREE VOTING COUPON

Write clearly in ink, in the spaces below, the names of the Ten Film Stars appearing on this page, in what you consider is their order of popularity. Coupons must be filled in as directed in the Rules and Conditions governing this Competition. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided below and post this coupon, in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp to the "PICTUREGOER," Film Star Competition, 85-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

1st .....  
2nd .....  
3rd .....  
4th .....  
5th .....  
6th .....  
7th .....  
8th .....  
9th .....  
10th .....

I have read, and accept, the Rules and Conditions governing this Competition

NAME .....  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

Dec. ....

### Rules and Conditions

governing the "PICTUREGOER"  
£500 Film Star Popularity Contest

1.—Acceptance of these Rules and Conditions is a specific condition of entry for this Free Competition, and the decision of the Editor of the "Picturegoer" upon any point whatsoever must be accepted as final and legally binding.

2.—On this page appear the photographs of ten famous Film Stars. Decide in your own mind which of these ten Film Stars will be regarded as the most popular by the general public. Then write his or her name in the first space on the Voting Coupon which you will find on this page. The name of the Film Star whom you consider will be regarded as the next most popular should be written in the second space and so on until the names of each of the ten Film Stars have been filled in.

3.—The popular order will be determined by the totals of the votes received from competitors themselves. That is to say the most popular Film Star will be deemed to be the one which receives the largest number of votes for the first place. The second will be the one which receives the greatest number of votes for second and first places added together, and so on.

4.—The Competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order as determined by the Competitors themselves, will receive the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on.

5.—In the event of a tie, the Editor reserves the right to combine the prizes so affected and to divide the amount or amounts equally amongst those competitors who tie.

6.—All votes must be recorded in ink on the official Voting Coupons which must not be altered or mutilated in any way, and the competitor must write his or her name in ink in the space provided.

7.—Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt, and the Editor will not be responsible for any entries lost, delayed or mislaid.

8.—No correspondence may be entered into in connection with this Competition.

9.—The Editor may disqualify any competitor for non-compliance with these Rules and Conditions, or for any other reason he may consider good and sufficient.

10.—This Competition is limited to "PICTUREGOER" readers in the United Kingdom, the Irish Free State, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

The result of the Competition will be announced in the "Picturegoer," and every prize winner will be individually notified. Further Free Voting Coupons will appear in the January and February issues of the "Picturegoer." Competitors may send in as many attempts as they like provided that each attempt is sent in on a Free Voting Coupon cut from the "Picturegoer." The closing date for receipt of Voting Coupons will be announced in the February issue of the "Picturegoer."

IMPORTANT.—There will be a tremendous demand for numbers of the "Picturegoer," containing Free Voting Coupons for the Great £500 Film Star Popularity Contest. Don't risk the reply "Sold Out" but place a standing order with your newsagent. Order Form appears on Page 94.



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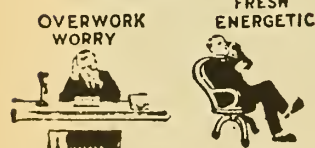
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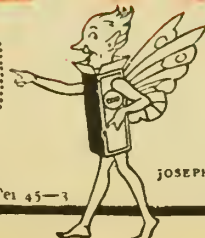
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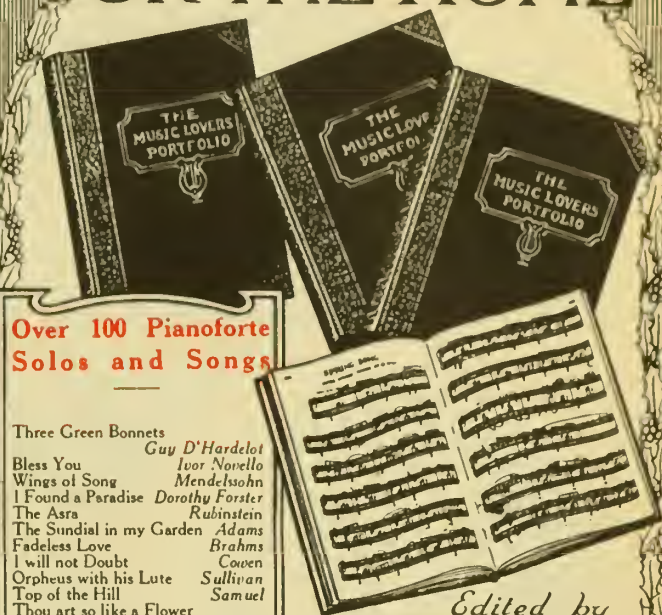


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Minuet from "Pagliacci"  
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Rhapsodie Hongroise II.  
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*Mary Pickford**D.W. Griffith**Douglas Fairbanks*

*All  
the Best of  
Christmas  
Wishes*

*Charles Chaplin*

*The Big 4*



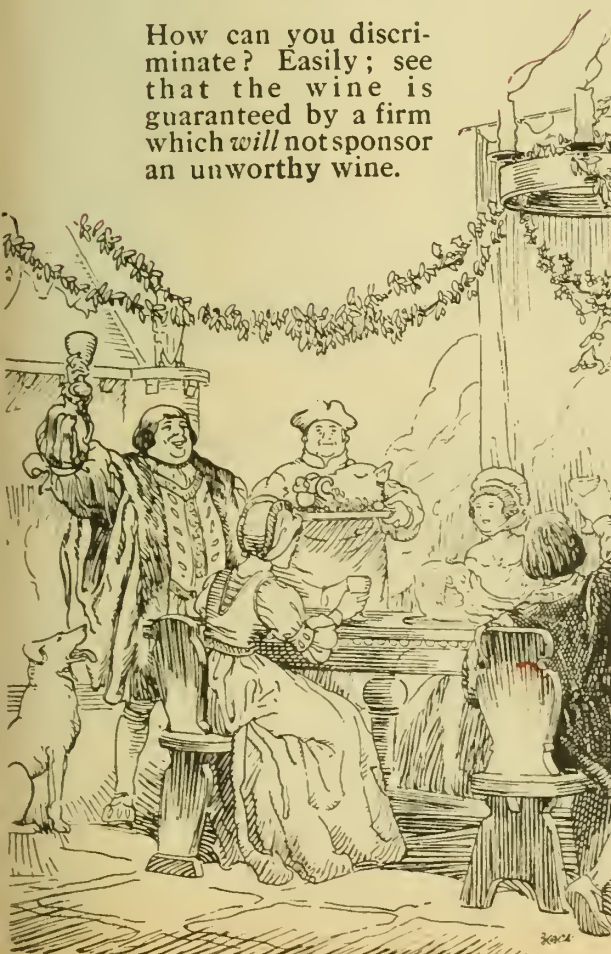
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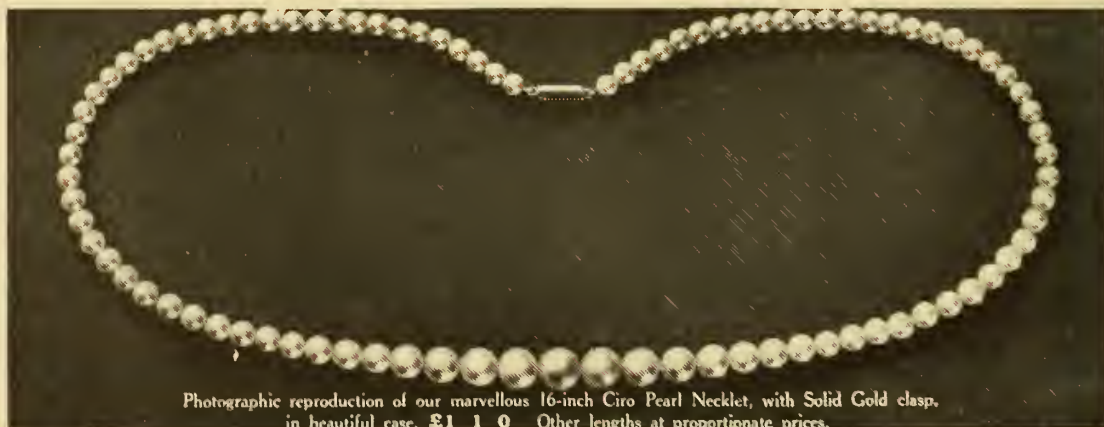
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Ronald Colman

Julian Johnston



**DOUGLAS MACLEAN**

*This bright and breezy lad from Philadelphia has just broken out as a scenario writer, and is guilty of the story of "Sky High" his newest movie. It is a tale of Paris and Switzerland.*



**EVELYN BRENT**

*Might have been a school teacher had she not run away from college to go on the screen. She started as a super at Metro's, but worked her way up to leads in British as well as American movies.*



**ROD LA ROCQUE**

*Favourably mentioned aforetime as a Madge Kennedy and Mae Murray leading man, Rod gained fame as the bad brother in "The Ten Commandments." He is six feet tall, with dark hair and eyes.*





### **FLORA LE BRETON**

*Apparently thinking tender thoughts of her l'il ole home town. Flora had to forego a co-starring engagement with Lon Chaney because her stage play "Lass O'Laughter" keeps her in New York.*



**IVOR NOVELLO**

*Britain's most popular screen actor, who has just sued D. W. Griffith for breach of contract. As "The Rat's" popularity shows no sign of waning Ivor is lost to filmland for the time being.*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL. 8. No. 48. DECEMBER, 1924.

Editorial Offices :  
93, Long Acre, London.Registered for Transmission  
by Canadian Magazine post

## Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



Something seasonable seems indicated, and I hasten to oblige. *Picturegoer Pin-pricks* are like holly—very suitable for Xmas. They both have their good points. But, to be serious for a sen-

tence, I tender, on behalf of the Editor and his staff, sincerest Christmas Greetings to every reader.

Says a certain producer, "I gamble only on winners now! At the time of going to press I understand no bets have yet been recorded."

Although the camera cannot lie it has to stand a great deal, and I'm sure that someday when a director yells "Shoot!" the cameraman will.

I've been looking through the list of films released this month. All I can say is that most of them should have been re-arrested at the gates.

In America they always have music playing which scenes are being shot. It covers such a multitude of sins.

Bull Montana played the part of "The Missing Link" in *The Lost World*. It must have been a ticklish job for the casting director who offered the job to Bull.



Bull Montana.

The *Clean Heart* is advertised as "The Film that is different." But there have been so many of these "films that are different" that its bound to be just the same.

"Ours is an infant industry," says a writer on kinema topics. It certainly does some very childish things.

Gloria Swanson has just completed a film entitled *Wages of Virtue*. Queer—I always thought virtue was its own reward?



Rin-Tin-Tin.

A clause in Rin-Tin-Tin's contract stipulates that he must learn a new piece of "business" for every film. And it would do some other stars good to have a contract in which that clause appeared.

"Tess," says the publicity purveyor, "is a film classic—or rather, a film based on a classic." Ah well! Truth, like murder, will out.

Our Xmas Fairy Tale. Once upon a time there was a famous star who absolutely refused to allow herself to be photographed. [The End].

When I see the crowds going in to see the films, despite the atrocities on the billboards that they dignify with the name of "posters," I begin to understand why we won the war!

It's easy enough to understand what made Irene Rich, but what gave Leatrice Joy? And what won't Clive Brook? And why won't Alma Tell? And what is it Marion Sais?



Irene Rich.

If the average star bought herself at her critic's valuation and sold herself at that of her press-agent, the resulting profit would make Rockefeller's millions look like two cents.

Constance Talmadge is mighty fond of motoring, and they tell me she always takes her corners on two wheels. And I'll bet one of those is the steering wheel!

Since they call films the "movies," why not call the stage the "speakies," and the concerts the "soundies?" But if you dare to call PICTUREGOER, the "writies" you'll have your copy taken away from you!

"What is a great director?" asks a contemporary. Although no prizes are offered for the correct answer, I duly reply: "One who knows when he's made a bad picture and stops his *Victor Seastrom*. publicity men calling it a super."





# Film Festivities—

Screen plays specialise in parties Always consult them before giving yours.

**H**oliday time and holly time! Christmas time and party time! Dancing time and theatre time, and all the jolly times together! And again, as Christmas comes along, and the shop windows are bright and the champagne sparkle of excitement in the air, many an anxious young hostess will sit and nibble the handle



*Above: The first thing to do is send out the invites.—*

straps? These things are not absolutely essential, but they help quite a bit. A bathing dress is useful too.

Of course the dining table will be a mile or two long, festooned and staggering under its load of flowers and fruit. And when the meal gets warm—figuratively, I mean, not from the oven—bring out your paper caps and your streamers and produce your



*Next the scene of the festivities should be decorated—*

of her pen, glancing from the crowded invitation cards stuck in her looking glass, all so full of promise, to the blank invitation cards that lie beneath her hand, waiting for her to give them life.

**Y**ou know the feeling? That dreadful "What shall I do with them" feeling? The awful vision of your own party duller and slower than the Jones's next door? What can you do with your guests just a little out of the common, just a little more original and fascinating than anything your neighbours will do with you?

If you take my advice, you will go and consult the movies. They know all there is to know about parties. They have specialised in them for a quarter of a century, and can amuse the children and the grown-ups, winter and summer, outdoors and in, with the greatest ease and ingenuity.

The screen heroine lives in a positive whirl of parties. I would not like to count, though I should very much like

*Then try over a song or two to make sure you are in good voice—*

to have, the dollars she must spend on food and flowers and waiters. I wonder what she pays her cook—I wonder still more what the housemaid says when she sees the dining room and ballroom next morning. Even if I knew, I don't suppose the editor of *PICTUREGOER* would let it be printed.

**Y**ou want, says she, to amuse your guests in a novel way? Well, let me think what my friends have done at various times. You've got an evening gown that cost a few thousands, I suppose, and pink pearls and black diamonds and a tiara or two? And you've no objection to painting a butterfly on your back, or holding your gown up with painted shoulder





dancers. My friends James Kirkwood and Dorothy Phillips worked a good scheme in *Man, Woman and Marriage*. They had a dancer suddenly appear through a trap in the middle of the table, and use it as a stage. A charming idea, to have her trip about among the silver and the glasses. You must remember it, and let the carpenter make a trap-door in your dining table before the day of your party comes.

Then when the meal is over, those of you who have any strength left will go and dance yourselves. Here there

*You may need a little practice to get this perfect.*



*This, of course, need not be rehearsed.*

is an infinite variety of choice, both in costume and in method. You can wear paper caps and all sorts of weird head-dresses, if you haven't been invited to come to the party dressed as devils or mermaids or something already. The band must be a full symphony orchestra, and it mustn't object to constant interference from the dancers. Young Edward Burns, in *Broadway After Dark*, went and snatched away the conductor's violin, and played a long solo on it himself—something soulful and sweet, to melt

Anna Q's stony heart. Nobody minded a bit. You must encourage any of your guests with musical abilities to take away the flute or the cello or the saxophone or the big drum from the orchestra and give a selection. It adds to the gaiety.

Any screen heroine will tell you about the Halloween party in *Java Head*, and the moth-dance party in *Singed Wings*, and the radio party in *Thorns and Orange Blossoms*. There's nothing in the way of novelty that she won't tell you if you only wait long enough. Things that the Joneses next door would never think of to their dying day. . . Things that would make the Smith's hair bristle with envy. . . Things that would put you into the local paper, if they didn't put you first into gaol. . . If you want novelty in Christmas entertaining, go to the movies every time.

E. R. T.

*Left: When the fun goes fast and furious. Below: The morning after the night before.*





# What Success Means to Me

Samuel Smiles and many other authors tell you how to get to the top of the ladder. These stars tell you what it feels like up there.

Fame and all it stands for is the Mecca of every movie star. And when they attain it, it affects them in different ways. To some it stands for the comfort and good things of life previously denied them. Others again live pretty much as they did before affluence overtook them and save their dollars against a rainy day. But these, like rainy days, are scarce in California.

"To me," avers Dorothy Devore who is starring in *The Narrow Street* and *The Broadway Butterfly*, "such success as I have achieved means just one thing. More time to devote to my one and only hobby—my work."

Dorothy who is twenty-two, is a Texas beauty and is still unwed. She is one of the latest of comedy stars to turn to drama.

Nearly at the top of the tree at seventeen sounds like every girl's dream of fame realised but it isn't enough for

Below: Marie Prevost as "Camille."

June Marlowe. In *Find Your Man* with "Rin-Tin-Tin," she found her first big opportunity, and was given an outstanding role in *The Man Without a Conscience*. "It's to be fame or nothing



Reading downwards:  
Dorothy Devore  
and June Marlowe.  
Left: Beverly Bayne.

for me," declares this ambitious young lady." I started right at the bottom, as an extra, and if I don't finish right at the top, why, it won't be for want of trying."

Dark-eyed Beverly Bayne, who left the screen in nineteen eighteen is one of the few movie stars who has returned to find her place in Fandom's affections has not altered at all. "The crowning point of success to me," she tells us, "was when I married the man who always selected me to play opposite him in his movies. When my husband was chosen to play in *Ben Hur*, I, too, felt the call of the Kliegs, and so I, too, am back in harness again in the *Age of Innocence*."

Says Marie Prevost: "Because I was lucky enough to score a hit in *The Marriage Circle* I have been given better and better roles from that movie on. I love variety, my "Camille," in *The Lover of Camille* is very different from my character in *Three Women*. And the selfish and rather fast young wife I play in *The Dark Swan* is different again. So I thank my lucky stars, and that success, that has not tied me down to one characterisation."



Left:  
John  
Roche.





Above: Louise Fazenda who is heading straight for the heavier drama these days.

John Roche is a stage actor who has only just gone in for movie work. His ambition, he will tell you, is to make enough money out of movies to make a smashing return to the stage, in a new opera. His next release is *The Broadway Butterfly*. In that film also, appears Louise Fazenda, who as "Funny Louise Fazenda," was for many years a celluloid comedy queen. Despite her fine dramatic work which has moments of wonderful pathos, Louise is a comedienne first and last. She says funny things and does funny things in real life as well as in the studio. But she yearns for the "higher drama." Watch her work in *This Woman*, *The Lighthouse by the Sea* and *The Broadway Butterfly* and see how fast Louise is qualifying to realise her ideal.

Right: Irene Rich. Below: Rin Tin Tin.



'Left circle: Willard Louis. Above: Monte Blue.



Irene Rich's thoughts on success are characteristic of her. "For me," she writes, "it means little, really. But for my dear ones, my mother and my two little girlies, for their sakes I glory in all my work has brought us. I hope very much that my English fans will like *This Woman*, and *The Man Without a Conscience*, which are my first feature films."

Willard Louis's screen life is inextricably connected with foodstuffs of one sort or another. It would seem that food is really his ruling passion for he states quite frankly that he is an excellent chef and that if his new feature films *How Baxter Butted In* and *The Man Without a Conscience* bring him real success he means to own a nice country ranch where he can have all the stock he desires. Turtle and frog ponds, a wood full of game, and pens and stalls galore are part of the plan.

This from Monte Blue. "I wondered many a time whether I should ever be important enough to have my producer say, 'Oh, no, Monte. No stunts for you. You are too valuable for us to risk losing you.' To which

I imagined myself nobly replying, 'But I insist upon trying to break my neck. I've done it often enough now to be sure my place in Heaven isn't ready for me yet.' But alas! Madame, my wife, insists that I play no more cowboys or 'Danton's' but stick to roles like that of 'Debureau' in *The Lover of Camille* and my part in *The Dark Swan* in which the most risky thing I do is to make love to two heroines at once!" According to "Rin Tin Tin's" own personal attendant, the canine star's reply to our query is "Candy, candy, and again candy. But what I'd like best is to see my wife Nanette's joy when my son Rin Tin Tin, junr., signed his first film contract."



# "Hello Picturegoer!"

Some Christmas Radiograms from  
across the Atlantic.

"Here's wishing  
you plenty of  
nerve and pep in  
the coming year."  
—Roy Stewart.

"God Bless You  
All."—Mary and  
Doug.

"I hope you'll help  
me to keep my New  
Year's Resolution.—  
Better pictures in  
1925."

—Dick Barthelmess.  
(Above).

"I send my love  
and gratitude to  
fans all over the  
world. I will do  
my best to please  
you in the New  
Year." —Norma  
Talmadge.

"All the Best to  
All of you. But  
don't eat too much  
over Xmas else  
you won't be able  
to go to the  
Movies."

—Lloyd Hughes  
(Left)

Left:  
"Happy Christmas.  
Happy New Year.  
Happy Memories,  
and lots of Good  
Cheer."

—Corinne Griffith.

"I hope you  
haven't forgot-  
ten me. I am  
returning to  
the screen  
in 1925.  
Cheerio!"

—May  
Allison.  
(Right).





# Britain's Best Bet

That's Betty Balfour, the talented star of so many Gaumont-Welsh-Pearson successes, whose joyous personality never fails to make British pictures brighter.

She is just a winsome, laughter-loving slip of a girl, whose middle name is Optimism, and whose first and last names spell "Begone Dull Care" in the minds of discerning kinemagoers.

She is a dimpled, pink-and-white-and-gold confection, as graceful as a fairy, and as dainty as the loveliest French doll that ever delighted a child's heart. But no doll in all Christendom was ever equipped with a strong and mischievous sense of humour, a sunny disposition and a heart-catching smile like little Betty Balfour's.

Twenty years ago, through no fault of her own, she assures me, she was an infant prodigy. To-day, an easy first amongst British stars in the field of popularity, Betty is still a prodigy, and still very much an infant.

This may displease her small Majesty.

Let me hasten, then, to assure her that, in these days of over-sophisticated flappers it is unique and delightful to find a young lady of twenty-two about whom one can truthfully make such statements.

Betty is demure and charming, but monosyllabic—on first acquaintance. You have to literally break the ice of her shyness before you can discover the fascinating little bundle of mischief and high spirits that the film public knows as "Squibs of London Town."

For "Squibs" and Betty are one, really. Even though "Squibs" was a rough-cast, ragged, little East-End and Betty is a smartly-attired, highly-polished little West-End. The true inwardness of "Squibs," her penetrative wit, her pungent repartee, her impulsive kindness and frank honesty, and above all her wholesome personality is also the true inwardness of Betty Balfour. It peeps through all her other characterisations, you will find it in

Betty  
Balfour.



Above: A study in contrasts.  
Betty in "Squibs' Honeymoon."  
Left: A thoughtful pose.



A new camera study of Betty Balfour that strikes a demure note.

"Mord Em'ly," in *Tiptoes*, in "The Girl" of *Reveille* and in *Satan's Sister*, when Betty brings the last-named to the screen during the coming year.

Betty Balfour's forte is comedy, and broad comedy at that. She can set you rocking with laughter at her antics, or even at the expressions that chase each other with such lightning swiftness across her saucy face. Also, and this is a more recent accomplishment, she can express tragedy. She can make you feel a whole lot without facial contortions, frantic gestures, or subtitles. There are many scenes in *Reveille* that make you realise that there are histrionic depths as yet unplumbed in Betty's art.

JOSIE P. LEDERER.



# £500 Popularity Contest

## Great Free Voting Competition

HERE is a competition for PICTUREGOER readers only, a simple, straightforward contest that will appeal to every kinema fan. All you have to do is to place these ten movie stars in what you consider to be their order of popularity. Handsome cash prizes are to be won. Don't delay, enter to-day!

Can you name him without a moment's hesitation?—Or do you prefer to back Jackie Coogan to beat the lot? Also, where stands Harold Lloyd?

Assuredly this contest will give you something to think about, for when we come to the ladies (whom any gallant scribe would have mentioned first) we find Alice Terry, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge and Gloria

Jackie Coogan.—“The Beloved Kid.” Wistful, appealing; the darling of every woman's heart. “There is something about that boy,” a well-known American woman once said, “that always makes me feel like crying. I don't know why, for he seems so gay and happy.” That is the secret of Jackie Coogan's greatness and we call it heart-appeal, for want of a better term. The Kid was ten years old last October 31st, he earns five hundred thousand dollars a year, and he's worth every nickel.

Bebe Daniels.—Has risen to stardom slowly and surely through sheer hard work. A good little bad girl whom everyone admires. Born at Dallas, Texas, a little over twenty years ago and educated in a convent. The silver-sheet claimed her when she was quite a child and those of you who remember Selig comedies and dramas must remember Bebe. Harold Lloyd taught her comedy and then Cecil De Mille saw in her the makings of a type and Bebe became a vamp. These days she has turned her activities toward real drama and you'll see her in *Argentine Love* next Spring. She is black-eyed and black-haired and unwed.

Harold Lloyd.—The man who made tortoiseshell goggles famous. A brilliant exponent of clever comedies, many of which he writes himself. Before dainty Mildred Davis captured



ALICE TERRY.

Swanson awaiting your verdict. Is Norma Talmadge more popular than Rudolph Valentino? Would you place Betty Compson before Ivor Novello? Think well before you vote!

The ten movie stars whom we have taken to represent the mighty movie constellation are all amazingly popular. But which is the noblest filmer of them all is for PICTUREGOER readers to decide.

Let us place the candidates in review; alphabetical order, please, to avoid any show of partiality.

Betty Compson.—Once a bathing belle. Found fame with *The Miracle Man* and has been climbing upwards ever since. Has many successes to her credit, including *The Little Minister* and *Woman to Woman*. Titian-haired and temperamental, with sensibilities as highly strung as the violin she plays so well. Married to James Cruze, who directed *The Covered Wagon*, *Ruggles of Red Gap*, and *McInton of the Movies*.



BEBE DANIELS.



RAMON NOVARRO.

THE General Election is over and forgotten. Politicians have stopped promising, and voters, having said their say, will be put into cold storage for five years or so. Thus the way is clear for a Movie Election and the PICTUREGOER £500 Popularity Contest takes the stage.

Candidates for this important contest number ten—Alice Terry, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge, Jackie Coogan, Ramon Novarro, Harold Lloyd, Ivor Novello and Rudolph Valentino—and £250 in cash awaits the lucky PICTUREGOER reader who can anticipate the public's verdict by placing these stars in order of popularity.

Competitors will find that they have some pretty problems to solve. First and foremost there is the eternal triangle—Novarro, Valentino, Novello—around which controversy has raged for many months. Which Adonis of the trio listed above is your first choice?



IVOR NOVELLO.





HAROLD LLOYD.

his young affections, Harold was the most engaged man in Hollywood. First it was Bebe Daniels, then this star, then that one.

Ramon Novarro.—A black-eyed Mexican boy of whom women speak with hushed, reverent voices. The star of *Ben Hur*, of *Where the Pavement Ends*, of *The Red Lily*. One of the few men, according to Rex Ingram, who can put on the attire of a vanished day and get away with it. Talks of deserting movies for grand opera wherein two famous favourites have guaranteed him an honourable career. It's up to you to keep him in Screenland.

Ivor Novello.—Britain's handsomest actor. Britain's handsomest author. Britain's handsomest composer. Can you wonder that the ladies love him? He comes from Cardiff of a musical family, and has composed songs since he was in his teens. He has so many irons in the fire that he could do with



NORMA TALMADGE.

another pair of hands to pull them all out.

Gloria Swanson.—Another bathing girl who has achieved stardom. The most gorgeous star that ever happened.

Norma Talmadge.—Stars come and go but Norma has held a proud position



JACKIE COOGAN.

in the Popularity List for more years than her age would indicate. An actress of sterling ability.

Alice Terry.—Blue of eye and brown of hair, winsome, clever and everything that's nice. Alice can weep with anybody in Movieland and so the emotional demands made upon her are many. She will be in Europe shortly to star in *Mare Nostrum*, after which Victor Seastrom will direct her in one movie only. For which you had best lay in a good stock of pocket handkerchiefs.

Rudolph Valentino.—The movie meteor. Ruler of the raves. A matinee idol under a magnifying lens. The Sheik of Shadowland.

There you are then. You may take



GLORIA SWANSON.

your choice, and there is nothing to pay. On page 10 you will find the rules of this competition and a free voting coupon. A further coupon will appear in next month's PICTUREGOER, and you may send in as many entries as you like providing that each entry is made on one of the official coupons.

Now then movie fans. You are always eager for an opportunity to air your views, and this competition gives you the fullest possible scope. Remember it costs you nothing to compete and there is a liberal prize list to spur you on to success. Get busy without delay. Set down your convictions in black and white, and you will gain a rich reward if your opinion is proved to be correct.

I want every reader of the PICTUREGOER to participate in this competition. It's up to you to help towards a record entry.

THE EDITOR.



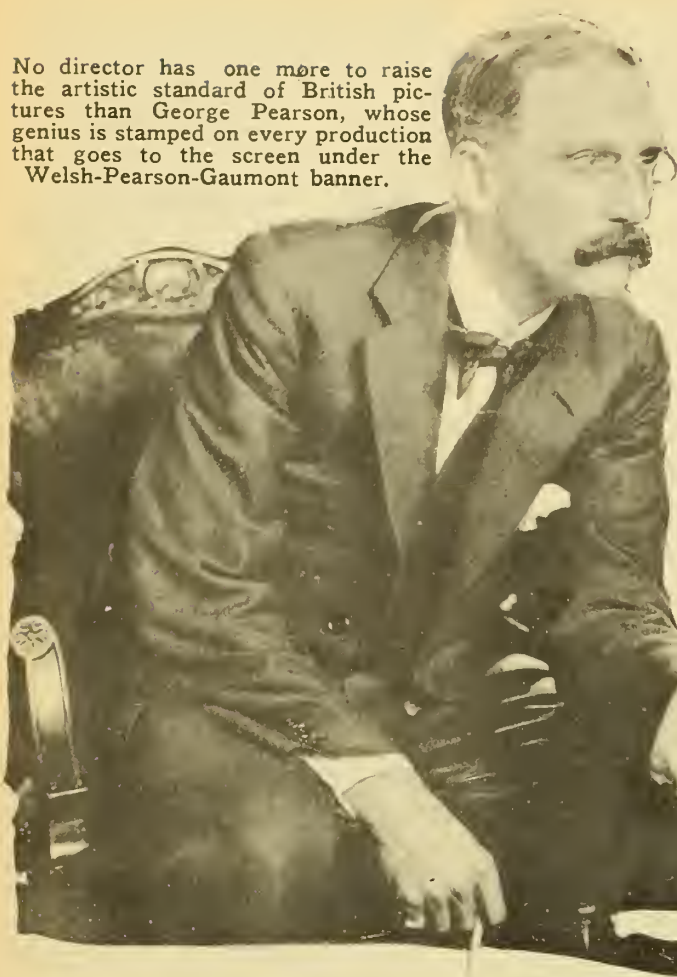
BETTY COMPSON.



RUDOLPH VALENTINO.



No director has one more to raise the artistic standard of British pictures than George Pearson, whose genius is stamped on every production that goes to the screen under the Welsh-Pearson-Gaumont banner.



# The Art of George Pearson

misapprehension of the foundations upon which art must firmly stand, and a series of human obstacles to art, the critic, the scenarist, the studio workers, the film printer, and, greatest of all, the actor and producer.

"I plead for the art of the screen which is something so great that I ache with longing to free this great dumb thing that is with us, this great dumb giant. To strike off the gyves of

the spoken word and all its puny conventionality. The kinema is the greatest, the most tremendously powerful force for the bringing about of that universal brotherhood of the world that mankind has ever known, and only by living for it, giving oneself to it, housing it, seeing it, and believing in it, can great things from it be achieved."

*Few people who watch a short close-up on the screen realise the patient care and rehearsing necessary to secure a particular shade of expression.*



When the history of British film-making comes to be written, as it assuredly must, one of the few bright spots in the unhappy compiler's heartbreaking task will be the chapters headed "George Pearson, the Man and His Art." The man, because he has the soul of a poet, imaginative fire far, far ahead of his century, and a full and complete understanding of human nature. His Art, because it is simple, original, and sincere, illuminated always by unexpected and vivid flashes of genius and representative of the best of its kind that England can offer.

George Pearson is a Londoner who left his Oxford college to become a teacher. Seeing clearly that, even in its days of infancy, the screen was the greatest educationist in the world, he made it his hobby. He seriously studied its possibilities and its drawbacks as exemplified by the work of the early British pioneers, then commenced writing scenarios. From writing he came to producing. Came and saw and conquered, but not readily and not all at once.

He takes his work entirely seriously, too, witness a few extracts from a memorable speech he made in nineteen-twenty-three. "What are the greatest obstacles in the development of the screen to-day? These: A complete misunderstanding of the word 'Art,' a total absence of standards, an entire



*The artistic lighting and draping of sets is a feature of all Pearson's productions.*



# The Thief of Bagdad

BY JOHN FLEMING

In Bagdad of old was one who was known by no name, but the title of The Thief. Whence he came no man knew, nor did anyone greatly care, for a rascal of the gutters was this Thief, beneath contempt, beneath the notice of better men. When he sat in the roads and begged alms the good citizen might cast him a coin; but certain it is that the coin once cast the good citizen promptly forgot about him. He lived in an unknown chamber in the depths of the city well. A strange place in which to live; but then, he was a strange fellow. With him lived his evil genius, a jolly old rogue who had never worked for a single coin of all the many coins he had possessed. Together they strolled the streets of old Bagdad and made a good living without labour, laughing their way through life, the jolliest pair of rascals the city had ever seen, for all that they were outcast.

Once, alone, the Thief was wending his way towards his home in the depths of the well when he saw coming towards him the litter of the Princess, whom common eyes had never seen; the Princess of whom many wonderful tales were told but whose face was screened against the vulgar gaze by a wondrous veil of silk.

The Thief laughed at opportunity, for to him even the Princess was not so much a Princess as a victim. He dropped to the ground and spread his arms, asking charity of the carriers of the litter, but well knowing that being beneath contempt he would be literally passed over. The imperious servants passed on, heeding him not; the litter was above him, sweeping him to the ground. Smiling, he put up his hands and feet and clung to the floor of the thing, was carried along with it, none suspecting. The hand of the veiled Princess hung over the litter's edge, for the afternoon was hot and the Princess slumbered. The Thief saw it and the three wonderful rings upon the fingers. Smiling with even greater glee now, he slipped the rings from their resting place, tucked them into his doublet, dropped from the litter and hurried home to tell the great news to the evil old comrade in the well.

"This will mean much drink and fine food for us," said that old unworthy. "Thou hast done well, Young One. The Princess, you say?" And at this he fell

Douglas  
Fairbanks  
as  
"The Thief."



a musing. "Ah, the wealth that is hidden away in the palace of her father, the Caliph. If we could but penetrate behind those walls . . . ?"

"But we cannot," said the Thief.

"No man can. The walls are so high, and the gates so well guarded. No, there is no way."

He reached up on his little toes and brought his little hand down on his big

three suitors. There is the Prince of Mongolia and the Prince of Hindustani and the Prince of Persia, and of these she must, according to the custom of the land, make her choice ere sunset tomorrow. The Princess are in the city and will present themselves in the morning. Flares are to be lighted on the Palace walls to-night and there will be music. Let us go and join in the festivities. In the bazaar is a man of magic and they say that he is to do the great Rope Trick from the Indies."

## CHARACTERS.

The Thief -	-DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
His Evil Genius -	SNITZ EDWARDS
The Holy Man -	CHARLES BELCHER
The Princess -	JULANNE JOHNSTON
The Slave -	ANNA MAY WONG
The Caliph -	BRANDON HURST
The Mongol Prince -	- So-JIN
The Indian Prince -	NOBLE JOHNSON
The Persian Prince -	C COMONT

young comrade's shoulder. "But if we cannot get in the Palace," he said, "at least we can look at it, and what better occasion than this? Come."

"Is it a special occasion?" asked the Thief.

"Assuredly. Hast thou not heard? Well, it is this way. The Princess has become of marriageable age and has

Arm in arm they sauntered forth and joined in the celebrations. And sure enough there in the corner of the square where the bazaar was held they came upon the magician from the east, who, seated in comfort on his little carpet, was holding his simple audience spell-bound. But his art had no charm for the high-spirited Thief.

"These are but tricks and lacking in danger and courage. I like them not," said he. "See! upon yonder balcony a wife has placed a bowl of broth. That is more to my liking—to steal it. I will climb up there and get it."

And this he did, with the aid of a great vine which grew up the wall. The old man did not approve of this public





*He escaped, but not before he had been seen by the Mongol Slave, who was the first slave in the Palace.*

display of the Thief's talents and slunk away to his refuge in the well, but the Thief himself, having satisfied himself with the broth, dared to remain on the balcony and watch the tricks of the magic man below.

Soon the great Rope Trick itself was produced. In careful coils the rope was laid upon the carpet and at a sign from the magician it uncoiled itself into the air to within a yard of the balcony, to the Thief's great surprise. A black child appeared upon it from nowhere and slid down to the carpet; at which there was great applause.

All was going well, and all would have continued to go well, had not the ringing cheers brought the wife from her room to see what was about. And when she saw the Thief sitting there upon the edge of her balcony and that her bowl of broth was emptied nothing would satisfy her but that she fall upon him and try to tear him limb from limb. Lucky it was—for a great woman was she—that he saw the coming danger. He sprang to his feet and looked around for a way of escape. Seemingly there was none, for to jump to the street would have meant instant death. And then, as her hands were almost upon him, he sprang out across the crowds clutched at the magic rope and slid down it to safety.

A few minutes later, in high joy, he was down the well and executing a dance before his astonished colleague.

"To-night," he said, "I make my way into the Palace and ransack its wonders."

"I suppose you intend to get over the great wall?" asked the old man, with heavy sarcasm.

"And indeed I do," laughed the Thief. "For, you see," he added. "I have stolen the magic rope!"

And as he had said he would do, so he did. The rise of the moon found him outside the Palace walls at the quietest part and with the magic rope in his possession no obstacle was there that could not be surmounted. Within very few minutes he was in the very chamber of the Princess herself, for here, if rumour told the truth, the rarest treasures reposed.

The Princess slept, and her slaves were in an ante-room. But the Princess, sleeping, dreamed, and in her dream cried aloud. The slaves returned and the Thief was discovered. He escaped by taking the most daring risks, but not before he had been seen by the Mongol Slave who was the first slave in the palace. Only for a moment did their eyes meet, but she thought that if they met again she would know him.

"And so has your enterprise ended in disaster," moaned the old man in the well when the Thief returned.

"Not so," said the Thief. "For I have gazed on the face of the sleeping Princess and seen my greatest treasure. Never again can the world be the same for me. Ingloriously I had to come from the palace to-night, but I shall return, and when I return it shall not be as—a thief."

"Bless my bones," cried the old man, "the fellow has fallen in love."

"Thou has spoken truly," returned the Thief.

Upon the morrow great crowds assembled early in the square to witness the arrival at the palace of the three suitors for the hand of the Princess. So dazzling a procession had never been seen before, even in this always dazzling city of Bagdad. First came the Prince of Mongolia, escorted by one hundred men on foot, each bearing a mammoth peacock's feather on high, the Prince of Mongolia himself being borne on a mighty litter that was like nothing so much as a floating palace. A score of slaves carried the litter with difficulty. Next came the Prince of Persia, a small and fat and jolly man, with a mule train of such glory that well might it have come straight out of a legend or a fairy tale.



And next came the Prince of Hindustani, his staff and his retainers, with fifty men marching and the rest on back of the six most wondrous elephants of the east. Jewels glittered and incense gladdened the nostrils of the watchers as the Prince of Hindustani's procession went by. And last to pass through the palace gates was the caravan of the Prince of the Seven Isles, a modest procession, true, but seeming the gladdest of the lot. "The Prince of the Seven Isles," said someone. "Who can he be?" For never before had they heard of the Prince of the Seven Isles. They nor any man

Yet here he was and this was his rank and into the Palace he passed.

True to the custom of this ancient land the princes passed at once to the presence of the Princess. She surveyed them graciously as they moved before her, but for only the Prince of the Seven Isles had she a smile. To her the Mongol Prince seemed too cruel, the Indian Prince too old and the Persian Prince too gross. But the Prince of the Seven Isles was good to her eyes and she knew that never in life could she love another man. Asked for her choice by her father, the Caliph, she put out her hand to the Prince of the Seven Isles and said "I choose him."

With ill-grace did the others take their defeat, and one at least—the Mongol Prince—seemed ill-disposed to take the decision. "The Prince of the Seven Isles?" he said in a low and even voice. "What Isles of the damned are these? In what courts is the upstart known? Strange that no other prince has ever heard of him."

And then to the Mongol Prince's side came the Mongol Slave of the Princess and craved a word.

"He is no Prince," she whispered, "but a low fellow who is known as the Thief of Bagdad. Last night it was he who robbed the Palace."

And at once the alarm was set about.

Meantime the truth was known to the Princess herself and from the lips of none other than the Thief.

"I thought to love you and be loved by you," he said as he sat beside her on the balcony above the sunken garden. "But when I see you and speak to you I feel that it can never be. I am no prince. I am but a common thief from the streets who, seeing you, has lost his heart to you. God knows I love you too much to be your lover. I will only ask forgiveness and will not crave to be allowed to hope. I will go, and in some far land, in some small way, attempt to be worthy of the love that might have been ours. Princess, good-bye."

He sprang below and was gone but a second before the curtains from the Princess's room were parted and the guard came through, followed by the Caliph and the suitor Princes.

In anger at learning that his man had escaped him, the Caliph vowed that he would now himself make choice of a husband for his daughter, but before he

could do this she held up a hand and begged everyone to listen.

"Let them," she said, "choose for themselves by their deeds."

"What can you mean," the Caliph asked.

Well did she know what she meant. She meant to gain time, that in some magic way her lover might come back to her, an outcast no longer. But what she said was this:

"Let each take his separate way to some far land and bring back to me some rare treasure that he may find. Let him do this by the passing of seven moons. To him that brings the rarest gift I will give my hand and heart. Let each Prince by his prowess thus seek to earn his reward."

This seemed but fair to all of them and was agreed upon. Or so did it appear. But the Prince of Mongolia was a crafty man and once his heart was set upon a thing nothing on earth could shake him from the acquisition of it. His heart was now set upon the throne of Bagdad and the hand of Bagdad's Princess and if he seemed to agree to the course now suggested it was but that his plans might the better fructify.

"See that the city is ours upon my return," he said to an ally. "Have a thousand men come hither with gifts and let them remain. Have them fully armed, and when I return and give the word, seize the city."

Having said which, he drove off with the others.

Meantime the Thief in great humility, and for the first time in all his life, had turned aside into the temple and sought the balm of the Holy Man, being broken-hearted.

"If thou art truly humble," said the Holy Man, "thou canst come to thy

reward."

"But how?" the Thief demanded. "I am still a thief, still an outcast, and only a prince may claim the hand of she whom I love."

"Earn thy Princedom," said the Holy Man. "Go far away and return a prince by your own right. Listen. I have looked in your eyes and found you humble in heart. For all your errors you are now one of God's men. I will help thee. Go from here to a place that I will tell thee of. It is the Wood of the Mystic Trees, three days march from here. Penetrate to its depths and touch the innermost tree. Thy next course shall then be disclosed to thee. Dread things are before thee, but be of stout and humble heart, and love shall yet be thine. Go now, and my blessings be upon thee."

And so did the Thief of Bagdad set forth to earn the hand of the Princess.

Various success attended the efforts of the three princely suitors. The Prince of Persia, as became a loyal Persian, turned his steps to his own land, convinced that the rarest treasure of the world must be there. He sought for many days and at last, in an obscure bazaar, he found that which he was convinced must be the rarest thing in all the universe. He found, and purchased for his own, the Magic Flying Carpet of a thousand legends. Well satisfied, at the fifth moon he turned his mules about and made ready to return.

The Prince of Hindustan, as became a loyal Hindu, returned to India and from the socket of a mighty statue of Buddha that was the greatest thing in all the world, caused to be plucked the eye that was in fact the Magic Crystal. "What," he thought, "can be rarer

"I claim the Princess," said the Mongol Prince, "Because she is mine to claim."





than that which shows a thing that happens a thousand miles away. And well satisfied, at the third moon he turned his elephants about and made ready to return to Bagdad.

The Mongol Prince, as became a loyal Mongol, fled across the barren hills to Cathay and stole the Magic Apple, that would bring life where death had been. "The world cannot parallel this marvel," he said to his retainers; and at the fourth moon he turned his litter about and made ready to return to Bagdad.

But no such easy course offered to the humble Thief as he made his way from peril to peril. He found the Wood of the Mystic Trees with great ease, but he found it too with an evil reputation, so that no man would venture into it by night. Yet, stout of heart, he did what none other dared, and in a thin light of ghostly green he witnessed the changing of the innermost tree into an old man of most frightening shape. No word did this old man speak, but he pressed into the Thief's hand a chart that showed his way to the Cave of Fires. And having done this, immediately the old man changed into a tree again.

Bewildered but undaunted, the Thief set forth to brave the perils of the Cave of Fires, and stout of heart did he require to be to come through to success. Too cold are words to tell of the horrors of that black cavern, filled with cruel searching flames that lick the very path that invites and seek to stab the eyes that look on its wonders. Where in all the world was another man who would have risked its horrors. But risk them the Thief did, and in the very midst of the thickest flame, a cool

spring flowed for his aid. He plunged on and after many hours of torment he was through—through to a little cool cavern in which other instructions awaited him. These he followed faithfully, reaching the Cave of the Dragon, where in a mighty fight he slew the monster that had terrified every child for many miles around for countless generations. He dropped with rarest bravery to the unlighted depths of the Pool of the Casket, fighting vile monsters; and he climbed to the top of the staircase to the moon. At each place a fresh token sent him forward; but the time was long and the moons passed with alarming speed. Even did he succeed in finding the rarest treasure of earth, he doubted now that he could return to Bagdad by the coming of the seventh moon. Faint, but still hoping he plunged on.

At last his paths brought him to the Cave of the Cloak of Invisibility. A hall of crystal, with pillars of glass met his gaze, startling him by its sheer beauty; and in the very centre of this was the strangest thing that ever his eyes had seen. What it might be he could not say. For all the light he could scarcely see it. It seemed nothing but a vague shape revolving. He touched it and it ceased to revolve. He reached it down and held it in his hands and found it to be the Magic Casket wrapped in the Cloak of Invisibility. Knowing that at last he was come to his reward, he strapped the casket to his side, tucked the cloak beneath his arm and looked up to see, pale in the western sky, the thin crescent of the seventh moon. He was too late!

Too late! For at the coming of the crescent the three Princes had arranged

to meet at a town but one day's march from Bagdad and march in together with their gifts. Even now, as he stood there far across the world in the Hall of the Cloak of Invisibility, they would be setting off together. Would—?

And then the last order was given to him and he was bade plunge on for three more leagues and enter the Cave of the Flying Horse. This he did, and to his vast astonishment, here was a mighty horse, with mighty wings that swept the sky. Ready saddled was it, and he sprang to the saddle. The great wings flapped and up above the sky the friendly monster rose and flew across the world. At the very moment when the three Princes were setting forth on their last day's march to Bagdad the sky suddenly darkened, the Magic Horse flew to earth, and the Thief sprang to their side.

They cried their astonishment and hurried forth.

Sometime in the night it occurred to the Hindu Prince to seek the aid of the Magic Crystal. This he did, with the others gathered round, and suddenly three hoarse cries rose in the night from the lips of three dismayed men. For that which the crystal showed to them was the bedchamber of the Princess and upon her couch she lay dying. In three short minutes, said the Advisers, she must breathe her last.

"And we are half a day's journey away," cried the Mongol Prince.

"Nay," said the Persian, and when they asked him what he meant he spread the Magic Carpet on the ground.

"Step upon it," he said; and the three Princes stood side by side on the Magic Carpet, which at once rose from the ground and sailed away across the sky at a speed alarming. When he saw this happen the Thief sprang once more to the saddle of his Flying Horse and raced after them above the clouds.

Bagdad was gained first by the Princes. Even at the moment when the Princess breathed her last the Magic Carpet drifted in through the open window and came to rest at the foot of their couch. The Caliph turned sad eyes upon the Princes as they stepped from the carpet, and slowly shook his head.

"Too late!" he cried. "Too late are ye all. The Princess is dead."

The Hindu Prince and the Persian Prince sobbed bitterly at the news, but the Mongol Prince, with small and precise actions, rolled back his silken sleeves, took up the Magic Apple and leant over the dead body of the Princess. Swiftly he passed the Magic Apple to and fro, and suddenly the Princess

(Contd. on page 100).





# Christmas Cards —

The Greetings sent by screen celebrities to their friends near and far.





# SNOW MEN and WOMEN

Christmas! The word conjures up a vision of mistletoe and holly-decked rooms, fat geese and turkeys, and plum puddings wreathed in faint blue flame. Of genial faces, glowing in the warm light of a log fire. Of curtains drawn snugly on an outside world of frost and snow. Snow! Whatever you do don't forget that. I remind you of it because it may perhaps have slipped your memory, during the snowless Christmases of the last few years.

The coming Christmas is just as likely as not to bring in its train an all-enveloping yellow fog, or a drizzle of rain and sleet, rather than the clean white snow without which no Christmas is really complete. And this brings me to the subject of my article—the snow films. What "a boon and a blessing to man" they are, at this season of the year. They alone can supply the ingredient that our last few Xmas's have lacked. No matter how disappointingly snowless the outside world may be, in our picture palaces winter reigns in the good-old-fashioned way, and from the

No matter how disappointingly snowless the outside world may be on December 25th, Old Man Weather always comes up to scratch at the proper seasons in Filmiland.



Charles Ray strikes a cold patch in "Dynamite Smith."

enough to make us shiver a little, luxuriously—then it has accomplished its purpose.

As a matter of fact, it very often isn't the real thing. In California snow is practically unknown, and any films requiring frozen North scenes and the like are made in the mountains near Truckee, or, if the snow is needed in only a few scenes, salt and paper, thrown down from above, and churned round in the air by means of a wind machine, make an excellent substitute. In *Souls For Sale*, the recent Goldwyn film of Hollywood life, there is a scene

Below: The Twins of—not Suffering Creek—but "Judgment of the Storm."



Above: Lost in the snow. Jackie Coogan in "A Boy of Flanders."



Above: Alec B. Francis and Theodore Kosloff in "Children of Jazz."

slush and sleet of England we may travel in a minute to the frozen North.

Blizzards are made to howl lustily for our especial benefit, and cruel fathers thrust their erring daughters out into the fury of the storm, just as they always have done and always will do, until snow and erring daughters become extinct. It matters not at all that the storm was in all probability manufactured by the producer out of some small scraps of paper and a few tons of salt. It if looks real—real







Above: Making scenes in a real snow-storm for "Winter Has Come," a Christie Comedy.

showing exactly how this is done.

It is often better and cheaper to fake a snow scene in this way, for the real stuff is generally too uncertain to rely on. One company, a short time ago, went to Truckee to film some Alaskan scenes, and waited there three weeks for the required snow. Eventually they went home disappointed and had to fake the scenes at the studio. Afterwards they heard that the evening after they left the mountains the snow came down in a regular blizzard!

Amongst the film stars there are a certain number who are always associated, in the minds of the public, with scenes of snow and ice. The regular "snow men and women" these. First and foremost among the men I shall put James Kirkwood, hero of so many James Oliver Curwood stories of



within the Arctic Circle. No salt and paper about this—it's the real thing, this time, every bit of it!

Then there is Eva's sister Jane—another favourite "snow woman." In the new screen version of Marie Corelli's *Thealma*, in which she features, are some strikingly beautiful scenes of

Left: Alice Lake has chosen a cold seat but she seems to like it.



Left: Arline Pretty in "Bucking the Barrier."

snow and ice, in the Norwegian fjords.

Tom Meighan has never, so far as I can remember, featured in a "snow" film before, but from the title of his latest, just completed picture, *The Alaskan*, I should imagine that he too will make his debut as a "hard-bitten" before long.

"The Great Outdoors" is coming into its own again, and I can see an interesting struggle ahead. Icy Osculations of the North against Burning Passions of the East. What's the betting, fans?

E. E. BARRETT.



Above: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," evidently took place in a chilly spot. Right: Malcolm Tod and party during a film "wait" in the Austrian Tyrol.

the "Great Outdoors," and among the women, Eva Novak. These two seem always more at home in the picturesque, be-furred garments of the north than in any other costume. To think of either of them brings an immediate picture of dog-teams, tearing over great wastes of frozen snow with a jangling sleigh behind them, lonely cabins in snow-clad woods of pine, herds of reindeer and mighty avalanches. Eva's latest is of this same type. Entitled *The Lure of The Yukon*, it lives up to the traditions of its predecessors, and boasts even more thrills than most of them. But it has a further claim to distinction. It is the first picture to be taken actually





# Do Stars Make Good Mothers? (Yes They Do!)

**M**aybe you think that if a mother is also an actress, she necessarily is a neglectful, careless mother. You never made a greater mistake in your life. I have known many picture-star mothers, and I have never known one who was indifferent or neglectful. On the other hand, every actress-mother I have ever known was passionately devoted to her little ones, and not only this, but gave thoughtful careful, self-sacrificing attention to her child or children.

Screen stars have few children it is true. Their active public lives give them little chance for home life. But I have heard many of these mothers of a family of one say that they wished they had ten children!

A model mother is Florence Vidor, who has a very lovely little daughter. Little Suzanne, six years old, is the apple of her pretty mother's eye. The little

*Jane Novak and little Virginia.*



*Above: Jackie Saunders, whose tiny daughter Jackie is the apple of her eye. Circle: Mae Marsh Armes.*

girl has a governess-nurse, and when she was a baby I remembered she had a coloured nurse, but almost never does she go to sleep at night until she has her talk with her beloved mumsy. Mrs. Vidor passes up all sorts of social engagements to be with her little girl during the child's last waking hours of the day. And little Suzanne won't go to sleep until mother comes home, either—that is, if she can keep her eyes open.

**T**he exotic Gloria Swanson may do awfully shocking things in the films, but nobody can say that she is not passionately devoted to her little daughter Gloria.

Little three-year-old Gloria worships her mother, and Gloria probably spoils the little one a bit, but she personally sees daily to her care, so far as ordering the little one's food and play and outings is concerned. She holds conferences morning and night with the child's nurse and governess, and it must be a very hard day indeed which doesn't see baby Gloria in mamma Gloria's arms for at least a half hour of confidences and love and story-telling.

If you want to see Zasu Pitts' face light up, you want to mention her baby, Zasu Ann. At least, she calls the baby just Ann, but the rest of the family call her Zasu Ann so she says she supposes she shall have to capitulate to that name too. As for little Zasu Ann, two years old, she responds cheerfully to either name, and is a lovely, laughing little thing, with the most wonderful big blue eyes you ever saw in a child.

A perfectly adorable little girl of three years is Enid Bennett's and Fred Niblo's little daughter Loris.

"Mamma, mamma!" I heard a small voice calling eagerly.

I had arrived to dine at the Niblos' house, and had come before they had come home from the studio, and little Loris mistook my footfall for that of her mother. She was in her nursery, had had supper with her nurse, and was just waiting for mamma to come home to kiss her goodnight—a formality never overlooked





Above: Dorothy Phillips. Circle: Natalie Talmadge Keaton and her baby.



in the Niblo household. The nurse asked me to come into the pretty little bedroom nursery, which was charmingly decorated with gay chintzes, and with Mother Goose subjects on the walls. The little girl's brown eyes—she is the image of her dad—danced and her red lips smiled as she showed me "daddy's book,"—a book of denatured fairy stories. That is, they have all the wolves and wicked fairies and big bears deleted—those characters that used to send such delicious thrills tingling down my childish spine, but which are considered to make children "nervous" nowadays. Well, maybe they do. I remember I was rather scared of the dark when a child, and the Niblos' little girl isn't. When her mamma did arrive, she kissed her goodnight, said goodnight to her nurse, the light was switched off, and presumably she tumbled at once into dreamland.

Then there is "Micky!" At least we always used to call her Micky.

I mean Jane Novak's clever little tow-headed six-year-old girl, who is now going to school, a private school, and who is such a quaint, delightful little person that she keeps you amused all the time. Now that Virginia has arrived at the mature age of six, she is still quaint.

Always Micky has been Jane's best



Above:  
Zasu Pitts with Zasu Ann.



Baby  
Suzanne  
Vidor and  
mamma Florence  
Vidor are  
excellent  
pals.

pal, and the little one tells her stories, listens to stories, travels about with Jane in her big car, and goes out on location with the star. She isn't to go into pictures, says Jane. But, after all, who knows? Already Virginia is a great little mimic.

"Oh, I cannot be separated from my little Gwen ever again!" says Mrs. Allen Holubar, otherwise Dorothy Phillips, widow of the noted director, who died at the height of his success some months ago.

Everywhere in screenland the tale is the same. Be they ever so wicked on the screen, the stars one and all have a decidedly domestic streak, and their homes, and above all, their kiddies, take first place in their lives.



# My Trip



*Juan Les Pins, August.*

It seems to me a fascinating, no a very satisfactory, an eminently satisfactory thing, to have known so well as they did what they wanted to do, where they wanted to go, and then to see that dream take size and shape before their very eyes a dream hewn out of granite and made to live for all who pass to see.

Uncle Dick bought the villa from a Russian prince who had played at Monte Carlo and had lost all of his money. Natacha and I claimed, as we roamed about the lovely, peaceful, sloping grounds, that the fact of this still lingered with the chateau. One could feel somehow about it that tragedies had been lived here, made a little lighter, a little easier to bear because of the sheer beauty of the place. It has marvellous grounds and the sun and air, the sense of peace and beauty must have, I think, calmed the sick terror and distortion in many a poor fellow's riddled heart. I like to think so, at any rate.

After the War was over, Muzzie and Uncle Dick put the place back in shape. Of course it needed a lot of alteration and remodelling and doing over after five years, and strenuous years at that.

Muzzie didn't like the interior and so

they did that all over again. It was originally a sort of Moorish design, which is all right for a Russian prince, but doesn't, as a rule, suit the American taste so well. Muzzie particularly favours Louis XVI, and it has taken them an entire year to make the chateau into a Louis XVI place. As a matter of fact, they still have two or three rooms to do.

Well, of course, they had to hear from our own lips all that had happened to us in the past year, despite the fact that our letters and the papers had carried veritable bundles of these important happenings back and forth between us. It is so much more exciting to say, "Such and such a thing took place on such and such a date," and then to have the family "Oh!" and "Ah!" exclamatorily before your very eyes.

We had to tell them where we were living and whom we had been seeing and what we were planning and how we felt about this and how we felt about that. We answered numerous inquiries about mutual friends and the friends

of friends, and all we knew about this or that birth, death, or scandal. All of the customary family gossip was exchanged and then interchanged again.

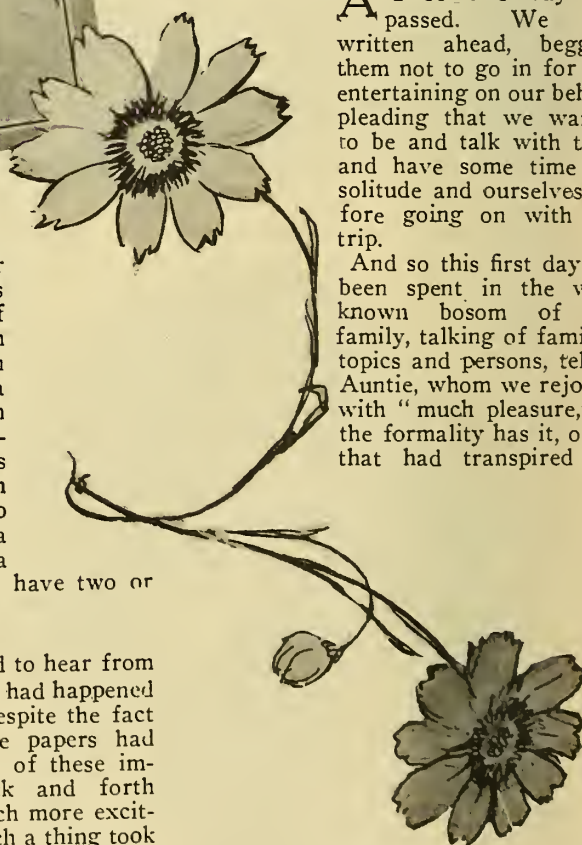
We went over all the details of our trip, with extras added on. It was great fun. A constant round of "Natacha, do tell me about this," or "Rudy, I hear so and so, tell me, is it true?"

I told Natacha that while Muzzie and Uncle Dick might live on the continent an inalienable part of their hearts and interests would ever rest on American soil. I doubt that anyone can literally expatriate himself or herself. A part of your country remains with you forever, even if the more external signs are never visible. For instance, with me, I look Italian, of course. That is true. But I have more characteristics of Italy than that, even. I don't particularly relish cold weather, for instance. For me shivering and chilling will be, if it ever comes to me, an acquired taste. This is because, I believe, I am born in a tropical climate. For generations hot suns and fierce suns have penetrated the blood of my forefathers and it has come down to me, still alien to cold. On the morrow we became acquainted with the countryside.

*Juan Les Pins, Nice, August 18th.*

And so this day has passed. We had written ahead, begging them not to go in for any entertaining on our behalf, pleading that we wanted to be and talk with them and have some time for solitude and ourselves before going on with our trip.

And so this first day has been spent in the well-known bosom of the family, talking of familiar topics and persons, telling Auntie, whom we rejoined with "much pleasure," as the formality has it, of all that had transpired be-



tween the time she left us at Cherbourg and here, and exhibiting the particular and beautiful points of our large family of dogs, comprising, at the date of our arrival here, six Pekinese, besides my Dauberman. As we are all dog fanciers we had a marvellous time with the family plus the dog menage at the chateau itself.



# Abroad *by* RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Another night of sound and blessed sleep. I sleep so well here, almost dreamlessly.

Rudy's impressions of the Riviera and how he found a potential screen star.

*Juan Les Pins, August 20th.*

The third benignant sunny day. Luncheon guests.

Talk. It is so nice to feel that so many people are interested in what I do, what I think. I shall never, I believe, recover from the amazement that so many people want to know what I think, what I plan, what I do from day to day, from week to week . . . It is the most stimulating flattery in the world.

As for the Riviera itself, there is practically no one here. In summer it is always absolutely dead.

The same old idea of "smartness," a term which I am growing particularly to detest, because it means the doing of so many smug little things at so frequent and so great a sacrifice of beauty, pleasure and comfort.

During the winter on the Riviera you get cold, damp



*Reading downwards: Rudy and Natacha in Genoa; and Rudy in front of an ancient Italian fountain.*

weather, mixed in with some days of sunshine here and there, but for the most part it is quite precisely like what the Riviera is NOT, supposed to be. Involved, but I make myself clear to myself, at all events, and, I hope, to you.

Personally, I think the thing to do is to have an all-year round home somewhere, as near to ideality as you can find in a place. I should like to have such a place, done somewhat in the mediæval style. I am not particularly keen for modernity, either in house, dress or woman. I like a touch of the Old World. A flavour of tradition. A hint of other

lands and other times . . . old golds . . . sombre reds . . . dulled blues . . . greys that are like smoke, drifting. . . And I should like to live in such a place, year by year, season following season, so that I should come to know the place, absorb it into myself and be, in turn, absorbed into the place.

I have no desire for this flitting from house to house, from estate to estate, never really making a home, an abiding place of any one of them. Never building a tradition.

I should like to know my house, to make a shrine of it, where all the beautiful things I am able to garner from the four corners of the globe would find abiding places. Where my friends might come to remember me, as permanently fixed on a "set" at last, and where I might die, at last after the storm and stress.

Natacha and I had great joy in wandering about the chateau admiring and discussing and asking such questions as only members of the same family may ask. Muzzie was thoroughly proficient on Louis XV, and Natacha revelled in the decorations and plans.

It has been a happy interlude.

To-morrow we shall give over to planning the onward move.



*Juan Les Pins, Nice, August 21st.*  
Natacha was reading over my diary this morning, as we breakfasted in bed, the sun flooding in upon us, the smell of flowers in the air, birds speaking to one another outside the half-opened windows. Summer in a summer world . . . it seemed hard to believe that there had ever been a land or a time of rain and trouble and dissension.

It came over me then, in one of those overwhelming moments we are all, I suppose, prone to now and then, how sad it is that the race of man lives as they do live. With a world, sun-flooded and sweet with flowers, with garden spots and what the Americans call "the great open spaces," stretching like Edens around and about us, why do we huddle and struggle in cities, wearing our brains and bodies out in the endless struggle for bread and rent and raiment and the pleasures that are like fitful fevers in the end?

I suppose it is because we are all more or less gregarious. It harks back to the days of old when there were the nomad races and the far more frequent tribes that got together and formed the first villages, the even more former cliff dwellers. Man likes to dwell by man and out of that liking, that desire, cities have arisen.

Even I, I suppose, would sooner or later shake off the pleasure of dream, and wish to be back in the crucible with my fellow-men, striving mightily, and doubtless out of all proportion, for my little place in the sun.

And perhaps again it is the height of wisdom to struggle so. When we do, these interludes of sun and air and flowers come to us with an even more poignant happiness. We love them all the more because we do not have them all the while. The air is like wine to us, intoxicating us. The sun becomes a mantle of gold, covering us with coveted touch. The flowers breathe an incense rarer because infrequent.

But if ever my belief in myself should utterly fail me. If the day should come when struggle for my individual Right should wear me threadbare of further effort, then I should come to a garden place, where the sky would be ever blue above me, where my feet would press soil as vernal and virgin as

I could find where, below me, under white cliffs, the sea could sing me its immemorial lullaby.

I think there must, at one time or another, have been sailors in my family. For the sea pounds in my veins with a tune I still remember . . . and know that I could not have remembered it in this life I have lived . . .

One of the most fascinating speculations I know of is the fact that no one of us inherits directly from our parents. That is why, so often a child



*Rudolph Valentino.*

will be born into a family and seem to have no direct, or even indirect, affiliation with that family at all. Rather, the blood of some far away, remote ancestor flows in his or her veins. Or the commingled blood of many ancestors comes again to life in this scion of the race. Aliens from their immediate families, they claim kinship with some old buccaneer, some dreaming poet, some isolated lady or some cavalier knight of whom they have probably never heard, but whose long-ago story they are re-living, none the less.

Some day, when I have time, I am going to go back over my family "tree," I believe they call it, and see if I can find the one to whom I feel most intimately related. Then I shall, no doubt, understand myself as I have not been able to do thus far. To know one's self, thoroughly, finally, in every way, what more complete education could one possibly desire?

But I must get back. After all, I am supposed to be recording events and not the random thoughts that come to me now and then. Still, thoughts are more fascinating than actions, after all. Thoughts give birth to actions and are, in turn, the offspring of the deeds we do.

Natacha was reading my diary . . . now and then a smile would cross her face . . . I knew she knew what I had been thinking when I wrote such and such a thing . . . women have intimate knowledge of the thoughts of men . . . they read us like so many volumes, each bound in our different way . . . we are like children to women . . . to women who love us . . . they indulge us . . . reprimand us . . . and always, - always see through us . . .

"Have I omitted anything?" I asked Natacha, "Left anything out, you think?"

"From the amount of scribbling you have done since we left, Rudy," Natacha smiled, "it would seem to me to be impossible for you to have omitted anything. You may have left out a thought or so, but" — Natacha indicated

with a wave of the hand that that seemed to her to be unlikely — "but," she repeated, "you have left out any mention of

meeting Andre Daven in Paris. Don't you think you ought to put him in the next time you write in your diary? He may figure in later events, you know, and then you will wish that you had recorded his—inception—shall I say?"

I told Natacha she was right. Odd, that I should have omitted one of the most interesting events of our Paris stay.

While we were in Paris, among the interviewers who came to see me, was a young man named Andre Daven.

The minute he came into the room I spotted him as a "type." I am constantly on the look-out for types, because I know them to be so very important to the screen, to each individual picture.

Young Daven is an extraordinarily good-looking chap, of my own country, with amazing eyes, fine physique and general bearing out of the ordinary and of a compelling attraction.

Natacha says that this is one trait of mine quite out of the common in men. Almost any man can "spot" a beauti-



ful woman, or an extraordinary type of woman. Unique. Individual. Unusual. But very few men, so Natacha tells me, can recognise the unusual or attractive in another man. Perhaps it is because we men are not looking for attractiveness in other men. Men take other men a great deal for granted, I find. Hail-fellow-well-met, and if that element is there the personal appearance does not count for a very great deal. But I *am* different in that respect. Perhaps it is because I have so long been interested in the casting of pictures, in which men figure almost as prominently as women. I have watched other men rise in screen fame, Barthelmess, Novarro, Glenn Hunter, chaps like that, and, of course, have given some thought to the part type plays in a man's screen success.

For myself, for instance, I know that my foreign blood showing in my face and bearing has a great deal to do with the kind reception I had by the American public. The Anglo-Saxon has a distinct "flair" for the Latin. It is the call of strangeness. The allure of the alien. The call of the unknown. The interest in what we are not ourselves.

Pondering over all of this has made me acute in the observation of my fellow-men as well as my fellow-women. So that, now, it has become almost an instinct with me. My mind automatically discards screen undesirables, and as automatically and instantaneously recognises and seizes upon the potential film material. "Film fodder" instead of "cannon fodder," if I may employ a slight vulgarity.

Perhaps judging so many contests has been part of my training. I would make a fine casting director if I were not an actor—and if I did not have a wife with even acuter and finer capabilities than mine in this particular field.

At any rate, this day in Paris, several days ago, I was sitting in our suite awaiting the interviewers.

Some six or seven came in together and there were photographers and one or two other people about.



Natacha, her aunt, and Rudy at Juan Les Pins, France.

Immediately Andre Daven entered, I "spotted" him, as they say in New York. And I was not wrong, I had confirmation of that, by the fact that

Natacha's eyes met mine on the instant and we nodded as if to say, "Ah, you recognise him, too . . ."

I began to interview, instead of being interviewed.

I asked him his name, his occupation, his ambitions and various other questions of a like nature, which doubtless took him considerably by surprise, seeing as he had come to do the same thing to me.

He told me his name, and said that he was writing for "Bonsoir," "Theatre et Comedia Illustre," and the "Paris Journal."

I immediately came back at him with the suggestion that he go into pictures.

He replied that it was unthinkable, that he couldn't think of it, that it was kind of me to be interested, but that he couldn't see it that way at all.

My obstinacy was aroused along with my rising belief in young Daven as a screen possibility. I set out to convince him that he should give up the art of writing for the art of the screen.

I told him that I was hoping to do *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and that if I did, there would certainly be a good part in it for him. At least one that would put him on terra firma and not leave him to the desolate fate of a beginning at the bottom of the movie ladder—as an extra.

(Another long instalment in the January issue.)





# "I've Gotter Motter"

No motto to guide her!

That, indeed, would be a sad, sad plight for any bright young screen star. What is life without a motto? Something to live by, something to swear by—in case one uses profanity—not to mention something to hang on your wall when you run out of pictures.

Yes there's no doubt that everyone needs a motto, if only to remind him of the good resolutions he made last year.

Each star probably looked away from the Kleigs long enough to determine just what *was* the guiding principle of his or her life. And the result is a set of mottoes we would all do well to live up to.

May McAvoy selected the good old golden rule as her motto, and so did Clarence Burton. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." You can't go wrong with that as your guiding principle in life, now can you?

Betty Compson and Lois Wilson selected the same motto. "To thine own self be true," Betty puts it, while Lois continues the quotation "and it must follow as the



*Curl while the iron is hot.*

*Madge Bellamy*



*We are and stuff as dreams are  
made of.*  
*Milton Sills.*

night the  
canst not  
false to  
It was

day, thou  
then be  
anyman."

good ad-  
vice when Shakespeare wrote it; it still is.

"Live and let live," says Bebe Daniels. That

one really should be framed and sent out in

car loads.

"When in doubt—don't," says Helen Ferguson. That's a good one, too. It should be particularly borne in mind when one has dealings with a—sh!—a bootlegger. But that's not Helen's reason for the motto.

Some of the other stars believe in brevity, too. "Smilin' through," guides Lila Lee on her way: two little words that say a lot.

What is life without a motto? Everyone needs one, if only to remind him or her of last year's good resolutions. Here are the guiding principles of some famous movie stars. Which one do you like the best?



*To thine own self be true*  
*Betty Compson*

While Agnes Ayres' motto is also to the point: "Keep thy faith."

"Live for each day," says Gloria Swanson. Hoot Gibson expresses the same thought a trifle more elaborately:

"I'm for to-day; I hate yesterday, and who knows anything about to-morrow?"

Herbert Rawlinson also joins in the chorus of that one. "Take it to-day; you may have to leave it to-morrow."

Douglas McLean gives himself a lot to live up to: "Think big, talk little, laugh easily, work hard, pay cash, and be kind."

"Curl while the iron is hot," says Madge Bellamy, who obviously would much sooner use her iron to curl with than to strike with.

Milton Sills, being a former college professor, would, of course, have an erudite motto—and he does. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

It's really Joe Martin, who, all monkey business aside, has the most consoling motto of the lot. One which most of us can say over to ourselves and take real joy in repeating. For Joe, it seems, took one look in the mirror, took his pen in hand, and solemnly shook his head as he wrote. "Beauty ain't everything."

ALMA TALLEY.



# Fine—Feathers

Below: Nita Naldi in a seventeenth-century costume of black silk, silver-starred, and sewn with pearls.



Below: Paulette Duval in "Monsieur Beaucaire" wore two costumes specially made for her in France.



Above: Lowell Sherman's pale-blue finery, hand-worked in sequins and pearls.



Right: Pola Negri.



Left: Valentino wears many exquisite Court suits as the hero, "Monsieur Beaucaire."



Below: Doris Kenyon's "English Rose" costume in "Monsieur Beaucaire."





# Just Julian

Julian Eltinge can be a perfect lady on the stage or screen, but he can use his fists too when necessary.

**S**omewhere round twenty-five years ago a small boy, burning with honest indignation, went through a spirited refusal to don skirts. Violence, in the shape of another small boy, sitting very hard on his head, while a companion pulled the despised garment over a pair of protesting legs, helped him to see reason, and he was forced at last to make the best of a bad job and to play his part as a female member of the chorus in a school play. This victim of a girlish face and pink and white complexion made such a successful debut as a feminine charmer that he was next year made leading lady. After that he gave up struggling against Fate, and at the age of seventeen he started playing lovely ladies on the stage proper.

**T**wenty years have passed since then, and Bill Dalton the man, became Julian Eltinge, famous female impersonator. Not that he always found it easy to be a woman, but the public, once having seen him in feminine attire, clamoured for more. So he set to work to master

the difficult technique of "acting like a lady," and studied physical culture, dancing, voice training and all those laws of beauty and fascination, that constitute womanly loveliness.

Many successful years on the stage brought him the offer of a film contract, and he resolved to try his luck on the silent sheet. His first film was a Lasky production called *The Countess*, in which, as a young lover cast out of society through no fault of his own, he assumes the role of a bogus Countess

*Right: He makes a very fascinating "woman."*



at Southampton, and wondering where the hat box with the "chic little creation from Paris" has got to, you'll know it's just Julian! And if you want to find out whether he's got a temper or no address him as Madame and see what you'll get



*Above: Mary Pickford makes Julian feel at home in the studio by giving an impersonation of him. Left and right: Julian as he appears on and off the stage.*

and goes through some amusing adventures. This was such a success that he followed it up with two others—*The Clever Mrs. Carfax* and *The Widow's Might*. Then came *Over the Rhine*, in which he wore no less than thirty gowns! And after that *An Adventuress*, a mixture of bathing girls, thrills, comedy and burlesque. Then he went back to the vaudeville stage again, and toured the principal American halls under the able direction of William Morris, who was at one time associated with Harry Lauder.

**H**e has never gone back to the screen—vaudeville audiences won't give him the chance. And now he plans to visit England. So if you notice a smiling someone sitting on a pile of trunks





# Ramon and Pythias

Not even the classic friendship of Damon and Pythias exceeds that of Ramon Novarro and Rex Ingram. Hence the title of this interview.

It was during the filming of *Ben Hur*, when he was hurrying across to Italy to join his producing unit under Fred Niblo and Marshall Neilan, that for the first time I caught my Ramon without his Pythias. As a general rule, they have been inseparable. They have worked together, played together, dreamed together. Each has been an integral part of the other's glory, and each has understood the power which the other has stood for in his career. Friends—and colleagues. Master and disciple—artist and brother artist. Film after film has found them side by side, the one behind the megaphone, the other before it. And Ramon has made love to Pythias's wife—oh quite respectfully, I assure you—for many a long year of celluloid.

Pythias has another name, and it is Rex. Rex has another name, and it is Ingram. As for Ramon, he has all sorts of other names, including his father's name, Samoniegos, but ten

unknown, and fathered him, pretty Alice Terry mothered him and taught him the subtle art of screen love-making, and between them they turned young Ramon Samoniegos into Ramon Novarro the star.

Pythias—I beg his pardon, Rex—is an Irishman, Ramon a Spaniard by birth, and these two fiery artistic souls understand one another. They have formed the perfect alliance. No wonder its dissolution has set many nervous hearts fluttering, and has tempered with a certain gravity the happy idealism of Ramon himself.

I found him in talkative mood, rather like a particularly nice and unaffected



Ramon Novarro in his first prominent role (Rupert of Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda").

schoolboy, torn in two between his distress at parting with Rex Ingram as a working companion and his excitement at the prospect of playing "Ben Hur."

"All my life, as long as I can remember," he told me over our cigarettes and Turkish coffee, "I have had a secret ambition to play 'Ben Hur,' either on the stage or on the screen. He has always been my ideal of a real actor's part, and you can imagine the thrill that it is to me to know that in a few weeks time I shall really be making the part my own."

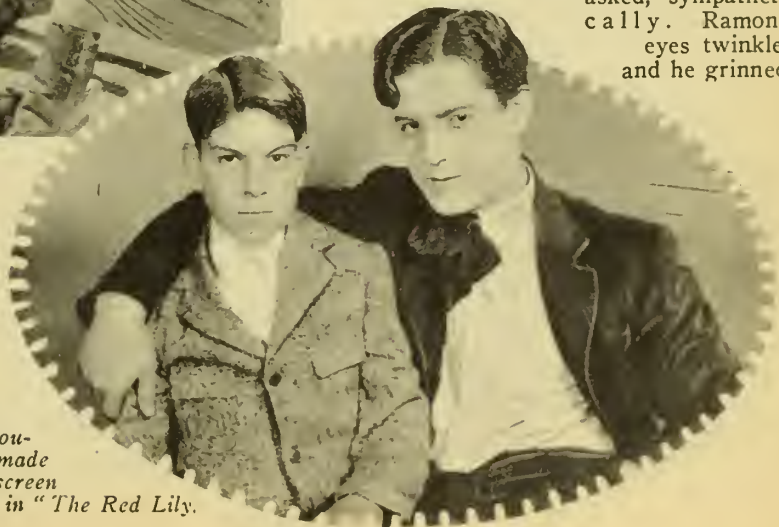
"Did you ever expect to play it?" I asked, sympathetically. Ramon's eyes twinkled and he grinned.



thousand dollars' worth of stationery, pictures, posters and general advertising have been scrapped to assure an anxious world that the best name of all is—with an "o"—Novarro.

Ramon thinks that there has never been a director quite like Pythias since the movies began, and Pythias never hesitates to announce Ramon as "one of the greatest discoveries of the screen." A mutual admiration society, if there ever was one, and what a combination of genius! You see, Rex found Ramon when he was obscure and

Above:  
Ramon  
and  
Pythias  
snapped  
between  
scenes of  
"Scaramouche."  
Right:  
With his  
brother Edou-  
ardo, who made  
his first screen  
appearance in "The Red Lily."





"Well, between you and me and this coffee set," he said, "I've never had much doubt about it at all. I've had an instinct, or a premonition, or whatever you like to call it, that 'Ben Hur' and I somehow belonged to one another. I even had photographs taken of myself, years ago, in his clothes and make-up. Even when George Walsh was given the part and sent to Italy, I never really gave up hope. You see, 'Ben Hur' and I had sort of made a date before George was ever thought of."

I looked at Ramon covertly, at his keen, strong features, the joyous youthfulness of his face, the clean, straight glance that he levels at you as he speaks. And suddenly there came leaping out at me the curious and altogether fascinating mixture of faith and paganism that burns within him, and that has tinged so fantastically all his work. All of a sudden I understood the peculiar appeal that "Ben Hur" would hold for such a man, a man who is pure pagan in his worship of beauty, a man who longed for years to be a priest, who will slip away from the gayest of parties to a midnight mass, and sing week after week, unknown and unrecognized, in the choir of the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Ramon Novarro has the sincerity of the true religious, but light and colour and music are life itself to him.

And just when I was thinking this, and picturing him in the chariot of "Ben Hur," his voice broke across my thought and I found he was talking about food.

"... one meal a day," he ended. "Never more."

I looked up with a start.

"Poor devil, who?" I asked him. "'Ben Hur'?"

"No, Ramon Novarro, born Ramon Samoniegos," he answered. "I was saying that in a week or two I shouldn't have allowed myself the pleasure of this coffee between meals. When I am working, I never allow myself to have

more than one meal a day. I find that in this way my body keeps more fit and my brain more active. I believe that all actors and men who live by their intellects would find that their work gained enormously in value if they rationed themselves to my one meal a day."

"I guess you look forward to that one meal right enough!" I said. Ramon laughed.

"I'll make you a confession," he answered. "When I was in Paris I gave in to the weakness of the flesh against all my rules and theories! It was the delicious smell of their cooking, and the delicious flavours of the food that broke down all my defences. Yes, in Paris Monsieur Ramon Novarro ate like any other man!"

"When did you go to Paris?" I asked him.

"When we went to Europe for *The Arab*," he told me. "We shot all the interior scenes in Paris, and went on to Tunis for the exteriors. Rex wanted me to watch out in Paris, and see how the romantic young Frenchman really made love. He thought it might help me some in my next picture."

Barbara La Marr, Ernest Torrence and Ramon Novarro in  
"Thy Name is Woman."

In picturesque  
attire as  
"The  
Arab."



Ramon and Alice Terry in  
"Where the Pavement Ends."



"And did it?"

"I don't know about that, but I know I did my best. I studied the matter very seriously in all its branches."

Ramon laughed again, and tried to look very wicked, but the boyish frankness in his face persisted, and he only succeeded in looking like a mischievous schoolboy who has just robbed an orchard. That's the charm of Ramon—he can't look bored, he can't look cynical, he can't really look subtle, for none of these qualities are in his mental make-up. He is essentially buoyant and enthusiastic and simple. He looks you straight in the face, and shares his happiness with you. He is just youth—clean, honest youth, full of youth's special audacity. He holds his ground. He takes mad risks, and awaits the consequences. You don't



have to try and understand Ramon Novarro. He gives you, straightforwardly and frankly, his real self.

"Yes, I loved Paris," he was saying, "and I was quite glad that Rex wanted me to learn my little lessons in love in such a pleasant city. But for my own part I think I might have learnt them just as well at home. I'm a Latin myself by blood and heritage, but somehow I have always felt more drawn towards the American girl than towards her sisters in any other country. Some-



Above: A scene from "Trifling Women." Ramon is the central figure.

a wife; a girl who knew all about the wonderful companionship there is in silence. I'm a bit difficult, you know, to live with. They say I'm temperamental. But whatever else she was or wasn't, my wife would have to be artistic, fond of books and painting, and at least a little bit of a musician like myself. Otherwise we should have no lasting basis for understanding."

"And may I ask if you have found your ideal? You must know that thousands

of picturegoers all over the world are waiting anxiously for your decision."

"Then they'll have to wait a good while longer," said Ramon with a smile. "For my ideal has not come to hand yet. But I'll tell you something—when you can find me a girl who is a mixture of Lillian Gish and Alice Terry and Mary Garden all in one, let me know and there may be something doing. No other kind need apply."

"So far as you know at present," I said unkindly.

"So far, as you very delicately put it, as I know at present. But of course in the end, and more particularly if producers will insist on giving me these

He plays  
an under-  
world role in  
"The Red Lily."

how — somehow — she's so deliciously young. Do you know what I mean?"

Yes, I knew what he meant. Youth to youth, Ramon, that's all!

"The American girl," he went on thoughtfully, "is so gloriously independent. When she wants a thing she goes out and gets it. She has courage. And yet the curious part of it is that my ideal of a woman, the sort of woman that I have always dreamed of marrying, is quiet and gentle and not independent at all. Or perhaps that is only a surface appearance, and the independence is there underneath it all the time. I don't know. It has often puzzled me, and sometimes I think I shall have to have two wives to satisfy the two quite different sides of me."

I held my tongue and waited. Ramon, I felt sure, had not finished. And this lecture, from one of the screen's youngest and most exotic lovers, was interesting.

"I think I should like a quiet girl for



Above: A study of Ramon Novarro that suggests he was a wise choice for "Ben Hur."



globe-trotting parts, I may fall in love with a Contadina or an Egyptian or a dusky lady from Hawaii. Meanwhile, I miss Rex more than I can possibly say."

Ah, enter Pythias!

"Yes, you have had a long spell of work in double harness," I said.

"Almost all my film career has been with him. And he's such good company, and a real artist, and we have so many tastes in common, that I feel quite lost without seeing him around all the time. I'm sure I don't know how it is going to affect my work. You see, he has trained me from the very beginning, and taught me all I know about acting for the screen. We have got used to making pictures together, and I seem to have lost some of my confidence without him. However, 'Ben Hur' is so much a part after my own heart that I guess I shall be able to make a shot at it even without Rex," he ended with a grin.

"I have often wondered," I said, "how you two first came together."

"I guess a good many people have wondered where this unknown Novarro person suddenly sprang from," said Ramon, "and how Rex first came to pick him up."

"I have a dim idea that you came from Mexico on the heels of a Revolution."

"Right in one," said Ramon. "My father was a dentist in Durango, and I was the eldest of nine children. I think my dear father's idea was that I should grow up a gentleman of leisure, and so, although I could paint and play and dance a bit, and speak three or four languages, I had never been trained for any special profession, and was as useless a young man as you could find in Mexico. And then the Revolution came, and we were turned out of our home, and I realised that I was up against it all right, all right!"

"So you went into the movies?"

"That's where you go wrong," said Ramon with a shout of laughter. "And that's where I went wrong, too. I thought I should just have to roll up to a casting director's office and it would be done. But I found that everyone was getting on very well



Above:  
Ramon  
Novarro.  
Left:  
Ramon  
and  
Pythias  
have a  
friendly  
duel.



Ramon  
as  
"Scaramouche"

without me. In fact, there didn't seem to be any room for me in the movies at all. They didn't like my face at the cast directors' offices. So I got odd jobs as a dancer and singer, and had a part or two in musical comedy, and then I got the chance of touring with the Marion Morgan dancers, and jumped at it. I had quite given up all thought of the movies when Rex came and changed the whole of my life."

"Well, I've had luck," said Ramon. "My parts have suited me, and every one of them has given me a chance—*The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Trifling Women*, *Where the Pavement Ends*, and *Scaramouche*—did a leading man ever have a finer list? Oh, Ramon's been in luck all right!"

"And it looks as if your luck were still holding!" "You're right there," he agreed. "Here I am with the fattest part of the movie year in my pocket. But I tell you, I'm nervous. I've lost Rex."

"He'll miss me always plaguing him with riddles and nonsense and old Mexican songs. But he's got his statues to console him, and I've got my music. Perhaps I shall be an opera singer one day—you never know, and give up the movies altogether."

But I don't believe it. They are children of the kinema, these two, and will not be able to stay away from it for long, let sculpture and music call ever so loudly. Whatever they may say, whatever they may think, I do not believe that the screen has yet seen the last of Ramon and Pythias. SILAS HOUNDER.



# Shadows from Shadowland

Some popular Shadow players in Silhouette.

Have you ever stopped to consider what it is about your favourite film star that marks him out from amongst all the countless others on the screen and gives him first place in your affections? An expression of the eyes perhaps, a characteristic smile, impress themselves upon your mind and memory, and you feel that you could recognise him anywhere by these alone. But supposing these were eliminated and only the profile were shown. What then?

Cast your eyes, for a minute, down this page, and take a look at the shadow people. If the caption writer had not taken pity on you and disclosed their identity, how would you have guessed that the lady at the top was Alice Lake, the boy opposite her Johnny Walker, and so on. There is no subtlety of expression portrayed here; no flashing eye or smiling lip to inspire the poetic fervour of the "Caroller." Just a clear-cut black profile, reminiscent of the silhouette maker's art. And yet, when you look closely, there is something distinctive about each one that marks him or her out from the rest and shows that it is something more than expression that has impressed itself upon your mind.

There are no two stars upon the screen who have the same shape or pose in silhouette, or the same profile.



Top row: Alice Lake and Johnny Walker.  
Second row: Earle Williams and Lon Chaney. Bottom left: Dagmar Godowsky.

Even the backs of their heads are characteristic—far more so than one realises when they are playing their parts on the screen.

Some, of course, are easier to recognise than others. Notably Gloria Swanson, who is not included on this page. Gloria's nose is her chief characteristic. It is the envy and despair of all her feminine admirers. Deliciously and impertinently tip-tilted, it is somehow expressive of Gloria herself, and it makes her very easily recognised in silhouette.

The noble brow and massive square head of Earle Williams is not difficult to recognise, and neither is the clear-cut Grecian profile of Ivor Novello. Walter Hier's rotundity, too, lends it-

self remarkably well to the silhouette maker's art, and Norma Talmadge's shadow is a dignified reflection of the grace and beauty of its owner. But that of Lon Chaney on this page is not so distinctive. Maybe it's the pose, or maybe it's the hat, but there is something very like Guy Newall about it.

It is a novel thing for the people from Shadowland to send their shadows as their Christmas Greetings. But they bring with them all the best wishes of the stars for a Merry Xmas—and something more substantial than a shadow one!





# THE HAUNTED STUDIO

BY WILL SCOTT

**I**NTRODUCES us to the studios of the World's Worst Features on Christmas Eve, and provides us with appropriate atmosphere in the form of an authentic ghost. You'll chuckle over the strange experience of Meredith Butterdrop, the eminent director, for whom life was one Movie Masterpiece after another.

even as the hefty mechanics were erecting the boulevards of Unter den Linden, Paris, with one hand, they were demolishing the set that had done duty for the Brighton Pier, London, E.17, with the other. All in one breath, as it were. Oh! there were no flies on the W. W. F. Inc. Studios, Los, Cal. No flies at all.

Well, even a fly has its pride.

And so it was Christmas Eve in the said place, and all was holly and mistletoe and sand and sheiks and snow and sunshine and jaunting cars and gondolas and rickshaws and cops and mandarins.

All as jolly as jolly could be.

But there was One Who Stayed Apart!

**H**is brow was furrowed and wrinkled with care too. But not the kind of wrinkles and furrows that perplexed the brow of the young grandmother at the solitary lighted window. He was no actress.

He was Meredith Butterdrop, the eminent director.

Ah! you know of him! Indeed you do! Is not his name a household word, like "soap" or "tripe" or one of the words that father uses? Of course it is. Just like those.

And is not every single one of his

pictures better than all the others? Certainly. He admits it himself. He says so on his bills. One is his masterpiece. Another is his epic offering. A third is his masterpiece all over again. A fourth is his screen classic.

Oh! he's simply wonderful. You ask him.

**Y**ou remember the sensation he made with his Real Rain in "Waifs of the Weather," Nobody had ever thought of Real Rain before. And of course you saw his "Four Jockeys of the Bowery." You know, he can charge half-a-guinea for his stalls in London every time, and get it. But then, look at the millions of dollars he always spends on all his things. No half measures with Meredith. He must have a thing just right.

When he was doing his last "international appeal," you may remember, somebody suggested that a subtitle like this—"AND SO OUR HERO, BUFFETTED BUT NOT BEAT, BEHOLDS AT LONG LAST THE LIGHTS OF BIRMINGHAM"—would do just as well as an expensive set. The scorn of Meredith at this! "Moving Pictures is moving pictures or they are nothing," he retorted; adding (before the echo could get to work)—"Public don't want to be told he arrives in Birmingham. They want to see." And nothing would satisfy him but a real, full-size, made-to-scale reproduction of Lime Street Station.

I tell you, he's the hope of the business.

**B**ut on this night before Christmas he was very worried. Sore peevd. Het up. He paced the studio floor like a soul in torment. His brows were low and his strides were long and his hands were behind his back. Plainly there was Something On His Mind.

It was his next production. His Sixth Masterpiece. Well, wouldn't you be worried if you'd all that on your mind and shoulders?

When an actor who was dressed as His Royal Highness The Lord Mayor of London approached with a civil request for a match he gave the man his notice on the spot.

There was no living with him this Christmas Eve.

**I**t was Christmas Eve in the studios of World's Worst Features Inc., Los., Cal.

The snow fell in pitiless sheets upon The Old Cottage With The Mortgage On The Roof, getting into the mouth of the ancient widow who watched at the solitary lighted window and making her thirsty. The tense light of disappointed motherhood illumined the face that was all toil-worn and furrowed with care. The hopelessness of hope showed in every dear old wrinkle. Her only son! Her truant, prodigal, dearly-beloved vagabond of a son! Would he never come? Would he come to-night? She did not know. She did not care. She wanted to get it over and be home to see how many presents she was receiving this year, to know who they were from and guess how much they'd cost. Bless her dear old heart! she was only twenty-five, and the furrows and wrinkles of care tickled her face so in the heat of the arcs.

Oh yes, it was Christmas Eve in the studios of World's Worst Features Inc., Los., Cal.

It looked it.

It also looked like Tiffin Time in New Guinea, Bank Holiday in Delhi, the Battle of Flowers in Nice and Pay Day in Edinboro'.

**I**n other words, they were doing one of those things which are for universal consumption. "International appeal." The kind of thing where the heroine is decoyed abroad by the villain and the hero has to chase her right round the world, so that you can use up those flashes out of the scenics that don't sell any more. You know the kind of thing.

And they were hustling.

If you want things done with zip as well as international appeal you've got to go all the way to Los, Cal. Why!



*When an actor who was dressed as the Lord Mayor approached him with a request for a match he gave the man his notice on the spot.*



It was his Next Masterpiece that was doing it.

Up and down, up and down, up and down . . . You'd have thought that if he'd kept on at that rate much longer he'd have worn a hole in the world and dropped through and had to pay his passage all the way back from Melbourne. Frowning and groaning and beating his brow . . . Up and down, up and down . . . It made you miserable to watch him.

Seven o'clock chimed—eight—nine. It wanted but three hours to Christmas itself. But Meredith would not leave off. Still he paced and beat his brow. One by one the actors and the stage hands departed. He observed not. They wished him a Merry Christmas, but he did not hear. They wished him something else, but he did not hear that either. That was the one they did not wish aloud.

At last there was only the Night Watchman to say good-night and go. The Night Watchman did not stay on his job all night. Nobody was likely to pinch anything from W. W. F. Inc. Studios. I mean to say, everything there had been pinched from somebody else first. The other people didn't want 'em any longer.

So the Night Watchman said "Good-night. Merry Christmas."

Meredith did not respond. He had not heard.

He continued to pace up and down the floor of the empty, silent studio. Alone!

Thinking about his next, his Sixth Masterpiece.

Alone!

At ten o'clock!

And then at eleven o'clock.

Doesn't it make you want to read it out aloud, just so you don't get the shudders?

But the passing hours were nothing to Meredith, pacing there with his Next Masterpiece on his mind and shoulders. If he was aware of them at all, it was as ages. Yes, it seemed to him, perhaps, that ages were passing before him. Ages and ages. As long as between one Chaplin and another . . .

Suddenly, in a flash, almost as quickly as it used to take Joe Beckett to win/lose a thousand, it was midnight.

Midnight on Christmas Eve!

And Meredith Butterdrop was there in the studio alone!

But the next minute he wasn't . . .

Hark! Hist!

What was that?

Meredith dropped his hands from his beaten brow and spun round. There was something . . . surely, there was something . . . what could it be?

And then HE SAW!

It was *there*, right before his eyes! And what a sight!

So spectral and thin and awful! Thin? Why! the right side of its face was the left side as well. And sepulchral and rattly and—transparent! Transparent? Why! you could see right through it. It was hollow and nasty and empty and altogether devoid. Talk about putting the wind up you!

Meredith Butterdrop stared at the

visitation and then glanced round at the empty, silent studio; and he more than shuddered a bit to find himself *alone*!

"Who—who are you" he managed to gasp. "*What are you?*"

And at this the Nasty Thin and Hollow Thing raised its clammy hand aloft and said:

"I am that which haunteth this studio. I am its spectre. I am *The Ghost Of A Plot!*"

And as It uttered these words the hand of Meredith Butterdrop shot out and grasped Its, and the world's greatest (American) director cried gladly:

"At last! At last! At last! Great! Great! Great! Boy, it was sure just bully of you to hike alarng right et this marment. *I been lookin' for you all night . . .*"



It was *there*, right before his eyes, and what a sight! So spectral, and thin, and awful! You could see right through it. Meredith Butterdrop stared at the visitation. "Who — who are you," he managed to gasp. "What are you?"



# A Dream Princess

Julanne Johnston likes jazz and parties as much as any ordinary girl. But she's a dreamy, imaginative lass at heart, living always in a dream world of her own.

She is assuredly "such stuff as dreams are made on," this fairy princess of *The Thief of Bagdad*, who had no name in that delightful movie save that of "The Princess," but who is known in this work-a-day world as Julianne Johnston. For the same attractive elusiveness that you must have noticed on the screen is the most dominant feature of an intriguing personality off it.

Julanne is girlish, she is lovely, she has quaint tricks of gesture and turns of speech, she is friendly and quite human, and yet—she is elusive. You feel that she wanders, always and always in a dream world of her own, where she really belongs, and that you in common with other ordinary mortals are condemned to stay forever outside its gates.

Something of this I told her mother as we watched the clever fingers of Dorothy, Dick shaping and reshaping little rolls of clay into a bust of Julianne, who, draped in a rose-pink scarf, with a huge pearl head-dress framing her charming features sat remote and silent on the model's throne patently lost in some dream of her own.

"Yes," Mrs. Johnston agreed "Julanne is a dreamy, imaginative girl, has always been. In fact, when she was a kiddie, she invented a little dream sister, used to play with her always, and even insisted on having a place at table set for her next herself. She is artistic too, loves drawing, and music, and of course dancing, and that, I think, accounts for some of the dreaminess.

The graceful girl on the throne not so very far away gave no sign of having heard us discussing her so bare-facedly, so I asked for further details.



Julanne is every inch a Dream Princess as these three pictures plainly prove.



"Julanne," continued her mother, "is a dancer really. She studied at Denishawn, because Carol Dempster, her chum, had become a dancer, and Julianne felt she too could best express herself that way. She was fifteen when she obtained her first engagement in a dancing act on a big music hall circuit.

"Then Griffith gave Carol her chance in movies, whilst Julianne continued her interpretive dances.

"But next time she came home to Hollywood (we have always lived there, though Julianne was born in Indianapolis), she and Carol decided that movies were the thing and Julianne became a regular screen player.

"Cecilia De Mille was another school chum of hers, and Julianne had done a tiny bit of acting in De Mille's *Joan, the Woman*, so she knew just a little about it. The rest, I think she had best tell you herself, now that Mrs. Dick is through with her.

So we all left the little studio for a cosy room downstairs, wherein its owner dispensed tea and talk in equal parts and Julianne changed into everyday attire.

She is not dark-haired, as her pictures may have led you to believe. Her silky bobbed locks are golden brown, and her eyes are grey-blue with well-defined brows. They have a kind of Oriental look that is in direct variance with a thoroughly Western outlook. She is not tall either, though lissom and exceedingly graceful in all her movements.





I found her very ready to talk about *Bagdad* for there is no doubt that it is her favourite movie.

"It was all like a fairy tale," she said. "My being chosen I mean. Douglas Fairbanks had seen me dance in the prologue of *Robin Hood* when it was shown in Hollywood. He sent for me to come to the studios and make a test. And when I arrived I was tested for the Oriental Slave, the role Anna May Wong played, then, to my great surprise for the Princess as well.

"Was I thrilled? Oh, my! Was I *not*. I knew that Evelyn Brent had resigned, of course, but I had never, even in my wildest dreams, hoped for anything so lovely as to wear those wonderful pale blue and pearl robes and be a fairy princess for weeks on end like that. My dresses were all beautiful, you know, but I think my favourite was the one I wore in the love-scenes. Some said I ought not to have been veiled, but don't you think the veil was part of the role? She was a dream princess, wasn't she? One didn't want to see her too clearly.

"So much was cut out of *The Thief*," she went on. "It had to be done but it was such a pity. There were my dancing scenes, they had to go, and that other sequence where the Sworder fought the Prince of Mongolia's soldiers and pitched them one by one over my balcony.

"That was such fun, you know. Sam is a huge darkey with the funniest little piping voice and the biggest appetite for pies you ever saw. Well, the day he had to fight all these men he was very tired, having had a fight the previous evening. He's a professional boxer, really. So, to keep him in a good temper, Raoul Walsh promised him a pie for every man he downed. And Sam insisted on having them, too.

"The fairy stuff was interesting too," she told me. "The part where I was supposed to be carried up the staircase by the Thief, wearing the Cloak of Invisibility was rather difficult to screen. I

Right & oval: Two new studies of Julianne Johnston



Above: Julianne being modelled by Dorothy Dick in the latter's London studio. Below: A scene from "Garagon."

was 'carried' by wires, and my! didn't they just cut me to pieces. I stood it as long as I could, then I had a double. And when *she'd* had about as much as she could stand *she* had an understudy. I don't know myself which one of us is in the actual movie."

"I love travelling," she told me on parting, "I've been nearly all over America, besides Germany, Italy, France, and Spain. No, *not* sightseeing, I hate it. Mother is the one for that. She 'does' churches, palaces, and galleries with unflagging zeal but I prefer to just follow my nose and imbibe impressions as best I may. Of course, if I had Doug's Magic Carpet I should be able to get around quicker, but it's not such cosy travelling as a nice Pullman car."

Not so cosy, perhaps, but a more fitting means of transit for a dream princess.

MARJORIE MAYNE.





# Dorothy O'the Hall

Mary Pickford's latest film.

Reading downwards: Lottie Pickford as "Jennie Faxton," and Mary Pickford as "Dorothy; Mary Pickford as "Dorothy Vernon" and Allan Forrest as "Sir John Manners."



Above: Allan Forrest, Anders Randolph, and Mary Pickford.



"The best picture I have ever made," was Mary Pickford's opinion, given after she had seen the completed *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* on the screen. Whether she is right is a point that must be settled later by the general public, but from all accounts it certainly contains all the ingredients of success.

The picture was made at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio in Hollywood, under the direction of Marshall Neilan. Mary's own gowns, and those of the principal members of the cast, were, many of them, designed from old prints showing the actual gowns worn by celebrities of the period. Altogether "Dorothy Vernon" has thirteen different changes in the course of the picture, and eighteen dressmakers were kept busy for close on three months making these. In the banqueting scene, for instance, Mary wears a dress of black and gold brocade, the sleeves and underskirt of which are adorned with patterns of roses embroidered in pearls. On the sleeves alone 100 gross of seed pearls were used, and it took five women two weeks to string these. Rutland Castle, in all its turreted splendour, rose magnificently in one corner. Famous old Haddon Hall, carefully reproduced from a copy of the

original plan, filled another section of the floor, and beautifully arranged grounds grew up like mushrooms from under the skilful fingers of the trained studio hands.

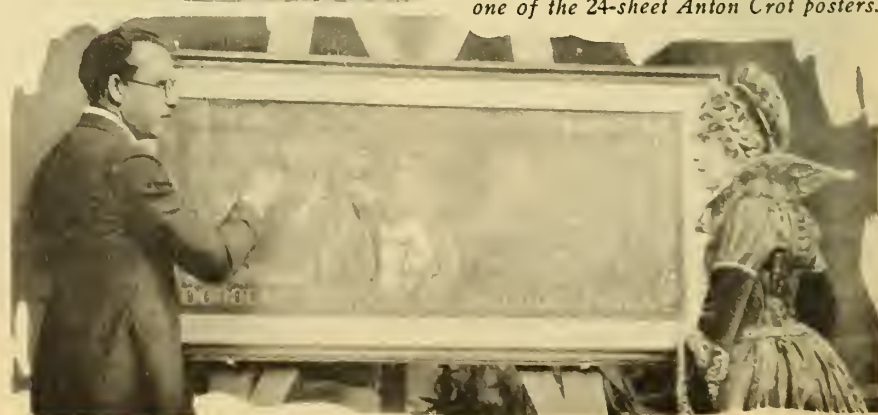
Through plot and counter-plot and intrigues of love and politics, the story takes its colourful way until its romantic finish, when Dorothy and her lover save their Queen from an assassin's sword, and are at last united by a grateful Sovereign.

There is something about the delicate beauty of Mary Pickford peculiarly suited to the picturesque costumes of the sixteenth century. But even these cannot hide the "little girl" that lurks in some subtle way in all her screen roles. *Dorothy Vernon*, she takes pains to explain, is not a "Pollyanna" but a grown-up young lady. Jewelled head-dresses adorn the shining curls, elaborate gowns cover the small form, and in the stately grandeur of Haddon Hall she seeks to quell, once and for all, the elusive spirit of childhood.

I wonder if she has forgotten that "dressing-up" is a favourite game with children!

E.E.B.

Below: Mary supervising the making of one of the 24-sheet Anton Croft posters.





**MARY DIBLEY**

**EVELYN BRENT**

**THELMA MURRAY**

**FLORA LE BRETON**

**CELIA BIRD**

**DORIS EATON**

**ZOE PALMER**

**PHYLLIS LYTTON**

## *Famous Film Beauties Unanimous Praise*

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# EASTERN FOAM

## VANISHING CREAM

*The Cream of Fascination*



# Diamonds & Stars



Jobyna Ralston is usually a simple little maiden on the screen. One hardly recognises her in her pearl and diamond chains.



Huguette Duflos wore many thousands of pounds worth of gems in "Konigsmark." Here you can see some of them.



Above:  
Sartorial  
splendour  
worn by  
Barbara La  
Marr in  
"The  
Eternal  
City."



The famous Hope diamonds (appertaining to Hope Hampton), along with some lovely pearls and other gems owned by the same little lady.



Everyone agreed that "Lawful Larceny" was worth the admission money if only to see the masses of jewels worn by Nita Naldi.



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# "He," "She," and "It."

In other words Albert E. Smith, the Britisher who went to U.S.A. and became a millionaire, his wife, Jean Paige, and "Captain Blood," the new Vitagraph ten-reeler.

"He" and "She" arrived in London some three weeks weeks after "It," but all three were shown to the public at the same time and at the same place to wit—The Palace Theatre, Leicester Square. This sounds a bit involved, but it only means that "He" and "She" (Jean Paige and her husband, Albert E. Smith) came over to England especially to attend the premiere of *Captain Blood* ("It"). Great Britain just naturally took all three to its heart simultaneously.

After the show, "He," "She" and I had a little chat in Vitagraph's offices, and, of course, "It" formed the main topic of conversation.

"It's a great film," I commenced.

"Thanks awfully," said Albert E. Smith.

"It nearly did for me, didn't it, Mrs. Smith?"

"It quite took the wind out of my sails," smiled bonnie Jean Paige, "for I was contemplating going to New York and had already reserved our seats in the train when Albert coolly informed me I was staying in Hollywood to play 'Arabella' in *Captain Blood*."

Came a deep-chested chuckle from beside her. "It took her back to the days before she was Mrs. Smith. Before she'd started bossing me around the way she does," interposed "He."

"He looks very sick on it, don't you think?" was his wife's sole comment.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Smith (Jean Paige) photographed at Southampton on arrival.

"Whilst we were filming the attack," continued "He," "I led the boarding party. You may be able to spot me standing on the bulwark, though I doubt it, as I am well disguised in a steel poke bonnet. It was a real, honest to goodness ramming-party. I believe in realism. I warned everybody to renew their insurance policies before I said 'Camera.' Well, the two vessels shook from stem to stern and bits of rigging fell everywhere. I heard a voice shout 'Albert,' through the din and I ducked and ran. Good job I did, too, a huge spar struck the deck exactly where I'd been standing and went down, down, down, I don't know how



"He" and "She" at home.



A scene from "It." Warren Kerrigan and Jean Paige in "Captain Blood."

rar down, clean through the decks."

"And if you hadn't quitted?" I interjected, rather unnecessarily.

"The Lord alone knows how far down I'd have gone," was the reply.

Their parting words were, "When the fans see 'It,' I hope they'll like it, for it's the biggest British story we've as yet done, and we'd like to think we haven't left any Britisher dissatisfied."

I think they needn't worry. What do you think?

JOSIE P. LEDERER.







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# Ten Years Ago

When people get together round a fire they commence reminiscing.  
When they're movie stars their talk is usually worth hearing.

They were gathered round the fire in one of Hollywood's numerous clubs—a little group of film stars chatting idly of "shoes and ships and ceiling-wax, and cabbages and kings." Presently, as people do when they get together, they started to reminisce.

Little Mary Philbin was the first to begin. From the depths of a big arm-chair in which she lay curled up like a kitten, she turned dreamy eyes on the rest of the circle.

"I wonder," she said suddenly, and then stopped.

"Well, what do you wonder, my little che-ild?" said Eileen Sedgwick, patting Mary's long curls in mock encouragement.

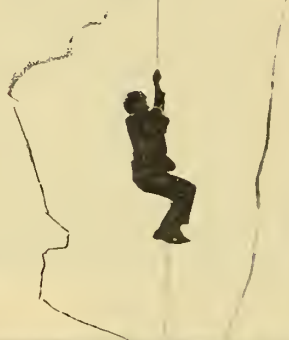
"I wonder what we were all doing ten years ago!"

Eileen laughed. "For my part," she said very deliberately. "I was being arrested." Regardless of the startled looks of the others she went on. "I had just finished a contract to play child parts in stock in Louisiana and was playing in vaudeville at the Olympic Theatre in Chicago. I was in the middle of a speciality dance when, without any warning, I was unceremoniously hustled off the stage and taken to the Court House, for violation of the child labour law. And who do you think I met there, arrested for the very same thing? Why—"

"Me," broke in Buster Keaton, solemnly. "They hauled me off just before I was due to go on and do a tumbling act with my father. I remem-

ber their chief objection to Eileen's appearing on the stage was that her religious training was being neglected. But we both thoroughly satisfied them by going through an impromptu test in theological knowledge, so they withdrew their objections."

"That's funny!" said Mary, smiling reflectively. "I wasn't doing anything so exciting—only dressing paper dolls and playing around. But I think I dreamt a little,



Above: Eddie Polo was doing an aerial act in Europe; and Lee Moran.

of going on the stage, even at that early age."

"I was at school, too," said Gladys Walton. "Went to the Kenton school in Portland, Oregon. I guess I was a regular little tom-boy—used to go rides on the boys' handle-bars whenever I got the chance. I was always getting into hot-water about it, but it didn't do me a bit of good. I never was cut for a 'teacher's pet,' anyway."



Above:  
Ten years  
back  
Eileen  
Sedgwick  
was a  
speciality  
dancer.  
Left:  
Gladys

Walton was a  
schoolgirl at Kenton, Oregon.

"And while you were all being good little children," said Lee Moran, with a most unvillainous smile, "I was stabbing my first movie victim. I was playing in vaudeville in San Francisco when I met Al Christie, and at his suggestion I joined the Nestor Comedy Company. Some of my fellow players at that time were Harold Lockwood, Jack Conway, Victoria Forde, Dorothy Davenport, and Russell Bassett, and Al Christie was our director. We used to have great times."

"I'd just finished a contract with Barnum and Bailey's circus, and was doing an aerial act in Europe," Eddie Polo said. "And you Herbert?"

"Directing a stock company in Los Angeles," said Herbert Rawlinson. "Our cast included Hobart Bosworth, Lewis Stone, Frank Camp, Richard Vivian, Howard Scott and Ida Lewis. After that I went into pictures with Selig, and I've been playing in them ever since."

There was silence in the little room, save for the crackling of the fire. Presently Mary Philbin opened her blue eyes drowsily.

"I wonder what we shall all be doing in ten years time," she whispered.

And nobody answered.

ELIZABETH EDEN.



Mary Philbin was dreaming of a stage career even then.





## Julanne Johnston

whose first "star" part was that in which she played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," writes :—

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# The Picturegoer Book of Beauty

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# The Gift of Beauty

by MARY PICKFORD

"Thought moulds character, and the face is the mirror of the mind," says Mary Pickford. Mary is the Eternal Child of the screen. But she is also the First Lady of Filmland and her face is beloved all over the world.

My recipe is quite simple—a bit old fashioned, perhaps, and if it is, I hope you will forgive me for not being original. First of all, I believe it is necessary to establish a right line of thinking. Misshapen thoughts cannot help but reflect themselves upon the face. Street make-up may erase the result for a time, but not for long.

So I would say that cleanliness of thought is even more important than cleanliness of body. Let us take all of the other things for granted—care of the complexion, hair, body and all that; surely it would be too absurd to mention these.

However, the need for a right amount of health-giving exercise should not

be overlooked. Please do not think now that I am advising any girl or woman to become athletic. That is farthest from my thought. But it does seem to me that too many women fail to get into the out of doors often enough.

This in itself is, I believe, responsible for much unnecessary illness. What sets the blood pounding quicker than a brisk walk? Golf, horseback riding, hiking—all of these when not over-indulged in are splendid tonics.

Summed up, then, it seems to me that the best "Beauty Secrets" consist of clean thinking and sane exercising, coupled with obvious hot water and soap requirements.

A hobby is a very good thing to have—it helps you keep young. I suppose everybody has one, some favourite little pursuit he or she indulges in just for the love of it—with no ulterior motive and no thought of gain. I think everyone ought to have two, an outdoor one and an indoor one. I have several.

One of them is swimming and that Douglas taught me. I never learned to swim when I was a child, I was too busy to learn to play really. So when I made *The Little American*, I had to have a double for the scenes where I was shipwrecked. But shortly after we were married, Douglas insisted upon teaching me swimming and now I can hold my own with anyone at our Sunday swimming parties.

The best beautifier of all, though, is love. I have seen a face you might call plain, so transfigured by love as to appear really beautiful. Love of something or someone, be it a child (a child is the loveliest thing in the world to love) or just a stray dog, it is the biggest thing in life. For thought moulds character and character shines through the eyes upon the face. And so I say Love can work wonders and move mountains, and it can beautify as nothing else in the Universe can do.

As I read this over, I realise that I have said nothing new—that it has all been said before, and perhaps in most cases with a better choice of words than I have used here. So permit me to contribute one more thought. Only two things are forever beautiful—a flower and a smile.

"The world is a looking-glass and gives back to everyone the reflection of his own face," is one of Mary Pickford's pet quotations.

There is little one can say about beauty—little, I mean, that has not been said before. It is skin deep or is a quality of the soul, depending entirely upon the viewpoint of the individual. Perhaps you will consider this statement vague, so let us analyse: What constitutes beauty in the eyes of one person frequently has no appeal whatever to another and for that reason, it seems quite illogical to fix a set definition for beauty.

While it is very true that kindred spirits will define a thing as beautiful, the degree to which it is beautiful in the mind of each varies, depending on the individual concept. So after all, beauty is in the individual concept.

Perhaps I can illustrate my point best by taking a beautiful sunset as an example. Several persons may look at a sunset and declare it beautiful, but were it possible to measure the vibrations set up within the soul of each, we would discover a wide divergence in the figures on the scoreboard. Which serves to prove that beauty is not a constant quality.

With reference to persons, I do not think beauty relates so much to physical features as to character. Of course there is nothing new in saying this.

In spite of that fact, however, it seems to me that beauty lies in thought. I do not mean to imply by this statement that one can disregard appearances. But on the other hand, to consider appearances, one has to think. The action of caring for one's complexion, for instance, is first fathered by the thought.

Naturally, it is the ambition of everyone to appear at his or her best.





## Mlle. HUGUETTE DUFLOS

the charming Parisian Film Star of "Konigsmark," has been captivated by the haunting fragrance of *Ashes of Roses*.

Mlle. Duflos writes as follows :—

"The delicate haunting fragrance of *Ashes of Roses* captivated me when first I encountered it, and ever since has been my favourite perfume. It is so exquisite, so distinctive, so alluring — can I say more?"

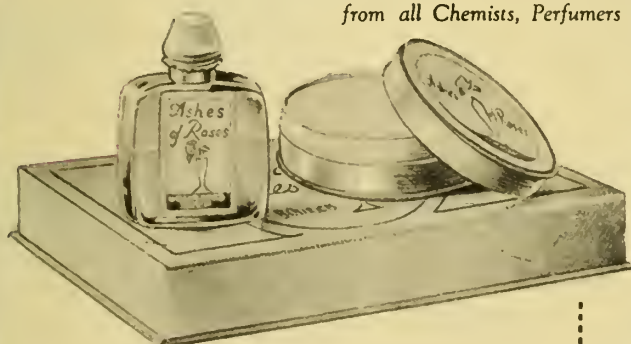
# Ashes of Roses

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The wonderful and exquisite delicacy of *Ashes of Roses* Perfume can only be likened to a breeze wafted from a rose garden after a summer shower. It is Bourjois' crowning triumph.

Price 7/6, 10/6, 15/- and 25/- per bottle,  
from all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores.



In order that you may test these exquisite *Ashes of Roses* Preparations, fill up the attached Coupon, and post, together with 1/6 in P.O. or stamps, to the Proprietors:

A. BOURJOIS et CIE., Ltd.,  
4, Water Lane, London, E.C.4

when this beautiful presentation case, containing the Perfume and Face Powder, will be sent to you post free.

To A. BOURJOIS et CIE., Ltd., (Dept. P.12),  
4, Water Lane, London, E.C.4

I enclose 1/6, please send, post free, the *Ashes of Roses* presentation case containing Perfume and Face Powder.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....







## When You take Your Hat off!!

**W**HEN you take off your hat, critical eyes will be turned in your direction. Can you meet them.

However smartly your hair is shingled, however demurely it is plaited or coiled, grey or faded strands will at once class you as out of date!

Grey hair is not tolerated to-day, neither is hair crudely "stained," with its lack-lustre look and tell-tale greyness at the roots.

"Inecto-Rapid" is so perfectly natural in its results that its use is undetectable. No matter how often the lights go up, or how critical the glances, "Inecto" keeps its secret. It restores grey or faded hair to its natural colour, bestowing the sheen and brilliance that characterises the hair of a healthy young girl.

The leading hairdressers in every district recommend "Inecto." Ask for particulars, or let us send you a Free Booklet describing how "Inecto" may be self-applied in the privacy of your own home with perfect success and absolute safety.

**INECTO RAPID**

DEMONSTRATION SALONS.

15, North Audley St.

(Near SELFRIDGES).

London, W.1.

Telephones: - Mayfair 3046-3047.

Special Consultation Telephone: Mayfair 3798.



No star has lovelier locks than Lois, so follow her advice.

**S**omebody, I don't remember who, once said that lovely hair is the birthright of every woman. That was a long time ago, when permanent waving and all its accompanying preparations for the care of the hair were unknown. But if it was true then, surely it is doubly true now when every possible means of aiding nature in this direction is within our reach.

Whenever I see a woman with weedy, ill-kept hair I am moved not to pity but to anger. And if that same woman comes to me, as I have had people come over and over again, and says in plaintive and helpless tones: "How I wish I knew the secret of keeping the hair beautiful, that you film stars all seem to possess," I feel strongly tempted to take her by the shoulders and shake a little commonsense into her. For the secret is, after all, no secret at all. Anyone who wants beautiful hair can have it, if they will only make up their minds to spend a little time and trouble in acquiring it, and, most important of all, keeping it when they have it.

**W**e film stars, really, are no better looking than other folk, but, because it is our business to look just right, we take care to make the best of ourselves in every way, and we know that hair can either make or mar the appearance of an actor or actress. Strip Mary Pickford of her golden curls, Mac Murray of her yellow halo, Aileen Pringle of her smooth dark coils, and more than half their charm would vanish with their ravished tresses. Try to imagine Rudolph Valentino's sleek black head, crowned with a miniature skating rink for flies! Under those circumstances would the ardour of his pictured love-making cause quite so many answering fires to burn in feminine hearts all over the world? Somehow I don't believe it would, for a bald head destroys illusions as nothing else can.

I myself am one of the few film

actresses who have never been disturbed by that all-consuming question: "Shall I have it bobbed or shingled?" My hair has always been thick and long—it reaches to my knees—and I feel that it's a far more useful asset to me in my motion picture work than short hair would ever be. Besides, I have an affection for my long mane that somehow keeps me from having it off, although bobbed and shingled friends daily try to tempt me.

**T**here is a popular belief that long hair entails more looking after than short locks, but I don't believe this is so. Bobbed and shingled hair, to look really nice, must have constant attention. A weekly clipping is necessary if it is to be kept at a smart, even length, and a reliable tonic or lotion should be regularly rubbed into the scalp to encourage new growth of hair and keep it thick and lustrous. Especially at this time of year this should be attended to, for the hair is apt to become thin in the autumn and winter and it needs something to keep it healthy.

**T**hen short hair must be waved, and constant use of the curling irons is apt to break it and make it brittle. The best plan is to have a permanent wave, for this not only saves money in the long run, but it is much more satisfactory, and there is no fear of going out in the rain curled and coming home dismally straight! A new oil process of doing this is being used a lot just lately, and people seem to speak very highly of it. And I believe that machines for permanent waving at home can be bought quite reasonably, so if you don't want to be always going to the hairdresser it is a good idea to invest in one of these, and insure wavy hair for the rest of your life.

Personally I don't spend hours in the hairdresser's salon. For one thing I haven't the time to spare, and for





## The PERFECT PERMANENT WAVE

WHY PAMOIL IS DIFFERENT.

PERMANENT Waving is a process requiring wide knowledge of the hair and expert skill in applying that knowledge to the individual requirements of each client.

The PAMOIL Process is the only one actually operated and supervised by its inventors who both have more than seventeen years' practical experience of every form of permanent waving at their finger tips. That is why PAMOIL is the Successful Permanent Wave.

PAMOIL is a war against frizz and turns naturally straight hair into naturally wavy hair in lovely condition. The large full waves are most becoming and are easily set. PAMOIL is as comfortable as a scalp massage. No Borax, no Tubes, no Pliers, Stretchers, Strings or Scissors used—and no Steam to scald the scalp. Only Six Minutes actual heating.

FRONT WAVINGS FROM 35/-

Every Pamoil operator has at least ten years' actual experience, and works under the direction of the actual inventors. Our New Beautifully Illustrated Booklet P, "All about Pamoil," sent post free on request



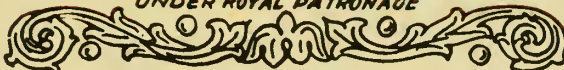
One of the finalists in the  
Daily Mirror Beauty  
Competition who is  
PAMOIL waved.



Miss Marshall whose  
rippling waves are  
due to PAMOIL.

# PAMOIL

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE



YOUR  
BABY'S HAIR  
WILL GROW  
NATURALLY  
WAVY WITH  
PAMOL

—one month's treatment  
5/- post free.

## ALDWORTH AND HORNETT

Inventors, Proprietors and Sole  
Operators of the PAMOIL Process.  
385, Oxford Street, London, W.1  
(Next door to Bond Street Tube).

'Phone: Mayfair 1502.



New!

## The VENIDA BOBNET for Bobbed Hair

The Venida Bobnet gives the constant assurance of tidiness to the "bobbed" girl. Under the unseen Venida mesh the fluffiest strands will stay in place, held invisibly yet securely by strands of hair that match your own. You can dance; you can go out on the windiest day; you can shampoo your hair as often as you wish—a Venida Bobnet will keep it in order.

Cap and Fringe. Single or Double Mesh.  
All Colours.



# VENIDA

The Guaranteed  
HAIR NET

Price, 2 for 1/- (White or Grey, 1/- each),  
from Drapers, Chemists and Hairdressers.

VENIDA LIMITED, 233, REGENT STREET, W.1

## Marcel "Sesame" Permanent Waving is a triumph complete, worth a classic engraving



The deft artistry of  
"Sesame" experts  
works wonders.

Do not place yourself in inexperienced hands, but come to the originators and success is assured. You cannot go wrong if you allow us to—

## Permanently Wave or Curl YOUR Hair

The price is reasonable and there is one charge only—2/6 per wave or curl. In case you should feel a little apprehensive, we invite you to call and seek our advice before deciding.



Under Royal Patronage

## Marcel's "Sesame"

Permanent Waving  
is Supreme

353 Oxford St., London, W.1 5 Lr. George Street, Richmond.

On receipt of 3d. in stamps,  
we will send  
real photos and booklet.



## Does your Complexion Embarrass you?

What is more embarrassing than blackheads and other skin blemishes? And yet, what is easier than to keep the fascinating charm of a clear and beautiful complexion always with you? Only give your skin the attention it deserves—by cleansing it every night with *Vivaudou Lemon Cream*—and your complexion becomes a source of pride and admiration. You can test this great beauty discovery of Monsieur Vivaudou for the small cost of 6d. Do so, before you obtain supplies from your chemist, by filling up and posting the coupon below. It is well worth the trouble.

## VIVAUDOU

REGISTERED "VIV-AUDOU"

### LEMON CREAM (CARTE JAUNE)

—Post this Coupon to-day—

To Penney & Co., Ltd., Sole Distributors of Vivaudou Toilet Preparations (Dept 71), 20 Old Cavendish St., London, W.1.  
Please send generous sample package of Vivaudou Toilet Preparations together with instructive literature as illustrated and described below. I enclose Postal Order value 6d.



The package contains:  
*Booklet*  
"The Vivaudou Remembrancer,"  
*Instructive Leaflet*,  
"Around the Clock with Vivaudou."  
*Liberal Samples of*  
Vivaudou Lemon Cream,  
Beauty Powder, "Narcisse de Chine" Complexion Powder.

Name and Address .....

Chemist's Name and Address .....

NO SUBSTITUTE or FANCY FLOUR has ever equalled

## BORWICK'S

### BAKING POWDER

for giving the best results in home baking.

**CLARK'S**

Before starting to "cut out" get our chart, "Making-up" on a stand modelled to your own measurements saves guessing, time, and material. 50 years reputation behind each stand. Catalogue post free.—CLARK'S DRESS STAND CO. LTD., TOTTENHAM STREET, W.1.  
Expanding Model as illustrated, suitable for all sizes. Price complete in box, carriage paid U.K. 45/-



*Mudred Harris has beautiful, fair, silky locks.*

another I'm a great believer in the old-fashioned method of looking after one's own hair. Ten minutes brushing night and morning with a good bristle brush that reaches the scalp without scratching it, is of far more value than all the patent massage yet invented. Then, too, I think sunlight is a great natural beautifier and strengthener. There is nothing like it for bringing out the lights and colours of the hair, and I indulge in a sun-bath as often as I have the time. Another thing I find very good, is to give my head at least three rinsings in ice cold water after I've shampooed it. I find it helps to circulate the blood through my scalp and gives a healthy shine to my hair.

As for the shampoo itself I use an old-fashioned recipe that my mother gave me. In case you would care to try it I am writing it down here. Take equal parts of soft soap (British Pharmacopeia) and eau-de-cologne, and mix them well together. If you ask the chemist I daresay he will mix them for you, and a four-ounce bottle will last you for some time. Use two teaspoonfuls of the mixture in a pint of warm water, and rub it well into the scalp, until you have worked up a good lather. When you rinse it be sure to see that every particle of soap has been removed before you start drying it.

This is very important, for if any soap is left in the hair it soon gets greasy and scurfy. Whether it is worth while going to the trouble of having this shampoo made up I leave to you. I use it because I find it suits my hair so well, but there are so many excellent shampoos on the market that you need have no difficulty in finding a good one. There are, I believe, several very reliable ones mentioned in the advertisement columns of this paper.

One of the greatest enemies to lovely locks that the screen actress has to fight is the harmful effect of the Klieg lights. The scorching heat burns the hair until it becomes brittle and lifeless and much art is needed to keep it beautiful. For this reason a number of actresses wear wigs in their films,

though these are so carefully made that it is impossible to detect their artificiality in many cases. Betty Compson has covered her red-brown tresses with a blond wig in a number of her pictures, and Agnes Ayres gravitates between a smooth and fuzzy wig. I am one of the very few actresses who very seldom wear any but my own hair, unless I am playing a character role that demands a change on my part.

Gloria Swanson, by the way, has one of the neatest shingles in Hollywood. It is cut close to the head and practically unwaved, and many are the sighs of those whose rebellious curls refuse to imitate her sleek coiffure. But, unfortunately, the human hair can be very obstinate, and some people's just won't lie flat. A touch of brilliantine on the hair-brush will generally remedy this, although I don't recommend its use to those whose locks are naturally greasy. If you belong to that category I suggest that you try one of the new hair-nets for bobbed hair. I am not, as a rule, an admirer of the hair-net, but nowadays these are made so finely that it is almost impossible to detect them if you choose one the exact shade of your hair.

Perhaps the worst difficulty of hair treatment is the one that must be faced by those whose hair is turning grey. Very often they are still quite young, and they rather rebel against the untrue badge of age foisted too soon upon them. In that case I don't see any harm in dyeing it, so long as this is done with a good safe hair dye. Nobody wants to look older than they are and hair-dyes are made nowadays that do not merely tint, but bring back the natural colour of the hair as well. They can be applied at home quite easily and take no more than twenty or thirty minutes to use. So if your hair is becoming flecked with silver, remember that it is a woman's right to make herself as attractive as she can, and to use a hackneyed expression, "A woman's crowning—" You know the rest.

*Leatrice Joy calls artificial braids to her aid in a De Mille movie.*



**TIDY-WEAR**  
**HAIR NETS**  
"TIDY-WEAR MEANS TIDY HAIR."  
The Patent Tight-Hair Makes all the Difference.

4½d. 6½d. 8½d. 9½d.

(Grey and White Double Price).  
From all leading Drapers, Chemists  
and Hairdressers.





## KOKO

### Aids to Beauty

Many famous Screen Stars testify to the efficacy of these well-tried preparations.

**T**HOUSANDS of women on and off the Stage owe the beauty of their hair and the charm of their complexion to Koko Preparations. For purity, daintiness and efficacy each is without a peer.

### KOKO FOR THE HAIR

is a clear, non-greasy liquid, delightfully fragrant and invigorating. It promotes the Growth, cleanses the Scalp, strengthens Thin, Weak Hair and ultimately produces Thick Luxuriant Tresses.

1/6, 3/- and 5/6 per bottle.

### KOKO COMPLEXION POWDER

(Natural, Rachael, Rose and White), is exquisitely perfumed, silk-sifted and of fairy fineness. It will not clog, or otherwise harm the most delicate skin. Quite a new thing in Face Powders and once tried will become a favourite with every discerning woman.

2/- per box.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

**Koko Maricopas Co., Ltd.,**

(Dept. P.G.),

16, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.3.

## BOND STREET PERMANENT WAVING (At Home)

Write For

**Free Booklet**  
**30 Days' Free Trial**  
**GABY PERSONAL PERMANENT WAVER.**



**£500**  
IN  
**CASH**  
**PRIZES**

**N**O Lady should miss this opportunity of securing, without risk of a penny, a thirty days' free trial of the wonderful Gaby Permanent Waver. It is guaranteed to give you satisfaction or your money refunded.

Write for fascinating Free Booklet giving full details.

5, Blenheim Street (Dept. 2),  
Bond Street, London, W.1.

Mayfair 5500 (Two Lines)  
Also 2, Harrow Road, W.1.

**SEND NO MONEY.**

**AVERAGE (Both Side Pieces 7/6. Whole Head 2/- PER WAVE OR CURL)**  
**SALON PRICES (Front ... £1-10-6. (or Bobbie)**



### A NEW IDEA FOR YOUR CAMISOLE

The "Allclip" Fastener **saves sewing.** It neatly and firmly attaches the Shoulder Ribbon to the Camisole. Ribbons changed in a moment. Daintily enamelled pink mauve, blue, lemon, black, gold or white. Get yours from your drapers or direct from Manufacturers (post free).

**2/-** per card of four.

THE ALLCLIP CO. 33 DUKE ST. ST. JAMES S.W.1

**allclip**  
**FASTENER**




ALLCLIP OPEN      CLOSED



# DR. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headaches, etc.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/-, or post free 2/3.

Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Ltd., Reading, England.



You must have  
your Corsets  
made to measure



Every Contour Corset  
is made specially to ex-  
act measurements, thus  
ensuring a perfect fit.

UP to the present, it has been possible  
only for the comparatively wealthy to  
wear corsets made to measure. But  
it is now no longer necessary to pay  
three guineas to be perfectly corseted.

No woman who has respect for her figure  
should buy ready-made corsets. All contours  
differ, no matter how slightly. If you would  
retain that slim, youthful outline or regain a  
fascinating form, you must wear Contour  
Corsets, the most perfectly modelled and  
beautifully finished yet created.

Each pair of Contour Corsets has a Patent  
Busk of Double Strength, with extra resilient  
top and Special Busk Protector which prevents  
damage to gowns and Lingerie. No Bones used.  
Special Non-Rustable Spiral Supports guar-  
anteed not to break through. Hygienic, Dainty  
and Washable with Silk-Finished Suspender.  
The acme of comfort. The only perfectly  
modelled finest quality Corset, made to measure,  
offered to-day at a reasonable price.

Contour Corset 14/6 post free, or if preferred  
will be sent upon receipt of 2/6 down, and  
the balance by 12 weekly instalments of  
1/- each.

A fascinating figure should  
be woman's foremost feature.

Fill in this Coupon to-day.  
SELF MEASUREMENT FORM.

My measurements are—

Height\* .....  
Waist..... Hips.....

I enclose 2/6 and will remit balance by 12  
instalments of 1/- each.

Name .....

Address .....

\*To-day's fashion decrees that top of corset  
should be two inches above waist-line.

CONTOURAL CORSET CO.  
59 GREAT PORTLAND ST. W.



Carmel Myers (left); and the comedy chorus of "The Punch Bowl" revue.

When I was asked if I would  
"kindly give PICTUREGOER  
readers the benefit of a short  
chat about figures" I was  
frankly terror stricken. Because there  
are figures and figures. And I'm not a  
bit of good at counting. I think few  
women are, really. As to the other  
kind of figure, well, as a fully-  
experienced movie vamp I suppose I do  
know quite a little about the subject.

Certainly, if I had to choose, I would  
plump for a lovely figure rather than  
a beautiful face. We cannot entirely  
re-mould our features, although what  
with beauty-masks, skin lifting, etc.,  
etc., a fair amount of renovating can be  
done. But we can (and do, if we're  
wise) alter our figures to suit ourselves,  
or the reigning fashion. It is really  
Dame Fashion who is responsible for  
the alteration in my lady's outline that  
has taken place during the last ten  
years.

I am a believer in physical jerks for  
the figure, aided and abetted of course  
by a good corset maker. I think every  
woman differs from every other  
woman a little bit. Therefore I advise  
you to have your corset made for you  
rather than force your body into a  
corset designed for someone else's.

How corsets have altered in this last  
ten years, haven't they? Can you,  
my fair reader, remember them in 1910?  
Weren't they long and oh my! weren't  
they stiff?

Nowadays, you can obtain a very  
good corset without a single bone in  
its body. It isn't only corsets, though.  
When I think of the words physical  
perfection I think of a whole lot of  
other things besides. I think of a clear  
pink and white skin, which means a  
perfectly clean bill of health. I think  
of a springing walk, not a round-  
shouldered slouch, to which alas! so

many so-called "beauties" are incor-  
rigibly addicted. You know, I suppose,  
that you can never be really graceful,  
nor even "dashing-looking" (which is  
a little 14 year old friend of  
mine's ideal of perfection, she tells me)  
if you stoop.

Good health, which is brought about  
in the first place by diet, exercise, fresh  
air, deep breathing, is the only founda-  
tion for real grace.

It doesn't cost anything except a little  
trouble, and it is most important. I  
believe I am right when I say that  
every deep breath is a beauty aid. For  
to do deep-breathing exercises you've  
got to stand upright. Rounded  
shoulders cramp the lungs, so stand  
before an open window, raise your arms  
high above your head, *shoulders back*.  
Then let your arms drop to your sides  
as you relax. In days gone by (not so  
very far back though) when we poor,  
unfortunate women had hour-glass  
figures with 16 inch waists, deep  
breathing, except on rising and retiring  
was a physical impossibility. It is  
very different now. Nothing stands  
between a girl and her deep breathing  
exercises to-day.

A salt dry rub, too, is a favourite  
morning tonic with me. You dissolve  
a cup of ordinary salt in a quart of hot  
water. Then soak a big Turkish towel  
well in it, and hang this up to dry with-  
out squeezing it. You can't use it  
till it is dry. But rub yourself from  
top to toe with it the next morning  
when you rise and just see how "full  
of beans" you'll feel afterwards.

I could descant for pages upon this  
subject, for so much goes to the making  
of a really well-groomed appearance,  
but space is precious and so is my time.  
I hope, however, that these few words  
may interest you sufficiently to make  
you follow out some of my pet precepts.



# GET RID OF INDIGESTION

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, PAIN AFTER EATING, SLEEP-  
LESSNESS AND HEADACHES MAKE YOU NERVOUS AND RUN-DOWN.

Eat what you will and as much as you want—enjoy life and the good things it offers—get free and keep free from stomach troubles by taking Bisurated Magnesia. Disordered stomach causes most of life's illnesses and worries; it makes you weak, useless, limp and tired when you could be strong, vigorous, full of energy and good spirits—ready to enjoy life to the full! Keep your youth by taking Bisurated Magnesia, the finest cure out for the harrowing bodily weaknesses that start with stomach pains. Bisurated Magnesia unfailingly overcomes stomach trouble by neutralising acidity—the cause and it is strongly recommended by doctors everywhere as the one safe, prompt and *naturally* effective preparation for speedily

banishing digestive ailments in young and old alike. Directly you take a dose of this sure remedy the pain goes and you feel fit to eat and enjoy the heartiest meal. All chemists sell Bisurated Magnesia in tablet form at 1/3d. and 2/6, and in powder form at 1/3d. and 3/-. *You could pay more but you could get nothing better for stomach and digestive disorders.*

Take **'BISURATED'**  
**MAGNESIA**  
**TABLETS**

—The medically-recommended remedy for such stomach troubles as Indigestion and Gastritis.



## The secret

Lavender is a perfume which appeals to the most exacting taste.

How to produce and retain it is a secret known only to Price's, and that is the secret of the popularity of Price's Old English Lavender Soap.

In old-time wooden boxes of six and twelve tablets.

**Price's**  
**Old English**  
**Lavender Soap**



Lv 6—96

PRICE'S SOAP CO. LTD. LONDON



## Most Women Love Pearls

No gift could be more acceptable than a string of lustrous

## DeCaro Pearls

—exact reproduction of the rare, real pearls of the Orient. They possess all their delicacy, shape and colouring—only the price is different.

If you cannot call to inspect our showrooms

### Order by Post

On receipt of **ONE GUINEA** we will send you a necklet of **DE CARO PEARLS** 16 inches long, with gold clasp, in nice case, and if you are not satisfied with **DE CARO PEARLS** Necklet, return to us within seven days and your money will be returned in full.

Let us send you our Illustrated Pearl Booklet No. 3 Post Free.

**DeCaro Pearls Ltd.**

**274, Oxford Street, London, W.1**

(ONE MINUTE FROM OXFORD CIRCUS).  
1st floor above the National Bank.

## Beauty Giving Beauty Preserving

Icilma Cream is the *greatest* beautifier in the world. It makes and keeps complexions fresh and clear.

But it doesn't stop there; having secured beauty for you it will keep it in your cheeks and preserve your delicate tints from the attacks of weather and Father Time.

Remember—*regular* daily use gives beauty—get a pot and try it. Vanishes perfectly, *absolutely non-greasy*; cannot grow hair.

**Icilma**  
**Cream**

Price 1/3 per pot

Use it daily and  
look your best





## Restore and Retain Youthful Beauty

FOR the past 20 years, Mrs. Adair, the leading authority on Beauty, has proven that no woman need lose the youthful shape of her face or figure, if she will practise the Ganesh Treatments and Preparations.

WITH the everyday strain or with advancing years, the formation of an ugly line or wrinkle and the tired lined appearance of the eyes, or a double chin, is inevitable unless the flabby muscles are braced back into their correct position, and the exhausted skin tissues nourished and strengthened by which the youthful appearance is restored.

SEND for free advice and full particulars of the Original GANESH TREATMENTS and PREPARATIONS which have won world-wide fame for restoring and retaining the youthful appearance. Hundreds of grateful testimonials received which can be seen at any time.

GANESH EASTERN OIL feeds the exhausted skin tissues, braces up the relaxed muscles, removes lines, wrinkles, hollows, and is a great youth restorer. 5/6 and 10/6. (6d. postage).

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC is wonderful for bracing and toning the skin, and making it fresh and fair. Excellent wash for the eyelids, which can be made firm and white by its use. Prices 5/6, 7/6 and 21/6.

(Postage 6d.)

GANESH EASTERN CREAM nourishes the tissues; cleans, clears, and makes the skin soft like satin. State whether skin is dry, greasy, or irritable. Made up to suit all skins. 3/6 and 6/6. (6d. postage.)



GANESH CHIN STRAP preserves the shape of the face by holding the muscles in position, will remove double chins, lines, &c., 21/6 and 25/6.

Of all Stores and Chemists or direct from

**Eleanor Adair**

The originator of the Strapping Muscle Treatment.

(Dept. P), 92 New Bond St., London, W.1  
Paris, Brussels, and New York.

Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Phone: Mayfair 3212.



There is a great truth hidden in the old proverb about Beauty being skin deep. The first thing I look at in other women is their skin. We all know that complexions can be carried about in bottles, but not all the cosmetics in the world can give to the face that fair freshness and glow that comes from perfect health.

Myself, I am very careful about my skin. I have to be because mine is very sensitive. I feel changes of temperature keenly, and I have to be constantly on my guard against it. My stage make-up, which takes almost as long to get off as to put on, has a good skin food as its foundation.

Then when I have removed it I apply a liquid tonic and massage this well in before I think about changing into everyday clothes.

Beauty rules which apply to one woman, though, seldom apply to all. Each should make a careful study of her own complexion and experiment with different kinds of creams until she finds the one which suits her best. Dry skins need heaps of cold cream, but to oily skins it should be taboo. Something soothing in liquid form is the right thing for a greasy skin, also soap and water used very freely several times a day.

It is best to visit a really good Beauty Parlour or Beauty Specialist and let a skin expert have a look at you. She will tell you whether to use cold cream for cleansing your face or whether toilet soap would be the best thing for

you. Many people who have extra sensitive skins find soap irritating.

Even if you decide to stick to soap and water I recommend you to keep a jar of good cold cream handy beside your vanishing cream and powder. Cold cream massaged gently all over the face is excellent for tired muscles besides being very soothing to the skin.

Wrong diet is often to blame for muddy complexions and spottiness. Many put this down to something injurious in the cosmetics they are using, but this is practically never the case. More often than not the sufferer has been indulging too freely in sweets and cakes between meals and not enough fruit, salads and fresh vegetables. So much for the face. Now, as this is a winter time article, I had better devote a little space to the skin of the neck and back.

The evening frocks worn this season show an almost complete absence of back. If you do not happen to possess a pretty one you can easily improve yours.

The first thing to do is to learn to sleep without a holster. Use only one pillow and that a very low one. This prevents a double chin, besides correcting the tendency to roll up in a ball to which so many girls are addicted. Then, every morning you must devote at least five minutes to this exercise. Stand about a dozen inches away from a tall cupboard or door. Place your hands flat against it, on a level with



your shoulders and press forward on to the hands, resisting the pressure as much as you can. Now relax and let your arms fall to your sides. Don't forget to keep your back rigid and your chin well in whilst exercising.

To whiten the skin of your arms and shoulders try an oatmeal paste made of fine meal and warm milk. This must be rubbed in well and not rubbed off until it is nearly dry.

Is it necessary to tell you never to go to bed until you have washed your face thoroughly to rid it of the day's accumulation of dust and dirt? If these are allowed to cling and work their way in during the eight hours or so you are asleep how on earth do you expect to have a clear, fresh complexion. I know bed's a temptation when one comes home all-in from a dance or party, but try to remember that beauty is a fleeting thing and needs constant care if you would keep it.

Whether cold or hot water in the morning is the best is a question on which no two skin experts can agree. Some advise very hot water, using the steam only to open the pores and cleanse the face, others say use it just tepid, whilst others prefer cold water because it closes the pores and enables them to resist any injurious substance.

I like cold water myself in the morning, though I use warm during the day. But, as I said before, every skin is different and needs individual treatment.

A final word about make-up. Rouge if you want to, it won't hurt you so long as you use it in moderation. Apply your powder last of all. The cream will hold it on the three danger-points i.e. nose, chin and forehead. You need not touch your face again for hours. In that you're luckier than I, for at the time of writing I am putting in two houses a day and spend several hours a day putting on and taking off my stage make-up.

Colleen Moore's nifty vanity-doll.



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The delightful star of "Toni" is a natural authority upon this subject.

Have you ever carefully analysed the women who are known as "beautiful"? If you have, you must have found, somewhat to your own surprise, that mere perfection of feature is only one of the things that go to make up the perfect whole. For some beautiful women are so colourless in personality that their beauty is completely submerged. Others again have little beauty of feature to recommend them, but so much magnetism, such grace of manner and movement, such delightful voices, and such truly charming ways that they instinctively leap to one's mind when one thinks of beautiful women.

It seems to me that charm without beauty is infinitely to be preferred to beauty without charm. Magnetism and personality are the things to cultivate.

Cultivate a pretty manner, a low-pitched voice and you will find people listen to you with interest. Above all don't ever let a whine creep into your voice. There is nothing more hateful.

Speak slowly, too. That is something we stage people learn early in life. It takes more effort to talk in low, pleasing tones than in shrill, careless ones, I know, but it is worth it. There is such a thing as a well poised voice, and poise, you know, is a most important thing. Cultivate an air of assurance whether you feel sure of yourself or whether you do not.

Laughter, too, should be considered. A frankly artificial laugh isn't pretty, but a shrill, coarse laugh is infinitely ugly.

We are apt, I think, in these days of jazz to be a little highpitched, a little shrill in everything we do. Even our emotions are sometimes pitched a tone or so too high. We are apt to get hysterical and over-excited and then goodbye charm.

Watch yourself carefully. Watch for and weed out any unpleasant mannerism. Guard against too much repetition of your favourite phrase. Cultivate little subtleties and make them particularly your own. Choose a scent that fits your personality and stick to it. Don't have a dif-

ferent perfume for every different gown.

From the times of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra down through the ages girls and women have always had their cherished beauty secrets and recipes and Miss Twentieth Century has the benefit of them all.

But charm, that subtly magnetic thing that attracts any and everybody to you whether they will or no is worth all the beauty secrets ever invented. It is only a little word but it means perpetual youth, for a woman is only young so long as she is admired and everybody admires charm.



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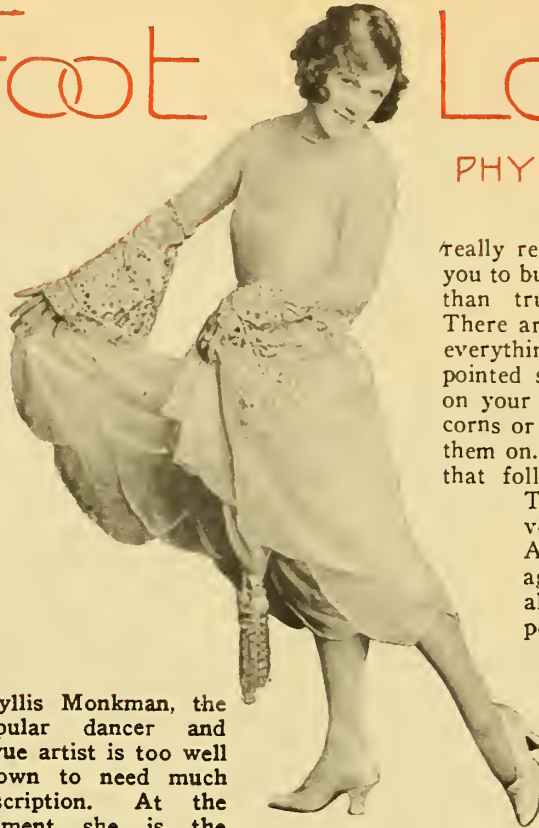
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# Foot Love by PHYLLIS MONKMAN



Phyllis Monkman, the popular dancer and revue artist is too well known to need much description. At the moment she is the bright particular star of "Charlotte's Revue."

Photo by Janet Jevons.

I think I must be a descendant of "Karen of the Red Shoes" in the fairy tale. For like her I can dance and dance and dance and never get tired of dancing. Only it doesn't matter to me whether I wear red shoes or white shoes or even no shoes at all. I commenced my career as a dancer, the singing and acting came along later. One of my first "parts" was in a musical comedy with Ada Reeve in which I did a speciality barefoot dance dressed as a blue butterfly.

And, of course, being a dancer I have to take a great deal of care of my toes, not to speak of my ankles, and the rest of my lower limbs. People have been very kind and have said really charming things about them; have composed lyrics about them, which they wanted to have Melville Gideon set to music but he says I'm quite stuck up enough as it is.

However, we are going to talk about feet not about Phyllis. If you have pretty feet and neat ankles I hope you, like every other girl nowadays, treat them kindly and keep them always trimly shod and silk-stockinged. Nothing is so nice as a fine silk stocking. I think the inventors of artificial silk should have a seat in Paradise, because every woman cannot afford real silk ones much as she longs to have them.

Pretty shoes, too, are no longer the monopoly of the girl with a long purse. For both day and evening wear dainty footgear can be purchased at a

really reasonable figure. But I advise you to buy from a firm of repute rather than trust to an unknown maker. There are fashions in shoes just as in everything else. But if the long pointed shoes do not feel comfortable on your feet, do not, I beg you, raise corns or other foot troubles by forcing them on. Much better wear the shape that follows the shape of your foot.

Those little stubby-toes are very attractive on some women. Also, very high heels do not agree with everyone. Personally, I adore them, but some people find them jar the spine if worn all day and every day and that may cause nerve trouble.

When the feet are tired or aching, special foot baths are a boon and a blessing. Excellent salts and preparations can be bought but one of the very best you can find in your own kitchenette.

I mean common washing soda. A whole pound costs about three halfpence, but a little in a hot footbath will relieve aching feet at once and a large handful in your bath will relax the nerves and make you feel revived all over. Only those who have suffered from tired feet know how the discomfort of them will show on one's face sooner or later. Don't forget too, about treating your shoes kindly. Get a good polish for them and always keep them on trees. Fine leather shoes last double the length of time without cracking if you use a really good cream.

Many dancers say that to be graceful you shouldn't wear corsets. I disagree. I think there is no golden rule on this subject, it all depends upon whether you have been accustomed to this invisible means of support from childhood or no.

In conclusion I would like to point out to you that if there is a golden key to the movies it is surely dancing. Make a list of the biggest stars of to-day and you'll find you have enough names to fill every music hall and cabaret and revue in London with stars. Mae Murray, Valentino, Novarro, Irene Castle, Constance Binney. I could reel off dozens and I don't profess to be a movie fan. I haven't the time. Dancing develops brain power. It rids you of awkwardness and timidity, because it gives ease of movement and gesture. And are not these essentials to a movie star?



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The fair Canadienne who starred in "Broken Barriers" and is now working with Victor Seastrom in "He Who Gets Slapped."

When I was a youngster I can remember an old auntie of mine whose slogan was "Don't worry, smile." She was a dear old thing, I was very fond of her, and she died with her favourite expression on her lips. It has been my motto ever since. I ran away to go on the stage, you know. I set out with the full determination that fame, a career, and wealth should be mine. I've achieved part of my ambition, but it wasn't easy.

I was a "trouser" for years. I don't know if you in England know what that means. In case you don't I'll tell you. It means doing odd bits with second and third-rate touring companies, never sure of your bread from one week's end to another. It means tramping, sometimes, and discomfort always.

But I loved it. I am pretty strong, though I look rather fragile, and although I had a hard bed many, many nights I came up smiling in the morning.

Seriously I find a smile is the pass-key to so many nice things. I can be serious enough, but I like to smile and see others smile 'cos I smile. Which brings me to the purpose of this little article. You cannot smile properly unless you've a nice shiny row of teeth to smile with. Nature has very kindly provided mine, but if she's been cruel to you, why, summon art to your aid, but you should take great care of your own teeth for they are the best of all. Nearly every illness can be traced to decayed teeth, for a tiny black speck on a tooth leads to horrible things.

I brush mine three times every day, sometimes more often than that. I mix my own tooth powder but if you glance through the pages of this supplement you will find several proved and excellent dentifrices advertised there. The best thing about these modern preparations is that they prevent decay and the dreaded pyorrhea. It may be bad for the dentistry business but it's good for the purse, believe me. But, however lean your purse may be, try not to let it depress you. I know this is not as easy as it sounds but it's sound advice. I got my first regular engagement because I was the only one in the room of applicants who had a cheerful grin. There was exactly 10 cents in my purse between me and starvation, but I kept smiling. So go thou and do likewise.

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The most intriguing news at the time of going to press is that Joseph Schenck has disposed of his interests in Lowe Inc., and has become President of the production group of United Artists! Thus Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin in addition to Norma Talmadge come under his banner. It seems also that Famous Lasky, Associated First National, and Metro are falling over each other to control the distributing end. But the stars themselves are saying very little. Metro have captured Lillian Gish and her *Romola* and Inspiration will know her no more.

Rudy Valentino told us he very much wants the title role in a movie version of "The Firebrand," a play dealing with Benvenuto Cellini's life recently put on in New York. With Ramon playing "Ben Hur" and Rudy "Ben Venuto" the fans will wage wordy war indeed.

Colleen Moore is to have the title role in *Sally*, a movie based on the popular musical comedy of the same name.

Between making *Curlytop*, with Shirley Mason as his star, Maurice Elvey is heading a movement amongst members of the screen colony in Los Angeles to bring grand opera to Hollywood for a season in each year. Good music he thinks is essential to the welfare of any artistic community, and he has many leading lights with him in this opinion.

Constance Talmadge is making *Learning to Love*, by John Emerson and Anita Loos, with Tony Moreno and Wallace MacDonald opposite.

What was probably the most valuable train load in motion picture history travelled from Hollywood to New York last month. First National sent two companies of players East to work in the Old Biograph Studios. Besides this human freight the special train carried two million and a half dollars in negatives. *The Lost World*, *So Big*, *If I Marry Again*, and *As Man Desires* were four of them. Doris Kenyon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon and Milton Sills are the stars of the two films to be made in New York.

The two most interesting new films shown last month were both put out by Stolls. Captain Frazer Hurley's thrilling film record of his New Guinea adventures titled *Savages and Pearls* is one



of the best travel pictures we've ever witnessed and has the additional value of its maker as a human sub-titler throughout the showing. The brilliant colour of the sea, the foliage, the coral reefs and the native head-dresses is shown in some excellent tinted slides. *Moon of Israel*, the other film is a Rider-Haggard story which challenges comparison with *The Ten Commandments*, with its scenes of ancient Egypt and its Miracle of the Red Sea.

We regret to announce the death of Kate Lester, a fine player of old women roles since Griffith first started production. This was the result of burns arising from a dressing-room accident.

George Walsh and "Epinard" the famous French horse are at work in a picture being made at Kentucky. Comment is needless. We leave it to you.

Mary Philbin, as most people expected despite the publicity rumours, has been cast opposite Lon Chaney in *The Phantom of the Opera*. Tully Marshall has signed on to appear in *The Merry Widow*. Not as "Danilo," this role being as yet uncast, though six leading juveniles are in close competition for it.

You will be able to see several of your silversheet favourites in the flesh this Xmas. Besides Guy Newall and Ivy Duke who are touring in "Husband Love," supported by Fred Raynham, David Hawthorne, Mary Rorke, Henry Edwards and Chrissie White are to be seen in the former's play "The Man who came Home," which has

been filmed under the title of *The Bargain*. Then Gertrude McCoy was at the New Oxford in "The First Kiss," replacing Ivy Close, who was too ill to appear.

King Vidor, who recently built himself a fine new home in Beverly Hills; purchased a pair of prize Police dogs to guard it for him. But, sad to say, the dogs themselves have been stolen, and thus far no trace can be found of them.

One hundred battle galleys, exact replicas of those used by the ancient Romans have been enacting a huge naval fight outside Leghorn, Italy, for scenes in *Ben Hur* and Ramon Novarro has been prominent in this. "Ben Hur," you remember, then a galley slave, saves the life of "Arrius" in the great battle and is then adopted by him.

Congratulations to Monte Blue, wedded to Tova Jansen on November 1, and to Jimmie Adams, who triumphantly led Virginia Warwick to the altar only a few days later. Also to Betty Compson and James Cruze, who are already an old married couple, the knot having been tied on Oct. 14th last.

The latest thing in dentifrices is Sanogyl, the tooth paste with a Diploma, which its makers claim to be an active curative and preventative of pyorrhea and other dread diseases of the mouth. It is a pleasant smelling, rose-pink preparation, put up in tubes, and is the only Tooth Paste holding a Pasteur Exhibition Diploma (1923).



# The Wrong Stocking



Sing a song of Christmas-time, a little Xmas song, of Santa and his Christmas stockings gone all wrong. He bungled on the job perhaps because he worked alone; for into Griffith's sock he dropped a mighty megaphone. To Rudolph V. he gave a smile, and the skies turned dizzy when into Ben Turpin's sock he dropped a photograph of Ben. I really thought I should have died—I laughed and laughed and laughed—when to Charlie Chaplin S. Claus passed a full-size sleeping draught. But he reached the limit of the comic things I've ever seen when he dropped in Bill S. Hart's stocking, a stock of glycerine. He gave to Douglas Fairbanks—could a thing make Douglas madder?—a wall as high as two St. Paul's Cathedrals—and a ladder! His gift to Mary Pickford was a twinkle in the eye, and into Swedish Biograph he merely dropped a sigh.

I was peeved and "all het up" myself when, after waiting hours, I got a movie pianiste and that thing called

"Hearts and Flowers." Old Santa made an error, too, of most stupendous size, when in Mack Sennett's sock he put a hundred custard pies. In dealing with the ladies, he could not avoid pitfalls, for in Mae Murray's hose he put a suit of overalls. Tom Mix perplexed old Santa so, he came an awful cropper, by giving Tom some posh dress clothes and a sleek and shiny topper. And the wide world treated Santa rough and called him "stupid creature," when he handed it that same old stuff—"World's Greatest Super Feature."







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There is a delightful uncertainty about one's Christmas parcels. Besides the thrill of receiving presents and knowing that someone likes you enough to remember you on December 25, there is the added fun of speculation upon what form the remembrance will take. For packages, like everything else in the world are not always what they seem, and their sizes and shapes are often deceptive. Even if we no longer hang up a stocking in the good old way, we are none of us above receiving gifts.

Certainly not the screen stars, whose Christmas mail is surely the largest in the world. They receive so many offerings, these darlings of the film-fans that they must be hard put to it to acknowledge them all. And though each and every gift is welcome, if only for the sake of the kindly thought that prompted it, there is always one that is prized over and above all the rest.

"Pretty clothes," says Corinne Griffith, who is one of the best dressed stars on the screen, "are every woman's heritage. I don't care if she's a scrub-lady or a Princess, every girl longs to have dainty gowns. And so I think the nicest thing one can have in one's Christmas stocking is a cheque with which to buy 'do dabs' as friend husband persists in calling them. Specially welcome to girls in humble circumstances is a silk blouse or even a length of washing silk suitable to be made up into a blouse or jumper. Girls are so clever with their fingers nowadays."

A self-confessed bookworm, Madge Bellamy naturally plumps for something to read as her pet Christmas gift. "I like best," she avers, "to read. Books about the kinema have always been my delight. Because I was not one of the pioneer players. I have

only been in films a very few years and as I am passionately interested in their future I like to read all about their past. Unfortunately there are none too many, since the kinema is the youngest of the muses, but I get each new one as it comes out. I do not disdain novels, either, though biographies are my favourites. Or else books on music and musicians."

Laura La Plante likes pearls. "I know they stand for tears," she writes us. "But then I'm not superstitious. Not in the least, else I should risk my life as often as I do. But then 'Only the good die young' as Reginald Denny, who usually works on the set next door to me always tells me. I have several rows of real pearls, besides artificial necklaces by the dozen. I prefer the long chains, though, to the cute little 'choker' necklets that were so much in vogue. I don't like the big pearlies one little bit."

"The gift I liked best of anything I ever had any Christmas was a set of tortoiseshell hair brushes, comb, mirror, etc., for my dressing table." Thus Marguerite De La Motte. "They were given to me by the man I afterwards married, and my one fear in life is that they will wear out and then I shan't be able to use them any more."

"I have never fallen a victim to the craze for bobbed hair and I think I may say hair brushes

are the things I would send to anyone I wanted to be particularly nice to."

"I love lovely lingerie," Carmel Myers tells us. "I am afraid I am rather extravagant where 'undies' are concerned. I guess I shall buy quite a few dozen 'camis' and—er—other things for myself to send away Xmas time. It isn't enough for me to look nice outside. I have to look nice inside, too, and I think all girls will agree with me. A set of those little clips to keep one's shoulder straps in position are nice things to buy, too, when one wants only a tiny remembrance. Out here in Italy the loveliest things in Milanese silk are to be had. I 'ran amok' amongst exquisitely embroidered shawls when I first arrived. I have now eight, and I guess it's about time I called a halt."

Most men like tobacco as well as anything else as a Christmas remembrance. Many of them believe in sending cigarettes to their lady friends as well as to those of their own sex. Though some are old-fashioned enough to bar "smokes" when it's a feminine friend. Malcolm Tod isn't. He told us that tobacco was his favourite fruit and would be all his life. So now we know.

Little Muriel Frances Dana, whose first two films have just been released this side declared once that she'd like a movie theatre in her Xmas stocking.

"Not just a pretend one," she said, decidedly, "but a real, honest-to-goodness movie with a real projector I can work myself. Then I shall have all my friends home and show them myself in my new fill-ums." There are some very

(Continued on page 92).



Ethel Shannon.





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good projectors on the market nowadays at quite reasonable prices, so that there's no reason why any young kine-monger who has one adoring relative shouldn't be able to stage his or her own kinema show at home. Old films are always being advertised, and as the real thrill comes in the working part of the programme, neither audiences nor "showmen" are likely to grumble about the programmes being years old.

Willard Louis sends us a cable for this symposium. It reads "I want a book on 'How to Get Fat.' Will anyone oblige?" We will have our own back on Willard on All Fool's Day. No wonder they chose him for the lead in *The Man Without a Conscience*!

Says Art Acord: "Christmas and all it means to me depends on the time I have to spend on it or with it. Some years we are so busy shooting scenes I have only a day or two. Sometimes, though, we have a week or so.

"But there is only one Christmas in the year anyway, and the day itself is the world's happiest time, I guess. One year I went out to Nevada to my ranch there and the boys planned a big barbecue for me, for I hadn't seen some of them for ages. When I'm in town I'm most interested in the kiddies' Hospitals. I'd like to supply them all with dolls, candies, toffee and goodies, but as I'm no Cræsus I confine my efforts to the one which is hardest up. I would rather give these poor kids a treat than blow my friends to something expensive they probably don't need. For myself I guess I'd rather get cigars than anything else."

Eddie Polo was still in England when this went to press. His views on Xmas tide are not unlike those of Art Acord, though.

"I always try to make somebody's kiddies happy at this time," he writes. "You know I don't think there is anything more beautiful in the world than the streets Christmas nights. Looking into the windows of the different homes, the lighted trees, the wreaths in the

Laura La Plante likes Pearls.





windows and the kiddies' voices—Gee, it's wonderful.

"California never seems like real Xmas to me because of the lack of snow. I like to wake up Christmas morning and be able to look out of my window and see snow falling. There is something about snow seen from one's bed through a glass window that gets the Xmas spirit into your blood and sends you off on the big day with a bang.

"I always have fixed up about thirty baskets of food, with turkeys, candies, jellies, fruits, bread, tea, wine, crackers and everything I can think of to distribute amongst poor families—that's the real joy of the day for me.

"I guess there are plenty to be found in England if my plan of spending Xmas 1924 in Canada doesn't materialise.

"For my own stocking? Well, a *brand new* plot for a movie serial I guess. Any offers?"

Priscilla Dean thinks letters from friends are her favourite Xmas gifts. "Especially from those I never see. If an old friend writes me a long newsy letter at this busy season it's proof positive she really cares a lot for me—and that's what counts, not how much she can afford to spend on me. I send away a great many fountain pens and tiny silver and gold pocket pencils. As a sort of 'When this you see pray write to me.'

"The Christmas gift I cherish most of all is a copy of 'Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,' given to me by Joseph Jefferson (Rip Van Winkle) when I was six years old."

Margaret Livingstone, who has only recently sprung fully into the spotlight, declares herself in favour of scent. So does Marie Prevost. So do Dorothy Devore and Ethel Shannon. The last-name had a "Maytime" perfume specially dedicated to her pretty self after the *Maytime* film was released. A bright young chemist originated the idea, but alas! his young ardour cooled when he met Miss Shannon's husband.

And so the glad game goes on. Verily one needs a long purse as well as a long "waiting list" in December!

Madge  
Bellamy.



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(See page 16.)

## Picturegoers' Guide



Jack Warren Kerrigan in "Captain Blood."

## Behold this Woman (Vitaphon; Dec. 8).

Excellent romantic drama of love and adventure in Hollywood, adapted from E. Phillip Oppenheim's "The Hillman." All star cast includes Irene Rich, Marguerite de la Motte, Charles A. Post, Harry Myers, Rosemary Theby and Anders Randolph.

## Broadway after Dark (Gaumont; Dec. 1).

The story of three women and a cynic, very well produced by Monta Bell and played by Adolphe Menjou, Norma Shearer, Anna Q. Nilsson, Carmel Myers, Edward Burns, Willard Louis, Vera Lewis and Lew Harvey.

## The Call of the North (Paramount; Dec. 18).

A new version of Stewart Edward White's novel of Alaska and the "long traverse." Jack Holt stars, with Madge Bellamy, Noah Beery, Francis McDonald, Edward Martindel and Helen Ferguson in support. Good entertainment.

## The Circus Cowboy (Fox; Dec. 15).

Buck Jones in a good circus melodrama with some sensational thrills at the close. Marion Nixon opposite, also Jack McDonald, Ray Hallor, Marguerite Clayton and George Romain.

## Danger Ahead (Unity; Dec. 8).

Dick Talmadge, Lois Scott, Helen Renon, James P. Lockney, David Kirby, and Howard Mortimer in a typical Dick Talmadge mystery movie. Excellent stunt fare.

## The Destroying Angel (W. &amp; F.; Dec. 15).

Leah Baird in her own adaptation of Louis J. Vance's novel about a secret marriage, a kidnapped dancer and a fighting lover. Cast also includes Ford Sterling, John Bowers, Noah Beery, and Mitchell Lewis.

## Flaming Hearts (Wardour; Dec. 22).

H. B. Warner, Kathleen Myron and Frankie Lee in a full blooded Westerner. Fair entertainment.

## The Forbidden Way (Ass. First Nat.; Dec. 1).

An entertaining Triangle play adapted from Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," with Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Irene Rich, Norman Kerry, Constance Bennett, Betty Boubon, Micky Moore, Peaches Jackson, and Brandon Hurst in the cast.

## Forty Horse Hawkins (European; Dec. 8).

Hoat Gibson in a bright comedy romance of a westerner and an actress. Support includes Anne Cornwall, Richard Tucker, Helen Holmes, Jack Gordon Edwards, Edward Burns, and Edward Sedgwick.

## The Galloping Ace (European; Dec. 22).

Jack Hoxie, Robert McKim and Margaret Morris in a good desert story with Jack's horse as the hero.

## The Galloping Fish (Ass. First Nat.; Dec. 1).

An excellent laughter maker about the exploits of "Freddie" a trained seal. Louise Fazenda, Syd Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, Lucille Ricksen and Freddie the seal comprise the cast.

## Girl Shy (W. &amp; F.; Dec. 29).

Harold Lloyd's most exciting movie to date. Richard Daniels, Jobyna Ralston and Carlton Griffin support the star. An excellent comedy.

## The Goldfish (Ass. First Nat.; Dec. 15).

Constance Talmadge in a bright comedy about a flapper who changed her husband every time she changed her mind. Jack Mulhall opposite also Zazu Pitts, Jean Hersholt, Edward Connelly and Frank Elliott.



**The Heart Buster** (Fox; Dec. 8).

Tom Mix in an amusing Western romance of a frustrated wedding. Esther Ralston opposite, also Cyril Chadwick, Frank Currier, Tom Wilson and "Tony."

**Live Sparks** (Western Import; Dec. 15).

J. Warren Kerrigan, Fritzi Brunette, John Stepping and Joseph Dowling in an exciting story of oil, love and fights. Fair entertainment.

**Love's Influence** (Unity; Dec. 22).

A simple little story of a village boy and girl in London, played by Flora Le Breton and G. K. Arthur amid some charming rural scenes. Fair entertainment.

**The Love Pirate** (W. & F.; Dec. 1).

Carmel Myers, Clyde Fillmore, Kathryn McGuire, Melbourne McDowell, Carol Holloway and Spotiswood Aitken in the story of a good-hearted vamp. Good entertainment.

**The Lumber King** (Western Import; Dec. 8).

Romance and intrigue in the big Maine woods, well played by Mitchell Lewis, Mignon Anderson, Melbourne McDowell, Arthur Millet, Joe Ray and Betty Wales. Good entertainment.

**The Next Corner** (Paramount; Dec. 29).

Lon Chaney in a passionate and penny-novelettish problem drama. Supporting the star are Dorothy MacKaill, Conway Tearle, Dorothy Cumming, Ricardo Cortez, Louise Dresser and Mme. Radzina.

**The Niebelungs** (Graham Wilcox; Dec. 1).

An unusual and beautiful picturisation of the Siegfried myth, with fine trick effects and the most realistic dragon we've ever seen. Played by Paul Richter, Hanna Ralph, Margarethe Schon, H. A. Schettero. Don't miss this screen saga.

**The Night Hawk** (F. B. O.; Dec. 8).

Harry Carey, Claire Adams, Joseph Gerard, Fred Malatesta, and Nick De Ruiz in a first class story of a Western crook.

**Not One To Spare** (F. B. O.; Dec. 29).

Exceptionally good sentimental screen version of the well known poem played by Willis Marks, Ethel Wales, David Torrence, Paul Weigal, Mary McKane, Billy Bondwin, Newton Hause, Miriam Ballah, Dick Winslow, Buck Black, and Thayer Strain.



Ruth Clifford, Pat Moore and John Gilbert in "Truxtonia."



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Picturegoer—Dec./24.

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Conrad Nagel and Alma Rubens in "The Rejected Woman."

**Pied Piper Malone (Paramount; Dec. 15).**

Rather a flimsy Tom Meighan movie about a mercantile officer who is every-child's hero. Lois Wilson opposite, also Emma Dunn, George Fawcett, Peaches Jackson, and Cyril Ring.

**The Reckless Age (European; Dec. 15).**

Reginald Denny, Ruth Dwyer, Hayden Stevenson and Dorothy Revier in a whimsical and thrilling comedy romance.

**The Rejected Woman (Metro Goldwyn; Dec. 1).**

The romance of a young New Yorker and a French Canadian girl set amid some good snow and society scenes. Alma Rubens stars with Conrad Nagel, Wyndham Standing, Bela Lugosi, Antonio D'Algy, Leonora Hughes, Aubrey Smith, and George McQuarrie in support.

**The Rustle of Silk (Paramount; Dec. 1).**

Conway Tearle and Betty Compson in the story of a lady's maid who wins the love of a famous politician. Anna Q. Nilsson, Charles Stevenson and Lee White head the supporting cast. Good romantic fare.

**A Society Scandal (Paramount; Dec. 8).**

Gloria Swanson in a screen version of Sutro's play "The Laughing Lady." Gorgeously produced and dressed. Rod La Rocque, Ricardo Cortez, Allan Simpson, Ida Waterman, Thelma Convex, Yvonne Hughes, and Fraser Proctor head a long cast. Good social drama.

**The Storm Daughter (European; Dec. 8).**

A dramatic adventure—story of the sea, with Priscilla Dean and Tom Santschi in the principal roles supported by William B. Davidson, Cyril Chadwick, J. Farrell McDonald, Bert Roach, George Kuwa and Alfred Fisher. Convincing characterisation and atmosphere.

**The Stranger (Paramount; Dec. 22).**

The first Galsworthy story to be screened. Well played by Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Tully Marshall, Lewis Stone, Robert Schable and Frank Nelson. Strong and thrilling murder melodrama.

**The Sultan's Slave (Ass. First Nat.; Dec. 22).**

A stereotyped "Sheik" picture gorgeously mounted and well played by Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Walter McGrail, Rosemary Theby, Montagu Love, Paul Panzer and Maresi Dorval.

**The Vagabond Trail (Fox; Dec. 1).**

Buck Jones and Marion Nixon in the story of a man's sacrifice for an erring brother. Fair entertainment.

**The Vengeance Trail (Ducal; Dec. 1).**

A condensed Western serial featuring Big Boy Williams, supported by Will Rogers jr., Charles Arling, and Maryon Aye. Broncho-busting romance.

**Wandering Husbands (F. B. O.; Dec. 1).**

James Kirkwood and Lila Lee in a new angle of the familiar, eternal triangle plot. Cast also includes Margaret Livingstone, Eugene Pallette, Muriel Frances Dana, Turner Savage and George Pearce. Good domestic drama.

**What Shall I Do? (F. B. O.; Dec. 15).**

Emotional drama written around the popular song. Dorothy Mackaill stars with Johnnie Haron, William V. Mong, Ann May, Louise Dresser, Ralph McCullough and Danny Hoy in support.

**When a Man's a Man (Ass. First Nat.; Dec. 29).**

John Bowers in a very good Westerner which has an interesting story, a rodeo, and many other thrills and stunts. Marguerite De La Motte, June Marlowe, Robert W. Frazer, George Hackathorne and Arthur Hoyt lend capable assistance.

**Why Women Re-Marry (Wardour; Dec. 8).**

Milton Sills and Alice Grey Terry in the story of four wives, each of whom believes she has married the wrong man. Carol Holloway, Wilfred Lucas, Clarissa Selwynne, William Lowery, Thomas McGuire, George F. Hayes, Maine Geary, Anita Simons, James Barton, Jeanne Carpenter, Marion Fredricka, W. P. Clarke and Robert Walker also appear. Interesting domestic drama.

**PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES**

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2].

**A Peculiar Glove.**

In *Slaves of Destiny*, "Miranda" (Valia) is seen waiting for the villain. She takes off both her gloves and holds them in her hands. "Luke Charnock" (Matheson Lang) is then seen sitting at a table some distance away. When the picture flashes back to "Miranda" she is still engaged in taking off her right glove, which a moment before she had held in her hand. N. W. (Sheffield).

**'Tisn't Businesslike!**

During the whole of the time that "Nellie" is employed at Mme. Dorette's establishment, in *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model*, the window dressing remains exactly the same. Is this natural? N. S. (Wakefield).

**Was It Wireless?**

In the thirteenth episode of *The Timber Queen*, "Ruth" has been waiting two days for news of the place where her father is kept prisoner. Yet, when she receives a note without an address, and with only the words, "Come at once, our happiness is at stake," on it, she goes straight to her father without making a single enquiry.

K. W. (Paignton).

**The Vanished Wedding Ring.**

In *The White Rose*, "Teazie" is married when she is ill. After the ceremony, however, there is no ring on her finger. What happened to it?

E. A. (Birmingham).

**A Headlong Feat!**

The hero, in *George Washington, Jr.*, throws some of the villains down a coal shoot. Although they were thrown in head first they landed at the bottom feet first, and yet there was no room to turn round in the shoot.

K. C. (Shipley).

**Amateur Conjuring.**

In *Beasts of Paradise*, Episode 6, the hero steals the map from the villain, screws it up and puts it in his pocket. Later he takes it out and gives it to the heroine. It is then in a nice brown leather case, and is without a single crease.

K. S. (Wimbledon).

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See the name "CADBURY" on every piece  
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Miss Alice Calhoun, the celebrated Vitagraph Star, says :—

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Alice Calhoun



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When frying fish use a little Bisto in place of bread-crumbs. It not only gives the fish a rich brown finish but improves its goodness and flavour.

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DYED hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Furthermore, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it and causes it to fall out. There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness. This is to recreate, naturally, your hair's real colour from within. How this can be done, easily, surely and quickly the "Facktative" booklet will tell you. A copy of this dainty little Boudoir Book will be sent you in plain wrapper free of cost or obligation if you apply for it to the address below.

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "FACKTATIVE" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 7), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in a plain sealed envelope.

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# A Seasonable Screenplay

"The Love Story of David Copperfield," based on the Dickens novel



Left  
Elsie  
Nielson  
as "Agnes."



Above:  
"Micawber"  
(Frederick  
Jenson) in the  
bosom of his family.



Above: "Miss Trotwood" gets annoyed.



Above: The Death  
of "Dora," Elsie  
Nielson, Buddy  
Martin and  
Karina  
Bell.



"David" (Buddy Martin) and "Dora" (Karina Bell)  
are very much in love.



Right:  
Karina Bell  
as "Dora Spencrow."



*Miss Du Pont  
the Celebrated  
Universal  
Star*



## WRITES :

"As a Kinema Actress I know only too well the harmful effect of 'glare' on the eyes. That is why I can speak so enthusiastically of the 'Aladdin' Lamp as a home illuminant. The 'Aladdin' gives a wonderfully bright light and yet it does not in the least injure or tire the eyes. In addition it is safe, clean and handsome in appearance—a perfect lamp giving a perfect light."

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**A farthing an hour** Aladdin burns a mixture of 94 per cent. air and 6 per cent. common paraffin—burns for 8½ hours on one pint of oil. Less than ½d. an hour.

**Daylight by night** By the wonderful adaptation of a special mantle to burn ordinary paraffin oil, the light given by the Aladdin Lamp is bright, steady, pure white—the purest and most beneficent light that science has yet devised.

**No Vices.** No smoke, no smell, no noise. The Aladdin is as easy to light as a candle, does not need to be pumped up, and gives out its beautiful light with never a sound.

**No "Wick-fishing."** The Aladdin has a most excellent wick device. You can turn the wick the wrong way as far as you like, but you cannot lose it.

**It can't explode.** The severest tests have been made to prove the safety of the Aladdin Lamp. It has been dropped from a table to the floor while burning; tipped on its side so that the oil could run out—and to the amazement

of onlookers, the Aladdin didn't explode: it simply went out. It has been surrounded with wood-wool, which was set afire and burned. And the Aladdin burned steadily serenely, on. It cannot explode.

**A Gadget** With the Aladdin Lamp goes a special device for cleaning and trimming the wick. A few seconds with the wick cleaner and the wick once more is in perfect condition.

**As for design.** The Aladdin—the best and most artistically finished lamp in the world—is made in a wide variety of shapes and sizes. Shades of all sorts—silk and glass. Write for our catalogue.

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## THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

(Continued from page 38).

opened her eyes and sat up.

"I claim the Princess," said the Mongol Prince. "Mine is the rarest gift, for it restored her to life."

"I claim the Princess," said the Persian Prince, "for without my magic carpet you could not have been here to do so. It is the rarest gift."

"I claim the Princess," snapped the Hindu Prince. "Without my crystal none of us would have known of the Princess's death."

And so they wrangled, but across the pale features of the Mongol Prince a sly smile now crept.

"I claim the Princess," he said, "because she is mine to claim. All Bagdad is mine. My troops occupy it. I am its Prince."

"Is this true?" demanded the Caliph.

"True indeed," replied the Mongol.

But the Mongol spoke in ignorance. For at that very moment before the gates of the Palace (but knowing not of the treachery) the Thief of Bagdad stood alone.

"Open the gates!" he cried.

And as a spectacle he looked so lonely and almost pathetic that the guard had perforce to burst into laughter before he could reply:

"Never again to thee shall the gates of Bagdad be opened. See my face! To-morrow the Princess of Bagdad is to marry our Prince."

But to the guard's dismay alarm did not appear upon the Thief's face. The latter fell back a pace and opened his Magic Casket and took out a handful of small pellets.

He cast the handful of pellets upon the ground, and where each pellet fell a thin column of smoke arose, and from each column of smoke a warrior stepped forth fully armed. Handful after handful the Thief scattered on the barren ground, and in a few seconds the astounded guard saw ten times ten thousand men created.

"To save your own skin," cried the Thief, "throw open the gates now."

Great gladness filled the Palace at the city's deliverance and nowhere could the Princess and her lover, the Thief, step but that they were overwhelmed with congratulations and good wishes.

"Where, oh where can I take thee that I may love thee in peace?" the Thief demanded.

And she approached and whispered to him. And they stepped upon the Magic Carpet and bade it take them to the Land of Love.

With the cheers of happy thousands echoing in their ears they flew through the great windows of the palace out across the heads of the populace, thrice round the square and then across the highest minaret. A few moments later they were lost to sight, flying eastwards above the highest cloud.

FANS ALL (Everywhere).—Just to show what a forgiving nature I have, here's wishing you a very Happy Xmas—even the most inquisitive of you.

SALLY (Ireland).—Glad to make your acquaintance, Sally. (1) Send letters to stars c/o these offices in plain stamped envelopes. (2) Try First National, 37-39, Oxford Street, W.1. for photo of Barbara La Marr—or why not ask the lady herself?

DORIS (Hurlingham).—(1) Letter forwarded. Best luck!

GLADYS (Grahamstown).—Friends are always welcome—so come under the mistletoe Gladys and let's seal the acquaintance in a seasonable way! (1) Most film stars send photos to their admirers, so I don't see why your favourites should differ from the rest. If they don't answer soon write again. (2) Mary Pickford born April 8th, 1893, at Toronto, Canada.

HELEN MACGREGOR (Edinburgh). — Greetings, little one. Your lamentable curiosity seems to have been miraculously cured, just lately. Congratulations to us both!

QUERY (Nottingham).—(1) Try W. & F. Film Service for *The Dancer on the Nile* stills. (2) Gloria Swanson was born 1899 and Betty Blythe in 1894. (2) Betty is married.

D. T. (Hurlingham).—(1) I've forwarded your letter. (2) Same to you and many of 'em!

NATASCHA (Sydenham).—Thanks for your questionless letter. It's a Xmas present worth having!

EXPECTANT (Forfar).—My Sunday Halo has unfortunately been mislaid, so you'll have to be content with me unadorned. (1) Ivor Novello's plans are at present unrevealed. He will make the film version of *The Rat* only after the stage play has finished its long run. (2) He doesn't intend re-visiting America just yet. I can't undertake to go on my knees to the Editor for that art plate—my trousers are made of less durable stuff than my patience!

THE SPARRING PARTNERS (Castleford).—Yes, I often get bored—but I'm very tact-

ful. (1) Alice Terry is of Welsh origin, but an American citizen. (2) Lewis Stone is an American, born Worcester, Mass. (3) Ramon Novarro is an Italian, born in Mexico.

BETTY (Shrewsbury).—There's only one of me, Betty, and it's a Human Encyclopædia, not an Editor. (1) I think you ought to get those signed photos. (2) Ramon Novarro is at work on *Ben Hur* in which he plays the title role.

PEGGY (Leigh-on-Sea). — Apologies returned unused. That's what I'm here for! I've forwarded your letters.

ANOTHER RUDY RAVER (Winchmore Hill).—(1) Send to our Publishing Dept., Arne St., for back numbers of *PICTUREGOER*. (2) I think Rudolph would send you a "squish" photo of himself if you ask nicely. Send an international coupon for postage. (3) Clyde Fillmore took the lead in *The Devil's Passkey*. As it's Xmas I'll forgive you for raving—but it's hard!

BEE SWING (Ilford).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Art plate of James Kirkwood in October 1924 issue. I pass on your admiration to Eric Von Stroheim—may he treasure it long!

TONI (Harrogate).—(1) Stewart Rome's next film will be *The Salving of the Derelict*.

PAMELA (Felixstowe). — Letter forwarded to Lon Chaney. Thanks for yours, which was short and sweet.

POPPY.—(1) Norma Talmadge born May 2nd 1897.

PHYLLIS (Barnet).—Send to the "Picturegoer Salon," 88, Long Acre, for our latest postcard list. I think it's a splendid idea to give your fan friends photos of their favourites as Xmas presents.

MADELINE (Wallasey).—(1) Have forwarded the letter, likewise the blessing, to Tony Moreno, and hope he duly appreciates both.

PAT (Eastbourne). — Likes "awfully simple films." Unfortunately some producers seem to prefer "simply awful" ones.

O. M. J. G. (South Africa).—(1) Write to Jack Hoxie, c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. I certainly think he would let you have a photo.



## Learn to Act for the Cinema in your own home



It is remarkable that with a large number of film aspirants appearing on the screen for the first time and a still larger number of would-be film stars anxious to become figures in the "silent drama," there has hitherto existed no standard text-book on the art of cinema acting to which they could turn for guidance and help during the early days of their careers on the film.

In the last ten years film acting has progressed from being a side line of the legitimate stage until it has become a fifth Art—every bit as intricate and difficult to learn as any of the other four Arts, while as the standard of British films becomes higher so the field open to British stars has become greater and the salaries larger.



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some of the most renowned film stars teach you to act for the screen. The author of each lesson deals with the department in which he has won world-wide fame and the whole series comprises a complete and comprehensive guide to the work of the film actor and actress. MARY PICKFORD, CHARLIE CHAPLIN and many other of our famous film stars will teach you to act for the screen—thus giving you the benefit of knowledge only gained by years of hard work and study.

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Elsewhere in this issue you will find full particulars of our great £500 Popularity Contest. I want to see a record entry for this competition and I hope every reader of the *Picturegoer* will participate.

This contest is our Xmas Box to our readers, and we have a New Year's Gift, too, in the shape of an extra-special enlarged January issue. Keep your eye on the *Picturegoer* in the New Year; there are some extra good things in store for you.

"It would be a boon and a blessing to many if the cast were shown at the end as well as the beginning of films, because no one but an expert Pelmanist can

*A Question of Cast.* memorise an entire time during which it is shown, especially if some of the names are new. Which brings me to the point. If one becomes desperately attached to one of the lesser stars, not mentioned in the adverts., the only way to find out his or her name is to take one of the following courses: (a) Sit through the intervening Pathé and vulgar drivel miscalled comedy (if one has the time); (b) come again to see the film, which is not always possible; (c) get a friend who is going to see the film to find out the name—only possible sometimes, and she usually forgets or gets mixed; (d) let poor long-suffering George do it. Does anyone else agree about this? If so, what about trying to get the idea taken up? ('George' at least will support it!)"—*Hilary (Aberdeen).*

"Three lusty cheers for *Defender of Pola (Kent)* for his timely defence of my supreme film favourite!" writes *Vive La Pola (Forfar).* "The Praise for criticisms meted out to Pola Negri are the result of

foolish prejudice (reasons too obvious to mention); but the day will surely come when she will receive her lawful due as an actress of genius. To me, she is the finest emotional star on the screen to-day; an altogether different type, and as such doubly welcome. She has usurped in my affections the high place formerly held by Norma Talmadge and Pauline Frederick! Pola's portrayal of Du Barry was a thing of great power, poetry and creative imagination. I'll never forget it! E'er long I sincerely hope that Pola will bring the role of Lady Macbeth to the silver sheet. Great actress, I salute thee!"

"I should like to mention one little point with regard to the film which, I have no doubt, would be a great improvement in the eyes of the audiences in our picture houses. (I don't know whether audience is the right word but you get my meaning?)

"My suggestion is this. That after each film of any importance, a few feet of film be used to show the chief actors and actresses as they appear in real life. I have mentioned this point to several of my friends and they approve of it. We have so many films nowadays in which the art of make-up is used extensively. To

give an example Lon Chaney in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. His make-up would be appreciated much more if he could be shown as he is in real life.

"A short cast could be given at the end of the film and a few feet of film used on the artistes. Of course, when an actor or actress had been taken for this purpose once, copies could be used in future films.

If, in any way, you could influence the taking-up of this idea, I'm sure it would improve the kinema greatly."

—*W. S. L. (Redditch).*

[What you suggest was done in some early feature films, I can recollect one of Mary Pickford's. Can anyone else?]

"There has been so much controversy with regard to the ideal 'Peter Pan' and 'Ben Hur,' that it has surprised me that no one has objected to Valentino's *Who's making Monsieur Beaucaire*. He is not in the name part of

any respect the 'Beaucaire' that Tarkington visualised. Any one who has read the book knows that 'Beaucaire' was a little, fair, foppish Frenchman. Now, I ask you, is Valentino anything like that? No doubt he has delighted his thousands of admirers in the role, but it seems a pity that he should make his comeback in a part so manifestly unsuited to him. If Paramount consider him the ideal 'M. Beaucaire,' then Gale Henry ought to have been the obvious choice for 'Peter Pan.'—*Phyllis (Manchester).*

"I have just read the letter from 'Wallyen' in the September *Picturegoer* and I would like to say that I heartily agree with him—or her. There will never be any-

one quite like Wally Reid again, and I think it is up to those who have enjoyed his pictures to keep him in memory. Surely something could be done about reissues—*Love the Woman—Maria Rosa—The Lottery Man—Hawthorne of the U.S.*—the list I would like is unending. Up, then, 'Clan Wallace' and let us revive some of our happy memories. What do you think?" *Remembrance (Boscombe).*

THE THINKER.











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